INFORMATION TO USERS

This reproduction was made from a copy of a document sent to us for microfilming. While the most advanced technology has been used to photograph and reproduce this document, the quality of the reproduction is heavily dependent upon the quality of the material submitted.

The following explanation of techniques is provided to help clarify markings or notations which may appear on this reproduction.

1. The sign or "target" for pages apparently lacking from the document photographed is "Missing Page(s)". If it was possible to obtain the missing page(s) or section, they are spliced into the film along with adjacent pages. This may have necessitated cutting through an image and duplicating adjacent pages to assure complete continuity.

2. When an image on the film is obliterated with a round black mark, it is an indication of either blurred copy because of movement during exposure, duplicate copy, or copyrighted materials that should not have been filmed. For blurred pages, a good image of the page can be found in the adjacent frame. If copyrighted materials were deleted, a target note will appear listing the pages in the adjacent frame.

3. When a map, drawing or chart, etc., is part of the material being photographed, a definite method of "sectioning" the material has been followed. It is customary to begin filming at the upper left hand corner of a large sheet and to continue from left to right in equal sections with small overlaps. If necessary, sectioning is continued again—beginning below the first row and continuing on until complete.

4. For illustrations that cannot be satisfactorily reproduced by xerographic means, photographic prints can be purchased at additional cost and inserted into your xerographic copy. These prints are available upon request from the Dissertations Customer Services Department.

5. Some pages in any document may have indistinct print. In all cases the best available copy has been filmed.

University Microfilms International
300 N. Zeeb Road
Ann Arbor, MI 48106

King, Don Wayne

EXILE IN THE FICTION OF JOSEPH CONRAD AND FYODOR DOSTOYEVSKY

The University of North Carolina at Greensboro PH.D. 1985

PLEASE NOTE:

In all cases this material has been filmed in the best possible way from the available copy. Problems encountered with this document have been identified here with a check mark __✓__.

1. Glossy photographs or pages _____
2. Colored illustrations, paper or print _____
3. Photographs with dark background _____
4. Illustrations are poor copy _____
5. Pages with black marks, not original copy _____
6. Print shows through as there is text on both sides of page _____
7. Indistinct, broken or small print on several pages ✓
8. Print exceeds margin requirements _____
9. Tightly bound copy with print lost in spine _____
10. Computer printout pages with indistinct print _____
11. Page(s) _____ lacking when material received, and not available from school or author.
12. Page(s) _____ seem to be missing in numbering only as text follows.
13. Two pages numbered _____. Text follows.
14. Curling and wrinkled pages _____
15. Dissertation contains pages with print at a slant, filmed as received ✓
16. Other _____

_____

_____

University
Microfilms
International

EXILE IN THE FICTION OF JOSEPH CONRAD AND FYODOR DOSTOYEVSKY

by

Don Wayne King

A Dissertation Submitted to
the Faculty of the Graduate School at
The University of North Carolina at Greensboro
in Partial Fulfillment
of the Requirements for the Degree
Doctor of Philosophy

Greensboro
1985

Approved by

APPROVAL PAGE

This dissertation has been approved by the following committee of the Faculty of the Graduate School at The University of North Carolina at Greensboro.

Dissertation Adviser Keith Cushman

Committee Members James E Evans

Randolph Burgin

Walter H Beale

Joachim F. Baer

20 March 1985

Date of Acceptance by Committee

20 March 1985

Date of Final Oral Examination

KING, DON WAYNE, Ph.D. Exile in the Fiction of Joseph Conrad and Fyodor Dostoyevsky. (1985) Directed by Dr. Keith Cushman. 254 pp.

Two nineteenth Slavic writers, Joseph Conrad and Fyodor Dostoyevsky, suffered intense personal experiences of exile; the former endured seven childhood years in Russian exile with his Polish parents because of their revolutionary activities against the czar, and the latter spent ten years in Siberian exile for his involvement in anti-government subversion. As a result of their experiences, exile emerges as a central theme in much of their fiction.

Although the exile motif is apparent in many of their shorter fictional works, it is most pronounced in their longer works. Furthermore, both writers approach the notion of exile from similar perspectives. In the Underground Man from "Notes from Underground" and Marlow from "Heart of Darkness" the focus is on the exile as monomaniac. In Raskolnikov from Crime and Punishment and Jim from Lord Jim the exile as egotist is explored. Finally, in Ivan from The Brothers Karamazov and Decoud from Nostromo the primary interest is on the exile as sceptic. At the same time, Conrad and Dostoyevsky characterize their exiles differently. Dostoyevsky's exiles are moody, brooding, and emotionally volatile; in addition, they struggle to understand God. Conrad's exiles, however, are even-tempered, detached, and analytical; they are more interested in understanding man,

especially themselves, than God.

In their studies of exiled man--cut off, alienated, and isolated--Conrad and Dostoyevsky anticipate the experiences of twentieth-century man, and, thus they are moderns before their time. Both speak profoundly about human estrangement, offering readers the opportunity to experience vicariously in their fictional worlds the sharp reality of man's exiled condition.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I would like to thank my advisor, Dr. Keith Cushman, for his guidance and wisdom. He helped me to focus precisely my topic, and he kept me going consistently in the right direction as I engaged in my research. In addition, he was always prompt in returning my preliminary chapters, thus encouraging me to pursue my work expeditiously. Without his insightful criticism, thoughtful advice, and good humor, this dissertation could not have been completed.

I would also like to thank the administration and staff at my host institution, Montreat-Anderson College. The financial and emotional support I received from the College was most appreciated.

Finally, I want to thank my wife, Jeanine, for her patience and love throughout the months I worked on this project.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Introduction: An Overview of the Exile in Literature

The exile theme is as old as literature itself. It appears in texts as varied as the Bible and the Odyssey, and is a central motif of Anglo-Saxon works like "The Wanderer." In most of these older works the exile's experience is painful but predictable. For instance, in spite of Job's horrible physical sufferings and loss of loved ones, he is not ultimately alone: God never forsakes him. As a result, Job never feels permanently cut adrift in the universe and his faith in a metaphysical reality brings him through his excruciating exile successfully. The eardstapa of "The Wanderer," in a similar fashion, latches on to a higher hope to give meaning and purpose to his life, regardless of the desolate loneliness he endures amid ice-flows and cold, barren sea-lanes. Although he is stripped of gold-friend, mead-hall, and battle-companion, he can say at the end of his monologue that his comfort will come from "the Father in heaven, where for us all stability resides." These ancient exiles make leaps of faith in the midst of their distresses; though they may be alone here on earth, an eventual union with God gives them encouragement and purpose for withstanding their earthly exiles.

However, the exiles of modern prose fiction have no

such consolation. Typically, theirs is an existential exile common to twentieth-century man: in the absence of God or an absolute law-giver, they must become the law-giver. They must make their own moral decisions, and their dilemma, therefore, is acute; alone, cut off from any ultimate standard of "good" and "evil," estranged at times even from themselves, they bear a heavy burden.

Even a cursory glance at twentieth-century fiction illustrates a vast array of such exiles. Stephen Dedalus in Joyce's A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man is an exile in his own family and country; he is the fictional counterpart of his creator who found it necessary to exile himself from Ireland so that his life and art could fully develop. K. in Kafka's The Castle is a paradigm of modern exiled man; he is so alone, so separated, so isolated that he can find neither the answer nor the question he so earnestly seeks from the Castle Bureau. Quentin Compson in Faulkner's The Sound and the Fury is so in-grown, so anxious to escape the South, that he eventually takes his exile to its logical extreme when he breaks his grandfather's watch as a way of getting outside time, the prelude to his own suicide. Jose Arcadio Buendia in Marquez's One Hundred Years of Solitude is a kind of pre-historic loner, stomping off into the bush in order to reclaim it, only to fail and end by being tied up under a tree, an old man who is completely disconnected from reality.

Consequently, the modern exile, whether his isolation is self-imposed or brought about by the actions of an outside, arbitrary power, finds himself abandoned, alienated, estranged, devoid of metaphysical hope or human fellowship. Two nineteenth-century writers who shared similar Slavic roots, Fyodor Dostoyevsky (1821-1881) and Joseph Conrad (1857-1924), anticipated many later writers with their sharp, penetrating studies of man in exile. Perhaps the central reason they wrote so effectively about exiled man was because both suffered intense, traumatic experiences in exile. Dostoyevesky, as a young man of twenty-eight, was sentenced to a Siberian prison for anti-government subversion. Conrad, whose father was a Polish patriot during an era when Poland was ruled by Russia, was sent at the age of four into Russian exile with his parents for their rebellious activities. Out of their experiences came the characteristically modern tone of their exiles. In a way, then, their fictional statements about man in exile are prophetic and make them moderns before their time.

This study not only describes briefly each writer's personal exile, but it also examines psychological affinities between them, the frequent appearance of the exile in their fiction, and the different kinds of exiles they portray. Three of the chapters are organized around a pair of exiles, one character from Dostoyevsky's fiction, the other from Conrad's. In addition, although this is not an influence

study, an attempt is made to show thematically at what points the two writers come together. In order to do this, it is imperative to address both their minor and major fictional works; consequently, some of the minor works will be surveyed quickly, essentially as a way to introduce the exile motif that is later expanded upon in the major works. Selecting which major works to study in this regard was not arbitrary, for certain works seemed to fit together logically. Accordingly, this study focuses primarily upon "Notes from Underground," Crime and Punishment, The Brothers Karamazov, "Heart of Darkness," Lord Jim, and Nostromo.

CHAPTER I

CHILDHOOD AND EXILE

Fyodor Mihailovich Dostoyevsky was born October 30, 1821, at the Mariinskaya Hospital for the Poor in Moscow. The hospital, a gathering place for society's misfits, including tramps, criminals, prostitutes, and wretches of all sorts, was a far cry from the kind of place Dostoyevsky's ancestors had enjoyed before they gradually lost their position, possessions, and influence in the eighteenth century. His father, Mihail Andreevich, was a hard-working medical practitioner, "a faithful husband, a responsible father, and a believing Christian."[1] At the same time, he apparently suffered from a nervous disorder that caused him to be demanding, suspicious, critical, and violent. Although he loved his wife sincerely, he was jealous and given to self-righteousness and intolerance. For instance, he wrote his wife once after returning to Moscow that "I found waiting for me only trouble and vexation; and I sit brooding with my head in my hands and grieve, there is no place to lay my head, not to mention anyone with whom I can share my sorrow; but God will judge them because of my misery."[2] Joseph Frank argues that Mihail Dostoyevsky's conviction that he was one of God's elect made him

increasingly intolerant, pharisaical, and self-assured.[3] On the other hand, his mother, Marie Fyodorovna Nechaeva, whose ancestors were humble artisans, was radiant of spirit and buoyant. In a pastel portrait of her at the age of twenty-three, she appears winsome and happy; she has "a round, pert face, broad cheekbones, a warm sympathetic glance, and a winsome, friendly smile."[4] She also loved poetry, especially Pushkin's, and romantic novels; in addition, she was warm, enthusiastic, emotional, compassionate, taking upon herself the tasks of educating her children and running her household.

When he was eleven the family moved to a poor estate, Darovoe, that Dostoyevsky's father purchased for 12,000 silver roubles. It was a time of relative happiness for the young Fyodor; he enjoyed the freedom of the countryside and gained a new-found love of nature: "And in all my life nothing have I loved as much as the forest, with its mushrooms and wild berries, its insects and birds and little hedgehogs and squirrels; its damp odor of dead leaves, which I so adored."[5] Furthermore, he was exposed to the peasants of the countryside for the first time; from such experiences he may have developed the strong affection for the common Russian peasant he displays so often in his fiction.

Along with experiencing the delights of nature and the warmth of the peasants, he began his more formal

education. Early literary influences were the Book of Job, Russian folklore, and the novels of Ann Radcliffe. He quickly developed a voracious appetite for books, including Yury Miloslavsky, The House of Ice, The Kholmsky Family, the novels of Sir Walter Scott, and Karamzin's histories and narratives. He knew, in addition, Pushkin by heart and said: "If our own family had not been mourning [his mother died in the same year as Pushkin], I would have asked father's permission to wear mourning for Pushkin."[6]

His education also included Latin (taught by his father), the poetry of Racine, Schiller, Goethe, and various novels that attracted his attention. In 1833 he and his oldest brother, Mihail, entered a school run by a Frenchman named Souchard. A year later they transferred to Leopold Chermak's boarding school, where literature was emphasized. About this time his father's treatment of his mother became more and more intolerable. She became ill as well so that by the fall of 1836 she lost so much strength that "it became impossible for her even to comb her long and luxuriant hair."[7] She continued to weaken and died on Feburary 27, 1837.

After his mother's death, Dostoyevsky began to aspire to the life of a writer. However, both he and his brother were placed by their father in the Military Engineering Academy in Petersburg in January, 1838. The harsh military life was disgusting to Dostoyevsky; consequently, as a result

of the early influence of his mother's love for literature, he began to take up more and more of his time by reading and studying literature. During the summer of 1838 he devoted himself to reading. Some of his letters to his brother reflect a kind of estrangement he was feeling even then: "The earth seems to me a purgatory for divine spirits who have been assailed by sinful thoughts. I feel that our world has become one immense Negative, and that everything noble, beautiful, and divine, has turned itself into a satire."[8] Unfortunately, he was not promoted that year because of a rude answer given to his algebra teacher (the gist of which remains unknown). More important, however, was his introduction to Gogol, a writer who later inspired him and served as his literary model.

On June 8, 1839, Dostoyevsky's father was murdered by some of his peasants, perhaps in retaliation for his extreme cruelty. Frank notes that his father's mind was distorted and uncertain, as evidenced by reports that he had begun carrying on long conversations with his dead wife as if she were present. In addition, he took on a young village girl as his mistress and bore an illegitimate child by her in 1838.[9] What direct impact this murder had upon Dostoyevsky remains something of a mystery although murder became a key theme in much of his later fiction. It is safe to say that such an episode must have increased his feelings of isolation. Deprived of the mother he loved so much and

now stripped of his father, Dostoyevsky's personal sense of estrangement must have become intense. Although it is certain that he did not openly mourn his father's death, it is fair to assume that he felt a sense of loss and disorientation.[10] Regardless of the impact, by the autumn of 1841, he was a field ensign-engineer and only a day student at the academy, leaving him free to live in his own apartment in the center of Petersburg. He finished the senior officer's course in August, 1843, but since he did not graduate with any particular distinction, he was given a modest post in Petersburg, employed by the drafting section of the engineering department.

Rejecting the idea of a military career, Dostoyevsky finally resigned his commission in 1844 and determined to become a writer; at twenty-three he was free, though without money, to follow a literary career. His first endeavor was a translation of Balzac's Eugenie Grandet, an experience which helped shape his own literary life, since it taught him the art of the novel. His first independent work, Poor Folk, was begun in early 1844; it was finished in 1845 and finally published January 15, 1846. With the publication of Poor Folk, Dostoyevsky gained almost instant popularity and fame; at the same time, however, his success at writing set him off down the road to Siberian exile.

Dostoyevsky was now introduced to many important people in literary and social circles. None was more

important or influential than the great Russian critic Vissarion Grigoryevich Belinsky. His reaction after reading Poor Folk in manuscript was enthusiastic: "The most striking thing about Dostoyevsky is his astonishing ability to bring his characters to life before the reader's eyes and to draw their portraits in only two or three words. And then, what profound, warm compassion for the poor and suffering. Tell me, is he a poor man who has suffered much himself? He must be. Only a genius with the insight to grasp in one minute what it takes an ordinary man many years to understand could write such a book at the age of twenty-five."[11] When Belinsky later met Dostoyevsky, he took to him warmly, praising him for Poor Folk and commenting: "To you, as an artist, truth has been revealed and proclaimed; it has come to you as a gift; value this gift and remain faithful to it, and you will be a greater writer!"[12]

Such flattery went to the young writer's head, leaving him somewhat conceited. He wrote his brother: "Everyone looks upon me as a wonder of the world. If I but open my mouth, the air resounds with what Dostoyevsky said, what Dostoyevsky means to do."[13] This period of early fame brought with it a good deal of mental and physical strain. One of his friends from the military academy, D. V. Grigorovich, recalls an incident that occurred during this time illustrating the kind of pressure Dostoyevsky was experiencing:

> As a consequence of his hard work and the sedentary life he led, his health was getting worse and worse; those troubles which had occasionally shown themselves even in his boyhood now became increasingly frequent. Sometimes he would even have a fit on one of our few walks together. Once we chanced to come on a funeral. Dostoyevsky insisted on turning back at once; but he had scarcely gone a few steps when he had such a violent fit that I was obliged to carry him, with the help of some passers-by, into the nearest shop; it was with great difficulty that we restored him to consciousness. Such attacks were usually followed by a state of great depression, which lasted two or three days.[14]

Dostoyevsky, like Conrad, suffered from epilepsy, although it was not until his literal exile that he was clinically diagnosed as epileptic.

In spite of this strain, Dostoyevsky's literary fortunes continued to rise, primarily through the advice and criticism of Belinsky. Perhaps more important, however, was the impact Belinsky had on the development of Dostoyevsky's social ideas. Belinsky had long been concerned with the plight of many of his countrymen; he came to advance class struggle as the necessary means to the end of freeing man from poverty and serfdom. Belinsky began by rejecting Christianity because it tended to support the status quo. Influenced greatly by Robespierre, who wished "to transfer the worship and adulation of the masses from the millennia-old fetishes of antediluvian mythology to the great developments of contemporary civic life--to the Revolution, to the heroic personalities of mankind, to the martyrs in the

struggle against tyranny," Belinsky argued that "the millennium will be established on earth not by the idealistic and noble Gironde's sugary and exalted phraseology, but by the terrorists, the double-edged sword of the words and deeds of Robespierres and Saint-Justs."[15]

Dostoyevsky, in The Diary of a Writer, explained the impact of Belinsky's ideas. Recalling him as "the most ardent person of all those whom I have met throughout my life," Dostoyevsky related that this "boundlessly enthusiastic person" had "during the first days of our acquaintance.... attached himself to me with all his heart, [and] he hastened, with a most naive precipitancy to convert me to his creed."[16] That Belinsky did temporarily convert Dostoyevsky to his atheistic creed should not be overlooked, for later in the Diary he related that "during the last year of his [Belinsky's] life I did not visit him. He took a dislike to me, but then I had passionately embraced his teaching"[17] (emphasis mine). What precisely was Belinsky's teaching? Again, Dostoyevsky provided the answer:

> Treasuring above everything reason, science and realism, at the same time [Belinsky] comprehended more keenly than anyone that reason, science and realism alone can merely produce an ant's nest.... He knew that moral principles are the basis of all things. He believed, to the degree of delusion and without any reflex, in the new moral foundation of socialism.... He knew that the revolution must necessarily begin with atheism. He had to dethrone that religion whence the moral foundations of the society rejected by him had sprung up. Family, property, personal moral responsibility--these he

> denied radically.... Doubtless, he understood that by denying the moral responsibility of man, he thereby denied also his freedom; yet, he believed with all his being...that socialism not only does not destroy the freedom of man, but, on the contrary, restores it in a form of unheard-of majesty, only on a new and adamantine foundation.[18]

Still later in the Diary he recalled Belinsky's influence: "Already in '46 I had been initiated by Belinsky into the whole truth of that future 'regenerated world' and into the whole holiness of the forthcoming communistic society."[19]

However, Belinsky's influence stopped short when it came to the person of Christ because for Dostoyevsky He was "the beautific image of God-man," and could not be rejected. Though Belinsky asserted that "it is impossible to charge man with sins, to burden him with debts and turning the other cheek,"[20] Dostoyevsky held firm to Christ as the ideal image of goodness and compassion. One evening Belinsky's frustrations regarding Dostoyevsky's adherence to Christ erupted and he exclaimed: "Every time I mention Christ his face changes its expression, as if he were ready to start weeping.... But, believe me, naive man...believe me that your Christ, if He were born in our time, would be a most imperceptible and ordinary man; in the presence of contemporary science and contemporary propellers of mankind, he would be effaced."[21] Belinsky, however, never did negate Christ for Dostoyevsky. What remained within the heart of Dostoyevsky was a paradox: he accepted the social

ideas of Belinsky but he denied his atheistic creed. Consequently, the internal strain of these two antipathetic notions gave rise to the dual role of faith and doubt so clearly explored in Dostoyevsky's later novels.

Belinsky and Dostoyevsky eventually parted company because of their approach to aesthetics-- Dostoyevsky's idealism versus Belinsky's realism. Belinsky, reflecting a pragmatic view, insisted that art be realistic, materialistic, useful; Dostoyevsky, on the other hand, argued that art need not, indeed should not, be utilitarian: "My views were fundamentally opposed to Belinsky's. I reproached him with trying to impose a specific and unworthy purpose on literature, reducing it solely to a description, if one may call it that, of newspaper reports and scandalous happenings. I protested that bile would never win anybody over and that you would simply bore everyone to death.... Belinsky became very angry with me and in the end we passed from coolness to a formal break."[22] To his brother he confided the passion of his own artistic credo: "The artist," he said,"must consecrate all his toil to the holy spirit of art--such toil is holy, chaste, and demands single-heartedness."[23] Commenting upon his own state of mind during this same period, he related: "My own heart thrills now as never before with all the new imaginings that come to life in my soul. Brother, I am undergoing not only a moral, but a physical, metamorphosis."[24]

It was about this same time that Dostoyevsky first became involved with a Petrashevsky circle, a group dedicated to establishing a new world order based on the ideas of Charles Fourier, French socialist, thinker, scholar, and propagandist.[25] Mihail Petrashevsky led a group that embraced Fourier's notions that society needed to be re-organized because of the economic injustices suffered by the poor. Unlike Belinsky's communistic appeal to violent rebellion to bring about this reorganization, Fourier argued for a universal unity of man and for the abolition of the abuses of capitalism. What would follow, he hoped, was social harmony and universal happiness. Petrashevsky believed that "the application of Fourier's theory of human nature to the organization of its work, would transform human labor from a burden and a curse to a joyous, self-fulfilling activity."[26]

It is easy to see why Dostoyevsky, an idealist himself, was so quickly attracted to such ideas. Unfortunately, it was his association with this group that eventually led directly to his arrest on charges of subversion. He later explained the appeal of Fourierism: "Fourierism is a peaceful system. Its grace charms the soul. The love of humanity that inspired Fourier when he conceived his system warms the heart and the harmony of his system astonishes the mind. Its attraction does not derive from bilious criticism but from the love of mankind it inspires.

There is no hatred in this system. Fourierism does not require political reform; the reform it calls for is economic. It does not encroach on the government or on property."[27] Such idealism contrasted sharply with what Dostoyevsky saw around him. To his brother he wrote: "My God, there are so many sour-faced, small souled, narrow minded, hoary headed philosphers, professors of the art of existence...who are good for nothing at all, with their everlasting preachments about something or other, modest demands from life, acceptance of the station one finds one's self in, and so on.... Oh, how vulgar are all these preachers of the falseness of earthly joys--how vulgar, every one! Whenever I fall into their hands, I suffer the torments of hell."[28]

Soon Dostoyevsky became a part of a more radical inner group of Petrashevists, one organized around Sergey Durov, a man who advocated more violent tactics for social change than did Fourier. Dostoyevsky attached himself to their desire "to prepare the people for an uprising." To do this they decided to set up a covert printing operation that would help publicize their somewhat ambiguous yet clearly revolutionary goals.[29] Perhaps due to the influence of Durov's group, Dostoyevsky determined to read Belinsky's "Letter to Gogol," a highly inflammatory piece of prose, before a Petrashevist audience on April 15, 1849. In the letter Belinsky said: "You [Gogol] have failed to observe

that Russia sees her salvation not in mysticism, not in asceticism, but in the achievements of civilization, enlightenment, humanitarianism. What she needs is not sermons (she has heard enough of them!) or prayers (she has repeated them over and over to excess!), but an awakening in the people of a sense of their human dignity.... Look about you a little more attentively and you will come to see that it [the Russian people] is by nature a profoundly atheistic people."[30] The impact of the reading of this letter was powerful. Sitting in the audience that evening was Antonelli, an agent from the secret police who recalled later that the letter "evoked general enthusiasm. The entire group seemed electrified."[31] As a direct result of this meeting, the order was given and within a week all the Petrashevists were arrested.

Dostoyevsky's own account of his arrest is germane:

> The 22nd or better to say 23rd of April [1849], I returned home sometime around four o'clock...and immediately fell asleep. Not more than an hour passed when I felt, as though in a dream, that some strange and suspicious persons had entered my room. There was the clatter of a saber accidently knocking against something. What on earth is going on? With effort I open my eyes and hear a soft, sympathetic voice say: "Get up." I look: there is a quarter or district superintendent of police with a handsome pair of side whiskers.... "What's happened?" I asked, raising myself in bed. "At the command of"....I look: it actually was "at the command..." At the door a soldier was standing.... It was then his saber that had rattled.[32]

For the next eight months Dostoyevsky suffered his first real

exile experience: he was confined in the Alexeyevsky Ravelin of Petropavlovsky Fortress, isolated in darkness most of the time, cut off, separated from the outside world. Yet he did not despair and instead used that time to engage himself in creative production; his inner artistic life did not weaken but rather grew more intense: "When I arrived in the fortress, I thought that this was the end for me, too, thought that I would not last three days, and all at once I grew perfectly calm. Now what did I do there? I wrote A Little Hero."[33] In addition, he conceived three stories and another novel; Dostoyevsky, then (as Conrad did later), used literature again as a means of confronting his exile, an exile that was harsh, confining, and bleak.

During this time a Commission of Enquiry was formed and Dostoyevsky was permitted to submit a written testimony defending himself from the charges brought against him. He faced two specific charges. The first concerned the claim that he was a freethinker. In his defense, Dostoyevsky did not try to deny the principles he believed in, but instead deftly explained his "freethinking": "Yes, if to desire that which is better, is liberalism, freethinking, then in that sense perhaps I am a freethinker. I am a freethinker in the same sense in which every individual can be termed a freethinker who in the depths of his heart feels himself to possess the right to be a citizen, feels himself to possess the right to desire that which is good for his

fatherland."[34] The second charge was much more serious and irrefutable: that he had read Belinsky's letter to Gogol in order to excite public opinion, and, thus, to encourage subversion. Although he tried to excuse the public reading as a "literary monument," his pleas were dismissed, especially when it came to light that he had read the letter two other times before smaller, less public crowds.

While enduring his prison ordeal, the strain became noticeable. Writing to his brother, he said: "My nervous irritability has notably increased, especially in the evening hours; at night I have long, hideous dreams, and latterly I have often felt as if the ground were rocking under me, so that my room seems like the cabin of a steamer."[35] At the same time, he continued to pursue literary concerns, especially reading, since he was not allowed to write anything other than letters: "Will you send me some historical works? That would be splendid. But best of all would be the Bible (both testaments). I need one."[36]

Finally, the initial judgment against him was handed down on December 19, 1849; it sentenced Dostoyevsky and twenty other Petrashevists to death by firing squad. However, the Tsar, accepting a recommendation that came along with the sentence advocating he show mercy, commuted the death sentence. Nevertheless, he ordered that the men be forced to endure the preparation for the firing squad and only be told of the commutation shortly before the command to

fire. Dostoyevsky wrote his brother about the effect of this mock execution:

> Today the 22nd of December, we were all taken to Semjonovsky Square. There the death sentence was read to us, we were given the Cross to kiss, the dagger was broken over our heads, and our funeral toilet (white shirts) was made. Then three of us were put standing before the palisades for the execution of the death sentence. I was sixth in the row; we were called up by groups of three, and so I was in the second group, and had not more than a minute to live. I thought of you, my brother, and of yours; in that last moment you alone were in my mind; then first I learnt how very much I love you, my beloved brother! I had time to embrace [two men] who stood near me, and to take my leave of them. Finally, retreat was sounded, those who were bound to the palisades were brought back, and it was read to us that His Imperial Majesty granted us our lives.[37]

The psychological impact of this experience was profound. One of the men went mad and Dostoyevsky himself never forgot the experience. He portrayed the incident fictionally some years later in a memorable scene in The Idiot.

The new sentence was then read to Dostoyevsky: "Retired Lieutenant Dostoyevsky for having taken part in criminal designs, having circulated a letter by the writer Belinsky which was filled with impertinent expression against the Orthodox Church and the sovereign power and for having attempted, together with others, to circulate remarks against the government through means of a private printing press, is to be stripped of all the rights owing to his station and to be exiled to penal servitude in a fortress for eight

years."[38] Yet the Tsar eventually even rescinded that penalty to four years in penal servitude, followed by re-entry into military service at the rank of private.

Before Dostoyevsky actually set out for Siberia, he wrote his brother a final letter; in it he underscored the importance and ultimate value of life: "Brother! I have not become downhearted or low-spirited. Life is everywhere life, life in ourselves, not in what is outside us. There will be people near me, and to be a man among people and remain a man for ever, not to be downhearted nor to fall in whatever misfortunes may befall me--this is life; this is the task of life. I have realised this. This idea has entered into my flesh and into my blood."[39] The joy of the reprieve is clearly evident further on in the same letter; in addition, there is the added hint of the beginning of his spiritual regeneration: "Live positively. There has never yet been working in me such a healthy abundance of spiritual life as now."[40] Furthermore, Dostoyevsky communicated his great longing to write during this period: "Can it indeed be that I shall never take a pen into my hands?... How many imaginations, lived through by me, created by me anew, will perish, will be extinguished in my brain or will be split as poison in my blood! Yes, if I am not allowed to write, I shall perish. Better fifteen years of prison with a pen in my hands!"[41]

He began his journey towards Siberia on Christmas Eve, 1849. The journey was very difficult, marked by long periods of time in open sledges while fierce, bitter, winds beat against his body. Dostoyevsky reached Omsk a little less than a month later on January 23, 1850. There he faced the full horror of prison life: cruel, abusive guards, terrible living conditions, and complete rejection by fellow prisoners. His letters reflect keenly upon the last two points. He wrote his brother that "Omsk is a hateful hole. There is hardly a tree here. In summer--heat and winds that bring sandstorms; in winter--snow-storms.... The place is dirty, almost exclusively inhabited by military, and dissolute to the last degree."[42] The barracks themselves were hell-holes:

> Imagine an old, crazy wooden building, that should long ago have been broken up as useless. In the summer it is unbearably hot, in the winter unbearably cold. All the boards are rotten. On the ground filth lies an inch thick; every instant one is in danger of slipping and coming down. The small windows are so frozen over that even by day one can hardly read. The ice on the panes is three inches thick. The ceilings drip, there are draughts everywhere. We are packed like herrings in a barrel.... In the ante-room a great wooden trough for the calls of nature is placed; this makes one almost unable to breathe. All the prisoners stink like pigs; they say that they can't help it, for they must live, and are but men.[43] Fleas, lice, and other vermin by the bushel.

The food itself was little better, consisting primarily of cabbage soup, occasionally sprinkled with bits of meat.

Dostoyevsky relates that because of the poor food, his stomach "went utterly to pieces, and I suffered tortures from indigestion."[44]

Worse than the living conditions, however, was the treatment he received from his fellow prisoners. For the most part they were hardened criminals: murderers, rapists, robbers, arsonists and so forth. Dostoyevsky found no compassion, no warmth, no fellowship. He wrote: "They are rough, angry, embittered men. Their hatred for the nobility is boundless; they regard all of us who belong to it with hostility and enmity. They would have devoured us if they only could."[45] And: "A hundred and fifty foes never wearied of persecuting us--it was their joy, their diversion, their pastime.... We had a very bad time there."[46]

The physical and mental strain of the place soon marked his body. Several naval cadets who were in prison with him at Omsk stated that he was strong, somewhat thickset, well disciplined, dull, awkward, and taciturn. His face was pale, worn, ashen, freckled by dark red spots, and never smiling.[47] He wrote his brother that a military prison was much worse than an ordinary prison: "I spent the whole four years behind dungeon walls, and only left the prison when I was taken on 'hard labor.'"[48] Describing how hard the labor was and how it affected him, he said: "Once I had to spend four hours at a piece of extra work, and in such frost that the quicksilver froze; it was perhaps

forty degrees below zero. One of my feet was frost bitten."[49] Consequently, he spent a good deal of time in the prison hospital: "My nerves were so shattered that I had some epileptic fits--however, that was not often. I have rheumatism in my legs now, too.... Add to these discomforts, the fact that it was almost impossible to get one's self a book, and that when I did get one, I had to read it on the sly; that all around me was incessant malignity, turbulence and quarreling; then perpetual espionage, and the impossibility of ever being alone for even an instant--and so without variation for four long years; you'll believe me when I tell you that I was not happy."[50]

In fact, Dostoyevsky's epilepsy was made more acute by the severe conditions he lived under. At times he tried to deny the grip of the malady: "I have already written to you [his brother] regarding my sickness. Strange fits, like epilepsy, and all the same not epilepsy.... However, do me a favor and don't suppose that I am...melancholic and overly concerned about my health."[51] And in a different letter he wrote that he was suffering from "a strange moral disease. I had fallen into hypochondria. There was a time when I even lost my reason. I was exaggeratedly irritable, had a morbidly developed sensibility, and the power of distorting the most ordinary events into things immeasurable."[52] Whether the latter disease was epilepsy or not, these letters make clear that Dostoyevsky was suffering intense mental and

psychological stress. To underscore this, note the following statement given to Dostoyevsky by a physician in 1857: "In 1850 for the first time he [Dostoyevky] suffered an attack of the falling sickness [epilepsy] which manifested itself by an outcry, loss of consciousness, spasms of the extremitites and face, foaming at the mouth, stertorous breathing with small, rapid, abbreviated pulse. The fit lasted fifteen minutes. Thereupon followed general weakness and a return to consciousness. In 1853 this attack occurred a second time and since then has appeared at the end of every month."[53]

Nonetheless, Dostoyevsky did not crack under the strain of his exile; as a matter of fact, his exile accelerated the spiritual regeneration begun on the day of his death sentence reprieve. He later wrote his brother: "I won't even try to tell you what transformations were undergone by my soul, my faith, my mind, and my heart in those four years. It would be a long story. Still, the eternal concentration, the escape into myself from bitter reality did bear its fruit."[54] In another letter to his brother, Andrey, he said he considered his years at Omsk as a time when he was "buried alive and closed in a coffin," a horrible time filled with "unspeakable, interminable suffering because every hour, every minute weighed upon my soul like a stone."[55] To another friend he wrote that "for four years I beheld nothing uplifting--only the blackest

and ugliest 'realities.'"[56]

The culmination of his spiritual renewal was outlined in still another letter, this time to his friend N. D. Fonvism. First he commented on the terrible agony of never being alone: "For almost five years I have been constantly under surveillance, or with several other people, and not one hour alone with myself. To be alone is a natural need, like eating and drinking; for in that kind of concentrated communism one becomes a whole-hearted enemy of mankind. The constant companionship of others works like a poison or plague; and from that unendurable martyrdom I most suffered in the last four years."[57] Then he made a particularly revealing statement about his internal, spiritual life:

> Because I myself have learnt it and gone through it, I want to say to you that in such moments, one does, "like dry grass," thirst after faith, and that one finds it in the end, solely and simply because one sees the truth more clearly when one is unhappy. I want to say to you, about myself, that I am a child of this age, a child of unfaith and scepticism, and probably (indeed I know it) shall remain so to the end of my life. How dreadfully has it tormented me (and torments me even now)--this longing for faith, which is all the stronger for the proofs I have against it. And yet God gives me sometimes moments of perfect peace; in such moments I love and believe that I am loved; in such moments I have formulated my creed, wherein all is clear and holy to me. This creed is extremely simple, here it is: I believe that there is nothing lovelier, deeper, more sympathetic, more rational, more manly, and more perfect than the Saviour; I say to myself with jealous love that not only is there no one else like Him, but that there could be no one. I would say even more: If anyone could prove to me that Christ is outside truth, and if truth really did exclude Christ, I should prefer

to stay with Christ and not with truth.[58]

That Dostoyevsky could claim in the same paragraph both his instinctive pull towards unbelief and his deep love of Christ is indicative of the central role that faith versus doubt has in all of his later great novels, culminating in the The Brothers Karamazov. It is pertinent here to note that the power drawing Dostoyevsky spiritually was not the Christian doctrine or theology of the Russian Orthodox Church; rather, it was the humanity, compassion, and warmth of the Man-God, Jesus Christ. All of His human qualities worked powerfully upon Dostoyevsky's imagination. For him, Christ was the most beautiful, most perfect of men. "The 'radiant personality' of Christ entered [his] life and began to occupy a central place in it--for ever. His encounter with Christ in the midst of robbers became a source of light, the beams of which overflowed throughout all his works after the time of penal servitude."[59] However, this recognition that he was "a child of this age, a child of unfaith and scepticism" shows both the continuing influence of his early days under Belinsky and the far-reaching impact of his Siberian exile upon his inner world. Indeed, Dostoyevsky's exile to Siberia was not simply spatial or geographical; instead, it was psychological, intellectual, emotional, and spiritual, influencing radically his fiction as well as his life. In many ways it was his own journey

into the heart of darkness.

Teodor Josef Konrad Korzeniowski was born December 3, 1857, at Berdyczow in Podolia, the first and only son of Apollo Nalecz Korzeniowski and Evelina Bobrowski. Like Dostoyevsky, Conrad was immensely influenced by his parents, especially his father. Coming from a family of Polish patriots who fought against the foreign imperialism of Russia that had divided up Poland, Apollo naturally involved himself in political activity. His political interests were balanced by a love for literature and a dreamy, romantic nature. Thaddeus Bobrowski, Evelina's brother, aptly summarized Apollo's political nature:

> Though he considered himself a sincere democrat and others even considered him 'extremist' and 'red' he had a hundredfold more traits of the gentry in him (as I often told him) than I had in myself.... In point of fact, he had an exceedingly tender and soft heart--hence his great sympathy for the poor and oppressed; and this was why he and others thought he was a democrat. But these were only impulses of the heart and mind inherent in a member of a good family of the gentry; they were not truly democratic convictions. I could never establish the real composition of his political and social ideas, apart from a hazy inclination towards a republican form of state incorporating some equally hazy agglomeration of human rights as set out by the Constitution of May the third--which for our times was not far-reaching enough.[60]

Actually, by the time Apollo had moved to Warsaw in 1861, he had attached himself to the Red party that advocated open opposition to Russia (the White party favored peaceful

pressure). He set about organizing political agitation, including organizing a mass demonstration to take place on October 10 celebrating the union of Poland and Lithuania in 1413. After this demonstration the authorities cracked down on public protests, imposing martial law. Apollo then organized a secret City Committee that eventually became the National Central Committee, the controlling force of Polish opposition until it was suppressed in 1863. On October 21, 1861, Apollo, in a manner similar to Dostoyevsky, was arrested and imprisoned for his subversive activities.

Throughout this period Conrad's mother had remained faithful and patient. She, like her husband, was a patriot though her family was by nature more closely aligned to the Whites than the Reds. Thaddeus Bobrowski provides us the best picture of his sister:

> My elder sister possessed the fine outer appearance of a woman of the world and with a higher level of education than was usual among women of our class. She was capable of soaring flights of intellect and heart and had a less easygoing nature, making far greater demands and, at that period, requiring more attention from others than she was ready or able to give them. Being of rather feeble health and struggling between love for her future husband and the expressed will of her father, whose memory and judgment she respected, she was unable to maintain her moral balance. Dissatisfied with herself, she could not give others that inner contentment which she lacked. It was only after her union with the man she loved that she developed in later life those rare qualities of intellect and emotion, mind and heart, which distinguished her. Amidst the most unpleasant upheavals in her personal life, in which all the national and social hardships appeared, she always succeeded in fulfilling the

> role imposed by the duties of a wife, mother and citizen, sharing her husband's exile and worthily representing the ideal of Polish womanhood.[61]

So faithful was she that she was sentenced along with Apollo to exile, indicative of her full and complete acceptance of Apollo's revolutionary political ideas.

On May 8, 1862, husband, wife and young son left for Perm, a distant Russian province ruled by a former classmate of Apollo's, Lashkarev. Lashkarev, fearing that to accept them would compromise his position, refused to allow them to come into the province; thus, they turned back and were instead directed toward Vologda by their guards. On the way, however, young Conrad became dangerously ill. Incredibly, the guards refused to stop; finally, after his parents protested fiercely, the guards allowed a passer-by to go to Moscow to get a doctor. The doctor treated the boy for pneumonia and ordered that the family not move until the boy recovered. Again, the guards insisted that the family continue, regardless of the clear threat to the boy's health. Apollo wrote later: "The doctor applied leeches and medicine. Just at this point they started harnessing the horses. Naturally, I protested against continuing the journey, particularly as the doctor expressed the opinion that the child might die if this were done. My passive resistance postponed the departure but caused my guard to report to the local tyrants. Most civilized; the report was

noted and the decision was taken that as a child is born only ultimately to die, the journey was to proceed at once."[62] As they traveled, Evelina became weaker and weaker, so much so that the guards had to carry her from station to station; still the guards, perhaps mimicking their autocratic superiors, refused to let her rest and regain her health. Fortunately another passer-by, horrified by the guards' insensitivity, notified local officals near the town of Nizhni Novgorod, and they intervened, providing warm, healthy shelter for the family.

Once they recovered, they continued on to Vologda, where Arctic conditions proved even more harmful to both mother and son. Apollo described the horrible condition of the place in a manner hauntingly similar to Dostoyevsky's description of Omsk:

> What is Vologda? A Christian is not bound to know this. Vologda is a great three-verst marsh on which logs and trees are placed parallel to each other in crooked lines; everything rotting and shifting under one's feet.... The climate consists of two seasons of the year: a white winter and a green winter. The white winter lasts nine-and-a-half months and the green one two-and-a-half. We are now at the onset of the green winter: it has already been raining ceaselessly for twenty-one days and that's how it will be to the end. During the whole winter the frost remains at [25-30 degrees Reaumur] while the wind from the White Sea, held up by nothing, brings constant news from the polar bears.... The population is a nightmare: disease-ridden corpses.[63]

Of course, we can only surmise the impact such a place might

have had on the young Conrad, but Frederick Karl is probably right when he says that "even Dickens in his blacking factory, his parents in the Marshalsea, could not have imagined such an exile."[64]

Mercifully, in the summer of 1863 officials allowed them to move to a milder climate at Chernikhov, 125 miles northeast of Kiev. Further, Evelina and her son gained permission to visit Thaddeus' estate at Novofastov between Berdyczow and Kiev. When Thaddeus saw his sister, he knew she was suffering from acute tuberculosis. Although a long rest and careful nursing were needed to effect her recovery, the local governor insisted that she either return to Chernikhov or go to the state hospital at Kiev when her visa expired. Conrad later recalled this incident with bitter irony: "Without wishing to treat with levity the just timidities of Imperialists all the world over, I may allow myself the reflection that a woman, practically condemned by the doctors, and a small boy not quite six years old could not be regarded as seriously dangerous even for the largest of conceivable empires saddled with the most sacred of responsibilities."[65]

Once back in Chernikhov, Evelina's strength faded in a manner similar to Dostoyevsky's mother's; death was only a matter of time. The approaching death of his mother certainly must have affected the young boy. Although we do not have his own detailed memories of this time, we do have

Apollo's, a view that, while exaggerated, nonetheless conveys something of what his son must have felt: "My poor wife has been dying, for several years from her sickness and from the repeated blows which have been falling on our family. During the last four months she has been cruelly ill, confined to her bed, with barely enough strength to glance at me, to speak with muted voice. The lack of everything here to support body and soul--the lack of doctors and medical facilities have brought her to this condition.... Our Conrad is inevitably neglected in the midst of all this."[66] And later he said: "Her mind alone remains unshaken. I ask myself, is this courage or does she not know how ill she really is? Who could read the answer in her eyes, if I, to whom they have been an open book, cannot see what is written there? And yet, I cannot read her eyes. Only sometimes, a stronger pressure of her hand in mine, or in little Conrad's, testifies to her courage.... We are wretched and unhappy indeed, but thank God that we have been allowed to bear this fate together."[67] Shortly after this letter was written, she died on April 18, 1865.

The impact of his mother's death upon the young boy is, of course, impossible to gauge. We have no letters, no journal entries, no diaries. Even later in his life he said very little about either her or her death. Nevertheless, it is proper to note here that, if nothing else, Conrad must have come to associate her death with the workings of an

autocratic and callous Russia. His jaundiced view of Russia was to be reinforced by the subsequent events leading to his father's death.

It is, however, easy, to gauge the effect of her death on Apollo. With his wife gone, little was left to hold him emotionally to life; the one exception, of course, was his son. He wrote: "He is all that remains of her on this earth and I want him to be a worthy witness of her to those hearts that will not forget her.... Her heart and soul were so set upon this child that I cannot leave him, I cannot separate myself from him, unless I feel certain that he will fulfill her hopes; and to take no steps to that end would be, it seems to me, to be false to my poor wife. I have arranged that Conrad should have a little patrimony sufficient for the needs of life and learning; and after that some crumbs will remain. I have made every sacrifice already to secure his future."[68] Apollo's obsessive desire to care for his son was genuine and powerful. His immediate concern, however, was with the young boy's health.

After his mother's death, Conrad was shuffled back and forth between Chernikhov and Novofastov in order to help him regain his health. Various letters written by Apollo during this period reflect the desperate and oppressive atmosphere father and son lived in. At one point he wrote: "My little Conrad is well and we are working: although oppressed by many, many things. Ah! if I could describe all

that; what an interesting article that would make."[69] Of his son's isolation, Apollo wrote: "The poor child does not know what it is to have a playmate of his own age; he looks at my wizened sorrow and who knows whether this sight does not cover his youthful heart with wrinkles and his awakening soul with hoar frost."[70] Conrad's response to this kind of atmosphere was like Dostoyevsky's: he turned to literature.

It can also be argued that the abnormal life of his exile intensified his natural precocity for literature.[71] In addition, it is almost certain that because he was an only child, literature was his only recourse for his lack of companionship. Because he had no one to play with, he found things to play in; literature became his rich playground, a place to exercise his creative energy, his imaginative capacities. Therefore, as Karl speculates, Conrad, in an attempt to block out his dreary reality, learned that the world can emanate from one's head.[72] Conrad himself recalled his own early love and taste for literature: "Since the age of five I have been a great reader, as is not perhaps wonderful in a child who was never aware of learning to read. At ten years of age I had read much of Victor Hugo and the other romantics. I had read in Polish and in French history, voyages, novels; I knew 'Gil Blas' and 'Don Quixote' in abridged editions; I had read in early boyhood Polish poets and some French poets."[73] Utilizing his rich imagination

and unusual senstivity, Conrad reacted to his own exile by withdrawing into himself.[74] He went underground, indulging his imagination, the results of which became apparent only years later in his own fictional worlds.

Still, the young boy's health remained a problem. In May 1866, Apollo again sent his son to Novofastov. By October, however, probably suffering from homesickness, Conrad returned to Chernikhov and his father. Almost immediately his health again broke and Apollo was forced to send him to Kiev for special treatment. After a month there, the boy was sent back again to Novofastov for the rest of the winter. All through this period Apollo's own health was deteriorating; as had been the case with Evelina, Apollo had tuberculosis. He was granted a travel permit in December, 1867, to travel to Algiers and Modeira. In January of 1868 he and Conrad traveled to Lwow in Galicia, a province then governed by Austria.[75] Later they traveled to Topolnica and in a letter written about a year before his death Apollo noted the bond between himself and his son: "I have given up Galicia and have limited my efforts to improving my state and caring for Conrad's health. Both wandering exiles, we need each other; he needs me as his miserable guardian and I him as the only power that keeps me alive."[76]

In October of 1868 they returned to Lwow to set up housekeeping. While there Apollo was intent on seeing to his son's education. In a letter he said a great deal about his

son's character: "My little Conrad is well and that cheers me up most, because his nerves were in a very bad state. He is going through the formal syllabus of the local schools though he will not go to his class this year. He is fairly able but so far has no love of study and there is nothing definite in him yet. Of course he is only eleven. But I should be glad, before I close my eyes, to foresee the general direction of his future path in life. He likes to criticize all, but unmaliciously. He is sensitive in his attitude and good beyond words."[77]

Apollo's comments here are very important for, they reveal an important character weakness that Thaddeus Bobrowski later constantly emphasized: Conrad's irresponsibility. Apollo noted that "he is fairly able but so far has no love of study and there is nothing definite in him." What might have caused such irresponsibility? One possible explanation is that because he lived so intensely in the imaginative world of literature, Conrad's passion for disciplined study was of necessity stunted and underdeveloped. A more plausible explanation, however, revolves around the fact that he was an only child. It has already been shown in the various letters quoted how concerned, perhaps overly so, his parents were for his welfare. Such concern, while normal, may have at times been morbid. As a result, Apollo may have pampered and indulged his son (perhaps to assuage his own guilt for having brought

his son into exile) at times when the boy would have been better served by firmness.

Paul Kirschner best summarizes this line of thinking. As an only child, Conrad was naturally the family's center of interest and affection. "Receiving more than average consideration from the adult world, Conrad found himself largely exempt from competition with other children.... Sharing his father's seclusion and confidence, Conrad might well have developed a feeling of remote superiority to the world outside Apollo's study."[78] Such a feeling "of remote superiority" would be naturally expressed through a kind of lackadaisical attitude toward schoolwork and personal responsibility. Regardless of the source of Conrad's irresponsibility, what should be noted here is that man's necessity to work, to achieve, to accomplish a given job--to act responsibly--is, ironically, a central theme in much of Conrad's fiction. It is indeed possible, therefore, that the genesis of this recurring theme came from Conrad's early conditioning.

They moved to Cracow in February, 1869; Apollo died there on May 23, 1869. By the time father and son made the move to Cracow, the former's health was obviously failing. Given this "atmosphere of immanent death, which must have put an intense strain on the highly-strung boy,"[79] it is little wonder the adult Conrad could recall in such detail the period leading up to his father's death. Note in the

following passage how he referred to the importance of literature during that time:

> I don't know what would have become of me if I had not been a reading boy. My prep finished I would have had nothing to do but sit and watch the awful stillness of the sick room flow out through the closed door and coldly enfold my scared heart. I suppose that in a futile childish way I would have gone crazy. But I was a reading boy. There were many books about, lying on consoles, on tables, and even on the floor, for we had not had time to settle down. I read! What did I not read!... Later in the evening, but not always I would be permitted to tip-toe into the sick room to say good-night to the figure prone on the bed, which often could not acknowledge my presence but by a slow movement of the eyes, put my lips dutifully to the nerveless hand lying on the coverlet, and tip-toe out again. Then I would go to bed, in a room at the end of the corridor, and often, not always, cry myself into a good sound sleep.
>
> I looked forward to what was coming with an incredulous terror. I turned my eyes from it sometimes with success, and yet all the time I had an awful sensation of the inevitable. I had also moments of revolt which stripped off me some of my simple trust in the government of the universe. But when the inevitable entered the sick room and the white door was thrown wide open, I don't think I found a single tear to shed.[80]

He recalled the funeral itself as well, noting that the coffin was accompanied by many mourners out of respect for his father's patriotic zeal:

> In the moonlight-flooded silence of the old town of glorious tombs and tragic memories, I could see again the small boy of that day following a hearse; a space kept clear in which I walked alone, conscious of an enormous following, the clumsy swaying of the tall black machine, the chanting of the surpliced clergy at the head, the flames of tapers passing under the low archway of the gate, the rows of bared heads on the pavements with

> fixed, serious eyes. Half the population had turned out on that fine May afternoon. They had not come to honour a great achievement, or even some splendid failure. The dead and they were victims alike of an unrelenting destiny which cut them off from every path of merit and glory. They had come only to render homage to the ardent fidelity of the man whose life had been a fearless confession in word and deed of a creed which the simplest heart in the crowd could feel and understand.[81]

What impact did Apollo have upon his son? Conrad was profoundly affected in two ways. First, from observing his father's life, Conrad gained a deep and lasting sense of pessimism. Czeslaw Milosz notes that Apollo's writings are marked by a basic skepticism about human nature and an obsession with a somber vision of threatening forces which he saw rising up from a state of primeval chaos.[82] Zdzislaw Najder points out that Apollo was a source of strong internal conflict between the heroic patriotic ideals he espoused and the tragic end of his own repressed life. "Conrad's father must have seemed to him at once awe-inspiring and absurd; his attitude towards him was a mixture of admiration and contemptuous pity."[83] Karl says that it could not have been lost upon the young boy "that his father's ideas and ideals had brought the family to destruction."[84] Apollo, then, may have served as the model for many sceptical Conradian heroes, especially ones like Martin Decoud of Nostromo. Second, his father's suffering and death

reinforced the hatred for Russia first inspired by his family's exile and mother's death. His father's fierce anti-Russian fervor became part and parcel of Conrad's psychology. Edward Crankshaw writes that by the time his mother died, Conrad must have been very conscious of the existence of Russia, an alien, remote, and arbitrary power "ever present and bearing down cruelly on his family circle, dislocating the life of every day, the cause of bitterness and curses."[85] Even more, Russia had "killed first his mother, then his father--to say nothing of other relatives and family friends. How can one imagine that the sense of Russia as a source of evil was not burnt into him?"[86] Adam Gillon sums it up well when he says that Conrad took both his pessimism and his patriotism from his father, as well as "an abiding hatred of what both son and father considered to be forces of barbarism in Russia. Conrad's Russian attitudes were formed as a result of his hatred of radicalism and despotism."[87]

Before we leave this part of Conrad's life, three final impressions of his father should be noted. First, Conrad once reacted very strongly to the claim that he was the "son of a Revolutionist": "No epithet could be more inapplicable to a man with such a strong sense of responsibility in the region of ideas and action and so indifferent to the promptings of personal ambition as my father. Why the description 'revolutionary' should have been

applied all through Europe to the Polish risings of 1831 and 1863 I cannot understand. These risings were purely revolts against foreign domination.... He was simply a patriot in the sense of a man who believing in the spirituality of a national existence could not bear to see that spirit enslaved."[88] Clearly Conrad saw his father's political activities in the best possible light; his father was not to be viewed with contempt but with honor.

The next impression of importance is Conrad's memory of his father burning his manuscripts before he died. He noted that the burning was done under his father's supervision while the young Conrad observed, unnoticed: "My father sat in a deep armchair propped up with pillows. This was the last time I saw him out of bed. His aspect was to me not so much that of a man desperately ill, as mortally weary--a vanquished man. That act of destruction affected me profoundly by its air of surrender."[89] The final impression was recorded in a letter to Edward Garnett: "A man of sensibilities: of exalted and dreamy temperament; with a terrible gift of irony and of gloomy disposition; withal of strong religious feeling degenerating after the loss of his wife into mysticism touched with despair. His aspect was distinguished; his conversation very fascinating; his face, in repose sombre, lighted all over when he smiled."[90] This last impression perhaps best communicates the estranged, isolated character of Apollo and as such suggests why the

theme of exile is so central to Conrad's fiction.

With his father gone, Conrad, now eleven, came under the guardianship of his grandmother. However, his uncle Thaddeus soon came to take upon himself the real responsibility of raising the young boy. Much has been written recently about the counterbalancing impact Thaddeus had on the young boy; that is, he provided a practical, realistic role model that Apollo did not.[91] Consequently, without belaboring the point, we can see from the very first letter Thaddeus wrote to Conrad the kind of responsible, practical life he expected his nephew to adopt:

> Conrad, my dear,
> It has pleased God to afflict you with the greatest misfortune that can affect a child--the loss of parents. Yet, God has in his goodness graciously permitted your best of grandmothers and me to guard over you, over your health, education and future fate. You know how we love you and that all the affection we had for your late parents has been transferred to you. You know also that your parents were always worthy of our affection--so you, as their son, should be doubly worthy as their son and become worthy of our love. That is why you should try to profit by the teachings given you also by the advice given you by friends chosen by your late father and by us.... Your education has been thought out and your needs supplied--all you have to do is to learn and look after your health until even in this, though chiefly dependent on the will of God, by taking the advice of your elders you will be able to recover your health fully, not yielding unnecessarily to impressions, feelings and thoughts inappropriate to one of your age!.... You are beginning your schooldays with the desire to become a useful and decent man by following the advice of decent people--with the help of God--on this new road. I give you my heartfelt blessing, as your loving uncle.[92]

In spite of this letter and the great weight Thaddeus placed upon getting a good, thorough education, Conrad remained bored with regular study. By 1872 he was pressing his uncle to allow him to go to sea. Although Thaddeus initially refused, Conrad's constant pressure finally wore him down and by September of 1874 Conrad had won the battle. He convinced Thaddeus to let him join the French merchant navy in Marseilles. A month later he left for France, ending one exile, it can be argued, for another.

In the years immediately following, Thaddeus returned again and again to the question of his nephew's irresponsibility. Sounding at times like an overprotective, nagging mother, his letters reflect instead a deep and all-encompassing love, a love almost certainly transferred from his sister to her son. "You always, my dear boy," he wrote in 1876, "made me impatient--and still make me impatient by your disorder and the easy way you take things--in which you remind me of the Korzeniowski family--spoiling and wasting everything."[93] His letters also underline Conrad's prodigality and laziness. He was often blunt: "Where is here consideration, prudence and reflection??? Where is here respect for others'--this time my own--peace of mind? Where is here any attempt to soften the impact of the absurdities committed, by prudent and tactful behavior???"[94] One letter refers to Conrad's attempted suicide: "You were idling for nearly a whole

year--you fell into debt, you deliberately shot yourself...."[95] Even though Conrad continuously left Thaddeus frustrated, his uncle still retained deep affection for him. He wrote a letter to a friend in which he made the following judgment regarding his nephew: "...he is not a bad boy, only one who is extremely sensitive, conceited, reserved, and in addition excitable. In short I found in him all the defects of the Nalecz family."[96]

Perhaps the most revealing letter, however, came in 1890 when Thaddeus responded to Conrad's own request that his uncle tell him his shortcomings since he was unable to see them himself:

> I consider that you have always lacked endurance and perseverance in decisions, which is the result of your instability in your aims and desires. You lack endurance...in the face of facts--and, I suppose, in the face of people too?... In your projects you let your imagination run away with you--you become an optimist; but when you encounter disappointments you fall easily into pessimism--and as you have a lot of pride, you suffer more as the result of disappointments than somebody would who had a more moderate imagination but was endowed with a greater endurance in activity and relationships.[97]

To Thaddeus, then, Conrad's lack of endurance, his pessimism, and his irresponsibility were the key failings of his character. This letter also points out Conrad's tendency to follow his imagination at the expense of reality, an attitude that eventually leads, at least according to Thaddeus, to disappointment. Here again we are given a key insight into a

repeated theme of the mature novelist: the situation of a man who believes he is capable of great, heroic action but who fails to live up to his ideals and dreams when faced with a test of some kind.

From his mother Conrad gained a fierce hatred of Russia; from his father, pessimism and patriotism; from his uncle, duty and challenge. What, however, did Conrad realize himself as a result of his exile with his parents? Karl suggests, first of all, that matters of poor health, waning energy, and constant illness, all concerns of Conrad's adult life, initially began with the young boy's experience in Russia. He shared both his parents' exile and their daily expression "of ailments and dispiritedness that marks a life no longer worth living."[98] A second important result of his exile was his epilepsy. Although it is impossible to pinpoint the exact moment of the onset of the illness, we do know that he suffered attacks when he was young and in Russia. Thaddeus wrote him: "Michas [another nephew already diagnosed as epileptic] may be suffering from the same illness as you were--anyway he had a similar fit to yours in the autumn. The only difference is that the symptoms appeared much later than in your case and this makes one wonder if he will grow out of it by the age of fourteen, as you did?"[99]

Perhaps the most important effect of Conrad's exile was the haunting sense of isolation that remained with him

the rest of his life. Leo Gurko says that Conrad's exile in "in early childhood, isolated in an enemy country, cut off from young companions, thrown into the exclusive company of two parents dying visibly before his eyes, exposed him to abnormal tensions."[100] Certainly among these tensions was his isolation. Conrad himself said that "my young days, the days when one's habits and character are formed, have been rather familiar with long silences."[101] Again Karl underscores this by noting that Conrad "like Odysseus, who lived in exile, cunning and without splendour,...spent many years of his life marginal, lonely an isolated man."[102] Perhaps the best way to summarize Conrad's isolation is to say that he suffered an internal as well as external exile. This motif will be investigated in depth when we turn to an analysis of his fiction.

The emotional, intellectual, and moral upheavals he experienced during his years in Russian exile were surely similar to the ones Dostoyevsky experienced in his Siberian exile. The appearance of the exile in their fiction is not surprising, therefore, since both suffered first-hand experiences of isolation and estrangement. Indeed, the pain and horror each suffered in exile somehow gives them the sensibility and vision that makes them curiously modern before their time. The feelings of anguish and despair, clearly evident in the biographical details of each man's exile, were later translated into fiction; as a result, their

exiles speak loudly and clearly to twentieth-century man. Like many of us today, their exiles struggle to come to grips with finding meaning in a universe where God is apparently absent, and man is left to decide for himself what is good and what is evil. In their struggles they speak to us with dramatic intensity and prophetic vision.

Notes

[1] Joseph Frank, Dostoyevsky: The Seeds of Revolt: 1821-1849 (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1976), p. 16.

[2] Frank, p. 17.

[3] Frank, p. 17.

[4] Frank, p. 14.

[5] Fyodor Dostoyevsky, The Diary of a Writer, trans. by Boris Brasol, 2 vols. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1949), p. 208.

[6] Cited in Konstantin Mochulsky, Dostoevsky: His Life and Work, trans. by Michael A. Minihan (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1967), p. 9.

[7] Frank, p. 37.

[8] Feodor Dostoyevsky, Letters of Fyodor Michailovitch Dostoyevsky to his Family and Friends, trans.

by Ethel Colburn Mayne (New York: Horizon Press, 1961), p. 3. (This work will be subsequently referred to as Dostoyevsky, FF.)

[9] See Frank, p. 82.

[10] See Frank, p. 88ff.

[11] Cited in Leonid Grossman, Dostoyevsky: A Biography, trans. by Mary Mackler (New York: Bobbs-Merrill, Co., Inc., 1975), p. 63.

[12] Grossman, p. 66.

[13] Dostoyevsky, FF, p. 28.

[14] FF, p. 265.

[15] Grossman, pp. 80-81.

[16] Dostoyevsky, Diary, p. 6.

[17] Diary, p. 9.

[18] Diary, pp. 6-7.

[19] Diary, p. 148.

[20] Diary, p. 7.

[21] Diary, p. 7.

[22] Grossman, p. 88.

[23] Dostoyevsky, FF, p. 42.

[24] FF, p. 42.

[25] Grossman, p. 105.

[26] Frank, p. 243.

[27] Grossman, p. 107.

[28] Dostoyevsky, FF, pp. 43-44.

[29] Mochulsky, pp. 125-26.

[30] Mochulsky, p. 123.

[31] Grossman, p. 137.

[32] Mochulsky, p. 133.

[33] Mochulsky, p. 134.

[34] Mochulsky, p. 117.

[35] Dostoyevsky, FF, p. 50.

[36] FF, p. 50.

[37] FF, p. 53.

[38] Mochulsky, p. 140.

[39] Feodor Dostoyevsky, Dostoyevsky: Letters and Reminiscences, trans. by S. S. Koteliansky and J. M. Murray (New York: 1923; rpt. Freeport, New York: Books for Libraries Press, 1971), p. 6. (This work will be subsequently referred to as Dostoyevsky, LR)

[40] Dostoyevsky, LR, p. 8.

[41] LR, p. 9.

[42] FF, p. 63.

[43] FF, pp. 60-1.

[44] FF, p. 61.

[45] FF, p. 59.

[46] FF, p. 60.

[47] FF, p. 283.

[48] FF, p. 60.

[49] FF, p. 60.

[50] FF, p. 62.

[51] Mochulsky, p. 149.

[52] Dostoyevsky, FF, p. 92.

[53] Mochulsky, p. 149.

[54] Dostoyevsky, FF, p. 62.

[55] Mochulsky, p. 147.

[56] Dostoyevsky, FF, p. 92.

[57] FF, p. 72.

[58] FF, pp. 70-1.

[59] Mochulsky, p. 153.

[60] Jocelyn Baines, Joseph Conrad: A Critical Biography (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1960), p. 8.

[61] Baines, p. 6.

[62] Baines, p. 13.

[63] Baines, pp. 14-5.

[64] Frederick Karl, Joseph Conrad: The Three Lives (New York: Farrar, Straus, and Giroux, 1979), p. 53.

[65] Joseph Conrad, A Personal Record (Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page, 1926), p. 65.

[66] Baines, p. 16.

[67] Baines, p. 16.

[68] Baines, p. 17.

[69] Baines, p. 20.

[70] Baines, p. 19.

[71] John Dozier Gordon, Joseph Conrad: The Making of a Novelist (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1941), p. 6.

[72] Karl, p. 68.

[73] Conrad, A Personal Record, pp. 70-1.

[74] Adam Gillon, The Eternal Solitary: A Study of Joseph Conrad (New York: Bookman, 1960), p. 17.

[75] Baines, p. 21.

[76] Baines, pp. 21-2.

[77] Baines, p. 22.

[78] Paul Kirschner, Conrad: the Psychologist as Artist (Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd, 1968), pp. 6-7.

[79] Baines, p. 23.

[80] Joseph Conrad, Notes on Life and Letters (Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page, 1921), pp. 168-69.

[81] Conrad, Notes on Life and Letters, p. 169.

[82] Czeslaw Milosz, "Joseph Conrad in Polish Eyes," Atlantic Monthly, 200, (Nov. 1957), pp. 220-22.

[83] Zdzislaw Najder, ed., Conrad's Polish Background: Letters to and from Polish Friends, trans. by Halins Carroll (London: Oxford University Press, 1964), p. 11.

[84] Karl, p. 79.

[85] Edward Crankshaw, "Conrad and Russia," in Joseph Conrad: A Commemoration, ed. Norman Sherry (New York: Barnes and Noble, 1977), p. 99.

[86] Crankshaw, p. 99.

[87] Gillon, The Eternal Solitary, p. 686.

[88] Conrad, A Personal Record, p. xi-xii.

[89] A Personal Record, p. xii.

[90] Edward Garnett, ed., Letters from Joseph Conrad: 1895-1924 (Indianapolis: Charter Books, 1962), p. 167.

[91] See especially Robert Hodges, The Dual Heritage of Joseph Conrad (The Hague: Mouton and Co., 1967).

[92] Baines, pp. 26-7.

[93] Najder, Conrad's Polish Background, p. 37.

[94] Conrad's Polish Background, p. 42.

[95] Conrad's Polish Background, p. 54.

[96] Conrad's Polish Background, p. 177.

[97] Conrad's Polish Background, pp. 147-48.

[98] Karl, p. 46.

[99] Nadjer, Conrad's Polish Background, p. 158.

[100] Leo Gurko, Joseph Conrad: Giant in Exile (New York: Macmillan, 1962), pp. 10-11.

[101] Conrad, A Personal Record, p. xxiv.

[102] Karl, p. 14.

CHAPTER II

THEMATIC AFFINITIES AND THE EXILE IN MINOR WORKS

Before beginning a detailed study of exile in the major works of each writer, it is appropriate to explore briefly whether or not Dostoyevsky's influenced Conrad and any shared thematic affinities between the two. The question of Conrad's debt to Dostoyevsky is largely problematic and unresolved. Since Conrad repeatedly claimed that he could not read Russian, he would have had to wait for either a French or English translation of Dostoyevsky. According to Donald Davie, the first translation of Dostoyevsky into English came in 1881 when a version of The House of the Dead, under the title Buried Alive; Ten Years Penal in Siberia, came out. In addition, by 1885 an English version of Crime and Punishment had appeared.[1] The impact of these early translations was significant. Many looked to Dostoyevsky for factual information about Russian life; others, like Robert Louis Stevenson, were emotionally drained. Of Crime and Punishment Stevenson wrote to a friend: "Raskolnikoff is easily the greatest book I have read in ten years; I am glad you took to it. Many find it dull: Henry James could not finish it: all I can say is, it nearly finished me. It was like having an illness."[2] Davie notes, however, that "by 1900, the initial vogue for Dostoyevsky was over, and neither

The Possessed nor The Brothers Karamazov had appeared in English."[3] Translations of Dostoyevsky in French, however, appeared much earlier. According to Jeffrey Berman and Donna VanWagenen, "unlike the English who came to Dostoevsky late..., the French knew nearly all his works by 1890."[4]

In spite of the possibility that Conrad may have known Dostoyevsky through an early English or French translation, there is no way to demonstrate this.[5] Actually, our first direct knowledge of Conrad's familiarity with Dostoyevsky comes in a series of letters he wrote to Edward Garnett. Garnett, who was Conrad's editor at the time, was married to Constance Garnett, the great English translator of Dostoyevsky. In a letter dated May 27, 1912, Conrad responds to a copy of her translation of The Brothers Karamazov that her husband had sent to him: "I do hope you are not too disgusted with me for not thanking you for the 'Karamazov' before. It was very good of you to remember me; and of course I was extremely interested. But it's an impossible lump of valuable matter. It's terrifically bad and impressive and exasperating. Moreover, I don't know what D. stands for or reveals, but I do know that he is too Russian for me. It sounds to me like some fierce mouthings from pre-historic ages.... Of course your wife's translation is wonderful.... But indeed the man's art does not deserve this good fortune."[6] Conrad's bias against Dostoyevsky

and things Russian is also obvious in a stinging comment he made to Edward Garnett's criticism of Under Western Eyes: "You are so russianized my dear that you don't know the truth when you see it--unless it smells of cabbage soup when it at once secures your profoundest respect. I suppose one must make allowances for your position of Russian Embassador [sic] to the Republic of Letters."[7] Perhaps Conrad's most famous anti-Dostoyevsky remark is that he is a "grimacing, haunted creature, who is under a curse."[8] At one point Conrad even claims that Dostoyevsky denies "everything for which I stand."[9] Richard Curle sums up Conrad's antipathy well when he says that for Conrad, Dostoyevsky represented the "ultimate forces of confusion and insanity arrayed against all that he valued in civilization. He did not despise him as one despises a non-entity, he hated him as one might hate Lucifer and the forces of darkness."[10]

Yet for all of Conrad's claims to the contrary, critics have long linked him to Dostoyevsky. Gustav Morf, for example, argues that Conrad's "ever present sense of the unreality of reality," and his "perpetual wonder at existence" are attributes of the Slavonic mind.[11] In addition, Conrad's deep introspection and his brooding over ideas link him inescapably to Dostoyevsky. Morf says Conrad "was a mystic, like Dostoievski."[12] Douglas Hewitt speaks for many critics who assess Conrad's violent reaction against Dostoyevsky as a result of Dostoyevsky's always

keeping "in the forefront of his work elements similar to those in Conrad's sensibility which he had thrust to the back."[13]

What are the thematic similarities between the two writers? Glen Sandstrom suggests that there is a "subtle alliance" between them in their handling of the moral and psychological complexities facing man, especially when confronted by idealism and iniquity.[14] Hewitt agrees and points out that the element of "sordid farce" as an outgrowth of evil is apparent in each writer as well as the perception within man of double motives and preoccupation with idealism.[15] He goes on to suggest that the greatest thematic similarity between them "is the...situation of the obviously 'good' man who is confronted by a 'double' whom he cannot repudiate and who makes him aware of evil or equivocal qualities in himself which he would rather not see."[16] Roger Tennant, quoting Conrad, says Conrad's belief that human personality is "only a ridiculous and aimless masquerade of something hopelessly unknown" is close to Dostoyevsky's vision and is fundamental to any understanding of Conrad's fiction.[17]

Leonard Zellar shifts the thematic focus onto the two writers' shared sense of man's tragedy, arguing that "it is Conrad's tragic vision that assigns him to the line extending from Melville (whom he also abominated) and Dostoyevsky to Faulkner."[18] Zellar further contends that both men

shared an existential view of the human experience, a belief "in the ultimate efficacy of simple, earned value," a number of political and social dislikes, and "a sacramental vision of life."[19] This sacramental vision of life (that life be viewed as a whole, that it be accepted as is, and that it be lived existentially), Zellar suggests is linked to each writer's abhorrence of a kind of secular religion (pride of intellect, self-will, individualism, democracy, materialism, science) that was gaining popularity in the late nineteenth century. For them "life [was] a larger unity than the merely rational point of view can comprehend" and they shared the belief "that there is a dimension to the personality which is of equal validity and probably more force than the rational."[20] In effect, then, Zellar says that both writers were traditional in their beliefs and values.

There is also a psychological link between Conrad and Dostoyevsky. Bernard Meyer suggests that Dostoyevsky may have served as a surrogate for Conrad's sick and dying father "that had cast so dark a shadow across his melancholy childhood."[21] His rejection of Dostoyevsky, then, was "but another rivet in the armor by means of which he sought to ward off new psychological disasters."[22] A more plausible speculation is made by Irving Howe when he says that Conrad did not wish to understand Dostoyevsky because "in the novels of the 'grimacing and haunted creature' were recreated not the events but what was far more terrifying,

the atmospheres and emotional patterns of the youth he had escaped."[23] Howe is one of the few critics to note the psychological impact Conrad's early exile made upon his view of Dostoyevsky:

> The scar of [his childhood exile], as it throbbed in Conrad's later memories, was to recall both glory and humiliation. When the children of revolutionaries revolt, it is against revolutionism: Conrad as a young man escaped from the world of both his father and those who had persecuted his father. But few things short of an actual return to Poland or Russia could have recalled this world as vividly as Dostoyevsky's novels. For in those novels were mirrored the two sides of his memory: the hated oligarchy of Tsarism and the rebels against this oligarchy who, for all that Dostoyevsky wrenched them into ugliness and caricature, might still stir in Conrad the dimmed fires of his political past.[24]

In addition, both writers are fascinated by the psychology of their characters. Although I am not claiming they are primarily psychological novelists, I do believe there is little question that each is extremely interested in the workings of the human mind. Dostoyevsky's technique for penetrating his characters' psychology is by minute self-observation. Time and again he portrays characters given to microscopic self-discovery, self-aggrandizing, self-absorption. For instance, they enjoy carrying on long internal conversations as they try to understand themselves, others, and the larger world. Conrad's technique, although different, is also focused on his characters' infatuation with self. However, instead of using Dostoyevskian interior

monologues, Conrad often uses an outside narrator--usually Marlow--who struggles to penetrate and understand the psyche of the central character. Though the outside narrator may be tentative, halting, and uncertain, he normally does help unravel the subtle complexes and motives of the Conradian exile.

In spite of these similarities, the two writers do differ at several key points. First their visions of the meaning of life are fundamentally different. While Dostoyevsky has a theistic view of life, Conrad has a humanistic one. Dostoyevsky's convictions about Christ have already been noted. Conrad's view of Christianity, however, is antithetical: "I am not blind to its [Christianity's] services but the absurd oriental-fable from which it starts irritates me. Great, improving, softening, compassionate it may be, but it has lent itself with amazing facility to cruel distortion and is the only religion which, with its impossible standards, has brought an infinity of anguish to innumerable souls of this earth."[25] For Conrad, man's destiny lay with man, not with God. Writing to R. B. Cunninghame Graham he says:

> What you want to reform...is human nature. Your faith will never move that mountain. Not that I think mankind intrinsically bad. It is only silly and cowardly. Now You know that in cowardice is every evil--especially that cruelty so characteristic of our civilisation. But without it mankind would vanish. No great matter truly. But will you persuade humanity to throw away sword and

> shield? Can you persuade even me--who write these words in the fulness of an irresistible conviction? No. I belong to the wretched gang. We all belong to it. We are born initiated, and succeeding generations clutch the inheritance of fear and brutality without a thought, without a doubt without compunction--in the name of God.[26]

Second, their methods of novelistic development are dissimilar; that is, while Dostoyevsky begins with an idea (religious, moral, or political) and creates a character to embody it, Conrad begins with a man and moves him towards an idea that is rarely developed into a consistent concept or philosophy.[27] If Dostoyevsky's approach to character development is more rationalistic, Conrad's is more intuitive. "Conrad was fascinated by the individual personality of man--not by his political and social conditions as such."[28] Third, though both share a pessimistic strain, Conrad never reveals the positive side of human nature evident in Dostoyevsky's fiction, illustrated, for example, by the eventual conversion of the initially nihilistic Raskolnikov: "Conrad's view of human nature is, in fact, fundamentally more pessimistic, more 'nihilistic' than that of Dostoyevsky. He has in his best novels and stories a conception of evil which is not vague and mystifying and which is not a matter of good people and bad people."[29] That is, although he accepts the evil inherent in man "he has no conception of a goodness just as profound...rooted in a complex human nature.... He takes no

comfort from supernatural hopes of improvement or redemption."[30]

Finally, and most importantly, both have very different views of Russia. For Dostoyevsky, it is not going too far to say that "the dominant theme in his work is a conception of Russian destiny."[31] He rejects almost completely the ideas of the West, and instead links Russia's future inextricably to the Orthodox Church. In fact, he advocates a kind of messianic role for Russia. He writes to a friend: "I wholly share your patriotic emotion, your efforts towards the moral emancipation of the Slavs. It is there that Russia's mission lies--our noble, mighty Russia, our holy mother.... Yes--indeed I do share your idea that in Russia Europe will find her final account; it is Russia's true mission."[32] Years later he writes the same friend:

> And generally all our conceptions are more moral and our Russian aims are higher than those of the European world. We have a more direct and noble belief in goodness, goodness as Christianity, and not as a bourgeoisie solution of the problem of comfort. A great renewal is about to descend on the whole world, through Russian thought (which you are quite right, is solidly welded with Orthodoxy), and this will be achieved in less than a hundred years,--this is my passionate belief. But in order that this great object may be achieved, it is essential that the political right and supremacy of the Great Russian race over the Slav world should be definitely and incontestably consummated.[33]

Clearly, then, Dostoyevsky could not bear to distance Russia from the role of spiritual leader: "Russia must

reveal to the world her own Russian Christ, whom as yet the peoples know not, and who is rooted in our native Orthodox faith. There lies, I believe, the inmost essence of our vast impending contribution to civilization, whereby we shall awaken the European peoples; there lies the inmost core of our exuberant and intense existence that is to be."[34] Elsewhere he says: "The whole destiny of Russia lies in Orthodoxy, in the light from the East, which will suddenly shine forth to Western humanity, which has become blinded and has lost Christ. The cause of the whole misfortune of Europe, everything, everything without exception, has been that they gained the Church of Rome and lost Christ, and then they decide that they would do without Christ."[35] For Dostoyevsky, the future of the Western world lay with Russia and her church.

Conrad, of course, did not share Dostoyevsky's affection for Russia. For him Russia was a metaphor of death, burial, and bereavement.[36] The ordeal his parents were forced to endure as well as his own part in that experience left him forever antipathetic towards Russia. Even as a child Conrad displayed his dislike of Russia by composing a play (while in Lwow when he was eleven) which celebrates Poland and denigrates Russia.[37] In addition, throughout his adult life he claimed that he had never become a part of Russian culture as a child nor had he learned the Russian language: "But the fact is that I know extremely

little of Russians. Practically nothing. In Poland we have nothing to do with them. One knows they are there. And that's disagreeable enough. In exile the contact is even slighter if possible if more unavoidable. I crossed the Russian frontier at the age of ten. Not having been to school then I never knew Russian. I could not tell a Little Russian from a Great Russian to save my life."[38] Later he said: "The trouble is that I too don't know Russian; I don't even know the alphabet."[39] However, we must not take such claims at face value because the internal evidence of Conrad's fiction, essays, and letters tends to belie such statements. Conrad knew Russia much better than he ever wished to know her.

Conrad's only fictional work set in Russia, Under Western Eyes (1911), is important to note in this regard. In a letter to John Galsworthy, Conrad claims that his purpose in writing the novel was to capture the "very soul of things Russian."[40] In the "Author's Note" to the novel Conrad reveals his intention, emphasizing especially his desire "to render not so much the political state as the psychology of Russia itself."[41] In addition, he says that his motive is "to express imaginatively the general truth which underlies its action, together with my honest convictions as to the moral complexion of certain facts more or less known to the whole world" (7). Of special interest is his explanation of how he is capable of writing about Russia

since he is neither Russian nor living in Russia: "The course of action need not be explained. It has suggested itself more as a matter of feeling than a matter of thinking. It is the result not of a special experience but of general knowledge, fortified by earnest meditation" (7). In other words, he can write about Russia not because of any first-hand intellectual understanding of her but because of his intuitive knowledge, a knowledge at least partially acquired as a young child living there. Furthermore, this "general knowledge" he relies on is reinforced by "earnest meditation," implying that he has turned over in his mind many of the ideas he incorporates in the novel. In addition, he says his characterizations "also owe their existence to no special experience but to the general knowledge of the condition of Russia and of the moral and emotional reactions of the Russian temperament to the pressure of tyrannical lawlessness" (8).

Yet he insists that his vision of Russia is controlled by "scrupulous impartiality." He underscores the need to be impartial:

> The obligation of absolute fairness was imposed on me historically and hereditarily, by the peculiar experience of race and family, in addition to my primary conviction that truth alone is the justification of any fiction which makes the least claim to the quality of art or may hope to take its place in the culture of men and women of its time. I had never been called before to a greater effort of detachment: detachment from all passions, prejudices, and even from personal memories. (7)

This frank admission that he has to struggle with difficulty to remain objective in his presentation illustrates clearly the part his own exile experience must have had in coloring his view of Russia. In spite of his protestations of impartiality, however, he concludes the "Author's Note" with a flourish of inflammatory rhetoric:

> The most terrifying reflection (I am speaking now for myself) is that all these people are not the product of the exceptional but of the general--of the normality of their place, and time, and race. The ferocity and imbecility of an autocratic rule rejecting all legality and in fact basing itself upon complete moral anarchism provokes the no less imbecile and atrocious answer of a purely Utopian revolutionism encompassing destruction by the first means to hand, in the strange conviction that a fundamental change of hearts must follow the downfall of any given human institutions. These people are unable to see that all they can effect is merely a change of names. The oppressors and the oppressed are all Russians together; and the world is brought once more face to face with the truth of the saying that the tiger cannot change his stripes nor the leopard his spots. (8-9)

What is Conrad's view of Russia in the novel and is he successful at remaining impartial? Recent critics have argued "that Conrad, though inheriting and maintaining an implacable hostility to Russia as an oppressive autocratic state...was not hostile to Russians as such and was not blinded by bias in his portrayal of them."[42] Tony Tanner notes: "Anybody who reads Under Western Eyes as an anti-Russian polemic has not learned to respond to the full

range of Conrad's wide ranging irony and scepticism, nor to the depths of his insight into the human mind."[43]

In spite of such comments, however, there is at least a harsh grimness about Russia communicated throughout the novel. For instance, early on Kirylo Sidorovich Razumov, a student faced with betraying a revolutionary who has come to him for protection, is standing outside in the cold: "Razumov stamped his foot--and under the soft carpet of snow felt the hard ground of Russia, inanimate, cold, inert, like a sullen and tragic mother hiding her face under a winding-sheet--his native soil!-his very own-without a fireside, without a hearth" (34-35). Later Russia is called "the land of spectral ideas and disembodied aspirations" (35). It is also true that many of the characters appear to be caricatures. However, Conrad tries to deflect such criticism in the "Author's Note": "Nobody is exhibited as a monster here--neither the simple-minded Tekla nor the wrong-headed Sophia Antonovna. Peter Ivanovich and Madame de S. are fair game. They are apes of a sinister jungle and are treated as their grimaces deserve" (8). As for the violent and brutal Nikita, Conrad says "he is the perfect flower of the terroristic wilderness. What troubled me most in dealing with him was not his monstrosity but his banality" (8).

Yet, the overall tone of Under Western Eyes is not anti-Russian. Conrad does maintain an impartial eye for the most part, primarily through the use of his ironic, detached

narrator, the anonymous teacher of languages. In addition, Conrad evidences a special compassion towards Razumov: "Razumov is treated sympathetically. Why should he not be? He is an ordinary young man, with a healthy capacity for work and sane ambitions. He has an average conscience. If he is slightly abnormal it is only in his sensitiveness to his position" (8). And what is his sensitive position? He is an illegitimate child, cut off from any real affection or family. This insecurity, this alienation "qualifies him as a Conradian 'loner,'" and seems to be the primary source of Conrad's sympathy for him.[44] One critic suggests that "it is this personal element--the conscious or unconscious affinity or even identification with some of his non-heroes, combined with artistic integrity, that has made it possible for Conrad to write of the Russians, without lapsing into caricature, as Dostoyevsky did with his Polish characters in The Brothers Karamazov. Conrad's strong Russian phobia notwithstanding, he could and did create, entirely sympathetic, even idealized Russians."[45] In Under Western Eyes Conrad the artist ruled Conrad the man; that is, his desire to communicate the truth as an artist took precedence over his deeply held anti-Russian prejudice as a man.

Elsewhere Conrad is less successful in hiding his strong anti-Russian bias. Perhaps the fullest example of this occurs in an essay, "Autocracy and War," included in his

Notes on Life and Letters. The essay, which discusses in part the Russo-Japanese War (1904-05), provides Conrad the opportunity to attack and mock everything about Russia that Dostoyevsky held dear. In particular, Conrad attacks the autocracy of Russia. He describes Russia as a "decrepit, old, hundred years old, spectre" hovering over Europe: "This dreaded and strange apparition, bristling with bayonents, armed with chains, hung over with holy images; that something not of this world, partaking of a ravenous ghoul...still faces us with its old stupidity, with its strange mystical arrogance, stamping its shadowy feet upon the grave stone of autocracy."[46] For Conrad it is Russian arrogance to export its "holy images" and its desire to rule the rest of Europe. All that Conrad finds wrong about Russia comes from the very roots Dostoyevsky praises: "The truth is that the Russia of our fathers, of our childhood, of our middle-age; the testamentary Russia of Peter the Great--who imagined that all the nations were delivered into the hands of Tsardom--can do nothing" (91). And like Dostoyevsky Conrad engages in prophecy about Russia's future:

> [Old Russia] has vanished for ever at last, and as yet there is no new Russia to take the place of that ill-omened creation, which, being a fantasy of a madman's brain, could in reality be nothing else than a figure out of a nightmare seated upon a monument of fear and oppression.... But whatever political illusion the future may hold out to our fear or our admiration, there will be none, it is safe to say, which in the magnitude of anti-humanitarian effect will equal that phantom

> now driven out of the world by the thunder of thousands of guns; none that in its retreat will cling with an equally shameless sincerity to more unworthy supports, to the moral corruption and mental darkness of slavery, to the mere brute force of numbers.... Spectral it lived and spectral it disappears without leaving a memory of a single generous deed, of a single service rendered--even involuntarily--to the polity of nations. Other despotisms there have been but none whose origin was so grimly fantastic in its baseness, and the beginning of whose end was so gruesomely ignoble. (91-92)

Clearly Conrad proves to be as poor a prophet regarding the future of Russia as Dostoyevsky; in addition, his passion against Russia leads him to exaggerate the failures and weaknesses of Russia just as Dostoyevsky had exaggerated her virtues. When, for example, he examines the historical past of Russia he is especially virulent:

> Russian autocracy succeeded to nothing; it had no historical past, and it cannot hope for a historical future. It can only end. By no industry of investigation, by no fantastic stretch of benevolence, can it be presented as a phase of development through which a Society, a State, must pass on the way to the full consciousness of its destiny. It lies outside the stream of progress.... It is impossible to assign to it any rational origin in the vices, the misfortunes, the necessities, or the aspirations of mankind.... What strikes one with a sort of awe is just this something inhuman in its character. (97-98)

Despotism and arbitrary rule, according to Conrad, are the hallmarks of Russian autocracy. Because of this, Western ideas cannot pierce through and affect its rulers or peoples for good; or if Western thought does manage to break through,

it "falls under the spell of her autocracy and becomes a noxious parody of itself":

> Autocracy and nothing else in the world, has moulded her institutions, and with the poison of slavery drugged the national temperament into the apathy of a hopeless fatalism. It seems to have gone into the blood, tainting every mental activity in its source by a half-mystical, insensate, fascinating assertion of purity and holiness. The Government of Holy Russia, arrogating to itself the supreme power to torment and slaughter the bodies of its subjects like a God-sent scourge, has been most cruel to those whom it allowed to live under the shadow of its dispensation (98-99).

Conrad then goes on to comment on the intrinsic worth of Russia, a summary that obviously contradicts Dostoyevsky's view:

> In Russia there is no idea. She is not a Neant, she is and has been simply the negation of everything worth living for. She is not an empty void, she is a yawning chasm open between East and West; a bottomless abyss that has swallowed up every hope of mercy, every aspiration towards personal dignity, towards freedom, towards knowledge, every ennobling desire of the heart, every redeeming whisper of conscience. Those that have peered into that abyss, where the dreams of Panslavism, of universal conquest, mingled with the hate and contempt for Western ideas, drift impotently like shapes of mist, know well that it is bottomless (100).

How can we reconcile Conrad's view of Russia in Under Western Eyes with that found in his essays? The impact of Conrad's view of Russia on all his work has been explored by several critics. Edward Crankshaw argues that few have given "sufficient weight to the role of Russia in shaping

[Conrad's] whole outlook," including "the idea that the origin of Conrad's conception of evil may be traced to his childhood memories of Russian rule."[47] At the same time Marcus Wheeler says "that Conrad, though inheriting and maintaining an implacable hostility to Russia as an oppressive autocratic state..., was not hostile to Russians as such and was not blinded by bias in his portrayal of them."[48] Leonard Zellar adds that in spite of Conrad's dislike of both Russia and Dostoyevsky, "Conrad the artist possessed the capacity for objectivity inseparable from the practice of great art."[49] Russia, therefore, looms large in both Dostoyevsky's and Conrad's fiction.

Because each man suffered exile in Russia, it is not surprising that exile is a consistent theme in their fiction. As a matter or fact, the exile theme runs through both the minor and major works of each writer. Often the minor works introduce certain aspects of the exile theme that are later expanded upon in the major works. Two works bear special discussion. In an early, pre-exile novel, The Double (1846), Dostoyevsky studies the notion of estrangement albeit with a different emphasis. Here the concern is with the search for self. Yakov Petrovich Golyadkin, a minor bureaucrat, is so isolated from others and himself that he unconsciously creates a stronger, more dominant self. Although Golyadkin intends for his double to assist him in his struggles to

maintain dignity in the world, the double actually betrays him, steals his job, and helps pack him off to a mental institution. The psychological similarities between this novel and Conrad's novella, "The Secret Sharer" (1910), are fascinating. Like Dostoyevsky's Golyadkin, Conrad's young sea captain is seeking to find himself. Alone, alienated, and feeling the pressure of his first command, he meets his own double in the person of Leggatt, an escaped murderer from a nearby ship. Unlike Golyadkin's double, however, Leggatt proves to be a friend and even savior to the young captain. In both Golyadkin and the captain we see a certain kind of exile at work since both feel so deeply an estrangement from others, yet their exiles are ultimately more searches for self than attempts to integrate with society.

The one work central to a study of Dostoyevskian exile is the thinly veiled autobiographical account of his own Siberian exile, The House of the Dead (1860). Many of the passages in this proto-novel echo his early letters, and his transparent narrator, Alexander Petrovich Goriantchikoff, is clearly only a fictional voice Dostoyevsky uses to express the horror of his exile. Three points stand out about Dostoyevsky-Goriantchikoff's experience: he suffered physically, he was rejected by fellow prisoners, and he began a spiritual renewal.

Throughout this pointedly unemotional account, Goriantchikoff emphasizes his own personal and physical

suffering. For example, his overriding impression of prison life is that it is "always painful, monotonous, and stifling."[50] In particular he experiences "the sharpest, the most painful [suffering] that can be experienced in a house of detention cut off from law and liberty. I mean forced association. Association with one's fellow men is to some extent forced everywhere and always; but nowhere is it so horrible as in prison, where there are men with whom no one would consent to live" (23). This forced association works upon him so that "I became as low as my companions, as typical a convict as they. Their customs, their habits, their ideas influenced me thoroughly and externally became my own, without, however, affecting my inner self" (79). In addition, because of the terrible living conditions--poor food, insufficient clothing, filthy living quarters--he becomes very ill and spends a great deal of time in the prison hospital. However, through it all, he survives and adapts to his exile and suffering, primarily by turning to physical labor: "I soon understood that work alone could save me, by fortifying my bodily health, whereas incessant restlessness of mind, nervous irritation, and the close air of the barrack would ruin it completely" (97).

Furthermore, he feels keenly his alienation from the other prisoners. In particular he is rejected by the common prisoners who regard him as a noble. As another of the nobility in prison tells him: "Yes...they do not like

nobles, above all those who have been condemned for political offenses, and they take a pleasure in wounding their feelings. Surely that is understandable? Tell me, what sympathy can they have for us?" (31). At another point Goriantchikoff says: "A common man sent to hard labour finds himself in kindred society, perhaps even in more interesting society than he has been accustomed to. He loses his native place and family, but his ordinary surroundings are much the same as before. An educated man, condemned by law to the same punishment as the other, suffers incomparably more. He must stifle all his needs, all his habits; he must descend into a lower sphere, must breathe another air. He is like a fish thrown upon the sand. The punishment which he undergoes, equal in the eyes of the law for all criminals, is ten times more severe and more painful for him than for the common man" (67). Later he adds: "How I envied prisoners from the lower classes. It was so different for them, they were mates with everyone from the start" (227). Perhaps the clearest example of his alienation from them occurs near the end of the narrative when the prisoners are about to rebel against the guards because of abusive treatment. When Goriantchikoff tries to join them, they make fun of him and tell him to leave them alone, that he has nothing in common with them. He notes: "I had never been so bitterly insulted since my arrival" (226). Ironically, then, Goriantchikoff suffers a kind of exile within an exile; he is cut off from

those who are cut off.

To underscore his sense of estrangement, he expresses particular distress over the most corrupted, perverted, depraved, and debauched prisoners he is thrown in among. The first, Gazin, "was a terrible man": "It seemed to me that a more ferocious, a more monstrous creature could not exist.... I often fancied that I had before my eyes an enormous, gigantic spider the size of a man.... It appeared that he used to delight in luring small children to some lonely spot. There he would frighten and torture them, gloat over the terror and convulsions of the poor things, and finally dispatch them with fiendish glee (48). Exposure to such a man had profound psychological impact on Dostoyevsky and certainly comes out fictionally in his portrait of Svidrigaylov in Crime and Punishment, a character obsessed both with child abuse and spiders.

The second convict Dostoyevsky takes pains to detail is A----f, a young man of noble birth. A----f is so debased that Goriantchikoff notes: "His baseness increased my mental suffering.... He offered the most repulsive example of that degradation to which a man may fall when all feeling of honour has died within him" (77). Later he adds:

> During the many years I lived with murderers, debauchees, and proved rascals, I never met a case of such complete moral abasement, determined corruption, and shameless wickedness.... During the whole term of my imprisonment, A----f was never anything more in my eyes than a lump of flesh

> furnished with teeth and stomach, greedy for the most vile and bestial enjoyments, for the satisfaction of which he was prepared even to commit murder. I do not exaggerate in the least. I recognized in him one of the most perfect specimens of animal passion, restrained by no principles, no rule. How his eternal smile disgusted me! He was a monster--a moral Quasimodo. At the same time he was intelligent, cunning, good-looking, had received some education, and possessed considerable ability. Fire, plague, famine, no matter what scourge, is preferable to the presence of such a man in human society. (78-79)

Again, Dostoyevsky must have been affected deeply by such a man; Goriantchikoff says: "He poisoned the first days of my imprisonment so as to drive me nearly to despair" (79). Such an encounter with a moral Quasimodo may have served as the genesis of the parricide Smerdyakov in The Brothers Karamazov.

The House of the Dead is filled with many keen insights about not only Goriantchikoff and the other exiles, but also mankind in general. For example, through his horrible exile-prison experience, Dostoyevsky-Goriantchikoff learns about both the bestial and angelic sides of human nature. At one point he relates:

> There are people who, like tigers, are greedy for blood. Those who enjoy unlimited power over the flesh, blood, and soul of their fellow creatures, of the brethren in Christ; those, I say, who enjoy that power and can so utterly degrade another human being made in the image of God, are incapable of resisting their desires and their thirst for excitement.... I declare that the noblest nature can become so hardened and bestial that nothing distinguishes it from that of a wild animal. Blood

> and power intoxicate; they help to develop callousness and debauchery. The mind then becomes capable of the most abnormal cruelty, which it regards as pleasure; the man and the citizen are swallowed up in the tyrant; and then a return to human dignity, repentance, moral resurrection, becomes almost impossible. (194)

This tendency towards perversion and absolute corruption is a concern of Conrad as well; in fact, the passage above anticipates the exact process of disintegration within the soul of Kurtz in "Heart of Darkness." Yet Dostoyevsky does see within man's soul an angelic potential as well:

> It is a great satisfaction to me to be able to say that among those men who suffered so terribly under a vile and barbarous system, I found abundant proof that the elements of moral development were not wanting. In our prison there were men with whom I was familiar for several years, upon whom I looked as wild beasts and abhorred as such. Well, all of a sudden, when I least expected it, those very men would manifest such a wealth of feeling, so keen a comprehension of the sufferings of others, seen in the light of the consciousness of their own, that one could almost fancy that scales had fallen from one's eyes. It was so sudden as to be astounding; one could scarcely believe one's eyes or ears. (258)

This dual nature within the heart of man is later explored as the Madonna/Sodom complex in both Dmitri Karamazov and Rodion Raskolnikov; each has within him the capacity to do great good or great evil. It seems clear that Dostoyevsky saw in those tormented prisoners a penetrating moral truth: that man's soul is a metaphysical battleground where good and evil engage in a continual struggle, pulling

him first one way and then the other. Only the extremity of his own exile and the darkness of his prison experience could have given him the depth of moral vision to see this.

The House of the Dead suggests also a significant spiritual reawakening for Dostoyevsky-Goriantchikoff. For instance, late in the narrative he recalls how his devotions during the weeks of Lent began his spiritual rejuvenation: "[The sixth week of Lent] was a great solace to me; we went two or three times a day to the church not far from the prison. I had not been in church for a long time. The Lenten services, familiar to me from early childhood in my father's house--the solemn prayers, the prostrations--all stirred in me the memory of things long, long past, and awoke my earliest impressions to fresh life. I remember so clearly how happy I was when in the morning we were marched off to God's house" (227). Once inside the church he remembers the worship of the common people he knew as a child: "As it seemed to me then, it was only there, near the church door, just inside the porch, that prayer was offered with genuine fervour and humility; only there that folk prostrated with true self-abasement and a full sense of their unworthiness" (228).

Clearly, then, The House of the Dead intimately reflects Dostoyevsky's personal experience of exile, and in this account the condition of the exile has a prominent place. However, many other short works reveal Dostoyevsky's

interest in different kinds of exiles. In "A Disgraceful Affair" (1862) Dostoyevsky looks at the question of exile from the perspective of class separation. Uncharacteristically, the hero of the story is not a down-trodden victim but instead a high-ranking bureaucrat, State Councillor Ivan Ilyitch Pralinski. He is a young man of liberal sensibilities given to noble dreams of brotherly love and class unity. At the same time, he does not always act upon his impulses, leaving him feeling "that he was too vain and even over-sensitive.... At times he had attacks of morbid conscience and even a slight feeling of remorse."[51] As with many Dostoyevskian exiles, he is highly sensitive and self-conscious, frequently engaging himself in conversation. For instance, as he walks home one evening, he carries on an internal discussion concerning brotherly love and idealism: "The main thing is that I am convinced, convinced in my innermost heart. Idealism--love for mankind" (213). He believes he can reach out to those beneath him, even a peasant: "If I come across a peasant, well, I'll talk to him" (213).

He soon finds opportunity to act upon his idealism when he passes a house where a wedding celebration, honoring one of his own underlings at work, Porfiry Petrov Pseldonymov, is taking place. Although Pseldonymov is ugly, colorless, anemic, underfed, and slovenly as a dresser, Pralinski decides to grace the wedding party with his

presence; before actually entering the house, however, he does debate within himself the pros and cons of his decision, weighing the results his appearance might have on his employee and his guests. Eventually he determines to go in, vainly convinced that his presence will excite pleasure and delight. Quite the opposite occurs. Pseldonymov and his friends are intimidated by Pralinski's sudden arrival and what results is a very tense, uncomfortable scene. Alone in the midst of strangers, Pralinski experiences a powerful sense of exile; he is clearly disliked by most of the people present. Instead of exiting the house gracefully, however, Pralinski, perhaps still driven by his ideals of brotherly love, tries to ease the tension by talking loudly and incessantly, calling further attention to himself and alienating even more of the crowd. His situation gets more and more intolerable although he believes he is only trying to stretch "out his arms to embrace the whole of mankind and all his subordinates." After an hour he realizes both the awkwardness of his position and the futility of his ideals: "[He understood] only too clearly that he hated Pseldonymov and cursed him, his wife and his wedding...[and] he could see from Pseldonymov's face, by his eyes alone, that the latter hated him too" (237).

The whole affair does end disgracefully with Pralinski offending many and being offended by many others. The tension culminates when Pralinski, full of vodka, passes

out and drops his head into a plate of food. Pralinski's awkward intrusion continues even after this since he is placed in the brand-new bridal bed where he vomits all night long. When he finally comes to, he is so ashamed that he avoids his office for eight days, all the while comtemplating a literal exile through the taking of monastic vows: "He dreamed of quiet singing in cloisters, an open coffin, life in a solitary cell, woods and caves" (257). In addition, he considers resigning his post "and dedicating himself, without fuss, in solitude, to the happiness of mankind" (257). In the end, however, he finds it still impossible to live out his dreams, so he returns to his office after seeing to Pselsonymov's transfer and says: "I have failed to live up to my ideals!" (259).

"A Gentle Creature" (1876) presents another variation of the Dostoyevskian exile. In this story, told in flashback form, we learn about an extremely proud, reserved pawnbroker who condescends to marry a young, feisty girl in order to save her from a marriage to another older man whom she despises. Initially, we understand the pawnbroker's exile from society because of his profession. For instance, he tells her when he first meets her: "Please don't imagine I've so little good taste as to wish to disguise my part as pawnbroker by introducing myself to you as a sort of Mephistopheles. Once a pawnbroker, always a pawnbroker."[52] Later, however, the real source of his

exile from others is revealed: he had earlier in his life acted cowardly while in the service and been drummed out. His marriage to the girl is to be his salvation for he believes he can redeem himself by extending love to her, by pulling her out of the mire. In her he hopes to find a true friend: "She was the only person I had hoped to make my true friend in life, and I had no need of anyone else" (699).

Unfortunately he fails to win her affection after he marries her because of his proud and vain desire to dominate her, to make her into his own image of the good wife. He says: "When I brought her into my home, I thought I was bringing a friend, and it was a friend I needed most of all. But a friend had to be taken in hand, licked into shape, and--yes--even mastered" (698-99). Paradoxically, he does this by enforcing silence upon their marriage; whenever she greets him happily, he "never hestitated for a moment and poured cold water upon all her raptures. That was essentially what my idea amounted to. To her transports I replied with silence. Benevolent silence, no doubt, but all the same she soon realized that we were different and that I was an enigma" (681). In effect, he exiles himself from her as a way to gain control over her.

After a time of his continued silence, she is driven to another man, albeit only as a means of getting back at her husband. When he discovers them, she goes into a state of shock and gets progressively weaker. For six weeks as he

nurses her, he still refuses to break out of his silence, not realizing that he is only increasing her suffering. Instead of trying to affect a reconciliation, he waits, thinking to himself: "Better wait and --'She will come to you all of a sudden and of her own free will'" (700). To the contrary, however, she never does make a move to ask his forgiveness and when he finally realizes she is terribly ill and on the verge of death, he breaks down and throws himself shamelessly at her feet. She responds to his display of emotion with an impassioned plea: "And I thought you'd let me alone" (705). That is, she is not looking for a reconciliation; since she finds him so despicable, she has been content in her estrangement from him.

The pawnbroker continues to press her for a reconciliation and in the end drives her to suicide: she jumps out of her bedroom window. After this, of course, he is again completely exiled from others: "Again I'm alone in the whole world.... I've no one left in the world--that's the horror of it!" (712). The story ends with him despising his pride, his life, and his isolation: "I just can't get used to the idea that once more there will be no one in the house, once more two rooms, and once more I shall be here by myself with the pledges" (713). He concludes by echoing the last words of many Dostoyevskian exiles: "People are alone in the world. That's what is so dreadful.... Everything is dead. Dead men are everywhere. There are only people in the world,

and all around them is silence--that's what the earth is!" (714). Ironically, he has made for himself an even more depressing exile than he had experienced before he met his wife. His final condition is one of absolute estrangement.

Even among works where exile is not the central concern, Dostoyevsky presents characters who are loners, cut off from others. For instance, in The Eternal Husband (1870) the central character, Alexey Ivanovitch Velchaninov, is described as being essentially isolated: "This sadness was especially marked when he was alone. And, strange to say, this man who had been only a couple of years before fond of noisy gaiety, careless and good-humoured, who had been so capital a teller of funny stories, liked nothing now so well as being absolutely alone."[53] The narrator in "The Dream of a Ridiculous Man" (1877) is aware that others think him odd: "I've known for certain that I was ridiculous ever since I was seven years old.... Every year the same consciousness that I was ridiculous in every way strengthened and intensified in my mind. They always laughed at me."[54] Consequently, he is completely indifferent to the world and others, even to the point of contemplating suicide as one means of breaking out of his solitude. However, one day he has a wonderous dream in which he finally realizes that life does have meaning and that he does have purpose. Accordingly, he breaks out of his exile in order to proclaim the truth that he learns in his dream: "The main thing is to

love your neighbour as yourself--that is the main thing, and it is everything, for nothing else matters" (738). Both Velchaninov and the "ridiculous" man are alienated from others; like so many other Dostoyevskian exiles, they are estranged from society, unable to interact meaningfully with those around them.

Although Goriantchikoff is an exception, the rest of the Dostoyevskian exiles discussed above are strikingly similar: each is emotionally disturbed, terribly indecisive, and, most important, extremely self-conscious. They tend to demonstrate startling mood changes--from calm, self-assured men of reason to distraught, confused weaklings. Within the souls of such characters Dostoyevsky portrays individuals divided against themselves; consequently, whatever exile they experience from the outer world is caused primarily through a much more intense inner exile. Put simply, they are cut off from others because they are cut off from a clear knowledge of themselves.

When we shift to an examination of Conrad's fiction, we see a different kind of exile. Though his exiles are also loners, estranged from the world, they tend to be more rational, thoughtful, and even tempered than Dostoyevsky's. Conrad's exiles are not overtly neurotic (if they are neurotic at all), and so we do not find in them the wild swings of mood we do in Dostoyevsky's. Instead, Conradian exiles appear almost detached, in some cases even

unemotional. Conrad chronicles individuals who fail to understand their relationship to the outside world; accordingly, they turn within for solace and comfort, sometimes with success but more often than not with destructive consequences. In short, they cut themselves off from the outside world because they attempt to live out their illusions.

Almayer of Almayer's Folly (1895), Conrad's first novel, is a good example of Conrad's early exile figures. Almayer is a Dutchman who comes to the East in order to make his fortune. He quickly attaches himself to Tom Lingard, a buccaneer, who arranges for Almayer to marry the daughter of one of the Malay chiefs Lingard has conquered. Although he does not love the girl, he marries her in order to placate Lingard, who, in turn, sets Almayer up as his trading contact near the village of Sembir. Almayer's ineptitude soon becomes apparent and after Abdulla bin Selin, a great Arab trader, takes away Almayer's business, he withdraws and becomes bitter and paranoid. He turns his attention to finding a fabulous treasure that Lingard has spent years looking for himself and enlists the help of a native trader, Dain, to do so. While they plot together, Almayer fails to see that his daughter, Nina, his one great love, is falling in love with Dain.

Like other Conradian exiles, Almayer is a dreamer. He believes he can redeem his life and give it meaning and

purpose through the discovery of the treasure. At the same time, he believes he can use some of the treasure to send Nina back into European society (she had grown up with a white family) and to raise her to the pinnacle of Western success. Unfortunately for him, all his plans fail. First, his native wife deserts him and even betrays him to the local tribal leaders. Second, Dain only appears to be interested in Almayer's scheme to recover the treasure; actually he intends to use the hunt as the way to carry off Nina. And lastly, Nina herself rejects her father for Dain. The depth of Almayer's alienation from her is made clear in his parting words to her: "I shall never forgive you, Nina... You have torn my heart from me while I dreamt of your happiness. You have deceived me."[55] The full extent of his isolation from her is seen in his face: "[His] face was a blank, without a sign of emotion, feeling, reason, or even knowledge of itself.... Those few who saw Almayer during the short period of his remaining days were always impressed by the sight of that face that seemed to know nothing of what went on within: like the blank wall of a prison enclosing sin, regrets, and pain, and wasted life, in the cold indifference of mortar and stones" (154). After this he cuts himself off from others, living amid the ruins of a house he had intended to build as a monument to his success: "He...longed for loneliness. He wanted to be alone.... [and] gradually he became more silent--not sulkily--but as if he was forgetting

how to speak" (163-64). He eventually loses himself in opium dreams and dies a bitter, lonely, broken man.

In An Outpost of the Islands (1896) Conrad provides a kind of sequel to Almayer's Folly. Once again the exile is central to the story. Willems, a confidential clerk to a businessman in Macassar, is caught embezzling funds. Snobbish, egotistical, and proud, Willems is also morally bankrupt, as his marriage to his boss's daughter, which is arranged entirely for his financial benefit, illustrates. Turned out of his job, Willems is aided, like Almayer before him, by Lingard, who takes him to Almayer's so that he can work for Almayer. Almayer and Willems detest one another but the latter finds reason for living when he meets the beautiful Malay, Aissa, herself an agent of Lingard's enemies sent to destroy both men. Ironically, however, she falls passionately and possessively in love with Willems.

In order to obtain Aissa for himself, Willems is called upon by the natives to betray to them Lingard's navigable route up the river, the source of his power and influence. After he betrays Lingard, Willems is filled with fear, shame, and self-pity although he focuses blame not upon himself but upon Aissa. He soons finds himself isolated from everyone but Aissa: the natives want him dead because of his relationship with Aissa, Almayer wants to be rid of him because of Willem's threat to his position, and Lingard wants

to kill him because of his deception. When Lingard finally corners Willems, he decides not to kill him, reasoning that the greater punishment is to let Willems live on, aware of his shame and guilt. Afterwards Willems is in total despair and isolation: "On Lingard's departure solitude and silence closed round Willems; the cruel solitude of one abandoned by men; the reproachful silence which surrounds an outcast ejected by his kind, the silence unbroken by the slightest whisper of hope; an immense and impenetrable silence that swallows up without echo the murmur of regret and the cry of revolt."[56]

Left alone with Aissa, Willems' isolation is complete because he cannot bear her presence. He contemplates suicide for a time, yet he lacks even the moral courage to attempt it. Consequently, he lives on, hoping for some kind of miracle to restore him to white society and to provide him with a new start. Compounding his personal and societal exile, he feels his insignificance and estrangement from the wilderness around him: "He looked into that great dark place odorous with the breath of life, with the mystery of existence, renewed, fecund, indestructible; and he felt afraid of his solitude, of the solitude of his body, of the loneliness of his soul in the presence of this unconscious and ardent struggle, of this lofty indifference, of this merciless and mysterious purpose, perpetuating strife and death through the march of ages" (272). He feels he is "a

lost man" (274). Yet he is given one last chance to escape his exile when his wife finds him and asks for a reconciliation. Unfortunately for Willems, however, Aissa finds out what is happening and she shoots him with his own gun rather than lose him to the outside world.

Almayer and Willems are characteristic of many Conradian exiles. Both attempt to avoid the reality of their own failures by following illusions and dreams. In addition, both are Europeans of little moral integrity who soon succumb to the powerful influence of the wilderness about them. Two similar exiles are Kayerts and Carlier from "An Outpost of Progress" (1898). Conrad's ironic title is clear as we quickly learn that neither man has taken his job at an African river trading post for humanitarian or civilizing reasons. The "white man's burden" for them means to see how much of Africa's wealth they can burden themselves with before they cut and run. That they are exiles is suggested by the ruthless director of the trading company when he refers to them as "imbeciles," useless to the company; he gets "rid of them for six months" this way since the steamboat will not return for that long.[57]

Their exile begins innocently enough. In fact, they are initially good friends, walking about the station arm in arm. Soon, however, in a manner that prefigures much of what Conrad does in "Heart of Darkness," we note the growing influence of the environment upon them: "They had been in

this vast and dark country only a very short time, and as yet always in the midst of other white men, under the eyes and guidance of their superiors. And now, dull as they were to the subtle influences of surroundings, they felt themselves very much alone, when suddenly left unassisted to face the wilderness" (85). Indeed, neither wants to lose the other to death because the one left would be so utterly alone. The complete moral hollowness and sham of each is also emphasized; they are void of "all initiative, all departure from the routine" (87). Their lives are possible only because of society's restraints, and with such retraints removed, they "do not know what use to make of their freedom. They did not know what use to make of their faculties, being both, through want of practice, incapable of independent thought" (87).

It is not surprising then that they fail totally as trading agents. Together "they did nothing, absolutely nothing, and enjoyed the sense of idleness for which they were paid" (88). Neither realizes how bad their situation is until their ten native workers are abducted by another raiding tribe. Kayerts' and Carlier's moral disintegration is complete when they accept a large amount of ivory in payment for their workers. Although they are initially offended by this "trade", they quickly give in, driven by greed and perfidy. Still, they do so aware of what their decision means: "It was not the absolute and dumb solitude

of the post that impressed them so much as an inarticulate feeling that something from within them was gone, something that worked for their safety, and had kept the wilderness from interfering with their hearts.... And out of the great silence of the surrounding wilderness, its very hopelessness and savagery seemed to approach them nearer, to draw them gently, to look upon them, to envelop them with a solicitude irresistible, familiar, and disgusting" (101).

After this their moral collapse accelerates as each plans to lie about how the natives were lost. They reason that no one will ever have to know the truth since there is nobody else to give them away. The omniscient narrator, however, does not let this go by unnoticed: "That was the root of the trouble! There was nobody there; and being left there alone with their weakness, they became daily more like a pair of accomplices than like a couple of devoted friends" (101-02). Consequently, when the steamer is delayed, they become more and more disheartened and estranged from each other. Their relationship is strained to the point of breaking when they have a argument over who uses the most sugar and Kayerts accidently shoots and kills Carlier.

Now alone, Kayerts almost convinces himself that he is entitled to breaking and transcending society's rules: "He seemed to have broken loose from himself altogether. His old thoughts, convictions, likes and dislikes, things he respected and things he abhorred, appeared in their true

light at last! Appeared contemptible and childish, false and ridiculous. He revelled in his new wisdom while he sat by the man he had killed" (107). Yet Kayerts' belief in himself is only momentary for he cannot really cut himself off from society and live outside the bounds of traditional morality. Conrad succinctly portrays Kayerts' failure when the director finds Kayerts "hanging by a leather strap from the cross [marking the grave of a previous agent]" (110). Kayerts' suicide is perhaps his only possible response to his exile. Looking within, he finds nothing there, and so he makes a desperate attempt to end his lonely condition.

Several other short stories shift the emphasis away from the European in exile to the native who, because of guilt over a past moral failure, has exiled himself. For example, in both "Karain: A Memory" (1898) and "The Lagoon" (1898) this motif is apparent. Karain is a Malay chief who recounts his early life story to a group of Europeans who have invited him on board their ship which is anchored in an inlet near his village. It soon becomes clear that Karain is haunted by his past. In brief, as a young man he had promised to help his best friend, Pata Matara, recover his sister who had run away with a Dutchman. During the months of their search, Karain came to fall in love with an illusion of the sister; thus, when the moment finally came for them to strike down the girl and the Dutchman, Karain killed Pata Matara instead, believing that she would run away with him.

He was sadly disillusioned since she never even considered leaving the Dutchman. Rejected by her and guilty of his friend's death, Karain had sought relief in exile away from his own people and had become a chief among the people he now lived with. However, before the Europeans Karain is clearly haunted by Pata Matara's revenging spirit, to the point of keeping an old witch doctor beside him at all times. For Karain there is no real peace in his exile in spite of his political success.

"The Lagoon," tells a similar story. Arsat is another Malay who falls in love with a beautiful girl; unfortunately she is understood to be reserved as a servant for his tribe's chief's wife. Unable to constrain himself, Arsat longs for her fiercely, and his brother, realizing Arsat's pain, proposes that they steal her. In a daring escape, they do take her away by night and believe they have paddled to safety until they are surprised by men sent to chase them by the chief. The key part of the story comes when Arsat has to choose between escaping with his love or turning to fight to the death with his brother; he chooses the former and is haunted by his choice for the rest of his life. As a matter of fact, he spends the rest of his life exiled from all other men and tries to create a world of romantic illusion around the girl. Central to both "Karain" and "The Lagoon" is the man who places himself in exile because of an illusion that leads him to make a conscious

betrayal of someone who trusts him implicitly. Neither Karain nor Arsat can escape the guilt he feels in his self-imposed exile.

Many other of Conrad's stories are concerned with exile. For instance, in "The Nigger of the Narcissus" (1897) we find the black man, James Wait, who is by nature and inclination isolated from his shipmates. In Typhoon (1902) we come upon the calm, dull, methodical, persistent, unimaginative, and yet reliable Captain McWhirr of the steamer Nan-Shan, a man misunderstood by his men, especially his first mate, Jukes; as a result, he appears out of touch with both his men and the terrible reality of an approaching storm. In "Amy Foster" (1901) we read of Yanko, a literal exile who is found cast upon the English shore after the central European ship that had carried him is destroyed in a storm.

Exile, then, is clearly a central theme in the fiction of Dostoyesky and Conrad. At the same time, in these minor works each writer presents a different kind of exile. Dostoyevsky typically portrays extremely self-conscious loners who examine and re-examine their motives and actions. They never seem to be satisfied with life the way it is, and so they struggle to understand themselves and the world around them. Most often they are unsuccessful. Conrad, on the other hand, presents self-deluded loners who gradually lose themselves in their dreams. They believe they are

equipped to handle all that life throws their way. Most often they are proven weak and incompetent. Their exiles--Dostoyevsky's acutely self-conscious loners and Conrad's self-deluded dreamers--are developed in greater detail in the major works. In the chapters that follow an attempt will be made to pair or link one major work of Dostoyevsky's with one of Conrad's in terms of the particular type of exile figure represented. Accordingly, we will examine the exile as monomaniac, as egotist, and as sceptic.

Notes

[1] Donald Davie, Russian Literature and Modern English Fiction (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1965), p. 2. See also Jeffrey Berman and Donna VanWagenen, "Under Western Eyes: Conrad's Diary of a Writer?" Conradiana, 9 (1977), 272, and Rene Wellek, "The Nineteenth-Century Russian Novel in English and American Criticism," in The Russian Novel from Pushkin to Pasternak, ed. John Garrard (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1983), pp. 241-273.

[2] Cited in Davie, p. 3.

[3] Davie, pp. 3-4.

[4] Berman and VanWagenen, p. 272.

[5] Among many critics who argue this point is

Ralph Matlaw ("Dostoevskij and Conrad's Political Novels," in American Contributions to the Fifth International Congress of Slavists, 2 vols. [The Hague: Mouton and Co., 1963]): "There is unfortunately no way of determining when Conrad first read Dostoevskij" (p. 213).

[6] Edward Garnett, ed., Letters from Joseph Conrad: 1895-1924 (Indianapolis: Charter Books, 1962), p. 240.

[7] Garnett, p. 232.

[8] Joseph Conrad, Notes on Life and Letters (Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page and Co., 1921), p. 192.

[9] Richard Curle, The Last Twelve Years of Joseph Conrad (London: Sampson, Low, Marston and Co., 1928), p. 120.

[10] Curle, p. 26.

[11] Gustav Morf, The Polish Heritage of Joseph Conrad (London: Sampson, Low, Marston, and Co., 1930), p. 85.

[12] Morf, p. 85.

[13] Douglas Hewitt, Conrad: A Reassessment (Chester Springs, Pennsylvannia: Dufour, 1969), p. 127.

[14] Glen Sandstrom, "The Roots of Anguish in Dostoyevsky and Conrad," Polish Review, 20 (1975), 71.

[15] Hewitt, p. 127.

[16] Hewitt, p. 127.

[17] Roger Tennant, Joseph Conrad (New York: Atheneum, 1981), p. 105.

[18] Leonard Zellar, "Conrad and Dostoyevsky," in The English Novel in the 19th Century: Essays on the Literary Mediation of Human Values, ed. George Goodin (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1972), p. 216.

[19] Zellar, p. 219.

[20] Zellar, p. 220.

[21] Bernard Meyer, "Conrad and the Russians," Conradiana, 12, (1980), 20.

[22] Bernard Meyer, Joseph Conrad: A Psychoanalytic Biography (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1967), p. 255.

[23] Irving Howe, Politics and the Novel (New York: Horizon Press, 1957), p. 77.

[24] Howe, p. 78.

[25] Garnett, p. 245.

[26] C. T. Watts, ed., Joesph Conrad's Letters to R. B. Cunninghame Graham (London: Cambridge University Press, 1969), p. 68.

[27] Adam Gillon, Conrad and Shakespeare (New York: Astra Books, 1976), p. 173.

[28] Gillon, p. 173.

[29] Hewitt, pp. 130-31.

[30] Hewitt, p. 131.

[31] Howe, p. 54.

[32] Dostoyevsky, FF, p. 85.

[33] Dostoyevsky, LR, p. 41.

[34] Dostoyevsky, FF, p. 165.

[35] Dostoyevsky, LR. p. 95.

[36] Jeffery Berman, "Introduction to Conrad and the Russians," Conradiana, 12, (1980), 7.

[37] Baines, p 22.

[38] Garnett, pp. 234-35.

[39] Garnett, p. 248.

[40] Gerard Jean-Aubry, Joseph Conrad: Life and Letters (Garden City, New York: Doubleday, 1927), II, p. 64.

[41] Joseph Conrad, Under Western Eyes (New York: Penguin, 1979), p. 7 (all subsequent references in text).

[42] Marcus Wheeler, "Russia and Russians in the Works of Conrad," Conradiana, 12 (1980), 33.

[43] Tony Tanner, "Nightmare and Complacency: Razumov and the Western Eye," Critical Quarterly, 4 (1962), 199.

[44] Wheeler, p. 29.

[45] Gillon, p. 192.

[46] Conrad, Notes on Life and Letters, p. 89 (all subsequent references in text).

[47] Edward Crankshaw, "Conrad and Russia," in Joseph Conrad: A Commemoration, ed. Norman Sherry. New York: Barnes and Noble, 1977), p. 95.

[48] Wheeler, p. 33.

[49] Zellar, p. 215.

[50] Fyodor Dostoyevsky, The House of the Dead,

trans. H. Suterland Edwards (London: Dent, 1962), p. 21 (all subsequent references in text).

[51] Fyodor Dostoyevsky, Great Short Works of Fyodor Dostoyevsky, introd. Ronald Hingley (New York: Harper and Row, 1968), p. 208 (all subsequent references in text).

[52] Great Short Works, p. 675 (all subsequent references in text).

[53] Great Short Works, p. 524.

[54] Great Short Works, p. 717 (all subsequent references in text).

[55] Joseph Conrad, Almayer's Folly (New York: Penguin, 1976), p. 153 (all subsequent references in text).

[56] Joseph Conrad, An Outcast of the Islands (New York: Penguin, 1978), p. 265 (all subsequent references in text).

[57] Joseph Conrad, Tales of Unrest (New York: Penguin, 1977), p. 85 (all subsequent references in text).

CHAPTER III

THE EXILE AS MONOMANIAC

Two early works, "Notes from Underground" (1864) and "Heart of Darkness" (1899) offer examples of a particular kind of exile: the monomaniac. Simply put, monomania is "a mental disorder in which dominating and fixed ideas are prominent."[1] Though the underground man and Marlow are clearly at opposite emotional extremes, each is obsessed by a single idea--for the underground man it is his own personal freedom and for Marlow it is understanding Kurtz. Cut off, isolated, and estranged from others, each man searches for a way to make sense out of the world by fastening onto one idea or person. As monomaniacs they share three fundamental likenesses: both are acutely conscious of their isolation from society; both focus on stronger alter-egos; and both turn to women in order to understand their exiles.

With few exceptions critics have missed the amazing similarities between these two novellas.[2] A key similarity is that both employ first-person narrators who engage in long monologues: the underground man speaks to a group of imaginary listeners and Marlow spins his yarn to a group of old seamates.[3] The underground man freely confesses every dream, aspiration, failing, and contradiction he has with society, others, and himself.[4] The opening

lines illustrate, for instance, his intense honesty: "I am a sick man....I am a spiteful man. An unattractive man."[5] In addition, he is aware of his own fractured, fragmented self: "[I was aware] at every moment of many, many altogether contrary elements. I felt them swarming inside me, those contrary elements. I knew that they had swarmed inside me all my life, begging to be let out, but I never, never allowed them to come out, just for spite. They tormented me to the point of shame, they drove me to convulsions--I was so sick and tired of them in the end. Sick and tired!" (3).

Yet the underground man, though aware of his internal contradictions, does not want to bring them out in the open because he does not want to be defined; that is, "at every moment he redefines himself by contradiction and such constant and continual redefinition, are a pledge of his freedom."[6] Consequently, it is fair to argue that the novella "is an internal drama and the actors are the fragments of personality."[7] The underground man's contradictions are, then, the outer signs of his monomania. Nothing is more important than his own absolute freedom; for him it is his most precious possession.[8] Consequently, he will not "play by society's rules"; he will be his own man and believe his own way, even if it means denying that two plus two equals four.

His monomania leads him to cut himself off from the

rest of society. Throughout the narrative, however, we come to see how inadequate he finds himself in exile. The clearest example of this is the amount of time he spends discussing how his exile has led him to minute self-absorption and self-consciousness. What he learns is that he is frozen in his own personal freedom. That is, his excessive consciousness has brought him to inertia and thence to boredom with life. "Not acting, not living, man out of boredom begins to 'compose life': insults, events, romances. The underground existence becomes fantasy."[9] So it is that he opposes himself to the outside world. Since he is so alone, he feels against everything and brought to bay, persecuted. This undergirds his morbid sensitivity and his self-love, vanity, and suspicion. Thus he hides from others and escapes from reality into fancy.[10]

His exile from others exacerbates a related problem: self-hate. Although he despises others, he despises himself even more: "I tell you solemnly that I have often wanted to become an insect" (5). The underground man's desire to get outside his own body anticipates Kafka's Gregor Samsa of "Metamorphosis," another excessively conscious being, who, because he was so alienated and isolated from others, became a "disgusting vermin," a gigantic cockroach. Furthermore, the underground man sees himself as a mouse, "an acutely conscious mouse, but a mouse all the same" (10). He pictures himself as a timid mouse who is abused, insulted, and

ridiculed, but instead of acting to redeem himself, he slips "back ignominiously into [his] hole with a smile of feigned contempt in which [he] doesn't [himself] believe" (11).[11]

True to his contradictory nature, however, he finds pleasure in pain. Once again, he appeals to his freedom as a means of gaining satisfaction. In order to push away the harsh exterior world where he obviously does not fit, he retreats deep within and explores the unfathomable freedom of his soul. Although such an internal exile might have led to fruitful self-discovery and even refreshment, it only leads him to further internal contradiction. Indeed, his extreme consciousness takes him towards a puzzling awareness:

> Tell me, now: why has it been, as though in spite, that at the moments when I was most capable of feeling all the refinements of 'the lofty and the beautiful,' as they used to say among us once upon a time, yes, at those very moments I...no, not felt, but perpetrated such unseemly acts, such acts as...well, in a word, such as are, perhaps, committed by everyone, but which in my case occurred, as if on purpose, just when I was most keenly aware that they should never occur at all? The more aware I was of goodness and of everything 'lofty and beautiful,' the deeper I sank into my slime, and the more likely I was to get mired down in it altogether. (6)

In the depths of his inner exile, he realizes the cross-purposes of his being; at one moment he is capable of good, noble thought while in the next he slips back into filth and dirt.

Although he cannot explain even to himself why he is

the way he is, he finds a kind of perverse, morbid enjoyment in his exile:

> I reached a point where, trudging back to my corner on some foul Petersburg night, I would feel a certain hidden, morbid nasty little pleasure in the acute awareness that I had once again committed something vile that day, that what had been done could no longer be undone; and I would gnaw and gnaw at myself in silence, tearing and nagging at myself until the bitterness would finally begin to turn into a kind of shameful, damnable sweetness and, in the end--into a definite, positive pleasure! Yes, a pleasure, a pleasure.... The pleasure comes precisely from the sharpest awareness of your own degradation; from the knowledge that you have gone to the utmost limit; that it is despicable, yet cannot be otherwise; that you no longer have any way out, that you will never become a different man; that even if there were still time and faith enough to change yourself, you probably would not even wish to change; and if you wished, you would do nothing about it anyway, because, in fact, there is perhaps nothing to change to. (7)

From this passage we see once again his obsession with freedom. In addition, because of his freedom, he creates pleasure out of vileness. In a sense he becomes his own god, his own arbiter of pleasure and pain. While this internal dichotomy might drive some to madness, it gives the underground man "the pleasure of despair...[for] it's in despair that you find the sharpest pleasures, particularly when you are most acutely aware of the hopelessness of your position" (8). Thus even though his exile causes pain, his monomaniacal commitment to freedom brings him pleasure in the midst of his solitude.

Yet the underground man does eventually try to come to grips with his isolation. Initially he tries to solve his problem by constantly dreaming and fantasizing about what he will do, frequently imagining himself in a brave, noble, dignified, and courageous light. He says: "But I had a way out, which reconciled everything; escape into 'the lofty and the beautiful'--in my dreams, of course. I was a terrible dreamer" (65). Paradoxically, however, he almost never lives up to his dreams. He spends much time thinking about doing aggressive, positive things; unfortunately, thought rarely leads to action. When he does act, he takes on the demeanor of a spoiled, petty child, finding in such behavior a perverse justification for his existence.

Consequently, he turns to a stronger alter-ego in an attempt to contact the outside world. This alter-ego is personified twice: first as an unknown officer and then later as an old school chum. In the first instance, he relates how he once avenged himself on an officer who he believed had offended him in public by treating him as if he did not exist. The underground man had intended to insult someone in a bar and thereby authenticate his existence the very evening the officer insulted him, so he was tortured with bitterness at his failure to respond aggressively to the officer: "What frightened me was not the officer's height, or the painful thrashing I might get, or the threat of being tossed out of the window. I'm sure I would have had sufficient physical

courage, but I lacked moral courage" (58). Nonetheless, he spent months planning a way to get revenge on the officer. First he wrote a story denouncing the officer; no one would publish it. Next he wrote a letter challenging the officer to a duel; he never mailed it.

Finally, he determined to walk straight into him on the street, not stepping aside to avoid collision. At first, this was difficult: "It tormented me that even in the street I couldn't manage to treat him as an equal. 'Why must you step aside first?' I'd rant at myself in wild hysterics.... Why can't it be on equal terms, as always when well-bred people meet: he'll yield half, and you'll yield half, and you will pass each other with mutual respect?" (61). Try as he may, however, his moral courage always failed him at the last moment and he would step aside: "For all my preparations, for all my firm resolve--and time and time again it seemed that just another moment, and we would collide, yet no--I'd step aside again, and he would pass by without noticing me" (64). Of course part of what angers him is that he is not living up to his obsession with personal freedom. That is, he should be able to walk, simply by an act of his will, right into the officer. Instead, he cowers about like a "timid mouse."

All would have been lost to him had he not one day almost by accident achieved his end: "And suddenly, three steps away from my enemy, I made up my mind in an instant,

shut my eyes, and--we collided firmly, shoulder against shoulder. I did not yield an inch and passed him by entirely on equal footing!... I had achieved my goal, I had sustained my dignity, I had not yielded a step and had publicly set myself on an equal social footing with him. I came home fully avenged for everything" (64-65). The underground man's behavior, like a sullen child's, illustrates clearly the depth of his isolation from others and his desperate need to justify his own existence. The officer is less a threat to his moral courage than he is a symbol of the outside world that the underground man feels it necessary to contact, even if that means bumping or banging right into it. The officer is a stronger alter-ego whom the underground man uses in order to verify his own existence. Isolated from himself in his internal exile, he tries desperately to make contact with the outer world, and especially with stronger alter-egos.

His second encounter with a stronger alter-ego occurs in the final part of his confession, "On the Occasion of Wet Snow." Here he relates a number of episodes that occurred sixteen years earlier when he was twenty-four. Once again he emphasizes his loneliness. He says: "No one else was like me, and I was like no one else. I am alone" (52). His feelings lead him to reject even his office workers: "Naturally, my friendships with my colleagues did not last; very soon I'd quarrel with them and, owing to the inexperience of youth, I'd even stop greeting them, as though

I had cut them off entirely. This, however, happened to me only once. In general I was always alone" (55). As a result, he spent much time in lonely isolation reading books; ultimately, however, this self-imposed isolation eventually caused him to seek carnal pleasure in excess:

> But at times I'd get terribly tired of it [reading]. I longed to move about and would suddenly plunge into dark, surreptitious, sordid debauchery--not even debauchery: mean, paltry dissipation. My wretched little lusts were sharp and smarting due to my constant state of morbid irritability. I was given to hysterical outbursts, with tears and convulsions. Aside from reading, I had nothing to turn to, nothing I could then respect in my surroundings, nothing that could attract me. I would be overwhelmed with pent-up misery. I would hysterically long for contradictions, contrasts, and so I'd take to dissipation (56).

His thirst for real life, solid fare, and sensual experience lead him to give himself up "to dissipation alone, at night--secretly, furtively, sordidly, with shame that would not leave me at the most loathsome moments, that even brought me at those moments to the point of cursing. Already at that time I carried the underground in my soul" (56). It does not take a Freudian to note the obvious reference here to masturbation, the typical infantile response to loneliness and isolation. In fact, one critic comments that the underground man's veiled reference to masturbation is significant because his "physical vice" is "an extension of his psychological problem, his inability to relate

meaningfully with others. Indeed, the Notes themselves are a kind of mental masturbation from which the narrator can derive no real satisfaction."[12]

Consequently, he again turns to a stronger alter-ego: Zverkov, an officer and former classmate. Hearing of a party to celebrate Zverkov's move to a distant province, the underground man determines to join in, despite his hatred for Zverkov and the fact that he is neither invited nor wanted: "I hated his sharp, self-confident tone of voice, his admiration for his own witticisms, which were terribly flat despite his bold tongue; I hated his handsome but foolish face (for which I nevertheless would gladly have traded my intelligent one) and his free and easy bearing, in fashion among officers during the 'forties. I hated his boasting of the innumerable duels he was going to fight" (72). Although rejected by the others at Zverkov's party, the underground man insists on being there and does his best to insult and to provoke Zverkov and the others. In a very strained, surrealistic scene, the underground man accuses Zverkov of phrasemongering, pettiness, smut and immorality. Zverkov, although offended, chooses to ignore the underground man; eventually, even the underground man is embarrassed by his ridiculous, willful spite: "Now and then I was pierced to the heart with the deepest, most venomous pain at the thought that ten years would go by, and twenty years, and forty years, and even after forty years I would recall with

shuddering humiliation these dirtiest, most ludicrous, most terrible minutes of my entire life" (93).

Eventually, the underground man is compelled to try to reconcile with Zverkov, but Zverkov claims that the underground man is so beneath him that no insult has been taken.[13] To Zverkov, the underground man is a nothing, a nobody. When the underground man realizes this, he launches out again into an internal tirade. He follows Zverkov and the others to a brothel, thinking: "I'll slap him the moment I come in....and twist Zverkov's ears. No, better take him by one ear and lead him by the ear around the room" (97). However, none of this comes to pass as the underground man never even catches up to Zverkov. "Each episode [with other humans] is an experience which aims at testing his ego, at recognition of the self by the other, and therefore at self-recognition. The search of the Underground Man in the real world is a search for inner content, for a feeling of solidity and self-respect and for a true knowledge of himself."[14] In the end, then, his stronger alter-egos do not help the underground man out of his self-imposed exile.

Thus, the underground man turns to a young prostitute as a means of contacting the outside world. He comes upon Lisa in the brothel after he finds Zverkov and the others are not there: "Mechanically I glanced at the girl who had just entered: a fresh, young, rather pale face with straight dark eyebrows and grave, as though slightly astonished, eyes.

I liked her immediately; I would have hated her if she had smiled" (101). He notes her simple and kind face, her modest dress, and her fine figure. Yet "something nasty stirred within me" (101). His own pathetic features he catches in a mirror: "My overwrought face seemed to me extraordinarily repulsive: pale, furious, mean, with disheveled hair. It doesn't matter, I'm glad, I thought. Yes, precisely, I am glad that I will seem repulsive to her, it pleases me..." (101-02). Thus, from the beginning he both delights in and loathes Lisa, an attitude consistent with his own monomaniacal view of self. Unfortunately for her, he decides to exercise his personal freedom by abusing her.

The depth of his exile and his desperate need to dominate someone else is obvious in his reaction to sexual intercourse with her: "In the course of two hours I had not said a single word to this being, and had not deemed it necessary; in fact, I had even enjoyed this. But now, all at once, I realized with utmost clarity the whole absurdity, as loathsome as a spider, of fornication, which rudely and shamelessly, without love, begins directly with that which consummated true love" (103). This realization sets him back for a moment as do her eyes: "Their expression never changed, which in the end gave me an eerie feeling" (103). Consequently, he reaches out, almost tenderly, for her, concerning himself with who she is, where she comes from, and what she hopes for.

He tries to convince her that life is worth living; at the same time, however, he experiences inner turmoil: "I turned to her with loathing.... I had begun to feel what I was saying and spoke vehemently. I was already longing to express the cherished little ideas I had nurtured in my corner. Something was suddenly fired in me, a kind of purpose 'appeared' before me" (108). He tells her that the longer she stays in the brothel, the more in debt to her mistress she will be and the further away from love she will move: "Take you and me: We were...together...just before and didn't say a word to one another all the time.... Is that how people love? Is that how a human being should come together with another? It's disgusting, that's all it is!" (108-09). Yet when she agrees, his sadistic internal voice notes: "Surely, I couldn't fail to get the best of such a young soul!... What excited me most was the sport of it" (109).

Throughout this conversation his personal freedom to do whatever he wants with her fluctuates--first his kindly, benevolent side is in control and then his sadistic, malevolent side is in control: "I swear, she really interested me. Besides, I was somehow affected and in the right mood. After all, bluff and real emotion exist so easily side by side" (109). As he talks, he plays on her emotions for a real home by referring to a father's love for his daughter and then to the kind of love that exists between

a husband and wife:

> Love is God's mystery and should be hidden from outsiders' eyes, whatever happens. This makes it holier, better. The husband and the wife respect each other more, and a great deal is founded on respect. And if there has been love, if they were married for love, why should love cease? Isn't it possible to keep it alive? It is a rare case when it's impossible. Besides, if the husband happens to be a kind and honest man, how can love pass? It's true, the feeling of the early married days will pass, but the love that will come afterwards will be still better. Man and wife will grow close in spirit; they'll share in common all their doings, they'll have no secrets from each other. (113)

He goes on to appeal to her love of children and to the warmth of family life; but he is all sham within: "That's how I'll get to you, I thought, with just such pictures, although, I swear, I spoke with feeling. And suddenly I blushed. What if she bursts out laughing? Where will I hide then? The idea enraged me" (114). Although he wants to justify himself through her, he is so self-conscious, so aware of himself, he can never separate himself from what he says; he fears she can see through him and will laugh at his foolish tenderness for her.

Instead, she is profoundly affected, so he continues his long monologue, appealing to both reason and emotion as he works to get her to leave the brothel and to begin a new life elsewhere. He points out that her beauty will soon fade, her services will be less desirable and profitable, her health will break, and she will die a broken, consumptive

pauper. His words are powerful to both himself--"I was so carried away by all this eloquence that my own throat was ready to contract in a spasm of emotion"--and Lisa--"I had long felt that I'd churned up her soul and was breaking her heart, and the more certain I was of it, the stronger my desire to attain my purpose as quickly and forcefully as possible. It was the game, the game that excited me" (121).

However, the underground man surprises even himself once he accomplishes his purpose. He watches as Lisa sobs and collapses on the bed: "But now, having achieved my effect, I was suddenly unnerved. No, never, never before had I been witness to such despair!" (121). Yet instead of triumphing and crushing her, he finds himself trying to comfort and console her. He begs her to calm down, he lights a candle to brighten the room, he takes her hands and says: "Lisa, my friend, I shouldn't have...forgive me" (122). Giving her his address, he tries to leave, but before he can, she brings him a love letter she had received from a young student, a letter that helped her to see some worth in herself. Still overcome with emotion, the underground man leaves "exhausted, crushed, bewildered." Unfortunately, such tender emotion does not last long: "But the truth was already beginning to glimmer through the bewilderment. The ugly truth!" (125).

What was the ugly truth? That he had shown genuine emotion and "sentimentality" toward Lisa. His weakness here,

his attempt to break out of his exile through her, drives him almost to madness. He spends several days trying to forget her and that night, but "something would not die down within me, in the depths of my heart and my conscience; it refused to die down and scalded me with anguish" (127). Even as he walks about the busy streets, he notes that "I could not get control of myself, could not discover any hint of what was troubling me. Something kept rising and rising within me, endlessly, painfully, and wouldn't settle down. I came home altogether upset, as if some crime were weighing on my heart" (128). His internal churnings, of course, suggest the guilt he is feeling at having so ruthlessly played with Lisa's emotions. Though a prostitute and physically besmirched, she has a quality of soul that he knows he has "played fast and loose with." As one critic notes: "In clear contrast with the underground man's monumental conceit and hysterical irritability, she seems to possess an infinite reserve of kindness, humility, and intuitive understanding of others."[15] He knows that he has cruelly used her emotions like a cat with a string, and his conscience, what is left of it, torments him.

Still, he keeps trying to "dismiss it all as nonsense, the product of overactive nerves, and above all, an exaggeration" (129), but he cannot. For a time he considers going to her in order to confess it all and crush her, "insult her, spit on her, throw her out, strike her" (130).

Later, after several days pass, he imagines "saving" her:

> For example, I'd see myself saving Lisa, precisely through her visits to me and my talks with her.... I would develop her mind and educate her. And finally I'd notice that she loved me, loved me passionately. I would pretend I did not see it (I didn't know why I would pretend; simply, I guess, to make it more interesting). At last, embarrassed, beautiful, trembling, and sobbing, she would throw herself at my feet, saying that I was her savior and that she loved me more than anything in the world.... And then we'd start a happy life, we would travel abroad, and so on, and so forth. In a word, I'd go on in this vein until I myself would be nauseated, and would end by sticking my tongue out at my own self. (130-31)

Finally, she comes to him unexpectedly during an argument he is having with his servant. The underground man is so embarrassed that he becomes irrationally angry at her. He tells her that his words that evening were just a means of striking back at someone after he had been humiliated by Zverkov: "I was humiliated, so I had to humiliate someone else; I was treated like a piece of trash, so I had to show my power over someone else.... That's what it was, and you thought I'd come to save you, didn't you? You thought so, didn't you?" (142). Ironically, however, the underground man is shocked to discover that instead of hating him, Lisa pities him because "she understood that I was myself unhappy" (145). For a brief moment, the two embrace, clinging desperately to one another in tenderness and pity. Here it is obvious that "a part of him is not involved in the hatred and is appalled at the cunning and cruelty of the other part

of him that it is helpless to restrain."[16]

What follows is perhaps the final descent of the underground man, his moral nadir: he rapes Lisa. He says that he felt "the need to dominate and to possess. My eyes glinted with passion, and I pressed her hands hard in my own. How I hated her, and how drawn I was to her at that moment! One feeling reinforced the other. It was almost like revenge!" (146). This rape illustrates how desperate he is to prove his personal freedom, his lonely, exiled existence, regardless of the pain and humiliation it brings on others. His callousness, his pitilessness, his coldness clearly indicate that he is so alienated from himself that he can never be reconciled with others. Love, for him, "meant tyrannizing and flaunting my moral superiority.... Even in my underground dreams I have never conceived of love as anything but a struggle" (147). In his complete self-absorption, it "never occurred to me that she had come...but to love me, for to a woman love means all of resurrection, all of salvation from any kind of ruin, all of renewal of life; indeed, it cannot manifest itself in anything but this" (148).

Yet Lisa does get the last word. In a final act of petty cruelty, he tries to make her take five roubles in "payment" for her services; however, she slips out, leaving the money behind, and thus triumphs over his callousness and self-aborption. In effect, she leaves him fuming and rationalizing in his pathetic self-exile. For the

underground man Lisa is an object of love and hate. Though he longs terribly for human contact, he delights too much in sadistic pleasure. His need to dominate, to prove himself, to inflict punishment, to exercise personal freedom, blocks out any avenue of human compassion. Just as he is incapable of loving himself in any healthy or normal manner, he is incapable of loving another. Since he hates himself, he certainly cannot love anyone else. Although he fully expresses his monomania, his own freedom to act in any way he chooses for good or ill, that freedom leaves him alone and alienated, loathsome to himself and others. His freedom to act is attractive; his actions, however, make him utterly despicable. "The Lisa scene is a catastrophe of idealism, a confession of the absolute failure of the individual to be good or to respond to goodness in another."[17]

The frenzied emotional outbursts of the underground man sharply contrast with the more detached, objective reflections of Marlow in "Heart of Darkness."[18] The focus of Marlow's monomania is Kurtz, the "emissary of light", bearer of the white man's burden. Though it has been often pointed out that the story is actually about Marlow and not Kurtz, Kurtz's experience in exile is important to Marlow because it prefigures his own external exile into the heart of Africa; in addition, Marlow becomes increasingly fascinated by what happens inside Kurtz since whatever

happens to Kurtz within can potentially happen to Marlow.

Like the underground man, Marlow is estranged from others, as the narrator suggests at the beginning of the tale: "He was the only man of us who still 'followed the sea.' The worst that could be said of him was that he did not represent his class. He was a seaman, but he was a wanderer, too, while most seamen lead, if one may so express it, a sedentary life."[19] Why, we might ask, is Marlow singled out as a wanderer? How could a seaman traveling the vast distances of the oceans be anything but a wanderer? Surely the narrator's point is that unlike the other seamen, who now lead sedentary, settled, placid lives on shore, Marlow, the reflective, "meditating Buddha," leads a life given to introspection and analysis, paradoxically expressed through his wandering and corresponding search for meaning. Isolated within, experiencing the loneliness of the exile, Marlow uses external journeys as means to stimulate internal journeys into self.[20]

Marlow's narrative recounts his journey towards self-discovery, a journey that "explores something truer, more fundamental, and distinctly less material: the night journey into the unconscious, and confrontation of an entity within the self."[21] In fact, it is germane here to note that while the underground man's monomania is certain and sure (centered on personal freedom), Marlow's monomania regarding Kurtz is subtle; that is, although Marlow latches

on to Kurtz, he does not know who he is. Ian Watt, in this regard, sees Marlow's narrative as an "indirect approach to a much more immediate and personal pre-occupation--the moral and psychological conflict between light and darkness which goes on inside the individual."[22] As a result, Marlow is a searcher and within each stage of his search Conrad emphasizes those details that help amplify and complicate Marlow's internal process of moral discovery.[23]

The searching yet evanescent quality of Marlow is reflected in his narrative technique. Unlike other seamen who tell stories with a direct simplicity, "Marlow was not typical (if his propensity to spin yarns be excepted), and to him the meaning of an episode was not inside like a kernal but outside, enveloping the tale which brought it out only as a glow brings out a haze, in the likeness of one of these misty halos that sometimes are made visible by the spectral illumination of moonshine" (68). The meaning of Marlow's tale, we are told, is not to be found in the literal events described but in the halo effect of the narrative itself. Another way to say this is that the unfolding of the tale is more revealing than the actual events. What Marlow says is not as important as the reasons he says anything at all.

For instance, as he begins his narrative, Marlow only hints at what the journey towards Kurtz means, probably because he is not sure himself: "It was the farthest point of navigation and culminating point of my experience. It

seemed somehow to throw a kind of light on everything about me--and into my thoughts" (70). A light yes, but an illumination no. The halo effect mentioned above permeates the narrative and blocks even Marlow from knowing what it is he is going to say. All Marlow knows at the beginning is that the tale he is about to tell has some meaning to him; what it means precisely, however, is imperceptible. The meaning, like the halo, is indistinct, fuzzy, translucent.[24]

What is accomplished by this halo effect? For one thing, it undergirds the notion that Marlow is exiled from both himself and others. From the start we note that Marlow lacks a birthplace, a home, a school, and a social background.[25] The unnamed primary narrator, moreover, refers to him as "a meditating Buddha," a reference that clearly suggests his aloof, reflective, isolated position. In addition, he is the only one of the men present "who still followed the seas." Marlow, in his reference to the early Roman conquerers of England, may have associated himself with the "decent young citizen in a toga" exiled to the darkness of England. Furthermore, he relates that the story he is about to tell results from the discomfort he has felt since returning to London from voyages to the East; this discomfort suggests his estrangement even within the most "civilized" of all cities. Also, as he is telling his story, he repeatedly speaks of the feelings of isolation he experienced in terms

of his relationship to the wilderness and to the other "pilgrims," so much so that he purposely cut himself off from them as much as possible.

What this all suggests is an overacute consciousness, though expressed in an entirely different manner from that of the underground man. Unlike the emotional frothing and morbid self-absorption of the underground man, Marlow is thoughtful and reasoned. Whereas the underground man seems to "understand" his internal contradictions, Marlow uses the re-telling of his journey towards Kurtz to discover the extent of his own exile. Through the gradual unfolding of the tale, then, he becomes more conscious of who he is and more prone to understand his own inner exile.

The frustration he feels in trying to understand and make his listeners understand is apparent two thirds of the way through his narrative: "This is the worst of trying to tell.... Here you are, each moored with two good addresses, like a hulk with two anchors, a butcher round one corner, a policeman round another, excellent appetites, and temperature normal--you hear--normal from year's end to year's end. And you say, 'Absurd!' Absurd be--exploded! Absurd!" (120). How, Marlow asks his listeners, can they who are so content, so satisfied, so comfortable in their civilized experiences contemplate the intensity of the journey Marlow has taken? How could they know what Marlow himself, through the recounting of his tale, is trying to understand? How could

they, safe and secure in civilization, fathom the exile's isolation in the midst of an "impenetrable darkness"? Marlow's inability to understand the meaning of his own tale is reflected also in the vague, imprecise naming throughout: the Director of Companies, the Lawyer, the accountant, the brick maker, the chief manager, the helmsman, the Russian, Kurtz's Intended. Consequently, these figures remain somewhat shadowy and indistinct.[26] It is as if Marlow deliberately obscures things and produces a "syntax of uncertainty" with many of his sentences revealing probing explorations, prolonged frustrations, and provisional illuminations.[27] In a sense Marlow restrains throughout a desire for the comforting solution, conclusion, or certainty. That is, he resists the impulse to achieve "a false impression of resolution."[28]

However, while the underground man takes a perverse pleasure in his internal contradictions, Marlow remains puzzled and confused. For instance, at one point Marlow speculates on the natives he sees and hears on shore, dancing and shouting their tribal rituals:

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

> that noise, a dim suspicion of there being a meaning in it which you--you so remote from the night of first ages--could comprehend. (105-06)

Note Marlow's stress on the slow and puzzling realization of man's conflicting desires. The howling and leaping natives strike a chord in Marlow--a nagging, pulling sensation in his soul--that he, or at least part of him, understands them. There is that "dim suspicion of there being a meaning in it" that he can identify with.

In seeking to understand his inner exile, Marlow chooses to focus on Kurtz in the same way the underground man utilized his two alter-egos to contact the outside world. As Marlow presses closer and closer to Kurtz, he moves from initial misunderstanding to powerful identification.[29] At first Marlow is simply curious about Kurtz; he is little more than an interesting, mysterious name. However, the closer he gets to Kurtz, the more he finds himself identified by others with Kurtz. For instance, the brick maker at the Central Station, after "pumping" Marlow for information, answers Marlow's question about Kurtz's identity by saying: "He is a prodigy....an emissary of pity and science and progress, and devil knows what else. We want....for the guidance of the cause intrusted to us by Europe. so to speak, higher intelligence, wide sympathies, a singleness of purpose" (92). When Marlow asks who says such things, the brick maker replies: "Lots of them.... Some even write that;

and so he comes here, a special being, as you ought to know.... Yes. Today he is chief of the best station, next year he will be assistant-manager, two years more and...but I daresay you know what he will be in two years' time. You are of the new gang--the gang of virtue. The same people who sent him specially also recommended you" (92).

Ironically, while the brick maker easily identifies Marlow with Kurtz, Marlow cannot see any similarity: "He was just a word for me. I did not see the man in the name any more than you do" (94). Consequently, he does not initially express any understanding or affection for Kurtz: "I had plenty of time for meditation, and now and then I would give some thought to Kurtz. I wasn't very interested in him. No. Still, I was curious to see whether this man, who had come out equipped with moral ideas of some sort, would climb to the top after all and how he would set about his work when there" (99). Watt notes that Marlow's inability to see his resemblance to Kurtz is not surprising since his "relation to Kurtz is not entirely, nor even mainly, rational and conscious; and Kurtz himself is one of Conrad's closest approaches to the portrayal of the unconscious and irrational pole of human behavior."[30]

Later when Marlow hears the story of how Kurtz had almost returned to the Central Station only to turn back at the last moment, his fascination grows: "As to me, I seemed to see Kurtz for the first time. It was a distinct glimpse:

the dugout, four paddling savages, and the lone white man turning his back suddenly on the headquarters, on relief, on thoughts of home--perhaps; setting his face towards the depths of the wilderness, toward his empty and desolate station. I did not know the motive" (100-01). This passage suggests that while Marlow may not have consciously understood Kurtz's motive for going back into the jungle, he intuitively felt the profound loneliness, the alienation, the attraction of Kurtz's exile. This inexplicable desire to get closer to Kurtz suggests Marlow's growing monomania regarding Kurtz.

However, Marlow still does not know if he likes all that he knows about Kurtz. He avoids conscious identification with Kurtz, especially after he learns that Kurtz has let himself be made an object of worship by the natives. Even more repulsive to him is the fence around Kurtz's hut with human heads on the top of each post, each with its eyes directed towards the hut. Marlow comments that the heads "showed that Mr. Kurtz lacked restraint in the gratification of his various lusts, that there was something wanting in him--some small matter which, when the pressing need arose, could not be found under his magnificent eloquence" (133). Later as the Russian disciple of Kurtz is about to tell Marlow the details of how the natives used to worship Kurtz, Marlows tells him to stop:

> Curious, this feeling that came over me that such details would be more intolerable than those heads drying on the stakes under Mr. Kurtz's windows. After all, that was only a savage sight, while I seemed at one bound to have been transported into some lightless region of subtle horrors, where pure, uncomplicated savagery was a positive relief, being something that had a right to exist--obviously--in the sunshine. The young man looked at me with surprise. I suppose it did not occur to him that Mr. Kurtz was no idol of mine. He forgot I hadn't heard any of these splendid monologues on, what was it? on love, justice, conduct of life--or what not. If it had come to crawling before Mr. Kurtz, he crawled as much as the veriest savage of them all. (133-34)

Kurtz's savagery, so blandly accepted by the Russian, is, while horrifying, less horrifying than what it suggests--a hollowness within, a corruption at the core of Kurtz's being. This realization momentarily drives Marlow away from identifying with Kurtz.

Actually, however, Marlow's close indentification with Kurtz comes soon after this during a conversation with the chief manager about Kurtz's "unsound methods" of collecting ivory. Marlow is disgusted by the chief manager's hypocrisy and self-righteousness since the latter is concerned with neither the plight of the natives nor Kurtz's moral disintegration; instead, he is only disturbed by the fact that Kurtz's district will now be closed to trade: "The district is closed to us for a time. Deplorable! Upon the whole, the trade will suffer" (138). To such amorality Marlow "turned mentally to Kurtz for relief--positively for relief" (138).

Marlow is now willing to identify openly with Kurtz rather than the chief manager. "Marlow allies himself at once with Kurtz. If darkness it is to be, it had better be Kurtz's. His at least has intelligence, a noble purpose, and a touch of grandeur, while the manager's is rooted in a grubby, mean-spirited avarice.... If [Kurtz] has fallen, he has fallen from a considerable height, and Marlow finds in his fall a sign of his superiority."[31] That is, if Kurtz is now morally corrupt and hollow inside, at least his has been a fall from earnest faith; he has at least at one time believed in something beyond economic elevation and self-interest. In spite of the fact that Kurtz is now a high priest of evil, at least he is sincerely misled, truly self-deceived, unlike the chief manager and the other pilgrims who are there in the heart of darkness solely to engage in economic exploitation.

When the chief manager learns of Marlow's sympathy for Kurtz, he rejects Marlow, and Marlow says: "My hour of favour was over; I found myself lumped along with Kurtz as a partisan of methods for which the time was not ripe: I was unsound! Ah! but it was something to have at least a choice of nightmares" (138). Just as he had been identified earlier by others with the moral Kurtz, Marlow is now identified with the immoral Kurtz. Now, however, Marlow also begins to identify himself with Kurtz, his own "choice of nightmares." Paradoxically, Marlow's own journey into exile unites him

with Kurtz, who is in exile there. The two men, potentially so alike, are now forced into close proximity and identification. Since they are exiled from the other pilgrims, the natives, and from European society, they are alone; yet, they are alone together.

Still, Marlow and Kurtz never completely merge. Marlow says: "I had turned to the wilderness really, not to Mr. Kurtz, who, I was ready to admit, was as good as buried. And for a moment it seemed to me as if I also were buried in a vast grave full of unspeakable secrets. I felt an intolerable weight oppressing my breast, the smell of the damp earth, the unseen presence of victorious corruption, the darkness of an impenetrable night" (138-39). Marlow maintains a divided feeling for Kurtz, an inexplicable oppression at such a fellowship. As he tells the Russian: "As it happens, I am Mr. Kurtz's friend--in a way" (139). Later when Marlow finds that Kurtz has tried to make his way back to the natives, he says: "I did not betray Mr. Kurtz [to the other pilgrims]--it was ordered I should never betray him--it was written I should be loyal to the nightmare of my choice. 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" (141). Unsure of himself, yet devoted to Kurtz, Marlow insists on pursuing Kurtz alone. Marlow longs to be alone with Kurtz, to face him singly, perhaps to come to

grips with his own nightmare. This scene powerfully evokes the idea that Kurtz is Marlow's strong alter-ego, the mirror-image of his own dark soul.

The extent of Marlow's identification with Kurtz is finally crystallized in his thoughts before he takes Kurtz back aboard the steamship:

> But his soul was mad. Being alone in the wilderness, it had looked within itself, and, by heavens! I tell you, it had gone mad. I had for my sins, I suppose--to go through the ordeal of looking into it myself. No eloquence could have been so withering to one's belief in mankind as his final burst of sincerity. He struggled with himself, too. I saw it--I heard it. I saw the inconceivable mystery of a soul that knew no restraint, no faith, and no fear, yet struggling blindly with itself. I kept my head pretty well; but when I had him at last stretched on the couch, I wiped my forehead, while my legs shook under me as though I had carried half a ton on my back down that hill. (144)

The significance of this passage cannot be overstated. Here Marlow emphasizes Kurtz's exile ("being alone in the wilderness"), his inner conflict, and Marlow's own keen identification ("I had for my sins, I suppose--to go through the ordeal of looking into it myself"). In a real sense, Marlow identifies vicariously with Kurtz's ordeal; that is, he sees Kurtz as a substitute for himself. This explains the physical reaction Marlow has as the ordeal ends: he is sweating, shaking, and oppressed.

Marlow's final confrontation and identification with Kurtz occur on the day he dies. Before Kurtz's death, Marlow

sees a terrible change come over Kurtz's face: "I saw on that ivory face the expression of sombre pride, of ruthless power, of craven terror--of an intense and hopeless despair" (147). And then his final enigmatic whisper: "The horror! The horror!" Marlow struggles to understand what it all means: "I went no more near the remarkable man who had pronounced a judgment upon the adventures of his soul on this earth. The voice was gone. What else had there been?" (148).

What does Marlow gain from his journey? Unlike the underground man who uses his alter-egos in order to contact the outside world so that he can verify his existence, Marlow uses Kurtz to try to reconcile himself to the world and the people about him. That is, although Marlow clearly rejects the hypocrisy and sham of European civilization, in Kurtz he sees the terrible potential for moral disintegration implicit in personal exile. He sees that Kurtz, because of isolation and moral bankruptcy, gave in to personal exaltation and whim. Kurtz chose to break the moral laws that cement civilized society together. Marlow's own sense of exile and isolation, made more acute by his journey, is like Kurtz's only in an external manner. Although he knows he could be like Kurtz, he rejects the essential immorality of Kurtz's way. His journey into the heart of darkness is not the act of a pilgrim seeking favor; instead, it is the act of a seeker of truth struggling for an understanding of the world

about him.

Marlow's uncertainty about his place in the world explains in part his decision to visit Kurtz's Intended. He goes to see her because she is the last physical link to Kurtz, and as such, she represents another part of Kurtz Marlow has not met. Unlike the underground man who simply uses Lisa to satisfy his monomanical compulsion, Marlow turns to her in order to ascertain objectively the kind of impact Kurtz has made on another. By meeting her Marlow may learn more about Kurtz, some new detail, some new slant on his character, and from such a meeting Marlow might better understand Kurtz's exile and his own.

The first thing that strikes Marlow about Kurtz's Intended is her physical beauty, much in the fashion that the underground man is struck by Lisa's beauty. Looking at a portrait of her, Marlow says: "She struck me as beautiful--I mean she had a beautiful expression. I know that the sunlight can be made to lie, too, yet one felt that no manipulation of light and pose could have conveyed the delicate shade of truthfulness upon those features. She seemed ready to listen without mental reservation, without suspicion, without a thought for herself" (151-52). Although Kurtz's Intended is clearly unlike Lisa in terms of physical purity, ironically, it is Lisa, not the Intended who is truly pure. Critics have long pointed out that Kurtz's Intended is a symbolic representation of all that is deceived and

corrupted about Western civilization. The very fact that she loves Kurtz--that she, in effect, loves a lie, suggests this.

Marlow notes that his fascination with her portrait leads him to go to her in order to give her Kurtz's last papers and letters:

> There remained only his memory and his Intended--and I wanted to give that up, too, to the past, in a way--to surrender personally all that remained of him with me to that oblivion which is the last word of our common fate. I don't defend myself. I had no clear perception of what it was I really wanted. Perhaps it was an impulse of unconscious loyalty, or the fulfillment of one of those ironic necessities that lurk in the facts of human existence. I don't know. I can't tell. But I went. (152)

Ever elusive, ever uncertain, Marlow cannot really fathom his motives for wanting to see Kurtz's Intended. However, since she represents all the best of Kurtz's ideals, all the best of what he had "intended" for the world and himself, she serves as the medium through which Marlow can see the best in Kurtz.[32]

The crucial question is whether or not Marlow will lie when the Intended asks him to repeat Kurtz's last words.[33] Marlow, who throughout the interview "sees" and "hears" Kurtz in every detail of her house, dreads answering: "I was on the point of crying at her, 'Don't you hear them?' The dusk was repeating them in a persistant whisper that seemed to swell menacingly like the first whisper of a rising wind. 'The horror! The horror!'" (157). When the moment of

"truth" comes, he says: "The last word he pronounced was--your name" (157).

Why does Marlow lie? Critics have pointed to several possible reasons. Some argue that Marlow's intention was to alleviate the immediate grief and the suffering she would experience if she knew the truth.[34] After all, Marlow says: "But I couldn't [tell her the truth]. I could not tell her. It would have been too dark--too dark altogether" (157). Others note that Marlow lies for Kurtz because he believes "that dangerous knowledge must be suppressed."[35] Conrad, in fact, shares this notion, as a passage from Notes on Life and Letters suggests: "And everybody knows the power of lies which go about clothed in coats of many colours, whereas, as is well known, Truth has no such advantage, and for that reason is often suppressed as not altogether proper for everyday purposes. It is not often recognized, because it is not always fit to be seen."[36] Still others turn the argument around and posit that when Marlow says that Kurtz's last word was his Intended's name, there is a sense in which he is not lying; that is, "if the horror Kurtz faced and acknowledged was the human reality, the interior of his own self with propensity to self-deception" and if she was just like Kurtz, then "horror was her name. She was the unregenerate Kurtz and Marlow."[37]

Another possibility, though paradoxical, revolves around an earlier promise Marlow made. As the Russian is

leaving Kurtz for the last time, Marlow tells him: "'Mr. Kurtz's reputation is safe with me.' I did not know how truly I spoke" (139, emphasis mine). These lines strongly suggest that Marlow lies not only because he wants to protect the girl, but also because he wants to protect Kurtz's name, Kurtz's reputation, Kurtz's ideas. Another passage that supports this notion occurs just after the Intended reminds Marlow that he has heard the power of Kurtz's words and has known him personally: "'Yes, I know,' I said with something like despair in my heart, but bowing my head before the faith that was in her, before that great and saving illusion that shone with an unearthly glow in the darkness, in the triumphant darkness from which I could not have defended her--from which I could not even defend myself" (155). Marlow confesses here his own devotion to Kurtz even though he knows that faith is one of darkness. So it is that Kurtz remains a "remarkable man" for Marlow, a man who had great ideas in spite of his eventual moral disintegration. Marlow chooses to be loyal to Kurtz even if it means lying; Marlow lies to protect a lie.

"Notes from Underground" and "Heart of Darkness" reveal that Marlow and the underground man are monomaniacs who feel keenly their exile, estrangement, and isolation from others. For Dostoyevsky "the theme of the individual 'divorced from life'...is central" to all his works.[38] The underground man's insistence on personal freedom links

him to most of Dostoyevsky's other exiles, "people from contemporary urban civilization, fallen out of the natural world order and torn away from 'living life'...[and representing] the real European of the nineteenth century with all the endless contradictions of his sick consciousness.'"[39] Like Marlow, the underground man is suspicious of others; he trusts no one and finds it necessary to withdraw from society in order to protect himself. On the other hand, Marlow's fascination with Kurtz is not the cause of his estrangement from others; instead, by focusing on Kurtz, Marlow discovers more about himself and the tenuous moral state of the human condition. Surely Marlow fits Morf's evaluation of Conrad's exiles: "[They] can all be brought under one formula. They are outcasts, living far from their home or in strange surroundings."[40] Marlow's isolation also reflects that of Conrad's; in a letter to R. B. Cunninghame Graham Conrad notes: "Most of my life has been spent between sky and water and now I live so alone that often I fancy myself clinging stupidly to a derelict planet abandoned by its precious crew."[41] Adam Gillon points out that Dostoyevsky's vision of the underground man--the self-isolated individual yearning--is also Conrad's view with only slight differences; thus, both Dostoyevsky's underground man and Conrad's isolated heroes are monomaniacs, "utterly alone."[42] Both are aware, as Conrad writes in <u>An Outcast of the Islands</u> of "the tremendous fact of our isolation, of

the loneliness impenetrable and transparent, elusive and everlasting; of the indestructible loneliness that surrounds, envelops, clothes every human soul from the cradle to the grave, and, perhaps, beyond."[43]

Notes

[1] "Monomania," Encyclopedia of Psychology, 1972 ed.

[2] For example, one of the few critics to note a similarity between these two works is John Tessitore in his "Freud, Conrad, and 'Heart of Darkness,'" College English, 7 (1980), 30-40. However, even Tessitore only makes a casual reference to the underground man being "Kurtz's Russian cousin" (p. 39). Although I could not go into all the similarities between these two novellas in this chapter, there are many, including the notion of a descent into hell, the use of rhetoric, and the common attack on idealism.

[3] Rene Fortin, "Responsive Form: Dostoyevsky's Notes from Underground and the Confessional Tradition," Essays in Literature, 7 (1979), 225-45, links Notes from Underground with the confessional tradition, noting especially its ties to St. Augustine's Confessions and Jean-Jacques Rousseau's Confessions.

[4] Terrence Doody, "The Underground Man's Confession and His Audience," Rice University Studies, 61 (1975), 27-38, says that because the confessional mode deals with the essential self, it "is a natural mode of expression for the alienated" (p. 31).

[5] Fyodor Dostoyevsky, Notes from Underground, trans. Mirra Ginsburg (New York: Bantam Books, 1974), p. 1 (all subsequent references in text).

[6] Edward Wasiolek, Dostoevsky: The Major Fiction (Cambridge, Mass.: Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 1964), p. 43.

[7] Robert L. Jackson, Dostojevskij's Underground Man in Russian Literature (The Hague: Mouton, 1958), p. 31.

[8] Jackson, p. 22.

[9] Mochulsky, p. 248.

[10] Mochulsky, pp. 248-49. In addition, Paul Cardaci, "Dostoevsky's Underground as Allusion and Symbol," Symposium, 28 (1974), 248-58, claims that the underground "is a psychological state, the narrator's symbol for a present hell in which the victim attempts to blot out all emotions or feelings except those that arouse in him even greater self-loathing and self-pity" (p. 254).

[11] What are we to make of this "excessive consciousness"? Of course much of what Dostoyevsky does in this novel is to parody N. G. Chernyshevsky's didactic, idealistic novel What Is To Be Done? Briefly, Chernyshevsky

tries to create a new morality based on the idea that self-interest is the determining factor of human nature. Thus to the "new man," the "self-confident, monolithic, morally superior and rational hero of Chernyshevsky...Dostoyevsky opposes the doubting, ambivalent, delinquent, and irrational anti-hero," according to Jackson (p. 24). As a result, the underground man is a "theoretical double, a man pulled in opposite direstions by two very antithetical ideas. On the one hand, [he] is a romantic dreamer who would like to believe in 'the good and the beautiful.' He is, however, too disillusioned, too consciously aware of evil ever to take his romantic dreams seriously" (Cardaci, pp. 253-54).

[12] Cardaci, p. 257.

[13] Clearly Zverkov, on the one hand, stands for everything the underground man loathes: insensitivity, power, sham, brutality. On the other hand, Zverkov represents success, self-confidence, mastery; everything, that is, that the underground man lacks. "It is the essence of the Underground Man's tragedy that in his degrading environment, he should remain a prisoner psychologically of the very social ideals and strivings he loathes" (Jackson, p. 39).

[14] Jackson, p. 36.

[15] Nicholas Moravevich, "The Romantization of the Prostitute in Dostoevskij's Fiction," Russian Literature, 3

(1976), 302.

[16] Barbara Smalley, "The Compulsive Patterns of Dostoyevsky's Underground Man," Studies in Short Fiction, 10 (1973), 395.

[17] Jackson, p. 38.

[18] Baines claims that "Conrad did not live in a world of sharp emotional or intellectual distinctions, and the power and fascination of 'Heart of Darkness' rest upon the tale's moral elusiveness and ambiguity" (p. 224).

[19] Joseph Conrad, Heart of Darkness and The Secret Sharer (New York: Signet, 1950), p. 67 (all subsequent references in text).

[20] Albert Guerard, Conrad the Novelist (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1958), p. 33, says that this tale is "a Pilgrim's Progress for our pessimistic and pyschologizing age...[and] is Conrad's longest journey into self."

[21] Guerard, p. 38.

[22] Ian Watt, Conrad in the Nineteenth Century (Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1979), p. 215. Also, Walter Ong, "Truth in Conrad's Darkness," Mosaic, 11 (1977), 151-63, says that Conrad deals, as nowhere else, with self-discovery. "Confrontation of essential truth and integration of one's real self are two sides of the same coin.... For Conrad truth is a kind of totality, a whole, binding together exterior and interior. The binding goes on

at all levels and pitches, conscious and subconscious and unconscious, articulate and inarticulate, public and private" (p. 151).

[23] Watt, p. 218.

[24] F. R. Leavis, The Great Tradition (Garden City, NY: Doubleday, 1954), p. 173, quotes E. M. Forster's objection to Conrad's narrative technique: "What is so elusive about him is that he is always promising to make some general philosophic statement about the universe, and then refraining with some gruff disclaimer.... These essays [he is referring to Conrad's Notes on Life and Letters] do suggest that he is misty in the middle as well as at the edges, that the secret casket of his genius contains a vapour rather than a jewel; and that we needn't try to write him down philosophically, because there is, in this direction, nothing to write. No creed, in fact" (p. 173). Leavis himself adds that Conrad overworks adjectives like inscrutable, inconceivable, unspeakable and so on to the point of negating his intended effect: "Is anything added to the oppressive mysteriousness of the Congo by such sentences as: 'It was the stillness of an implacable force brooding over an inscrutable intention'? The same vocabulary, the same adjectival insistence upon inexpressible and incomprehensible mystery, is applied to the evocation of human profundities and spiritual horrors; to magnifying a thrilled sense of the unspeakable potentialities of the human

soul. The actual effect is not to magnify but rather to muffle" (p. 177).

Forster and Leavis miss the point here. Conrad's halo effect, as Eloise Knapp Hay argues, is the point: "Leavis complains that throughout the story Conrad tries to make a virtue out of not knowing what he means. The virtue is, in fact, in Marlow's not knowing what he means. We are meant to see 'through' this narrator Marlow in both senses of the phrase. He can see but he cannot see clearly" (Eloise Knapp Hay, The Political Novels of Joseph Conrad [Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1963], p. 133). Conrad himself is aware of his story's elusiveness as he notes in a letter to R. B. Cunninghame Graham: "I am simply in the seventh heaven, to find you like the H. of D. so far. You bless me indeed. Mind you don't curse me by and bye [sic] for the very same thing. There are two more installments in which the idea is so wrapped up in secondary notions that You--even You!--may miss it" (C. T. Watts, ed., Joseph Conrad's Letters to R. B. Cunninghame Graham [London: Cambridge University Press, 1969], p. 116).

[25] Ian Watt, "Marlow, Henry James, and 'Heart of Darkness,'" Nineteenth-Century Fiction, 33 (1978), 165.

[26] For a detailed study of this see Bruce Johnson, "Names, Naming, and the 'Inscrutable' in Conrad's Heart of Darkness," Texas Studies in Language and Literature, 12 (1970), 675-88.

[27] John McClure, "The Rhetoric of Restraint in Heart of Darkness," Nineteenth-Century Fiction, 32 (1977), 317.

[28] McClure, p. 314.

[29] Marlow's fascination with and similarity to Kurtz have long been noted. Two opinions are germane here. Ong says that Kurtz "is an alter-ego, a Doppelganger of...Marlow. He is the incarnation of Marlow's Jungian shadow, the conscious opposite or foil of Marlow's consciously programmed self" (pp.156-57). In addition, he claims that while Kurtz is a real problem to Marlow, he may better be thought of as Marlow's "project" (p. 159). R. C. Stephens, "Heart of Darkness: Marlow's 'Spectral Moonshine,'" Essays in Criticism, 19 (1968), 273-84, posits that "Marlow [makes] of Kurtz a mirror-image of his own disordered imagination" (p.279).

[30] Watt, Conrad in the Nineteenth Century, p. 239.

[31] Leo Gurko, Joseph Conrad: Giant in Exile (New York: Macmillan, 1962), p. 150. In addition, Juliet McLauchlan, "The 'Something Human' in Heart of Darkness," Conradiana, 9 (1977), 115-24, says Marlow chooses Kurtz over the chief manager because at least there is "something human" to Kurtz whereas the chief manager is dehumanized--he is "a man without entrails" according to Marlow. McLauchlan notes that "meanness and greed alone characterize the manager, and

since these exclude all human feeling, Marlow's loathing drives him to choose as he does. Kurtz is preferable: he has been a remarkable man; he has committed himself to actions in which human instincts are debased by being carried to extremes, but he suffers because of this, with a mental anguish quite distinct from the merely physical suffering of brutes; he can finally achieve some sort of moral view of his own actions" (p. 121).

[32] Kenneth A. Bruffee, "The Lesser Nightmare: Marlow's Lie in Heart of Darkness," Modern Language Quarterly, 25 (1964), 326.

[33] Conrad, in a letter to William Blackwood, notes the tremendous importance of this confrontation in terms of the overall meaning of the tale: "The last pages of Heart of Darkness where the interview of the man and the girl locks in--as it were--the whole 30000 words of narrative description into one suggestive view of a whole phase of life, and makes of that story something quite on another plane than an anecdote of a man who went mad in the Centre of Africa" (William Blackburn, ed., Letters to William Blackwood and David S. Meldrum (Durham: Duke University Press, 1958), p. 154).

[34] Bruffee notes that "it is not that the woman does not deserve to hear the truth, but rather that she does deserve not to hear the truth" (p. 325).

[35] Hay, p. 120.

[36] Conrad, Notes on Life and Letters, p. 133.

[37] Ong, p. 161.

[38] Jackson, p. 25.

[39] Mochulsky, p. 649.

[40] Gustav Morf, The Polish Heritage of Joseph Conrad (London: Sampson, Low, Marston, 1930), p. 96.

[41] Conrad, Letters to R. B. Cunninghame Graham, p. 46.

[42] Adam Gillon, Conrad and Shakespeare (New York: Astra Books, 1976), p. 192.

[43] An Outcast of the Islands, p. 205.

CHAPTER IV

THE EXILE AS EGOTIST

In Crime and Punishment (1866) and Lord Jim (1900) Dostoyevsky and Conrad shift the focus of their studies from the monomaniac to the egotist.[1] Both Raskolnikov and Jim have exaggerated opinions of self; both believe they are somehow above the crowd, better than those around them. Furthermore, each man's egotism is combined with fervent idealism. In particular, Raskolnikov falls under the spell of idealistic utilitarianism and Jim is seduced by fantasies of romantic heroism. Each feels compelled to live out his egotistical ideal, in spite of the fact that such a pursuit is destructive to himself and others. At the same time, both novelists go out of their ways to present the psychological difficulties experienced by their egotistic heroes. Indeed the psychological complexity of each character's egotism forms a powerful connection between these two novels.

Albert Guerard says that except for Dostoyevsky's novels ("the first Freudian novelist and still the greatest dramatist of half-conscious and unconscious processes"), Conrad's Lord Jim "is 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.... We

may put the case as we must often put it for Dostoyevsky: that Conrad dramatized relationships which we could recognize as interesting and perhaps feel to be true, but which we could not accept or explain conceptually."[2] Elsewhere he links the two novels even more directly: "Crime and Punishment, like Lord Jim... is one of those great narratives in which the unawakened man enters the moral universe through his crime.... [It] is no more than Conrad's ... an exercise in abnormal psychology."[3]

Crime and Punishment has been described as a "psycho-thriller with prodigious complications,"[4] as a "psychological, social, and philosophical tour de force,"[5] and as "a masterpiece of sustained and coherent dramatic narrative,...a uniquely authentic picture of personality in deep conflict."[6] Indeed, Dostoyevsky in a famous letter to M. N. Katko, editor of the magazine that first published the novel, says that the story "is a psychological account of a crime."[7] Raskolnikov, a lonely, withdrawn, ex-student, is "akin to the fantasts and brooding recluses who haunted Dostoyevsky's imagination in the days before his exile. Like them, he is one of life's expatriates, leading an unreal, solitary, cerebral existence."[8] The extent of Raskolnikov's isolation is emphasized early on: "He had cut himself off from everybody and withdrawn so completely into himself that he now shrank from every kind of contact."[9] Later Dostoyevsky adds:

"He had resolutely withdrawn from all human contacts, like a tortoise retreating into its shell" (23). Still later we learn "that Raskolnikov had had scarcely any friends at the university. He held himself aloof, never went to see anyone and did not welcome visitors.... He was very poor and superciliously proud and reserved. It seemed to some of his fellow students that he looked down on them all as children, as if he had outdistanced them in knowledge, development, and ideas, and that he considered their interests and convictions beneath him" (43-44). Raskolnikov's egotism (like Jim's as we shall see later) isolates and alienates him from others.

What is at the root of Raskolnikov's self-exile and superiority? Ideas. That is, Raskolnikov tries to believe in and act out two related ideas. As Dostoyevsky puts it: "He has become obsessed with badly thought out ideas which happen to be in the air."[10] The first idea we see him ruled by is based on the theories of the English Utilitarians. They taught a "morality which derives all man's conduct from the principle of practical usefulness."[11] In addition there was a "peculiar blend of French Utopian Socialism, with its belief in the possibility of a future world of love and moral perfection" that the radical Russian intelligentsia of the mid-1860's embraced.[12] Dostoyevsky found both of these notions despicable and used Crime and Punishment as a forum from which to attack such "badly thought out ideas."[13]

The utilitarian idea that Raskolnikov comes to accept in the novel may be stated as follows: "Only a person who is useful and helpful to society as a whole is worthwhile. Any person who preys off others or who manipulates others for selfish gain deserves, therefore, to be eliminated." For Raskolnikov such a person is Alena Ivanovna, an old, miserly moneylender. Although he has plotted for some time to murder her (because he wants to save his sister from a disastrous marriage and in order to finance his own education), he does not become convinced of the justice of such a murder until overhearing by chance a barroom conversation between a student and an officer. The student voices the argument that someone like the moneylender can be killed "without a single twinge of conscience" because she is "a stupid, silly, utterly unimportant, vicious, sickly old woman, no good to any body" (55). He then goes on to point out the practical benefits of her death:

> A hundred, a thousand, good actions and promising beginnings might be forwarded and directed aright by the money that old woman destines for a monastery; hundreds, perhaps thousands, of existences might be set on the right path, scores of families saved from beggary, from decay, from ruin and corruption, from the lock hospitals--and all with her money! Kill her, take her money, on condition that you dedicate yourself with its help to the service of humanity and the common good: don't you think that thousands of good deeds will wipe out one little, insignificant transgression? For one life taken, thousands saved from corruption and decay! One death, and a hundred lives in exchange--why it's simple arithmetic! What is the life of that stupid, consumptive old woman weighed

> against the common good? No more than the life of a louse or a cockroach. (56)

This argument comes to have immense power over Raskolnikov. However, in spite of his attempts to cut himself off from others in pursuit of the utilitarian ideal, Raskolnikov is not capable of murdering "without a single twinge of conscience." On the contrary, a terrifying psychological battle goes on within for control of his mind and soul. On the one hand, there is his devotion to doing that which is practical, and, on the other, there is his keenly developed moral sense. These two antithetical forces leave him often confused and incoherent. For instance, on his way to the old moneylender's room to test his nerve, he notes his recently developed habit of muttering to himself, as well as his confused thoughts; after leaving her room, "he went out in great confusion. The confusion grew and grew, and on his way downstairs he stopped more than once as if suddenly struck by something or other" (6). And as he returns to his room, "he walked along the pavement like a drunken man" (6).

In addition to this kind of internal division and confusion, we see Raskolnikov doing things that are psychologically contradictory; in such cases Dostoyevsky is stressing that regardless of Raskolnikov's conscious desire to do what is practical in a cool, aloof manner, unconsciously he feels the sway of very powerful but buried

moral sensibilities. The clearest example of this is his response in the tavern to Marmeladov, a hopeless alcoholic. After listening to Marmeladov's painful public confession in the tavern, accompanied by the jeers and laughter of the other patrons, Raskolnikov actually takes the old man home. Once there he witnesses the family's wretched living conditions, and before leaving, inexplicably, he leaves his last few roubles on the window-sill. Although "he repented of his action and almost turned back" as he goes down the stairs, the strength of his moral sensibilities is clear. The importance of scenes like this should be underscored because, if we look at the corresponding passage from The Notebooks for Crime and Punishment, we see that Dostoyevsky makes the psychological confusion and internal division of Raskolnikov much more pronounced in the novel. In the Notebooks we read that he leaves Marmeladov's "as quickly as possible. I thought only of how careless I had been in entering the tavern and now here, showing myself to so many people. But what was done was done. I cursed Marmeladov and all the others. I felt no pity."[14] In the novel proper Raskolnikov is not portrayed in this ruthless, unfeeling fashion, for Dostoyevsky would have us see that in spite of Raskolnikov's desire to live up to the utilitarian ideal, his psychological vacillation between unconscious kindness and conscious cruelty suggests that he cannot.[15]

Raskolnikov's psychological isolation and confusion

intensify just prior to the murder. At one point "he had grown used...to arriving at home...without having any idea of how he had come there" (39). At another point he "would have liked to forget himself, to forget everything in sleep, and then to wake up and make a fresh start" (43). Later, he feels a kind of internal pressure building up: "Driven by an inner compulsion, he tried to make himself be interested in everything and everybody he met, but with little success. He kept relapsing into abstraction, and when he again raised his head with a start and looked around, he could remember neither what he had just been thinking of nor which way he had come" (45). Thus, in spite of the power of the utilitarian argument, we see Raskolnikov struggling against it unconsciously.

At this point it is necessary to note a fundamental difference between Raskolnikov's egotism and Jim's. As has been suggested, Raskolnikov's unconscious mind wages war against his conscious mind regarding the morality of the act he is contemplating. This suggests that Raskolnikov's egotism is primarily motivated from forces originating outside himself; thus, his psychological conflict, since his conscience (which accepts traditional morality) struggles with his will (which posits a new amorality). Jim's egotism originates from ideas as well; he loves reading books that describe glorious feats of heroism. However, the fact that he associates himself with the hero in these fantasies is not

in itself bad or immoral. Consequently, he suffers no psychological stress as a result of his dreams. Instead, Jim's psychological dilemma comes only after his moral failure, not during his romantic fantasies.

Dostoyevsky uses a number of dreams to reveal the psychological difficulty Raskolnikov experiences, suggesting he has an unconscious need to bring into the open the moral transgression implicit in the utilitarian ideal he wants to act upon. The most famous of these dreams is the one in which he, as a child of seven, witnesses the brutal slaughter of a horse. In the dream a peasant angrily thrashes a sickly, emaciated mare because she cannot pull an overloaded wagon, and, in the end, he cruelly bludgeons her to death with a crowbar. Throughout this ordeal the child is crying and trying desperately to intervene and save the horse. As many critics have noted, this dream foreshadows Raskolnikov's brutal murders of the old moneylender and especially her innocent sister, Lizaveta, only he becomes the cruel peasant and Lizaveta becomes the poor animal.[16] This dream is a "psychological metaphor in which we may distinguish the various responses of Raskolnikov to his projected crime: his deep psychological complicity in, and yet moral recoil before, the crime."[17] If nothing else, "the dream displays the fractured character of Raskolikov's moral consciousness."[18]

Eventually he does commit murder, believing that he

does so with impunity. However, almost immediately his faith in the utilitarian argument is undercut, especially whenever guilt over the murder tries to break its way through his conscious defenses. A good example of this occurs after a long conversation with Porfiry Petrovich, the investigator who later fingers him as the murderer. When they finish talking, Raskolnikov begins to feel guilt for the crime he has committed. But he quickly berates himself for such feelings, noting that he had importuned "all gracious Providence for a whole month, calling on it to witness that it was not for my own selfish desires and purposes that I proposed to act (so I said), but for a noble and worthy end" (233). Blind to his egoism, he adds: "From all the lice on earth, I picked out absolutely the most useless, and when I killed her, I intended to take from her exactly as much as I needed for my first step" (233). And later in the novel he rejects any guilt his sister Dunya associates with the murder: "Crime? What crime?... Killing a foul, noxious louse, that old moneylender, no good to anybody, who sucked the life-blood of the poor, so vile that killing her ought to bring absolution for forty sins--was that a crime?" (438). He adds a few moments later: "Look a little more closely and consider it carefully. I myself wanted to benefit men, and I would have done hundreds, thousands, of good deeds, to make up for that one piece of stupidity--.... By that stupidity I meant only to put myself in an independent position, to take

the first step, to acquire means, and then everything would have been expiated by immeasurably greater good" (439).

However, there is another idea that helps exile Raskolnikov throughout the novel: his theory of the extraordinary man. This notion best describes Raskolnikov's egotism, and Porfiry Petrovich articulates it succinctly when he says that Raskolnikov has divided people "into two classes, the 'ordinary' and the 'extraordinary.' The ordinary ones must live in submission and have no rights to transgress the law, because, you see, they are ordinary. And the extraordinary have the right to commit any crime and break every kind of law just because they are extraordinary" (219). Interestingly this idea dovetails nicely with the utilitarian argument since if only that which is useful is good, then what is more useful than the man who is capable of breaking all moral barriers?

It is important to note here the significance the extraordinary man theory held for Dostoyevsky. In his Notebooks we read: "In his portrait the thought of immeasurable pride, arrogance, and contempt for society is expressed in the novel. His idea: assume power over this society... Despotism is his characteristic trait."[19] Later Dostoyevsky considers Raskolnikov's dialogue in a conversation with Sonya, Marmeladov's daughter who has been reduced to prostitution: "I don't want good for them. I didn't do it for good but for power.... I want power; in

order to do good, you need power first of all.... A law is necessary for everyone, but not for the chosen few."[20] He goes on to tell us who those chosen few are: "Others do it [commit crimes], Napoleon, etc., and I want to. Listen: there are two kinds of people. Those who are superior can cross over obstacles."[21] Finally we read: "You didn't do it to help your mother; no, not at all; you did it for yourself, for yourself alone.... I didn't do it for others but for myself, did it for myself alone."[22]

Dostoyevsky then places the terrible power of this idea in the novel so that it nurtures Raskolnikov's egotism and cuts him off from others; he is better than others, above the common herd, capable of "crossing the barriers." Again and again he returns to the idea of Napoleon, although often it is to belittle himself for his impotence at achieving the Napoleonic ideal: "Napoleon, the pyramids, Waterloo--and a vile, withered old woman, a moneylender, with a red box under her head.... 'Does a Napoleon crawl under an old woman's bed?'" (232). Then he adds: "I wanted to overstep all restrictions as quickly as possible... I killed not a human being but a principle! Yes, I killed a principle, but as for surmounting the barriers, I did not do that; I remained on this side" (233).

In spite of this kind of self-deprecation, he later tries to prove his theory after Sonya reads him the New Testament account of Lazarus being raised from the dead.

Indeed, he tries to associate her with the Napoleonic principle: "Haven't you done the same? You too have stepped over the barrier...you were able to do it. You laid hands on your self, you destroyed a life...your own (it makes no difference).... But you cannot endure, and if you remain alone you will go out of your senses like me" (278). Of course the interesting point here is his own momentary realization that isolation leads to madness; indirectly, then, he affirms the importance of human fellowship in the midst of his attempt to remain outside the realm of ordinary men and women.

Nonetheless we see Raskolnikov spending considerable time and energy trying to prove his superiority. The earliest example occurs just after he realizes that the police do not suspect him of the murder. Standing on a bridge, clutching a few roubles some passerby has given him, he feels that "in some gulf far below him, almost out of sight beneath his feet, lay all his past, all his old ideas, and problems, and thoughts, and sensations, and this great panorama, and his own self, and everything, everything... He felt as if he had soared upwards and everything had vanished from his sight" (97). Then he throws the money into the water below and "he [feels] that he had in that moment cut himself from everybody and everything, as if with a knife" (97).[23]

His egotism reaches its height in his final

confession to Sonya about the murder. He tells her that he has wondered long whether Napoleon, when he was crossing the Alps, would have been stopped by "one ridiculous old woman" in his way. Raskolnikov argues that Napoleon would have killed and so he has killed the old moneylender "following the example of my authority" (350). He goes on to claim that "the man who tramples on the greatest number of things is their law-giver, and whoever is most audacious is most certainly right" (352). Furthermore, he notes that "power is given only to the man who dare stoop and take it" (353). Yet in the middle of such claims he again doubts for the moment his own ability to live up to the Napoleonic ideal:

> If I worried for so long about whether Napoleon would have done it or not, it must be because I felt clearly that I was not Napoleon... I endured all the torment of this endless debating, Sonya, and longed to shake it off; I longed to kill without casuistry, to kill for my own benefit, and that alone! I would not lie about it even to myself! I did not commit murder to help my mother--that's rubbish! I did not commit murder in order to use the profit and power I gained to make myself a benefactor for humanity. Rubbish! I simply murdered; I murdered for myself, for myself alone, and whether I became a benefactor to anybody else, or, like a spider, spent the rest of my life catching everybody in my web and sucking the life-blood out of them, should have been a matter of complete indifference to me at that moment!.... What I needed to find out then, and find out as soon as possible, was whether I was capable of stepping over the barriers or not. Dared I stoop and take power or not? Was I a trembling creature or had I the right? (353-54)

Raskolnikov insists almost until the very end of the

novel that he has the right, that he can step over the barriers, that he is an extraordinary man. For instance, just before he turns himself in to the authorities he tells Dunya: "Never, never have I recognized this more clearly than now, and I understand less than ever why what I did is a crime! Never have I been stronger, never have I held my convictions more firmly, than now!" (439). After his exile to Siberia, he initially shows no remorse; in fact he admits failure by arguing that unlike other extraordinary men whose "first steps...were successfully carried out, and therefore they were right," his attempt has failed "which means I had no right to permit myself that step" (459). In other words, he does not see his crime as a moral transgression but rather as a failure of the will. Such an attitude leaves him completely isolated from the other prisoners: "The most surprising thing of all, in general, was that terrible unbridgeable chasm which lay between him and all the others. It was as if he and they belonged to different races. They regarded him, and he them, with mistrust and hostility" (460).

In the end, however, Raskolnikov comes to see that both the utilitarian argument and his own theory of the extraordinary man are inadequate because neither is psychologically tenable. Although he wants to believe he can kill in a "good" cause, in a manner that will bring about a great humanitarian benefit, "the truth of God and the Law of

nature take their own and he finally feels forced to give himself up, forced in order to be once again part of humankind, even if it means perishing in prison. The feelings of isolation and separation from humanity which he felt immediately after committing the crime wear him down."[24] In other words, the self-imposed exile Raskolnikov commits himself to in following the utilitarian argument is nothing compared to the psychological exile he experiences after the crime. Man cannot easily cut himself off from from others and then live at peace psychologically. Isolation, whether self-imposed or otherwise, is not psychologically permissible.

In addition, Raskolnikov realizes the inadequacy of his egotism and his extraordinary man theory; indeed, his leap of faith experience at the end of the novel hints at Raskolnikov's eventual Christian rebirth and regeneration. To some this change is embarrassing and unbelievable. Yet Dostoyevsky prepares us for this ending, not only through the use of the Lazarus story (a clear allusion to Raskolnikov's own potential resurrection), but also through the repeated emphasis on Raskolnikov's psychological confusion, confusion caused by the moral sensibility of Raskolnikov trying to find expression. Dostoyevsky shows us time and again that regardless of Raskolnikov's conscious motives for the murder, his unconscious mind, his complex inner workings, his intense cerebral monologues, his terrifying and prophetic dreams, all

illustrate his propensity for dramatic change. Though he may claim consciously that he believes in the utilitarian argument and the extraordinary man theory, his unconscious adherence to traditional morality will not allow him to rest in psychological peace; though he thinks he can "kill a principle," he is in fact not capable of that kind of freedom.

Lord Jim is, like Crime and Punishment, a psychological novel. Guerard notes that its appearance at the turn of the century marked a new form of the English novel: "A form bent on involving and implicating the reader in a psycho-moral drama which has no easy solution, and bent on engaging his sensibilities more strenuously and even more uncomfortably than ever before."[25] Other critics claim that "a full appreciation of [Lord Jim] requires a psychological analysis"[26] and that "in its clash of primitive life urges and acquired actions and conscious 'refined' intentions, Lord Jim investigates the most problematic questions that inhere within the ambiguity of life."[27] Jim, a young seaman, believes he too is an extraordinary man, albeit of a different kind than Raskolnikov.[28] The central idea that carries Jim away is a high and exalted vision of his capacity to do heroic things, to accomplish daring and romantic feats of glory; in a way, the idea that carries Jim away is Jim. Jim's ideas of

glory both isolate and frustrate him, yet unlike Raskolnikov, Jim is never malicious. Whereas Raskolnikov's dreams include the violation of traditional morality, Jim's dreams do not; he never deliberately sets out to harm anyone. Unfortunately, however, his dreams lead to a very serious moral failure, and this failure further isolates him from society.

Jim exiles himself through his habit of "egotistical castle-building."[29] That is, Jim constantly dreams of doing brave, noble, thrilling deeds. During the first years of Jim's training at sea "his station was in the foretop, and often from there he looked down, with the contempt of a man destined to shine in the midst of dangers."[30] Jim also "saw himself saving people from sinking ships, cutting away masts in a hurricane, swimming through surf with a line; or as a lonely castaway, barefooted and half naked, walking on uncovered reefs in search of shellfish to stave off starvation. He confronted savages on tropical shores, quelled mutinies on the high seas, and in a small boat upon the ocean kept up the hearts of despairing men--always an example of devotion to duty and as unflinching as a hero in a book" (11). Consequently, Jim, like Raskolnikov, has little regard for others, and it is little wonder that he appears alone and friendless during these early years.[31] No one is good enough to be Jim's friend because Jim lives at the center of a dream world where he is preeminent. Jim's idea

about himself keeps him cut off from others.

In spite of Jim's vision of himself as unflinching, when the first real crisis he ever faces at sea arises, he does flinch. During a storm that threatens to sink a nearby ship, Jim fails to aid his mates on a life-saving mission. Instead, he stands frozen and indecisive: "There was a fierce purpose in the gale, a furious earnestness in the screech of the wind, in the brutal tumult of earth and sky, that seemed directed at him, and made him hold his breath in awe" (12). After the successful rescue, Jim, for a moment, realizes that he has flinched since he experiences "the pain of conscious defeat." However such honest introspection is short-lived and he quickly rationalizes away his failure to act heroically: "The tumult and the menace of wind and sea now appeared very contemptible to Jim, increasing the regret of his awe at their inefficient menace. Now he knew what to think of it. It seemed to him he cared nothing for the gale. He could affront greater perils. He would do so--better than anybody. Not a particle of fear was left" (12).

This tendency to excuse his own failures and to continue to imagine himself as heroic reflects his childish egotism and insures his isolation from others. For example, he broods alone, listening to the stories of those who have helped save survivors of the floundering ship and "thought it was a pitiful display of vanity." Blind to his own vanity, Jim justifies his failure by blaming the elements "for taking

him unawares and checking unfairly a generous readiness for narrow escapes" (13). Ironically, Conrad writes: "When all men flinched, then--he felt sure--he alone would know how to deal with the spurious menace of wind and seas" (13). Therefore, "he exulted with fresh certitude in his avidity for adventure, and in a sense of many-sided courage" (14). Jim's exaggerated sense of bravado works to keep him apart from others, leaving him isolated in a manner little different from Raskolnikov.[32]

Yet Jim is very different from Raskolnikov at the point of action. That is, whereas Raskolnikov eventually chooses to act, to follow the dictates of his ideas, Jim cannot. Furthermore, there is an interesting irony in each case. For while Raskolnikov's isolation leads him to go against social morality and follow his own personal morality (he does something good in his own mind), Jim's isolation leads him to go against both social and personal morality (he does something later that is bad both in the larger context of society and in his own mind). Both men, however, remain alone as long as they egotistically hold to the ideas that control them.

Jim's fine ideas about his capabilities for heroism continue to isolate him as he matures. In a sense "the force of imagination which creates another reality for him, superior to that of physical reality, [deprives] him of the moral contact with other people."[33] This is a serious

problem, especially once he becomes a chief mate, never "having been tested by those events of the sea that show in the light of day the inner worth of a man, the edge of his temper, and the fibre of his stuff; that reveal the quality of his resistance and the secret truth of his pretences, not only to others but also to himself" (14). Before Jim can be truly tested, however, he is injured during a freak accident and made to recover below deck, an event that furthers his isolation and dreams. In addition, we learn that Jim is something of a slackard: "He lay there battened down in the midst of a small devastation, and felt secretly glad he had not to go on deck" (15). Here Conrad deftly suggests that Jim's glorious ideas about himself are tactics of evasion since he is more than willing to avoid the hard realities wherein heroism is born.

Eventually Jim is put ashore at an eastern port to enable him to recover completely. Whatever capacity Jim has for heroic action soon fades when he grows to know the other seamen there. Conrad notes that "the majority were men who, like [Jim], thrown there by some accident, had remained as officers of country ships. They had now a horror of the home service, with its harder conditions, severer view of duty, and the hazard of stormy oceans.... They shuddered at the thoughts of hard work, and led precariously easy lives, always on the verge of dismissal...; and in all they said--in their actions, in their looks, in their persons--could be

detected the soft spot, the place of decay, the determination to lounge safely through existence" (16). These men, exiles and egoists of a sort, come to attract Jim: "At length [Jim] found a fascination in the sight of those men, in their appearance of doing so well on such a small allowance of danger and toil. In time, beside the original disdain there grew up slowly another sentiment" (16). Jim comes to accept their method of getting through life, in spite of its moral bankruptcy.

Here another difference between the two egotists comes into sharp focus. Although both have exaggerated opinions of self, Jim lacks the moral honesty of Raskolnikov. That is, although Raskolnikov's act is despicable, there is nothing cowardly or self-deceptive about him. Though he struggles to control his psychological turmoil, he is not hollow within. In fact, the guilt he feels suggests just the opposite since guilt can only be strongly felt by one who has some sense of right and wrong beyond that of what makes him "feel good." Jim, on the other hand, if not morally suspect, is at least untrustworthy. He fails his earliest tests and is weak, self-deceived, and selfish. Jim always acts to benefit himself, to bring glory to Jim, to live out his dreams.

Conrad quickly sketches Jim's character in the first few pages of the novel, unlike Dostoyevsky who explores Raskolnikov's throughout. Conrad can do this because Jim is

basically a simple person to figure out; his psychological complexity emerges later, after he fails to act courageously on the Patna and he tries to explain away his failure. For instance, Jim's thoughts and actions on that fatal night reveal him, as always, enjoying a high view of himself. Isolated and virtually alone during the watch that night, Jim's eyes roam "about the line of the horizon, [and] seemed to gaze hungrily into the unattainable" (21). He appears content and confident, "in the very excess of well-being... [caring] for nothing that could happen to him to the end of his days" (21). Still held rapt by ideas of self-glory, Jim's thoughts are "full of valorous deeds: he loved these dreams and the success of his imaginary achievements. They were the best parts of life, its secret truth, its hidden reality. They had a gorgeous virility, the charm of vagueness, they passed before him with a heroic tread; they carried his soul away with them and made it drunk with the divine philtre of an unbounded confidence in itself. There was nothing he could not face" (21). In fact, there is much he cannot face, but ideas like these hold so strong a sway over him he cannot see his own weakness. Thus, "Jim went on smiling at the retreating horizon; his heart was full of generous impulses, and his thought was contemplating his own superiority" (23).

Jim's passion for dreams and his blindness to reality are central difficulties he has in the trial that comes after

he abandons ship. As the court asks him questions about the details of the event, Jim is frustrated: "They wanted facts. Facts! They demanded facts from him, as if facts could explain anything!" (27). Jim, still sure of his own superiority, places no real value on a recounting of the facts because facts can never communicate the whole story. They can only describe what happened; they cannot describe what was supposed to happen. Facts cannot explain what really went on aboard ship that night. Nonetheless, he has to rely on statements of fact since "only a meticulous precison of statement would bring out the true horror behind the appalling face of things" (28). Above all else he wishes to communicate that his actions that night were not a part of "a common affair. He wanted to go on talking for truth's sake, perhaps for his own sake also; and while his utterance was deliberate, his mind positively flew round and round the serried circle of facts that had surged up all about him to cut him off from the rest of his kind" (29). Clearly Jim does not believe that facts ever tell the whole story; they only describe the external events while obscuring the deeper, hidden, inner truth of any given situation, particularly his own.[34] For Jim the bare facts that come out are a brutal torture and "his soul writhed within him. He was made to answer [questions] so much to the point and so useless" (29).

However, the court is not interested in Jim's struggle to make the facts of the case somehow fit Jim's

image of himself. Its concern is with what actually happened and what kind of judgment it should make against Jim. Similarly, the audience in the courtroom is not keen to know what made Jim do what he did. As a result, Jim would have remained an exile had not Conrad introduced Marlow, who becomes both the catalyst for the rest of the novel and the instrument Jim latches onto to affect a break from his exile. Before he notices Marlow watching him carefully in the courtroom, Jim "for many days had spoken to no one, but had held silent, incoherent, and endless converse with himself, like a prisoner alone in his cell or like a wayfarer lost in a wilderness" (30). However, Marlow "seemed to be aware of his hopeless difficulty" (30). In the chapters that follow Jim's trial, he attempts to justify and rationalize his actions to Marlow.

Jim's long dialogue with Marlow takes the form of a confession, reminiscent of Marlow's monologue in "Heart of Darkness." There Marlow is trying to understand Kurtz and what Kurtz means to him; at the beginning he is not sure even what his own trip up the Congo means. Here, however, Jim tries to make Marlow understand his dreams; he earnestly attempts to break out of his exile and to communicate the beauty and power of his ideas. Marlow's initial reaction to Jim's moral failure, his jump from the Patna, is not favorable because he can conceive of no excuse; it is "a naked fact, about as naked and ugly as a fact can well be"

(32). At the same time, Marlow does like Jim: "There he stood, clean-limbed, clean-faced, firm on his feet, as promising a boy as the sun ever shone on; and, looking at him, knowing all he knew and a little more too, I was as angry as though I had detected him trying to get something out of me by false pretences. He had no business to look so sound" (36). Later he adds: "I liked his appearance; I knew his appearance; he came from the right place; he was one of us" (38). Marlow's ire is tempered by his disposition to like Jim. Why? Almost certainly because he sees in this romantic young exile a strong likeness to himself. He knows how much he resembles Jim psychologically, and this motivates him to listen to and to put up with Jim's long attempt to justify himself.[35] In addition, Marlow views Jim's willingness to stand trial as potentially redeeming: "I became positive in my mind that the inquiry was a severe punishment to that Jim, and that his facing it--practically of his own free will--was a redeeming feature in his abominable case" (56).

During the confession Marlow notes that he rarely disagreed with Jim's explanation: "I had no intention, for the sake of barren truth, to rob him of the smallest particle of any saving grace that would come in his way. I didn't know how much of it he believed himself. I didn't know what he was playing up to--if he was playing up to anything at all--and I suspect he did not know either; for it is my

belief no man understands quite his own artful dodges to escape from the grim shadow of self-knowledge" (64). This telling passage neatly sums up Jim's dilemma; that is, his egotistic ideas serve only to obscure the facts. Nonetheless, he tries to convince Marlow of his relative innocence. He says: "It is all in being ready. I wasn't; not--not then. I don't want to excuse myself; but I would like to explain--I would like somebody to understand--somebody--one person at least!" (65) Here Jim argues that he was not ready for the test and he claims that he does not want to excuse himself; yet the whole purpose of the confession is to find an excuse, a reason other than cowardice to explain his moral lapse.

Marlow's thoughts are, for the most part, unsympathetic: "It was solemn, and a little ridiculous, too, as they always are, those struggles of an individual trying to save from the fire his idea of what his moral identity should be, this precious notion of a convention, only one of the rules of the game, nothing more, but all the same so terribly effective by its assumption of unlimited power over natural instincts by the awful penalities of its failure" (65). For instance, after Jim laments at one point, "My God! what a chance missed!" Marlow relates that "all [Jim's] inner being carried on, projected headlong into the fanciful realm of recklessly heroic aspirations. He had no leisure to regret what he had lost, he was so wholly and naturally

concerned for what he had failed to obtain" (67). Here Jim's egotism is most clear: he is more upset by his lost chance at glory than by his moral failure. He suffers from "moral dyslexia."[36] As he continues his psychological rationalizations, Marlow says: "With every instant he was penetrating deeper into the impossible world of romantic achievements. He got to the heart of it at last! A strange look of beatitude overspread his features, his eyes sparkled in the light of the candle burning between us" (67). We see Jim acting here like any human in a crisis, who "can contradict himself from moment to moment. He can move without pause from honest recognition to self-deception and back."[37] At the height of Jim's glorious reveries, however, Marlow pokes his finger in Jim's romantic bubble by noting: "If you had stuck to the ship you mean!" (67).

This kind of realism forces Jim's hand and he describes in detail the particular events of the night the Patna was struck by a submerged object. Throughout he underscores his helplessness, his inability to save anyone, all the time failing to note how such actions contradict his glorious vision of himself as ready to accomplish any kind of heroism under fire. He especially feels compelled to convince Marlow that he was not afraid of dying. Marlow concludes: "He was not afraid of death perhaps, but I'll tell you what, he was afraid of the emergency" (70). Why? Once again it is because of his capacity to dream, to

imagine: "His confounded imagination had evoked for him all the horrors of panic, the trampling rush, the pitiful screams, boats swamped--all the appalling incidents of a disaster at sea he had ever heard of" (70). At this point Jim "offers a major dramatic image of the will and the personality in conflict, of the conscious mind betrayed by the unconscious, of the intent rendered absurd by the deed.... A little more addicted than most men to deliberate revery, Jim is a little more than most subject to the undeliberate unconscious mind and its sympathetic or hostile acts."[38] Like Raskolnikov, then, Jim's unconscious mind struggles against his conscious mind.

In addition, Jim's confession clearly illustrates his separation and isolation from the other men on board the ship. We see that he has little direct contact with the 800 pilgrims and he certainly has no friends among the crew--a group of men barely fit for command. In fact, as the crew prepares to jump ship, they try to convince Jim to join them. When he refuses, they "gave up Jim at once"; Jim tells Marlow that "there was nothing in common between him and these men...Nothing whatever. It is more than probable he thought himself cut off from them by a space that could not be traversed, by an obstacle that could not be overcome, by a chasm without bottom" (81). Yet in spite of Jim's disdain, he does choose later to join them: "I had jumped... It seems.... I knew nothing about it till I looked up"

(87).[39] In his isolation he maintains his superior idea of self, even to the point of deflecting his own responsible choice. He cannot bear to face the sordid reality of his own moral collapse. "He is not only an outcast from his kind but he is also an outcast from himself, cloven spiritually, unable to recognize his own identity."[40]

Marlow appears both fascinated and confounded by Jim's confession. When Jim claims that he always "believed in being prepared for the worst," Marlow reflects: "I nodded my approval of the sound principle, averting my eyes before the subtle unsoundness of the man" (71). Though cynical, Marlow does become more sympathetic towards Jim, especially as he comes to understand the romantic quality of Jim's soul: "He wanted an ally, a helper, an accomplice. I felt the risk I ran of being circumvented, blinded, decoyed, bullied, perhaps, into taking a definite part in a dispute impossible of decision if one had to be fair to all the phantoms in possession.... I can't explain to you who haven't seen him and who hear his words only at second hand the mixed nature of my feelings" (74). Later he adds: "He appealed to all sides at once--to the side turned perpetually to the light of day, and to that side of us which, like the other hemisphere of the moon, exists stealthily in perpetual darkness, with only a fearful ashy light falling at times on the edge. He swayed me. I own to it, I own up" (74). Just as Kurtz had

swayed Marlow, so Jim sways him: "You had to listen to him as you would to a small boy in trouble. He didn't know. It happened somehow. It would never happen again" (87). In Jim he sees not only himself and his own potential for failure, but also that part of himself capable of dreaming the dream and living the lie.[41]

In spite of this confession and the sympathy it elicits from Marlow, Jim remains an exile. In fact after the jump he is, like Raskolnikov after the murder, even more exiled than before; previously he was only in a kind of egoistic self-exile, but now he is quite literally exiled and cut off from the rest of society. He describes his leap into the lifeboat in terms that suggest this kind of estrangement; it is a leap "into an everlasting deep hole." Marlow comments upon this metaphor, noting: "Nothing could be more true: he had jumped into an everlasting deep hole. He had tumbled from a height he could never scale again" (87). Jim is forever cut off from his fellows; yet he does not succumb to depression or contemplate suicide. Instead he garners strength from his isolation and chooses to stand trial, alone, as the initial part of his redemptive process: "The proper thing was to face it out--alone for myself--wait for another chance--to find out..." (102). Jim the loner, Jim the dreamer, Jim the egoist still does not comprehend his moral failure; consequently he sees even his isolation as the heroic start at another chance to live out a glorious

fantasy.[42]

Because of Marlow's empathy for Jim, he intervenes to help Jim get the chance to redeem himself. After hearing Jim's confession, Marlow notes his increased need for isolation: "On all the round earth, which to some seems so big and that others affect to consider as rather smaller than a mustard-seed, he had no place where he could--what shall I say?--where he could withdraw. That's it. Withdraw--be alone with his loneliness" (129). And later Marlow says: "He was protected by his isolation, alone of his own superior kind, in close touch with Nature, that keeps faith on such easy terms with her lovers" (133). Therefore, Marlow writes a letter of recommendation that Jim uses to secure several jobs. Unfortunately, Jim's past is inevitably discovered at each job, and he feels compelled to leave and run from his past, all the while experiencing inner as well as outer exile. Marlow notes after one of these episodes of discovery: "It was pitiful to see how he shrank within himself" (151). Eventually Marlow introduces Jim to Stein, a German trader who arranges a job for Jim at one of his obscure posts in the jungle, Patusan.[43] It is here that Jim does begin to live out his dreams; in addition, here he meets the only other person besides Marlow who helps him break out of his exile, Jewel, his half-caste lover.

Jim's relationship with Jewel develops over a matter of time--after he ascends the Patusan river in a manner

Marlow describes as prosaic, unsafe, extravagantly casual, and lonely--after he establishes himself as arbiter for the warring native tribes--and after he disenfranchises the former agent for Stein. He lives out many of his glorious dreams in the jungle, and he recovers some sense of honor and respect.[44] As a result Jewel is won over to Jim; he symbolizes for her the exotic outside world. In some ways she is as much a romantic as Jim since her view of him is filtered through a partial and idealized lens. He comes from the mysterious outside, and, in an almost melodramatic way, she worships him. What she does not know (and later will not believe) is that Jim is not in Patusan because he is a god-like explorer, but rather because he is a dishonored outcast. Fortunately she saves Jim from a plot against his life (one of the most romantic and heroic scenes in the novel), and this act so affects Jim that a sexual relationship naturally follows. In fact, Jim's love for Jewel helps him through some of the painful memories of the past: "I-I love her dearly. More than I could tell. Of course one cannot tell. You take a different view of your actions when you come to understand, when you are made to understand every day that your existence is necessary--you see, absolutely necessary--to another person. I am made to feel that" (225).

Just as she has saved him, he sees that he has saved her: "But only try to think what her life had been. It is

too extravagantly awful! Isn't it? And me finding her here like this--as you may go out for a stroll and come suddenly upon somebody drowning in a lonely place. Jove! No time to lose. Well, it is a trust, too... I believe I am equal to it..." (225). The drowning metaphor here ironically recalls Jim's earlier failure although Jim does not see this; instead, he can only see the glorious deed he is doing in loving Jewel. Nevertheless, Jim has not forgotten why he is in Patusan, in spite of his happiness with Jewel: "I've been only two years here, and now, upon my word, I can't conceive being able to lie anywhere else. The very thought of the world outside is enough to give me a fright; because, don't you see... I have not forgotten why I came here. Not yet!" (226).

Because Jim cannot forget why he is in Patusan, there is a real sense in which he remains exiled from both the larger community and Jewel as well. Later when Marlow finds himself alone with Jewel, we see this as she pressures Marlow into revealing something of Jim's past. She knows there is "something he can never forget" (233). She fears this: "He says he had been afraid. How can I believe this?" (233). Marlow assures her that Jim will stay in Patusan and never leave her because "the world did not want him, it had forgotten him, it would not even know him" (236). When, in a scene that recalls Marlow with Kurtz's Intended, she asks why the world does not want him, Marlow answers: "Because he is

not good enough" (236). Instead of believing Marlow, she cries: "This is the very thing he said.... You lie!" (236). Jewel's idealized image of Jim blocks any hint of failure, and, paradoxically, exacerbates Jim's exile since a truth she will not accept will always be between them.

In addition, Jim remains essentially exiled from Jewel because of his compulsion to live out his ideas of glory in Patusan to the point of death. At the novel's end Jim offers his own life in place of his best friend's (Dain Waris) who was killed because of Jim's decision to give Gentleman Brown and his band of cutthroat pirates safe passage out of their besieged position in Patusan. Once again the extent of Jim's exile is noted by Marlow: "Loneliness was closing in on him. People had trusted him with their lives..., and yet they could never...never be made to understand him" (302). With Jewel the vast chasm that separates them is underscored: "He was inflexible, and with the growing loneliness of his obstinacy his spirit seemed to rise above the ruins of his existence. She cried 'Fight!' into his ear. She could not understand. There was nothing to fight for. He was going to prove his power in another way and conquer the fatal destiny itself" (302). Jim's determination to "conquer the fatal destiny itself" is a throwback to his early dreams as a young seaman. He may have failed then; he will not fail now.

In opting to sacrifice himself, he finalizes his

personal isolation and estrangement from Jewel. Her last plea reminds him of his promise never to leave her: "Do you remember the night I prayed you to leave me, and you said that you could not? That it was impossible! Impossible! Do you remember you said you would never leave me?" (304). The irony here is important: Jim has never truly been with her, body and soul. That which he can never forget has always divided them and becomes the catalyst for their final separation. She will not accept his decision: "The girl was then on her knees, with clasped hand, at the water-gate. She remained thus for a time in a supplicating attitude before she sprang up. 'You are false!' she screamed out after Jim. 'Forgive me,' he cried. 'Never! Never!' she called back" (305). Again, ironically, we see that while for Jewel her cry means he is false to her, to Jim it is another reminder of his earlier failure, and it provides him with yet another reason to embrace his death as a glorious victory. He will expiate his failure on the Patna through his death in Patusan; his death, then, is the final stage of a life ever lived in exile.

In conclusion, Raskolnikov and Jim, though egotists who are pulled powerfully by ideas, differ in their ultimate responses to those ideas. Raskolnikov is finally able to break out of exile by rejecting the ideas of utilitarian morality and Napoleonic pride. Ironically it is in a literal Siberian exile that he finds he cannot live alone, above the

morals and values of society; there occurs the "beginning of a new story, the story of the gradual renewal of a man, of his gradual regeneration, of his slow progress from one world to another, of how he learned to know a hitherto undreamed-of reality" (465). His literal exile leads to a personal and societal reconciliation. Jim, on the other, remains intent to the very end upon his idea of self-glory. Ever the loner and outcast, he embraces his death willingly: "Not in the wildest days of his boyish visions could he have seen the alluring shape of such an extraordinary success! For it may very well be that in the short moment of his last proud and unflinching glance, he had beheld the face of that opportunity which, like an Eastern bride, had come veiled to his side" (307). In spite of what appears to be a meaningless sacrifice on Jim's part, he finds in death the fulfillment of his glorious dreams of heroism.

Notes

[1] It is germane here to state why I am not analyzing Crime and Punishment and Under Western Eyes. The most compelling reason is that many such studies have already been done, concentrating especially upon the striking similarities in protagonists, plot, and theme. Much is made in these studies of Conrad's irony in Under Western Eyes as

if he purposely parodies Crime and Punishment. I could add little to what others have already said in this regard. The second reason I have not chosen to study Under Western Eyes is simple: Jim is a much better example of an egotist than Razumov.

[2] Albert Guerard, Conrad the Novelist (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1958), pp. 146-147.

[3] Albert Guerard, The Triumph of the Novel: Dickens, Dostoyevsky, and Faulkner (New York: Oxford University Press, 1976), p. 174.

[4] Philip Rahv, "Dostoevsky in Crime and Punishment," in Dostoevsky: A Collection of Critical Essays, ed. Rene Wellek (Englewood Cliffs, N. J.: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1962), p. 20.

[5] Malcolm Jones, Dostoyevsky: The Novel of Discord (New York: Barnes and Noble, 1976), p. 67.

[6] Guerard, The Triumph of the Novel, p. 175.

[7] Feodor Dostoevsky, The Notebooks for Crime and Punishment, trans. Edward Wasiolek (Chicago: Chicago University Press, 1967), p. 171.

[8] Avrahm Yarmolinsky, Dostoevsky: His Life and Art (n. c., N. J.: S. G. Phillips, Inc., 1957), p. 208.

[9] Feodor Dostoevsky, Crime and Punishment, trans. Jessie Coulson, ed. George Gibian (New York: Norton, 1975), p. 1 (all subsequent references in text).

[10] The Notebooks for Crime and Punishment, pp.

171-72.

[11] Mochulsky, p. 274.

[12] Joseph Frank, "The World of Raskolnikov," in Twentieth Century Interpretations of Crime and Punishment, ed. Robert L. Jackson (Englewood Cliffs, N. J.: Prentice-Hall Inc., 1974), pp. 83-84.

[13] Dostoyevsky's most bitter attack on utilitarianism is found in his characterization of Andrey Semonovich Lebezyatnikov in Crime and Punishment (see especially p. 313ff).

[14] Notebooks, p. 42.

[15] Another instance of this is when Raskolnikov tries to help a young drunken prostitute from a man bent on preying on her. He helps her and then belittles himself for even bothering (see p. 40ff).

[16] For a careful analysis of this dream see Raymond Wilson, "Raskolnikov's Dream in Crime and Punishment," Literature and Psychology, 26 (1975), 159-66.

[17] Robert L. Jackson, "Philosophical Pro and Contra in Part One of Crime and Punishment," in his Twentieth Century Interpretations of Crime and Punishment, p. 33.

[18] Jackson, p. 35.

[19] Notebooks, p. 188.

[20] Notebooks, pp. 205-06.

[21] Notebooks, p. 228.

[22] Notebooks, p. 187.

[23] Ironically, however, Dostoyevsky follows this scene with a dream in which Raskolnikov hears his landlady receive a terrible beating at the hands of one of the police officials who has just examined him. The dream once again shows the psychological turmoil going on within him. He is not really superior and capable of soaring over his guilt. He is ever haunted by the crime.

[24] Notebooks, p. 172.

[25] Guerard, Conrad the Novelist, p. 126.

[26] B. J. Paris, A Psychological Approach to Fiction: Studies in Thackeray, Stendhal, George Eliot, Dostoyevsky and Conrad (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1974), p. 215.

[27] Jeffrey Berman, "Conrad's Lord Jim and the Enigma of Sublimination," American Imago, 33 (1976), 382-83.

[28] Paris says: "From a psychological perspective, Jim's behavior is completely consistent, and his story is perfectly unified. His central motivation throughout is the protection of his pride; and his story is that of a man who lives without being cured, who follows his neurotic solution on to the end. Its major episodes involve threats to his idealized image, his maneuvers in its defense, and his final vindictive triumphs" (p. 244).

[29] See C. S. Lewis, An Experiment in Criticism (London: Cambridge University Press, 1969), p. 50ff.

[30] Joseph Conrad, Lord Jim (New York: New

American Library, 1961), p. 11 (all subsequent references in text).

[31] Adam Gillon, The Eternal Solitary (New York: Bookman, 1960), expounds upon this notion: "The Romantic Man is condemned to isolation by the nature of his endeavor, which is to view life through the prism of his personal illusion. The various elements of the universe, the real and the ideal, the natural and the supernatural, are fused by the power of his imagination into a dream which he will pursue relentlessly and with little thought about the possible consequences of his actions. He is a possessed man who recognizes but one kind of reality--that of his imagination, of his personal belief" (p. 59).

[32] Jeremy Hawthorne, Joseph Conrad: Language and Fictional Self-Consciousness (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1978), pp. 38-39.

[33] Gillon, p. 81.

[34] In The English Novel: Form and Function (New York: Harper and Row, 1961), Dorothy Van Ghent offers a powerful summary of Jim's problem at this point: "The impossiblity of escape from the dark companion within leaves a man more perfectly alone in this world because he has that companion--who is always and only himself. The physical settings of Jim's career concretize his isolation. In constant flight from the self that he reads on men's lips but that he refuses to acknowledge except as a freakish injustice

of circumstances, and, as he flees, pursuing the heroic ideal which would reconstitute him the ranks of men where his salvation lies,...he comes finally to Patusan, ascends the river to the heart of the island, unarmed...--ascends, that is, the dark paths of his own being back to its source" (p. 235).

[35] Furthermore, Marlow's emphasis on the powerful positive image of Jim's appearance here is like Jim's dreamy idea of himself. Marlow says, paradoxically: "He was outwardly so typical of that good, stupid kind we like to feel marching right and left of us in life, of the kind that is not disturbed by the vagaries of intelligence and the perversions of--of nerves, let us say. He was the kind of fellow you would, on the strength of his looks, leave in charge of the deck--figuratively and professionally speaking" (38). Jim looks the part he dreams for himself; he just cannot live it out.

[36] Theo Steinmann, "Lord Jim's Progression through Homology," Ariel, 5, (1974), 81.

[37] Guerard, Conrad the Novelist, p. 143.

[38] Guerard, p. 145.

[39] Van Ghent says : "Jim's shocking encounter with himself at the moment of his jump from the Patna is a model of those moments when the destiny each person carries within him, the destiny fully molded in the unconscious will, lifts its blind head from the dark, drinks blood, and

speaks.... [Because his jump] is a paradigm of the encounter of the conscious personality with the stranger within, the stranger who is the very self of the self, the significance of Jim's story is our own significance, contained in the enigmatic relationship between the conscious will and the fatality of our acts" (p. 229).

[40] Van Ghent, p. 236.

[41] Guerard argues that Marlow "is loyal to Jim as one must be to another or potential self, to the criminally weak self that may still exist" (p. 147).

[42] Guerard notes: "The impulse to discriminate between what we are and what we do, or to dissociate ourselves from what exists in our unconscious is a form ancient enough of making excuses" (pp. 127-28).

[43] Stein's evaluation of Jim's idealism is the best one in the novel: "I understand [Jim] very well. He is romantic.... He wants to be a saint, and he wants to be a devil--and every time he shuts his eyes he sees himself as a very fine fellow--so fine as he can never be... In a dream" (p. 159).

[44] John Saveson claims in "Marlow's Psychological Vocabulary in Lord Jim," (Texas Studies in Literature and Language, 12 [1970], 457-70) that Jim "illustrates that uncommon individuals, disoriented from society by egoism and circumstance, if they escape the assault of the 'dark' Powers, forge for themselves an ethos

out of romantic and ideal aspiration and a certain regard for and desire to exceed commonplace morality" (p. 464).

CHAPTER V

THE EXILE AS SCEPTIC

The final pair of exiles, Ivan Karamazov from The Brothers Karamazov (1880) and Martin Decoud from Nostromo (1904) are linked because of shared scepticisms. Both doubt that life has meaning and both question the purpose of existence. In addition, since both are writers and intellectuals, they place a high premium on the value of reason. At the same time, however, they recognize that reason alone cannot give life meaning. Consequently, each man becomes involved both in causes and romantic relationships as ways of giving life meaning; unfortunately, neither man is capable of escaping his own exile from the world in spite of his devotion to causes or women. Neither can really break out of his exile because of his deep sense of scepticism. As a result, both suffer personal disintegration.

The Brothers Karamazov has been hailed as "the most magnificent novel ever written,"[1] and as "the summit from which we see the organic unity of [Dostoyevsky's] whole creative work disclosed. Everything that he experienced, thought, and created finds its place in this vast synthesis."[2] Parricide, tortured men/women relationships, the role of the unconscious, egoism, good

versus evil, and many other common Dostoyevskian themes constitute this novel. Of special interest is the relationship between the brothers--Mitya (Dmitri), Ivan, Alyosha (Alexey)--and their individual relationships with their father, Fyodor. Although Mitya and Alyosha are significant literary creations in themselves, it is in Ivan that Dostoyevsky culminates his study of man in exile.

Ivan Karamazov is a unique exile in Dostoyevsky's fiction because he is the only one who is cut off from others even in early childhood.[3] After his mother dies, Ivan and his brothers are neglected by his father; unlike Mitya and Alyosha, however, Ivan is not immediately cared for by another adult in a warm, personal way.[4] Mitya, although passed from one relative to another, at least initially has a cousin who makes a concerted effort to see that he is provided for. Alyosha is watched over by another heir to his mother's estate, who "took a personal interest in the orphans [Ivan and Alyosha]. He became especially fond of the younger, Alexey, who lived for a long while as one of the family."[5] This same heir gives Ivan a home, but perhaps not the same amount of personal affection since we read "that [Ivan] grew into a somewhat morose and reserved, though far from timid boy" (11-12). Ivan apparently comprehends early on the reality of exile: "At ten years old he had realized that they were living not in their own home but on other people's charity" (12).

It is not surprising then that Ivan's relationship with his father is not close. He makes no great attempt "to communicate with his father, perhaps from pride, from contempt for him, or perhaps from his cool common sense, which told him that from such a father he would get no real assistance" (12). Yet eventually he comes to reside in his father's house; in spite of the fact that his father cheats him and keeps him away from his rightful inheritance, Ivan lives the two months previous to his father's death in his father's house and "they were on the best possible terms" (13). This kind of unexpected reaction to his father's early rejection makes Ivan an enigmatic figure; in fact, Alyosha later says: "Dmitri says of you--Ivan is a tomb! I say of you, Ivan is a riddle" (238). Passages like this undergird the essential isolation of Ivan; he is a brooding, thoughtful, melancholic character who remains aloof and generally inacessible to others.

Part of Ivan's cool, detached relationship with the world and others about him stems from his great intellectual ability. Even early on his precociousness is singular: "This boy began very early, almost in his infancy (so they say at least), to show a brilliant and unusual aptitude for learning" (12). As a result, Ivan pursues a career in writing, producing newspaper pieces "so interesting and piquant that they were soon [published]" (12). Such efforts show "the young man's practical and intellectual superiority"

so that later when he attends the university it is not surprising that he publishes "brilliant reviews of books upon various special subjects, [becoming] well known in literary circles" (12). Ivan writes an article on ecclesiastical courts in which he seems to argue both sides of the question, thereby enlisting the support of opposing factions. A discussion of this article in Father Zossima's cell reveals three important aspects of Ivan's scepticism and exile.

First, it becomes clear that Ivan's alienation from others is dependent upon his view of God. When he asserts that "there is no virtue if there is not immortality," he shocks Dmitri and comes to inspire the murderer, Smerdyakov. Such a statement necessarily offends many and further isolates Ivan.

Second, Father Zossima quickly puts his finger on the exact nature of Ivan's problem with God: "The question [of immortality] is still fretting your heart, and not answered.... Meanwhile, in your despair, you, too, divert yourself with magazine articles, and discussions in society, though you don't believe your own arguments, and with an aching heart mock at them inwardly.... That question you have not answered, and it is your great grief, for it clamours for an answer" (70). Rather than criticizing Ivan for making such an assertion, Zossima says: "But thank the Creator who had given you a lofty heart capable of such suffering; of thinking and seeking higher things, for our dwelling is in

the heavens. God grant that your heart will attain the answer on earth, and may God bless your path" (70). That is, Zossima recognizes Ivan's great capacity for belief regardless of his intellectual difficulties.

Third, before Zossima can follow all this up by giving Ivan a blessing, Ivan gets up, goes over to Zossima, kneels for the blessing, and "kissing his hand went back to his place in silence. His face looked firm and earnest" (70). Ivan, while an exile because of his unbelief, sees in Zossima an honesty and faith that are worthy of respect. Yet, Ivan's intellectual prowess is detailed early on so that we will understand his sceptical nature. Deprived of a home where human affection and warmth might exist, Ivan turns instead to the power of analytical reason. Though he may admire Zossima, it is little wonder that throughout the novel he remains sceptical about the existence of God and the reality of human values; not surprisingly, this scepticism reinforces his exile.

Ivan's scepticism about God is a central concern of the novel. At various points he claims both to believe and not to believe in God. During the first meeting between Ivan, Alyosha, and Fyodor, the old man teases both of his sons by asking whether or not there is a God. While Alyosha answers affirmatively, Ivan says: "No, there is no God.... There is no immortality either.... [There is] absolute nothingness" (139-40). Yet the next day in a tavern he tells

Alyosha that he does believe in God: "And therefore I tell you that I accept God simply" (243). Still later during a "conversation" with the devil, Ivan is uncertain: "Is there a God or not?" (681). The real problem for Ivan is really not the existence of God; it is the very human problem of understanding a world of imperfection created by a perfect God. That is, as a rationalist, Ivan desires the world to function according to the laws of logic. He tells Alyosha: "If God exists and if He really did create the world, then, as we all know, He created it according to the geometry of Euclid and the human mind with the conception of only three dimensions in space" (243). Unfortunately, as Ivan goes to great lengths to illustrate to Alyosha, things that happen in God's world are not always logical.

A big part of Ivan's difficulty with the logic of God's world is his own internal confusion; he is divided against himself in many ways.[6] For instance, he prefaces his long conversation with Alyosha by saying: "Do you know I've been sitting here thinking to myself: that if I didn't believe in life, if I lost faith in the woman I love, lost faith in the order of things, were convinced that everything is a disorderly, damnable, and perhaps devil-ridden chaos, if I were struck by every horror of man's disillusionment--still I should want to live and, having once tasted of the cup, I would not turn away from it till I had drained it!" (238). Regardless of the apparent meaninglessness of God's world,

Ivan pledges his faith in the ultimate meaning of existence: "I have a longing for life, and I go on living in spite of logic. Though I may not believe in the order of the universe, yet I love the sticky little leaves as they open in the spring. I love the blue sky.... That's all it is. It's not a matter of intellect or logic, it's loving with one's inside, with one's stomach" (239). Such a confession is rare for Ivan because its emphasis on feeling and compassion contradicts his more frequent cerebral notions and indicates the kind of internal division he experiences.[7]

Of course Ivan's rejection of God's world exiles him not only from God, but also from other men. For instance, he begins his explanation of why he does not accept God's world by saying: "I could never understand how one can love one's neighbors. It's just one's neighbors, to my mind, that one can't love, though one might love those at a distance.... I know nothing of [love] so far, and can't understand it, and the innumerable mass of mankind are with me there" (245). Part of Ivan's difficulty in accepting the notion of human love stems from his own neglected, loveless childhood; consequently, "he cannot conceive the possibility of loving one's neighbour, i. e. the people around one because there had been so blighting a lack of love between the adults in his childhood world."[8] In addition, human love, since it is not a rational, logical process, is foreign and strange to Ivan. In effect, he cannot accept either the idea of God's

or man's love because neither "makes sense." He claims that "to my thinking, Christ-like love for men is a miracle impossible on earth" (246). At the root of Ivan's rejection of God's world and the possibility of sacrifical love is his inability to accept human suffering, particularly the suffering of innocent children. He argues that punishing children for "the sins of their father's" is reasoning "of the other world and is incomprehensible for the heart of man here on earth. The innocent must not suffer for another's sins, and especially such innocents!" (246).

In a long discourse to Alyosha, Ivan recounts many instances of recorded child abuse: children mutilated by conquering armies, children tortured by sadistic parents, children murdered by crazed nobles. Such occurrences in a world created by a supposedly loving God are nonsense to Ivan. He cannot accept such a contradiction: "If all must suffer to pay for the eternal harmony, what have children to do with it, tell me, please? It's beyond all comprehension why they should suffer, and why they should pay for the harmony.... It's not worth the tears of that one tortured child who beat itself on the breast with its little fist and prayed in its stinking outhouse, with its unexpiated tears to 'dear, kind God'!" (253-54). Logic, the inborn guide God gave man, demands, requires justice and the notion of suffering love is not logical. So it is that he declares to Alyosha: "It's not God that I don't accept, Alyosha, only I

most repectfully return Him the ticket" (254).[9]

What Ivan fails to see is that by rejecting God's world, he rejects God too. In the famous story within a story, "The Grand Inquisitor," Ivan's rejection of God, or at least his holding at arm's length the fact of God's existence, is crystallized.[10] To the old cardinal, Christ's unexpected return is illogical and disturbing, principally because it will upset so many of the people who are satisfied with how the Church is providing for their spiritual and physical needs. He argues with Christ that He left the world in the care of the Church, and, consequently, any new appearance or teaching of Christ will cause turmoil: "Thou mayest not add to what has been said of old, and mayest not take from man the freedom which Thou didst exalt when thou wast on earth" (260). Christ's miracles, clearly illogical from the old cardinal's point of view, are unacceptable since they burden mankind with the truth of God's reality as well as the obligation to follow Christ's teachings completely. Such truths are too heavy for man to bear. The cardinal then contrasts Christ's irrational offer to man of spiritual freedom and the ensuing responsibility such freedom necessitates with the "dread spirit's," the devil's, offer of peace and security to mankind without the heavy responsibility of freedom. In a real sense, Ivan and the Grand Inquisitor desire a world that makes sense--a world where fairness, security, and justice prevail--regardless of

the cost, even if it means the loss of personal responsibility in terms of moral choice. They opt for a logical world under the hand of the devil rather an illogical world under the hand of God.[11]

Yet this kind of thinking furthers Ivan's exile from others. For example, at the end of Ivan's story of the cardinal and Christ, Alyosha identifies Ivan with the cleric: "You don't believe in God" (272). When Ivan protests that his tale "is only a senseless poem of a senseless student....[who wants] to live on to thirty, and then...dash the cup to the ground" (272), Alyosha counters by saying: "But the little sticky leaves, and the precious tombs, and the blue sky, and the woman you love! How will you live, how will you love them?... With such a hell in your heart and your head, how can you?" (272). Ivan's conflicting motives confuse Alyosha and serve to alienate the brothers, in spite of Ivan's sincere confession to Alyosha: "I thought that going away from here I have you at least...but now I see that there is no place for me even in your heart, my dear hermit" (273).

However, Ivan does attempt to reach out to one person who he hopes can shatter his exile: Katerina Ivanovna. Although he loves her to distraction, she continually puts him off because she feels compelled to "self-laceration" in pretended love for Mitya, a man who once saved her father's name and spared her sexually as well. Katerina's feelings

for Mitya fluctuate wildly; at one moment she pities him while at the next she despises him. At the same time she chooses to confide her feelings for Mitya in Ivan, aware of Ivan's own feelings for her. Her cruelty or at least callousness at this point tortures Ivan, and he notes her fickleness readily: "Your life, Katerina Ivanovna, will henceforth be spent in painful brooding over your own feelings, your own heroism, and your own sufferings" (196). He follows this by announcing his intention to leave for Moscow, an announcement that both pleases and disturbs her. Even Alyosha recognizes that she is "torturing Ivan, simply because you love him--and torturing him, because you love Dmitri through 'self-laceration'--with an unreal love" (198).

When she protests, Ivan reveals his own knowledge of her inability to love sincerely: "Katerina Ivanovna has never cared for me! She has known all the time that I cared for her--though I never said a word of my love to her--she knew, but she didn't care for me. I have never been her friend either, not for one moment; she is too proud to need my friendship. She kept me at her side as a means of revenge. She revenged with me and on me all the insults which she has been continually receiving from Dmitri ever since their first meeting.... I am going now; but believe me, Katerina Ivanovna, you really love him. And the more he insults you, the more you love him--that's your 'laceration.' You love him just as he is; you love him for insulting you"

(198-99). He adds just before leaving that he will no longer endure her: "I am too young and I've loved you too much.... I am going far away, and shall never come back.... It is for ever. I don't want to sit beside a 'laceration'.... Good-bye! I don't want your hand. You have tortured me too deliberately for me to be able to forgive you at this moment" (199).

In spite of this kind of invective, later in the novel, after his father's murder and his return from Moscow, Ivan's affections for Katerina are still powerful: "On his return from Moscow, he abandoned himself hopelessly to his mad and consuming passion for Katerina Ivanovna.... He loved her madly, though at times he hated her so that he might have murdered her" (647-48). And in a measure she later returns his affections, but her commitment is incomplete: "Shattered by what had happened with Mitya, she rushed on Ivan's return to meet him as her one salvation.... Here the man had come back to her, who had loved her so ardently before (oh, she knew that very well).... But the sternly virtuous girl did not abandon herself altogether to the man she loved.... She was continually tormented at the same time by remorse for having deserted Mitya, and in moments of discord and violent anger...she told Ivan so plainly" (648). These two energetic souls are hard on each other: "They were like two enemies in love with one another. Katerina Ivanovna's 'returns' to Mitya, that is, her brief but violent revulsions of feeling

in his favour, drove Ivan to perfect frenzy" (657). Katerina's inability to love freely serves to sever Ivan's contact with others. He seeks to break out of the intellectual exile caused by his scepticism through the affection he feels for Katerina, but she rebuffs him.

Rejected in love and himself rejecting God and His world, Ivan's scepticism deepens and his position becomes more and more isolated. It is little wonder that he sinks into depression. Immediately after his first break with Katerina, he "was overcome by insufferable depression" (274). Initially he does not find this unusual since "he had often been depressed before" (275). In fact, he looks forward to being again "as solitary as ever" (275). However, soon he realizes his depression is due to an outside influence: "What made his depression so vexatious and irritating was that it had a kind of casual, external character--he felt that. Some person or thing seemed to be standing out somewhere" (275). He recognizes that the source of his depression is Smerdyakov. As Ivan considers it, what irritates him the most about Smerdyakov "was the peculiar revolting familiarity which Smerdyakov began to show more and more markedly.... [He acted as if] there was some sort of understanding between him and Ivan Fyodorovitch. He always spoke in a tone that suggested that those two had some kind of secret compact, some secret between them" (276-77).

Ivan's uncomfortable feelings regarding Smerdyakov

are central to understanding the extent of his estrangement from others and himself at this point. Consciously he rejects any kind of relationship with Smerdyakov; unconsciously, however, he tacitly accepts one. That is, Ivan "is alternately attracted and repelled: he hates the smirking, contemptible lackey, and yet he cannot tear himself away from him. He cannot because Smerdyakov lies in his soul."[12] Proof of this comes during his conversation with Smerdyakov when Ivan reveals his intention to leave for Moscow the following morning. Interestingly, Ivan "wondered himself what need there was to say this then to Smerdyakov" (283). In the remainder of this scene an unannounced pact or collusion develops between them; that is, while Ivan does not really understand what is happening, Smerdyakov interprets Ivan's timely departure as tacit agreement that Fyodor should be murdered, with Smerdyakov's alibi a feigned epileptic fit. Ivan's alienation from himself is emphasized when he awakens later that night: "There were no thoughts in his brain, but something very vague, and, above all, intense excitement. He felt himself that he had lost his bearings" (285). Ivan's disorientation increases from this point on, and his alienation from others grows as well.

For example, when he returns from Moscow, his isolation is repeatedly underscored. In addition, he cuts himself off from Alyosha; at one point he tells his brother: "Alexey Fyodorovitch...I can't endure prophets and

epileptics--messengers from God especially--and you know that only too well. I break off all relations with you from this moment and probably for ever" (638-39). Immediately afterwards Ivan returns to his lodgings and we note that he "had become remarkably indifferent to his comforts of late, and very fond of being alone. He did everything for himself in the one room he lived in, and rarely entered any of the other rooms in his abode" (639). Furthermore, he is estranged from Mitya: "He positively disliked Mitya, at most felt sometimes a compassion for him, and even that was mixed with great contempt, almost repugnance. Mitya's whole personality, even his appearance, was extremely unattractive to him" (640). Given this kind of alienation, as well as scepticism about the meaningfulness of life, it is little wonder that Ivan rapidly loses all rational perspective.

The extent of Ivan's separation from others and himself climaxes in the three interviews he has with Smerdyakov after his father's death. In each instance he has strong suspicions that Smerdyakov is the murderer. Initially Ivan hears from Alyosha suspicions against Smerdyakov, and so it is that he confronts Smerdyakov during their first meeting, especially regarding Smerdyakov's presentiments about his epileptic fit the day of the murder. Although he grills him carefully concerning all the details of his fit, Ivan cannot detect any flaws in Smerdyakov's story. When he leaves "his chief feeling was one of relief at the fact that

it was not Smerdyakov, but Mitya, who had committed the murder, though he might have been expected to feel the opposite" (647). Ivan's discomfort highlights the kind of internal division he is experiencing: "He did not want to analyse the reason for this feeling, and even felt a positive repugnance at prying into his sensations. He felt as though he wanted to make haste to forget something" (647). That desire to forget something suggests his earlier unconscious pact with Smerdyakov, an agreement he cannot stop being haunted by.

During the second conversation Ivan insists on bringing their subtle relationship out into the open.[13] He asks: "Have I entered into some sort of compact with you?" (650). When Smerdyakov replies that Ivan knew beforehand that his father would be murdered, and, subsequently had left on purpose so that no blame might be attached to him, Ivan is shocked. In addition, Smerdyakov suggests that Ivan wanted his father murdered and that although he may not have been capable of committing the murder himself, "as for wanting some one else to do it, that was just what you did want" (652). He goes on to intimate that Ivan knew Mitya was capable of murdering his father under the right circumstances, and, in fact, hoped he would do so. However, the most revealing passage is Smerdyakov's claim that Ivan also believed him capable of the murder and that Ivan's trip to Moscow was just an excuse for him to

leave the house so that Smerdyakov could commit the crime: "For if you had any foreboding about me and yet went away, you as good as said to me, 'You can murder my parent, I won't hinder you'" (653). Ivan leaves in a fury, considering at one point going to the authorities with this information but realizing later no proof could be offered against Smerdyakov. More importantly, he recognizes that he did have a subtle agreement with Smerdyakov: "Yes, I expected it [the murder] then, that's true! I wanted the murder, I did want the murder! Did I want the murder? Did I want it?" (655).[14]

In this state of confusion he rushes to Katerina, tells her everything, and insists on going to the authorities. For a time she calms him down by showing him an incriminating letter Mitya had written the night of the murder in which he promises to break his father's skull. Eventually, however, Ivan is drawn to Smerdyakov for one final confrontation. After a good deal of badgering by Ivan, Smerdyakov confesses: "You murdered him; you are the real murderer, I was only your instrument, your faithful servant, and it was following your words I did it!" (661). When Ivan understands that Smerdyakov has indeed committed the murder under the auspices of his "Everything is lawful" theory, he quickly slips into brain fever and this leads to schizophrenia.[15] Dostoyevsky has already prepared us for this final alienation since earlier Katerina has a doctor examine Ivan and conclude: "He'll end in madness" (657).

Furthermore, immediately after Ivan's final interview with Smerdyakov, he sees a doctor himself, and the doctor comments about the nature of his illness: "Hallucinations are quite likely in your condition.... Though it would be better to verify them.... You must take steps at once, without a moments's delay, or things will go badly with you" (673). The split in Ivan's personality causes the problem; on the one side there is his ever sceptical, ever argumentative personality of "The Grand Inquisitor" story and on the other side there is his dark, demonic self who is actually personified before him as the devil.

In a long dialogue between the two sides of Ivan's personality, we see clearly his struggle with belief. It may be argued that his scepticism is characterized primarily by indecisiveness; that is, while he tends to reject certain ideas and beliefs, he often is confused as to what he should do in response to those ideas or beliefs. His difficulty with God and God's world is a case in point. During his "talk" with the devil we see Ivan's indecisiveness ever more clearly; that is, he now seems to want to believe in a God he cannot see while he wants to deny the existence of the devil he can see right before him. Lest we see this conversation as an isolated incident of Ivan's schizophrenia, Dostoyevsky sprinkles throughout this dialogue references to earlier "meetings" between the two sides of Ivan's personality. Ivan screams at one point: "You won't drive me to fury, as you

did last time" (675).

A thorough examination of his schizophrenic episode, the ultimate step in personal exile, reveals several important things. First, Ivan seems to realize consciously at the beginning of his conversation that the devil he sees is really only a hallucination, a figment of his imagination. He says: "I sometimes don't see you and don't even hear your voice as I did last time, but I always guess what you are prating, for it's I, I myself speaking, not you (Dostoyevsky's emphasis, 675). Later he adds: "You are a lie, you are my illness, you are a phantom. It's only that I don't know how to destroy you and I see I must suffer for a time. You are my hallucination. You are the incarnation of myself, but only one side of me...of my thoughts and feelings, but only the nastiest and stupidest of them" (676). Still later he notes that "you are myself, myself, only with a different face. You just say what I am thinking...and are incapable of saying anything new!" (676). Eventually, however, Ivan is so internally disturbed that he fails to see the devil as the other side of his own personality. When the devil says, "I say original things which [have] not entered your head before" (678), Ivan's grasp on the reality of the moment begins to slip and he has to exert "himself to the utmost not to believe in the delusion and not to sink into complete insanity" (679). By the end of their interview, Ivan accepts the physical reality of his other side.[16]

To Alyosha he cries: "It was not a dream! No, I swear it was not a dream, it all happened just now!" (689).

The second significant point is the central topic of discussion: the reality of God's existence. Once again we see Ivan's scepticism challenged by an innate desire to believe. He demands of the devil: "Is there a God or not?" (681).[17] In answer the devil gives an opinion worthy of his creator: "My dear fellow, upon my word I don't know" (681). When Ivan threatens to kill him, the devil replies: "I maintain that nothing need be destroyed, that we only need to destroy the idea of God in man, that's how we have to set to work.... As soon as men have all of them denied God...man will be lifted up with a spirit of divine Titanic pride and the man-god will appear" (688). Playing further on Ivan's earlier statements, the devil says: "Since there is anyway no God and immortality, the new man may well become the man-god, even if he is the only one in the whole world, and promoted to his new position, he may lightheartedly overstep all the barriers of the old morality of the old slave-man" (688). In this echo of Raskolnikov, Dostoyevsky's devil finally reveals to Ivan the ultimate conclusion his kind of thought leads to: "There is no law for God. Where God stands, the place is holy. Where I stand will be at once the foremost place...'all things are lawful' and that's the end of it!" (688).[18]

When Ivan hears that the implication of his idea about God and virtue will lead man to assume the place of God, he finally snaps mentally and throws a glass at his devil on the other side of the room, breaking for the moment the stranglehold his dark side has on him. Ivan's isolation, rationalism, and scepticism leave him completely disoriented and ineffectual. When he tries to save Mitya at the trial by openly proclaiming Smerdyakov's confession to him, he is thwarted more by his incoherent monologue than by Katerina's intervention and subsequent revelation of Mitya's incriminating letter.

In the dramatic splitting of Ivan, Dostoyevsky presents his most startling picture of the exiled man. No matter how strenuously Ivan voices his scepticisms and regardless of the sincerity of his doubts, in the end he cannot overcome his desire to believe. In this fashion he is like Raskolnikov who struggles so fiercely but unsuccessfully to cross the moral barriers with impunity. Ivan, the religious sceptic, finds that a rejection of God is psychologically destructive, and we last see him lying in an unconscious state, cared for by Katerina. Ironically, then, he finds the love and affection of Katerina only after going through the terrible ordeal of mental suffering that she partially helps to create. Ivan's scepticism is sincere and damning; in the end he finds that he cannot hope to understand, logically, either God or His world.

Unfortunately, he suffers a physical and psychic breakdown in the process.

Martin Decoud of Nostromo is Conrad's prime example of exiled man. Like Ivan, he is cut off from others because of scepticism. Decoud finds it very difficult to believe that life is meaningful; thus, throughout the novel he ironically undercuts the beliefs and causes of others, while at the same time embracing some of them. Yet Ivan and Decoud are different kinds of exiles, primarily because they have different personalities. For instance, Ivan is given to introspection wherein he tests the validity of this or that intellectual position within himself. Although he appears brooding, moody, and inaccesible, his psychological make-up includes a powerful emotional undercurrent which surfaces during his eventual breakdown. Decoud, on the other hand, is less intense both emotionally and psychologically. His attitude toward discovering life's meaning is bemused detachment. He too is given to introspection, but, unlike Ivan, Decoud does not ponder what this or that idea means to him. Instead he seems emotionally cut off from the intellectual questions he confronts, and, more often than not, he mocks the serious devotion to beliefs he encounters in others. Since he has already decided that life is essentially meaningless, he adopts a sardonic pose. Yet in the end Decoud does internalize his alienation and

estrangement with catastrophic consequences; although his personality does not split like Ivan's, Decoud, literally exiled on an uninhabited island, opts for the drastic step of self-destruction. Therefore, in spite of each man's different personality, both are unable to cope with the despair they experience in exile.

Nostromo, a novel that has been called "Conrad's most ambitious feat of imagination,"[19] "one of the great novels of the language,"[20] and "Conrad's greatest creative achievement,"[21] is also his most complete study of exiled man. That is, in addition to Decoud, almost all the major characters are cut off, isolated, separated from real contact with others. Charles Gould, who owns the San Tome silver mine, becomes so obsessed with defending his mine that he distances himself from everyone, including his wife; as a result, they are lonely and apart even though they inhabit the same house. Nostromo, the capataz de cargadores, is likewise fascinated by the silver he hopes to use in order to buy a certain degree of prestige; unfortunately, his fascination prevents his intimacy with others and leads to his eventual moral failure. Dr. Monygham, who has betrayed friends after enduring excruciating torture, rejects himself and others; he can believe in no real values or ideas. Conrad's irony, of course, is precisely this: although each character strives towards an ideal, their ultimate realization is that their ideal is an illusion.

If, as F. R. Leavis argues, the organizing principle of the novel concerns answering the question of what do men live for, then Conrad's point that ideals are only illusions undergirds Nostromo with a deep scepticism.[22] The character central to the novel's scepticism is Decoud since "his consciousness seems to permeate it, even to dominate it."[23] Decoud is like Ivan in many ways; he is a writer, an intellectual, a rationalist. Although we do not see him in his early youth as we do Ivan, we quickly come to understand him. When we first see him, he is already thirty years old, elegantly dressed and something of a dandy: "The fluffy moustache and the short, curly, golden beard did not conceal lips, rosy, fresh, almost pouting in expression."[24] More importantly, we learn the essential characteristic of Decoud's scepticism: apathy. Conrad notes that Decoud is "an idle boulevardier whose connections with journalists reflect a life of "dreary superficiality...covered by the glitter of universal blague... [Such a life] induced in him a Frenchified--but most unFrench--cosmopolitanism, in reality a mere barren indifferentism posing as intellectual superiority" (130).

Decoud's lack of interest in God is a key difference between him and Ivan. As we have seen, Ivan's scepticism has a metaphysical focus; Decoud's scepticism has no such focus. He does not care about the existence of God; the question hardly even concerns him. He does not quarrel with God or

God's world because such ideas are not important to him. For example, when a priest tells him, "You believe neither in stick nor stone," Decoud adds, "nor bottle" (165). To the priest's comment that not even a miracle could convert him, Decoud replies: "I certainly do not believe in miracles" (165). For Decoud, the universe is inhabited only by man; there can be no supernatural agent who intrudes upon the affairs of mankind. Decoud does not lament the absence of God. On the other hand, a universe peopled solely by man is a lonely place. The questions of meaning and purpose still have to be grappled with. Rejecting a metaphysical reality, Decoud embraces various human causes. In fact a good portion of the novel concerns Decoud's involvement in causes that give him a superficial reason for existence.

For example, when Decoud first arrives in Costaguana, he is pressed into service as the editor of the revolutionists' newspaper: "He was moved in spite of himself by that note of passion and sorrow unknown on the more refined stage of European politics" (133). He agrees "to take the direction of a newspaper that would 'voice the aspirations of the province'" (135). Yet he mocks much of the force behind the revolutionary movement. He argues that "there is a curse of futility" about the cause, and he notes that the revolutionaries "convulsed a continent for our independence only to become the passive prey of a democratic parody, the helpless victims of scoundrels and cut-throats,

our institutions a mockery, our laws a farce" (144). Such scepticism permeates his view of reality so that he cannot believe in either politics or journalism. He says that journalism "is not a serious occupation" (148), primarily because it is not concerned with truth. As an intellectual, he values truth but he sees little possibility for discovering truth in journalism: "Some reason, you understand, I mean some sense, may creep into thinking; some glimpse of truth. I mean some effective truth, for which there is no room in politics or journalism" (149). Consequently his acceptance of a job that makes him essentially a political propagandist is a measure of both his scepticism and apathy.

In an environment rife with political intrigues, Decoud is out of place. Still he does get caught up in the swirl of political action. Though not a patriot, he embraces the rebel cause because of "political passions" (158). Decoud's passion for politics provides him with an entertainment, a diversion from the basic emptiness of his life. Because of his scepticism he places little value in beliefs or convictions of any kind, be they social, political, or religious: "What is a conviction? A particular view of our personal advantage either practical or emotional" (158). In addition, later we read: "Martin Decoud, the dilettante in life, imagined himself to derive an artistic pleasure from watching the picturesque extreme of

wrong-headedness into which an honest, almost sacred, conviction may drive a man. 'It is like madness. It must be--because it is self-destructive,' Decoud had said to himself often. It seemed to him that every conviction, as soon as it became effective, turned into that form of dementia the gods send upon those they wish to destroy" (167). Convictions are abhorrent to him because they imply belief in something or some idea, notions he finds unsupportable. Although he allows himself to be swept up into passions, his fundamental ennui prevents him from totally embracing political commitments.

The only real commitment, in fact, Decoud has is to Antonia Avellanos, the beautiful daughter of one of the leaders of the revolution. Indeed, except for his love for her, he would have little reason to continue living.[25] Reunited with her in Costaguana after an eight year separation, he falls in love with her. Although she attacks "the aimlessness of his life and the levity of his opinions" (133), her very disdain attracts him even more. She is a woman who believes in something, and her powerful convictions about the necessity of the revolution fascinate him. Because of her, Decoud feels that "political action, such as it was, seemed closer, and acquired poignancy" (148). Thus, in spite of himself, he is drawn into her cause: "His disdain grew like a reaction of his scepticism against the action into which he was forced by his infatuation for Antonia. He

soothed himself by saying he was not a patriot, but a lover" (148).

To Antonia he confesses an almost melodramatic affection. While she argues for the political and social necessity of separation, he speaks of his only aim in life now that he has found her: loving her. He does not accept her ideas, but his desire for her compels him to endorse her cause: "He also had his aspirations, he aspired to carry her away out of these deadly futilities of pronunciamentos and reforms. All this was wrong--utterly wrong; but she fascinated him.... She seduced his attention" (154). When she speaks of patriotism, he argues that it makes "no sense for cultured minds, to whom the narrowness of every belief is odious" (156). This attitude makes ironic his earlier affirmation of the necessity of seeking truth since he seems to be saying here that truth is not to be found without fanaticism. It is ironic too that he does not see his devotion to Antonia in these terms either; for instance, he tells Mrs. Gould: "There is nothing I would not do for the sake of Antonia. There is nothing I am not prepared to undertake. There is no risk I am not ready to run" (177). This melodramatic devotion to her sustains his life. He tells Mrs. Gould later: "My true idea, the only one I care for, is not to be separated from Antonia" (178). Political separation is not his concern since he "cannot part with Antonia...[and he is] too much in love to run away" (179).

For Decoud, Antonia is his only cause.

Women actually provide the focus of much of Decoud's attention in life. During his long conversation with Mrs. Gould, Antonia is not the only subject of discussion. Decoud takes it upon himself to point out to her that her husband has isolated himself from her due to his devotion to the mine, the source both of personal wealth and political power in Costaguana. When she objects, Decoud reveals another side of his scepticism: "I have been watching el rey de Sulaco since I came here on a fool's errand, and perhaps impelled by some treason of fate lurking behind the unaccountable turns of a man's life. But I don't matter, I am not a sentimentalist, I cannot endow my personal desires with a shining robe of silk and jewels. Life is not for me a moral romance derived from the tradition of a pretty fairy tale" (181). Decoud's realistic view here sharply contrasts with both Mrs. Gould's view of her husband and Decoud's own admitted view of Antonia.

Another significant woman for Decoud is his sister. Indeed, through a long letter he writes to her, we learn a good deal more about his feelings and thoughts as the revolution occurs. Conrad's technique throughout is to allow us an "over-the-shoulder" view as Decoud composes the letter. We learn that he is entirely sceptical when it comes to human relationships, even those of a romantic kind: "It was a part of what Decoud would have called his sane materialism that he

did not believe in the possibility of friendship between man and woman" (184). The one exception he allows is between brother and sister: "Friendship was possible between brother and sister, meaning by friendship the frank unreserve, as before another human being, of thoughts and sensations; all the objectless and necessary sincerity of one's innermost life trying to re-act upon the profound sympathies of another's existence" (184). In the letter, therefore, it is not surprising that he expresses with such candor the depth of his scepticism, isolation, and ennui.

For instance, he begins by telling her to prepare their Parisian friends "for the birth of another South American republic. One more or less, what does it matter?" (184). This kind of bored cynicism is echoed throughout. In addition, we see him experiencing very intensely the meaninglessness of his own life. During a pause in his writing, he moves about the room to stretch, and in doing so he catches a glimpse of himself in a mirror; he sees "a man with no faith in anything except the truth of his own sensations" (185). With only his personal sensations to rely on, it is not surprising that he feels restless and perhaps even overwhelmed by all that he feels. The omniscient narrator notes that "an awful restlessness had made him its own, had marked him with all the signs of desperate strife, and put a dry, sleepless stare into his eyes" (185). He feels the pressure of his isolation, his loneliness, his

exile from others as he continues his letter: "I have the feeling of a great solitude around me.... The solitude is also very real.... The silence about me is ominous" (190). Furthermore, to his sister Decoud also confesses his love for Antonia: "My dear girl, there is that in Antonia which would make me believe in the feasibility of anything" (196). In her, Decoud finds reason for living; he sets not only his affections but also his purpose for existence upon Antonia: "One look at her face is enough to set my brain on fire. And yet I love her as any man would--with the heart, and with that alone. She is more to me than his Church to Father Corbelan.... She is more to me than his precious mine to that sentimental Englishman" (196).

In the letter much of the rest of action in the novel is pushed forward since Decoud introduces many of the details of the revolution that are later expanded upon. The most important of these is Decoud's proposed plan to rescue the silver to be used to finance the revolution; fearing that government forces will reach them before revolutionary troops can re-group, Decoud suggests that the silver be smuggled out by sea. He assures his sister that he is "not running away" (201); he then explains that Nostromo is to lead their two-man smuggling operation. In his explanation we see further into his scepticism: "The incorruptible capataz de cargadores is the man for that work; and I, the man with passion, but without a mission, I go with him to return--to

play my part in the farce to the end, and, if successful, to receive my reward, which no one but Antonia can give me" (202). Here we note several significant points. First, the only reason he takes on this job is because of his love for Antonia, not because of loyalty to his people or country. Second, he admits to a life without meaning or mission. Third, his whole attitude toward the revolution is sceptical, as if the whole thing were some kind of comic interlude in an otherwise empty universe. Finally, he views the ultimate end of their attempt as only a matter of fate since only Antonia's love is meaningful to him.

Decoud's letter ends on a mysterious note. He tells his sister that he is not sure "whether to count myself with the living or with the dead" (204). He answers his own question by saying: "But no! feeling for you is certainly not dead, and the whole thing, the house, the dark night...my very presence here--all this is life, must be life, since it is so much like a dream" (205). In order to understand this we have to go back to his earlier statement that his only faith is in the truth of his own sensations. Feelings, impulses, and intuitions have to play a key role in Decoud's existence since he rejects any kind of higher truth. Therefore, as long as he can feel for his sister, as long as he can feel the house and the night, life has some kind of meaning for him. He gathers reason for living by interacting with others, by reflecting himself off them and their ideas.

If he ever loses that sense of reality, he will be lost. This scene is crucial to understanding what happens to him after he is marooned on an island; given his dependence on feelings and others, we should not be surprised at how he loses all sense of reality when isolated.

In spite of the fact that women so influence Decoud, none is successful, not even Antonia, in giving him an ultimate reason for existence. This becomes clear during his escape with Nostromo and the silver. Throughout this section of the novel, critically acclaimed as "one of the most vivid pieces of sensuous evocation in literature,"[26] we find him feeling more and more isolated, more and more uncertain of life. The fact that they set out in a boat during a night of complete darkness suggests Decoud's emotional and psychological condition. As they cast off, he feels "the effect was that of being launched into space" (214). He notes that "nobody can find us now" (214), ironically underscoring his own impending personal misdirection and confusion. We read that "the enormous stillness, without light or sound, seemed to affect Decoud's senses like a powerful drug. He didn't know at times whether he were asleep or awake, Like a man lost in slumber, he heard nothing, he saw nothing" (215). However, this is only a foretaste of the isolation and separation he will feel. As he and Nostromo struggle to row their light craft out into the gulf, Decoud expends a tremendous amount of energy.

After hours of this kind of effort, he approaches delirium. Out of breath and panting heavily, he considers "all his sensations and feelings" as little more than "the maddest of dreams" (219). Surprisingly, "even his passionate devotion to Antonia into which he had worked himself up out of the depths of his scepticism had lost all appearance of reality. For a moment he was the prey of an extremely languid but not unpleasant indifference" (219).

Physically exhausted, Decoud is soon stripped of those qualities that help maintain him under normal circumstances. Furthermore, his scepticism intensifies when Nostromo extinguishes a candle; Decoud feels "as if his companion had destroyed, by a single touch, the world of affairs, of loves, of revolution, where his complacent superiority analyzed fearlessly all motives and all passions, including his own" (225). Out in the silent, black gulf, Decoud feels even more intensely the insignificance of his life. He realizes that reason is of little use in his situation: "Intellectually self-confident, he suffered from being deprived of the only weapon he could use with effect. No intelligence could penetrate the darkness of the Placid Gulf" (225). Later when their boat is crushed in a collison with a larger vessel and they have to pump furiously in order to keep afloat, Decoud's separation from even Nostromo in the midst of such heroic fellowship is highlighted: "There was nothing in common between them but the knowledge that the

damaged lighter must be slowly but surely sinking. In that knowledge...they seemed to have become estranged.... There was no bond of conviction, of common idea" (241).

Once they manage to get the boat to shore, Decoud experiences his final and complete exile. After they unload and hide the silver, Nostromo determines to return to shore, leaving Decoud a bit of food and a little dinghy so that he can make his way out to a passing steamer later. As he departs, Decoud realizes that he is now literally exiled from others; consequently, Nostromo's parting words are particularly depressing: "Who would think of looking either for you or the treasure here?... Nobody is ever likely to come here" (244). Although Nostromo promises to return within a day or two, Decoud immediately feels isolated: "Nostromo cleared the shelving shore with one push of the heavy oar, and Decoud found himself solitary on the beach like a man in a dream. A suddden desire to hear a human voice once more seized upon his heart" (246).

Alone on the island, totally stripped of his relationships, his ideas, his causes, his passions, Decoud looks within and finds nothing.[27] Conrad prefigures Decoud's last days with a passage that makes clear this fact: "But the truth was that he died from solitude, the enemy known but to few on this earth, and whom only the simplest of us are fit to withstand. The brilliant Costaguanero of the boulevards had died from solitude and want of faith in

himself and others" (395). The process of his disintegration, like Ivan's, is slow and painful, characterized by gradual loss of consciousness. We are told that his first day alone "had been [one] of absolute silence--the first he had known in his life" (395). This suggests, of course, that he has filled his life previous to now with causes in order to avoid the internal gaze into nothingness. Consequently, loneliness has a debilitating impact upon him: "Solitude from mere outward condition of existence becomes very swiftly a state of soul in which the affectation of irony and scepticism have no place. It takes possession of the mind, and drives forth the thought into the exile of utter unbelief" (396).

Within three days Decoud doubts his own existence. Without others and their ideas to bounce his own life and thoughts against, he is lost.[28] As the narrator remarks: "In our activity alone do we find the sustaining illusion of an independent existence as against the whole scheme of things of which we form a helpless part. Decoud lost all belief in the reality of his action past and to come" (396). By the fifth day he was absorbed in "an immense melancholy" and soon "both his intelligence and his passion were swallowed up easily in this great unbroken solitude of waiting without faith" (396-97). The extent of his desperation is clear when we read that "his sadness was the sadness of a sceptical mind. He beheld the universe as a

succession of incomprehensible images. Nostromo was dead. Everything had failed ignominiously. He no longer dared think of Antonia. She had not survived" (397). Given such depression, it is no wonder that Decoud kills himself.[29] He rigs silver bars to himself so that his body will sink to the bottom of the gulf, pushes the little dinghy out into the water, fires his gun into his breast, and "the lover of Antonia Avellanos rolled overboard without having heard the cord of silence snap in the solitude of the Placid Gulf, whose glittering surface remained untroubled by the fall of his body" (399).

The description of Decoud's body plunging into the water while nature appears unperturbed and indifferent is vintage Conrad: "A victim of the disillusioned weariness which is the retribution meted out to intellectual audacity, the brilliant Don Martin Decoud, weighted by the bars of San Tome silver, disappeared without a trace, swallowed up in the immense indifference of things" (399). This kind of comment, ironically, suggests that Decoud's scepticisms about the universe were justified. It is clear that Decoud is Conrad's ultimate expression of the exile; he is the man who has looked within and discovered the true horror: that nothing meaningful or substantial is there. At the same time, lest we sympathize too strongly with him or perhaps identify too closely with him, Conrad's irony speaks his oft-repeated message: nature is indifferent to man's feeble attempts to

bring meaning to existence. The "all of things" will go on, regardless of our hopes, our dreams, our aspirations. Virtues or vices, good or evil, hope or despair--all are the same to the silent void of the universe.

In conclusion, there are striking similarities between Ivan Karamazov and Martin Decoud. Both are intellectuals, writers, sceptics, and romantics of a sort. In addition, both suffer mental and physical breakdowns as a result of their inabilities to reconcile their scepticism with the world around them. Yet there is a basic difference in what causes their failures. Ivan's difficulty is in accepting God and His world; his is a metaphysical dilemma shared by many other nineteenth century thinkers. He doubts, yet he believes. He is caught in a spiritual quandary he cannot really fathom. Decoud's difficulty is in accepting life in an indifferent universe when all the things that define him are removed; his is an existential dilemma shared by many twentieth century thinkers. He doubts, also, but he has nothing to believe anyway. He is bewildered by the overwhelming vastness of the universe. If Ivan is destroyed because his lack of faith in God, then Decoud is destroyed because of his lack of faith in man, and especially himself.

Notes

[1] Sigmund Freud, "Dostoyevsky and Parricide," in Dostoevsky: A Collection of Critical Essays, ed. Rene Wellek (Englewood Cliffs, N. J.: Prentice-Hall, Inc, 1962), p. 98.

[2] Mochulsky, p. 596.

[3] F. F. Seeley, "Ivan Karamazov," in New Essays on Dostoyevsky, eds. Malcolm Jones and Garth Terry (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1983), argues that "the seeds of his hatred of his father and of all cruelty, of his compassion for victims of human cruelty, and of his revolt against an order of things which gave such fathers unlimited power to inflict such cruelty--were certainly sown in those early years, irrespective of whether his memories of them remained conscious or not" (127). Later he adds: "Ivan Karamazov is the most complex, the most richly gifted and the most tragic of Dostoyevsky's 'split thinkers.' Staggering under a load of his heredity, haunted by the spectres of his childhood, he wages a heroic fight, in utter loneliness, against despair" (135).

[4] On the roles of Ivan's mother and father, Seeley says Ivan owes his mother "his involvement with religion, his powers of attraction and his rebelliousness." From his father he inherits an "ardent thirst for life...speculative intelligence...[and] creativity in writing and mythmaking" (125).

[5] Fyodor Dostoyevsky, The Brothers Karamazov, trans. Constance Garnett (New York: Modern Library, n. d.), p. 11 (all subsequent references in text).

[6] Richard Curle, Characters of Dostoyevsky: Studies from Four Novels (New York: Russell and Russell, 1966), notes that Ivan's "introspective mind, at once sceptical and idealistic, is in a perpetual state of flux, and even if he does confide many of his deeper thoughts to Alyosha, he has another layer of thoughts, more dangerous and obscure, which he confides to nobody and does not properly understand himself" (198).

[7] Richard Peace, Dostoyevsky: An Examination of the Major Novels (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1971), says: "There is in Ivan an emotional side to his nature which his intellect is scarcely able to understand: his dilemma is that of 'loving life rather than the meaning of life,' whilst his intellect demands meaning" (235).

[8] Seeley, p. 127.

[9] Edward Wasiolek, Dostoevsky: The Major Fiction (Cambridge, Mass.: Mass. Institute of Technology Press, 1964), explains that Ivan's "acceptance [of God] implies its irrelevance, for the existence of God is an unreal question for the Euclidean mind. What is real, and what does matter is the world we live in, and that world is unacceptable because it is racked with senseless suffering" (163).

[10] For Dostoyevsky this was a critical concern:

"These convictions are precisely what I consider the synthesis of contemporary Russian anarchism. The rejection not of God but of the sense of His creation. All of socialism emerged and began with the rejection of sense in historical reality and developed into a program of destruction and anarchism.... My hero chooses a theme I consider irrefutable: the senselessness of children's suffering, and develops from it the absurdity of all historical reality. I don't know whether I executed it well but I know that the figure of my hero is a real one to the utmost degree" (letter to N. A. Lyubimov, May 10, 1879, cited in The Brothers Karamazov, trans. Constance Garnett, ed. Ralph Matlaw (New York: Norton, 1976), pp. 759-60).

[11] Peace notes that Ivan "cannot renounce common everyday logic for the sake of some higher revelation; and yet this logic is obviously not sufficient" (273).

[12] Wasiolek, Dostoevsky: The Major Fiction, p. 173.

[13] Wasiolek says that "Smerdyakov is like some epicenter of his moral being, from which he cannot tear himself away and to which he must return" (174).

[14] Dmitry Tschizewshij, "Schiller and The Brothers Karamazov," in The Brothers Karamazov (Norton), claims that "the parallel Smerdyakov-Ivan is carried through the novel with extraordinary persistance and importance. We encounter both together or in adjoining chapters. The

characterization of Smerdyakov is built on the following motifs: enlightenment, 'critical' sophistry, arrogance and contemptuousness for all..., and, finally total self-sufficiency...[and] the lack of need for any kind of society. Yet these are Ivan's main characteristics, too, though we see them in Smerdyakov in an absurd and 'mean' way" (804-05).

[15] "Ivan is influenced by ideas but not by people, and he is, theoretically, completely self-sufficient. But because his philosophy, watertight to his reasoning, comes up against his conscience and because he does not really hold, emotionally as well as intellectually, that 'All things are lawful,' his self-sufficiency goes to pieces and he is lost in a maze" (Curle, p. 203).

[16] Curle claims that Ivan's tragedy "lies in the dualism of his nature, a dualism in which deeds and fancies merge into one another in such an inextricable manner that he does not know where reality begins or ends" (198).

[17] For Ivan the devil is not really very helpful: "The devil cannot resolve Ivan's doubts; he can only exacerbate them; for the devil is only Ivan himself, or rather one part of him--he is Ivan's intellect mirroring itself in destructive self-mockery.... The devil is also a manifestation of a non-rational function of Ivan's mind--conscience; for this hallucination is symptomatic of a growing inner awareness of his own complicity in the death of

his father" (Peace, p. 279).

[18] "The devil's mockery of Ivan is far-reaching and fundamental: it is an attack on the whole of his personality, but the chief target is nevertheless Ivan's rationalistic mind" (Peace, p. 277).

[19] Baines, p. 297.

[20] Leavis, p. 190.

[21] Guerard, Conrad the Novelist, p. 178.

[22] See Leavis, p. 191, and Guerard, pp. 190ff for analyses of the novel's pervasive scepticism.

[23] Leavis, p. 199.

[24] Joseph Conrad, Nostromo (New York: New American Library, 1960), p. 129 (all subsequent references in text).

[25] The sentiment here is similar to a portion of Arnold's "Dover Beach" where another sceptic says: "Ah, love, let us be true / To one another! for the world, which seems / To lie before us like a land of dreams, / So various, so beautiful, so new, / Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light / Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain."

[26] Leavis, p. 192.

[27] H. M. Daleski, Joseph Conrad: The Way of Dispossession (New York: Holmes and Meier, 1977), says: "He is reduced to nothing when deprived of objects on which his intelligence and passion can play, when deprived, that is, of what he habitually lives by. In 'a state of soul' which is

thus a state of vacancy, he is open to a counter-possession; and it is the solitude that 'takes possession of [his] mind,' driving out the last vestiges of his belief in himself or others" (139).

[28] Paul Wiley, Conrad's Measure of Man (Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin Press, 1954), notes that Decoud is "a new and remarkable example of Conrad's theme of the limitation of mind in a world without order or faith" (105).

[29] Guerard argues that "Decoud commits suicide because he is an isolated skeptic" (177).

Conclusion

Since both Fyodor Dostoyevsky and Joseph Conrad experienced exile first-hand, they are especially equipped to write about man in exile. Their exile figures, whether the highly agitated underground man or the emotionally detached Decoud, speak intimately to twentieth century man. That is, because there is a real sense in which all men--black or white, Jew or Christian, believer or agnostic, male or female--are exiles upon the earth, these two writers say something profound to us about the human condition. At the same time, each writer has a different perspective about both the nature of exile and the way to reconcile one's self to exile.

The nature of man's exile, according to Dostoyevsky, is primarily metaphysical. In other words, man is estranged from others and himself because he is selfish, egocentric, paranoid, petty, cruel, and demanding. He abuses others and himself in a kind of blind rage against he knows not what. The way of reconciliation, illustrated by Alyosha and Father Zossima, is by turning to God and by loving others more than self: "Strive to love your neighbour actively and indefatigably. In as far as you advance in love you will grow surer of the reality of God and of the immortality of your soul. If you attain to perfect self-forgetfulness in

the love of your neighbour, then you will believe without doubt, and no doubt can possibly enter your soul. This has been tried. This is certain" (48). To the self-absorption, self-consciousness, and self-exaltation of the underground man, Raskolnikov, and Ivan, Dostoyevsky posits a way of reconciliation that takes one out of self and into the lives of others.

If we look closely at Dostoyevsky's exiles, we realize that he created them primarily as object lessons; that is, his underground man, Raskolnikov, and Ivan are posited as examples of men who have responded to the radical ideas of their age, and, as a result, have gotten off the track. In the underground man's obsession with freedom, we see a man so disoriented and disaffected that he systematically embraces cruelty and sadism. He abuses himself and others in order to prove that he is a free agent, even if it means crushing another human being. In Raskolnikov, we see a young man consumed by self-will and pride; like the underground man, he engages in cruelty to others, including murder. His belief in utilitarianism and his compulsion to be one of the extraordinary men lead him to violate personal, social, and moral standards. Although Raskolnikov, unlike the underground man, does eventually experience spiritual renewal, it is the power and force of his will that make him so attractive. In Ivan, we see the intellectual who tries to understand God through reason.

With his Euclidean mind, he wants to fathom all of God's creation. When he confronts the reality of human suffering, especially the suffering of children, his reason proves inadequate. He cannot understand God's world; the finite cannot comprehend the infinite. Consequently, he suffers both a physical and mental breakdown.

In each case, Dostoyevsky's intention is to illustrate the difficulties implicit in a rejection of faith. Much of his fiction is concerned with fighting a kind of rearguard action in defense of Christianity, especially Christianity as represented by the Russian Orthodox Church. Because he experienced first hand the agony of physical and spiritual alienation in Siberia, his own confidence in the value of faith is a consistent theme in his fiction. He holds up the examples of the underground man, Raskolnikov, and Ivan in order that we avoid them. In spite of any intellectual difficulties we might face, Dostoyevsky would have us see that real living is only possible through an affirmation of faith.

Ironically, however, Dostoyevsky's exiles speak more clearly to modern man than do his saints (Prince Myshkin from The Idiot and Father Zossima) or his holy sinners (Sonya). In fact, part of his genius is that though he is on the side of God, he allows the devil his due. His exiles, regardless of their faults, are convincing because modern man feels so intimately their difficulties; the struggles of the

underground man, Raskolnikov, and Ivan are like modern man's in kind if not in degree. Dostoyevsky's own sense of spiritual exile is communicated powerfully through them, and, inadvertently, he has contributed to the modern sense of exile by presenting theirs (and his) so vividly.

Conrad's exiles, on the other hand, are less object lessons than question marks. If Dostoyevsky was certain of the need to affirm faith, Conrad was not. Indeed, Conrad's exiles, if anything, are ironic affirmations that moral questions have no clear resolutions. Thus Marlow, even though he witnesses the horror of Kurtz's moral disintegration and unspeakable excesses, never really rejects Kurtz. Instead he remarks "that Kurtz was a remarkable man. He had something to say. He said it.... It was an affirmation, a moral victory paid for by innumerable defeats, by abominable terrors, by abominable satisfactions. But it was a victory! That is why I have remained loyal to Kurtz to the last" (148-49).

Jim, too, is delicately handled. His jump from the Patna into "an everlasting hole," an act it would be so easy to dismiss as cowardice, is never really judged by Marlow; as a matter of fact, Marlow later goes out of his way to aid Jim's attempt to redeem and reconcile himself. Conrad's attitude towards Jim is as illusive--and elusive--as Jim's dreams. Decoud, perhaps the one character closest to Conrad's vision of the universe, is similarly treated.

Although all that Decoud stands for is sterile and ultimately nihilistic, and in spite of the fact that Conrad undercuts him in the novel, no one character in all Conrad's fiction is nearer to Conrad's own moral view. Conrad, like Decoud, believed that "every conviction, as soon as it became effective, turned into that form of dementia the gods send upon those they wish to destroy" (167).

With each of his exiles Conrad explores the difficulties man has in affirming an absolute, be it spiritual, moral, or otherwise. Instead of looking toward an arbitrary outside power greater than man, Conrad's exiles find themselves forced to make sense of the universe on their own terms. They have to come to grips with their own responsibilities and decisions, as well as the consequences of their own actions. Marlow, Jim, and Decoud are not examples held up by Conrad for us either to embrace or reject. They are fictional representations of Conrad's own scepticism. Perhaps it is Conrad's hesitancy to affirm this or that as the model to follow that makes his exiles so believable to modern man. As we struggle with the same moral questions and find ourselves torn by the anguish of moral choice, we identify with his exiles.

Dostoyevsky's appraisal of man's exiled state and the solution he offers are traditional--traditional in that he pre-supposes a universe that makes sense, one that is ultimately controlled by a benevolent Creator. Conrad, on

the other hand, does not share such metaphysical convictions. In fact he sees such notions as illusions. For him man's exile is primarily existential. That is, because the universe is basically hostile and indifferent to man, each man must find something in his individual life that will bring meaning to his existence. Although each writer speaks to us differently about man's exile, the strong link between them is that they do speak about our estrangement. Whether we choose to embrace the comforting, traditional vision of Dostoyevsky or the uncertain, existential one of Conrad, we come to experience vicariously in their fictional worlds the sharp reality of man's exiled condition.

Bibliography

Joseph Conrad

I. Primary Sources

Blackburn, William, ed. Letters to William Blackwood and David S. Meldrum. Durham: Duke University Press, 1958.

Conrad, Joseph. Almayer's Folly. New York: Penguin, 1976.

----------. Heart of Darkness and the Secret Sharer. New York: Signet, 1950.

----------. Lord Jim. New York: New American Library, 1961.

----------. Nostromo. New York: New American Library, 1960.

----------. Notes on Life and Letters. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page, and Co., 1921.

----------. An Outcast of the Islands. New York: Penguin, 1975.

----------. A Personal Record. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page, and Co., 1296.

----------. Tales of Unrest. New York: Penguin, 1977.

----------. Under Western Eyes. New York: Penguin, 1979.

Curle, Richard, ed. Conrad to a Friend: 150 Selected Letters from Joseph Conrad to Richard Curle. London: Sampson, Low, Marston and Co., 1928.

Garnett, Edward, ed. Letters from Joseph Conrad: 1895-1924. Indianapolis: Charter Books, 1962.

Gee, John and Paul Sturm, eds. and trans. Letters of Joseph Conrad to Marguerite Poradowska: 1890-1920. Port Washington, N. Y.: Kennikat Press, 1973.

Karl, Frederick and Lawrence Davis, eds. The Collected Letters of Joseph Conrad. Vol. 1 (1861-1897). New York: Cambridge University Press, 1983.

Najder, Zdzislaw, ed. Conrad's Polish Background: Letters to and from Polish Friends. Trans. Halina Carroll. London: Oxford University Press, 1964.

Watt, C. T., ed. Joseph Conrad's Letters to R. B. Cunninghame Graham. London: Cambridge University Press, 1969.

II. Secondary Sources

Baines, Jocelyn. Joseph Conrad: A Critical Biography. New York: McGraw-Hill, 1960.

Berman, Jeffrey. "Conrad's Lord Jim and the Enigma of Sublimation." American Imago, 33 (1975),

380-402.

----------. "Introduction to Conrad and the Russians." Conradiana, 12 (1980), 3-11.

---------- and Donna VanWagenen. "Under Western Eyes: Conrad's Dairy of a Writer?" Conradiana, 9 (1977), 269-274.

Booth, Wayne. The Rhetoric of Fiction. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1961.

Bruffee, Kenneth. "The Lesser Nightmare: Marlow's Lie in Heart of Darkness." Modern Language Quarterly, 25 (1964), 322-329.

Curle, Richard. The Last Twelve Years of Joseph Conrad. London: Sampson, Low, Marston and Co., 1928.

Daleski, H. M. Joseph Conrad: The Way of Dispossession. New York: Holmes and Meier, 1977.

Feder, Lillian. "Marlow's Descent into Hell." Nineteenth-Century Fiction, 9 (1955), 280-292.

Fleishman, Avrom. Conrad's Politics: Community and Anarchy in the Fiction of Joseph Conrad. Baltimore: The John Hopkins Press, 1967.

Gillon, Adam. Conrad and Shakespeare. New York: Astra Books, 1976.

----------. The Eternal Solitary. New York: Bookman, 1960.

Glassman, Peter. Language and Being: Joseph Conrad and the Literature of Personality. New York:

Columbia University Press, 1976.

Goodin, George, ed. The English Novel in the Nineteenth Century: Essays on the Literary Mediation of Human Values. Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1972.

Gordon, John Dozier. Joseph Conrad: The Making of a Novelist. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1941.

Guerard, Albert. Conrad the Novelist. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1958.

Gurko, Leo. Joseph Conrad: Giant in Exile. New York: Macmillan, 1962.

Hawthorne, Jeremy. Joseph Conrad: Language and Fictional Self-Consciousness. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1978.

Hay, Eloise Knapp. The Political Novels of Joseph Conrad. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1963.

Hewitt, Douglas. Conrad: A Reassessment. Chester Springs, Penn.: Dufour, 1969.

Hodges, Robert. The Dual Heritage of Joseph Conrad. The Hague: Mouton and Co., 1967.

Howe, Irving. Politics and the Novel. New York: Horizon Press, 1957.

Jean-Aubry, Gerard. Joseph Conrad: Life and Letters. 2 vols. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, 1927.

Johnson, Bruce. "Names, Naming, and the 'Inscrutable' in Conrad's Heart of Darkness." Texas Studies in Language and Literature, 12 (1970), 675-688.

Karl, Frederick. Joseph Conrad: The Three Lives. New York: Farrar, Straus, and Giroux, 1979.

Kirschner, Paul. Conrad: The Psychologist as Artist. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd, 1968.

Leavis, F. R. The Great Tradition. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, 1954.

Lewis, C. S. An Experiment in Criticism. London: Cambridge University Press, 1969.

Low, Anthony. "Heart of Darkness: The Search for an Occupation." English Literature in Transition, 12 (1969), 1-9.

Martin, David. "The Function of the Intended in Conrad's 'Heart of Darkness.'" Studies in Short Fiction, 11 (1974), 27-33.

McClure, John. "The Rhetoric of Restraint in Heart of Darkness." Nineteenth-Century Fiction, 32 (1977), 310-326.

McLauchlan, Juliet. "The 'Something Human' in Heart of Darkness." Conradiana, 9 (1977), 115-124.

Meyer, Bernard. "Conrad and the Russians." Conradiana, 12 (1980), 13-21.

----------. Joseph Conrad: A Psychoanalytic Biography. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1967.

Milosz, Czeslaw. "Joseph Conrad in Polish Eyes." Atlantic Monthly, 200 (Nov. 1957), 219-220, 222, 224, 226, 228.

"Monomania." Encyclopedia of Psychology. 1972 ed.

Morf, Gustav. The Polish Heritage of Joseph Conrad. London: Sampson, Low, Marston and Co., 1930.

----------. The Polish Shades and Ghosts of Joseph Conrad. New York: Astra Books, 1976.

Moser, Thomas. Joseph Conrad: Achievement and Decline. Cambridge: Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1957.

Ong, Walter. "Truth in Conrad's Darkness." Mosaic, 11 (1977), 151-163.

Said, Edward. Joseph Conrad and the Fiction of Autobiography. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1966.

Saveson, John. "Marlow's Psychological Vocabulary in Lord Jim." Texas Studies in Literature and Language, 12 (1970), 457-470.

Sherry, Norman, ed. Joseph Conrad: A Commemoration. New York: Barnes and Noble, 1977.

Steinmann, Theo. "Lord Jim's Progression through Homology." Ariel, 5 (1974), 81-93.

Stephens, R. C. "Heart of Darkness: Marlow's 'Spectral Moonshine.'" Essays in Criticism, 19 (1968), 273-284.

Tanner, Tony. "Nightmare and Complacency: Razumov and the Western Eye." Critical Quarterly, 4 (1962), 197-214.

Tennant, Roger. Joseph Conrad. New York: Atheneum, 1981.

Tessitore, John. "Freud, Conrad, and 'Heart of Darkness.'" College English, 7 (1980), 30-40.

Van Ghent, Dorothy. The English Novel: Form and Function. New York: Harper and Row, 1961.

Watt, Ian. Conrad in the Nineteenth Century. Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1979.

----------. "Marlow, Henry James, and 'Heart of Darkness.'" Nineteenth-Century Fiction, 33 (1978), 159-174.

Wheeler, Marcus. "Russia and Russians in the Works of Conrad." Conradiana, 12 (1980), 32-36.

Wiley, Paul. Conrad's Measure of Man. Madison, Wis.: University of Wisconsin Press, 1954.

Fyodor Dostoyevsky

I. Primary Sources

Dostoyevsky, Fyodor. The Brothers Karamazov. Trans. Constance Garnett. New York: Modern Library, n. d.

----------. The Brothers Karamazov. Trans. Constance

Garnett. Ed. Ralph Matlaw. New York: Norton, 1976.

----------. Crime and Punishment. Trans. Jessie Coulson. Ed. George Gibian. New York: Norton, 1975.

----------. The Diary of a Writer. Trans. Boris Brasol. 2 vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1949.

----------. Dostoyevsky: Letters and Reminiscences. Trans. S. S. Koteliansky and J. M. Murray. Freeport, N. Y.: Books for Libraries Press, 1971.

----------. Great Short Works of Fyodor Dostoyevsky. Intro. Ronald Hingley. New York: Harper and Row, 1968.

----------. The House of the Dead. Trans. H. Sutherland Edwards. London: Dent, 1962.

----------. The Letters of Dostoyevsky to His Wife. Trans. Elizabeth Hill and Doris Mudie. New York: Richard R. Smith, Inc., 1930.

----------. Letters of Fyodor Michailovitch Dostoyevsky to His Family and Friends. Trans. Ethel Colburn Mayne. New York: Horizon Press, 1961.

----------. The Notebooks for Crime and Punishment. Trans. Edward Wasiolek. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1967.

----------. Notes from Underground. Trans. Mirra

Ginsburg. New York: Bantam Books, 1974.

II. Secondary Sources

Barstow, Jane. "Dostoevsky's Notes from Underground versus Chernyshevsky's What Is To Be Done?" College English, 5 (1978), 24-33.

Beebe, Maurice. "The Three Motives of Raskolnikov: A Reinterpretation of Crime and Punishment." College English, 17 (Dec. 1955), 151-158.

Berdyaev, Nicholas. Dostoevsky. New York: New American Library, 1974.

Cardaci, Paul. "Dostoevsky's Underground as Allusion and Symbol." Symposium, 28 (1974), 248-258.

Carey, Marjorie Ann. "Slavic Roots in Dostoyevsky and Conrad: A Study in Themes and Narrative Conventions." DAI, 38:2772A.

Crankshaw, Edward. The Shadow of the Winter Palace: Russia's Drift to Revolution, 1825-1917. New York: Viking Press, 1976.

Curle, Richard. Characters of Dostoyevsky: Studies from Four Novels. New York: Russell and Russell, 1966.

Davie, Donald. Russian Literature and Modern English Fiction. Chicago: Chicago University Press, 1965.

Doody, Terence. "The Underground Man's Confession and

His Audience." Rice University Studies, 61 (1975), 27-38.

Fortin, Rene E. "Responsive Form: Dostoyevsky's Notes from Underground and the Confessional Tradition." Essays in Literature, 7 (1979), 225-245.

Frank, Joseph. "Dostoevsky: The House of the Dead." Sewanee Review, 74 (1966), 779-803.

----------. Dostoevsky: The Seeds of Revolt. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1976.

Freeborn, Richard. The Rise of the Russian Novel. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1973.

Garrard, John, ed. The Russian Novel from Pushkin to Pasternak. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1983.

Gifford, Henry. The Hero in His Time: A Theme in Russian Literature. London: Edward Arnold and Co., 1950.

Grossman, Leonid. Dostoevsky: A Biography. Trans. Mary Mackler. New York: Bobbs-Merrill, Co., 1975.

Guerard, Albert J. The Triumph of the Novel: Dickens, Dostoevsky, Faulkner. New York: Oxford University Press, 1976.

Halecki, Oscar. A History of Poland. New York: Roy, 1956.

Hanan, David. "Crime and Punishment: The Idea of the Crime." The Critical Review, 12 (1969),

15-28.

Hubben, William. Dostoevsky, Kierkegaard, Nietzsche, and Kafka: Four Prophets of Our Destiny. New York: Collier, 1974.

Jackson, Robert Louis, ed. Dostoevsky: New Perspectives. Englewood Cliffs, N. J.: Prentice-Hall, 1984.

----------. Dostojevskij's Underground Man in Russian Literature. The Hague: Mouton, 1958.

----------. Twentieth Century Interpretations of Crime and Punishment. Englewood Cliffs, N. J.: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1974.

Jones, John. Dostoevsky. New York: Oxford University Press, 1983.

Jones, Malcolm. Dostoyevsky: The Novel of Discord. New York: Barnes and Noble, 1976.

Jones, Malcolm and Garth Terry, eds. New Essays on Dostoyevsky. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1983.

Kaufmann, Walter. Existentialism from Dostoevsky to Sartre. New York: Meridian Books, Inc., 1956.

Kohn, Hans. Pan-Slavism: Its History and Ideology. Notre Dame: University of Notre Dame Press, 1953.

Lord, Robert. Dostoevsky: Essays and Perspectives. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1970.

Matlaw, Ralph. "Dostoevskij and Conrad's Political

Novels." in American Contributions to the Fifth International Congress of Slavists. 2 vols. The Hague: Mouton, 1963.

----------. "Structure and Integration in Notes from Underground." PMLA, 72 (1958), 101-109.

Mirsky, D. S. A History of Russian Literature. Ed. and abridged by Francis J. Whitfield. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1949.

Mochulsky, Konstantin. Dostoevsky: His Life and Work. Trans. Michael A. Minihan. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1967.

Moravcevich, Nicholas. "The Romantization of the Prostitute in Dostoevskij's Fiction." Russian Literature, 3 (1976), 299-307.

Pares, Bernard. A History of Russia. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1933.

Paris, B. J. A Psychological Approach to Fiction: Studies in Thackeray, Stendhal, George Eliot, Dostoyevsky and Conrad. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1974.

Peace, Richard. Dostoyevsky: An Examination of the Major Novels. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1971.

Phelps, Gilbert. The Russian Novel in English Fiction. London: Hutchinson's University Library, 1956.

Proffer, Carl, ed. The Unpublished Dostoevsky. 3

vols. Trans. T. S. Berczynski and others. Ann Arbor, Michigan: Ardis, 1973.

Riasanovsky, Nicholas. Russia and the West in the Teaching of the Slavophiles: A Study of Romantic Ideology. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1952.

Sandstrom, Glen. "The Roots of Anguish in Dostoyevsky and Conrad." Polish Review, 20 (1975), 71-77.

Santangelo, Gennaro. "The Five Motives of Raskolnikov." Dalhousie Review, 54 (1975), 710-719.

Sartre, Jean-Paul. Existentialism. Trans. Bernard Frechtman. New York: Philosophical Library, 1947.

Seton-Watson, Hugh. The Russian Empire: 1801-1917. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1967.

Shaw, Thomas. "Raskolnikov's Dreams." Slavic and East European Journal, 17 (1973), 131-145.

Slonim, Marc. An Outline of Russian Literature. New York: Oxford University Press, 1958.

Smalley, Barbara. "The Compulsive Patterns of Dostoyevsky's Underground Man." Studies in Short Fiction, 10 (1973), 389-396.

Sumner, B. H. Survey of Russian History. London: Duckworth, 1947.

Venturi, Franco. Roots of Revolution: A History of the Populist and Social Movements in Nineteenth Century Russia. New York: Grosset and Dunlap, 1966.

Wasiolek, Edward. Dostoevsky: The Major Fiction. Cambridge, Mass.: Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 1964.

----------. "Raskolnikov's Motives: Love and Murder." American Imago, 31 (1974), 252-269.

Wellek, Rene, ed. Dostoevsky: A Collection of Critical Essays. Englewood Cliffs, N. J.: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1962.

Wilson, Raymond. "Raskolnikov's Dream in Crime and Punishment." Literature and Psychology, 26 (1975), 159-166.

Yarmolinsky, Avrahm. Dostoevsky: His Life and Art. n. c., New Jersey: S. G. Phillips, Inc., 1957.