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# *HEART OF DARKNESS AND CULTURAL NATIONALISM*

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*Mark Lushington*

## *HEART OF DARKNESS AND CULTURAL NATIONALISM*

“Here it is essential to remember that the specific meaning of a work of art changes—if it didn’t, no work could outlive its period, and no agnostic could appreciate a Bellini. The meaning of the improvement, of the increase promised by a work of art, depends upon who is looking at it when. Or, to put it dialectically, it depends upon what obstacles are impeding human progress at any given time. The rationality of a Poussin first gave hope in the context of absolute monarchism: later it gave hope in the context of free trade and Whig reforms; still later it confirmed Leger’s faith in proletarian Socialism.”

—John Berger, *Permanent Red*

CONRAD’S NOVELLA is a useful point of departure for examining the intricate conjuncture of art and politics with which Marxist cultural critics are confronted. For a variety of reasons it serves as “the inert, opaque matter around which action frenetically swirls,” to borrow Terry Eagleton’s description of the silver in *Nostramo*. Attacked as racist by such Third World critics as Chinua Achebe and Francis Singh, the inspiration for Coppola’s grandiose attempt to portray the defeat of American imperialism in Vietnam, and a perennial of introductory fiction courses (a Penguin Classic, reassuringly brief and only \$1.50 Canadian in this period of massive inflation of book prices), *Heart Of Darkness* presents itself as a compact enigma for analysis, heaven—or, better, hell—in a grain of sand.

Eagleton’s dissection in “Ideology And Literary Form” is at once acute and curiously static:

The need for value, and the recognition of its utter vacuity: it is here that the deepest contradiction of Conrad’s enterprise, one integral to the imperialist ideology he shared, stands revealed.<sup>1</sup>

His ability to make a model of the relations between Conrad’s literary problematic and the cultural and historical moment in which he was working is a limited kind of deconstruction since it cannot tell us what role—or roles—the

book plays now nor indicate possible critical responses we might employ to encourage or subvert its reception. To put it another way, Eagleton's method here is synchronic and while it may disrupt the arguments of those who still insist that works of art do not reflect the politics of their time, it has little or nothing to say about the *value* of *Heart Of Darkness* for contemporary readerships. We may deduce from "Ideology And Literary Form" that Conrad's work exiles questions of value, consigns them to the "unspeakable," and thus understand better his ideological efficacy on behalf of the international bourgeoisie circa 1900. As such, it stands as a historical example, an articulation of and contribution to the intellectual climate of the period in which it appeared.

However, the questions that this approach cannot frame—much less answer—are crucial. Trotsky, in a speech in 1924, asserted:

. . . undoubtedly a time will come when people will approach the works of Shakespeare and Byron in the same way we approach most poets of the Middle Ages, that is, exclusively from the standpoint of scientific-historical analysis. . . . But at present we do not yet intend to put Shakespeare, Byron, Pushkin in the archives, and we will continue to recommend them to workers.<sup>2</sup>

Just as Poussin was of value to Leger, Trotsky affirms the value of certain writers in the bourgeois tradition for proletarian socialists. What value, if any, may Marxist cultural critics suggest Conrad has now? And is the value similar for the working class and their allies in Canada and in, say, Nigeria? To complicate the matter still further: while Trotsky is speaking in Russia after the October Revolution—and can say with some authority "we do not yet intend . . ."—, Marxists in capitalist countries have no such power to control the publishing industry nor educational curricula. If Conrad is "offered," we are forced to respond to his presence. Do we then, as Eagleton seems to imply, treat *Heart Of Darkness*—and all the other offerings of the bourgeois literary tradition—with "scientific-historical analysis," as a militant gesture that may defoliate its jungle and extinguish its appeal? Or do we only treat certain works in this way and consider others radical? And, if so, what are the criteria for such a selection?

## II

"Every image floats uncertainly in a sea of doubt . . . in an unexplored universe of incertitudes."

—Joseph Conrad  
letter to Edward Garnett

*Heart Of Darkness* was—and remains—an attempted recuperation in the sphere of art of a defeat in the sphere of politics. The initial attack on Belgian

colonialism is a prelude to proposing a new and “darker” definition of the White Man’s Burden: supporting the knowledge of the temptations of evil to which it is possible to succumb. As we read the novella it is difficult to understand how “civilization” ever emerged at all; the Romans are dismissed as bearers of its virtues:

What saves us is efficiency—the devotion to efficiency. But these chaps were not much account really. *They were no colonists*; their administration was merely a squeeze, and nothing more, I suspect. . . . It was just robbery with violence, aggravated murder on a great scale, and men going at it blind—as *is very proper* for those who tackle a darkness.” (my italics)<sup>3</sup>

In some manner that the narrator, Marlow, does not understand, there arose subsequently a fragile virtue—“civilization”—that “came out of this river [the Thames]” but which “is like a running blaze on a plain, like a flash of lightning in the clouds. We live in the flicker. . . .”<sup>4</sup> The only clue as to its origins that we receive is Marlow’s cryptic rejoinder to one of his audience—“you say Knights? Yes . . .” As to the nature of this crucial moral flicker, we have to be content with:

What redeems it [the conquest of the earth] is the idea only. An idea at the back of it; not a sentimental pretence but an idea; and an unselfish belief in the idea—something you can set up, and bow down before, and offer a sacrifice to . . .<sup>5</sup>

Marlow’s quest for Kurtz seems to be a search for a new messiah: he hopes that Kurtz may be an ethical mutation who understands how to exercise power in the interests of “civilization” but discovers “he had kicked himself loose of the earth. Confound the man! he had kicked the very earth to pieces.” However, Marlow feels that even if Kurtz has spun out of control he “won” in the moment of his death as he cried out “The horror! The Horror!”:

It was an affirmation, a moral victory, paid for by innumerable defeats, by abominable terrors, by abominable satisfaction. But it was a victory!<sup>6</sup>

Marlow is unclear about exactly what Kurtz won. It is a mystery in the theological sense that is constituted to amaze and produce the requisite awe in which virtue may grow and be nurtured. In the words of the Victorian hymn Marlow can say of Kurtz “the hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee tonight,” and affirm that it is possible for human beings that death shall have no dominion. Kurtz dared to embody the idea of worship and thus, simultaneously, confirmed its power and necessity and brought upon himself the agonizing vision that is the punishment for blasphemy. There are echoes of the Arthurian legend here: knights of flawed virtue, pursuing the Grail, only to swoon or die as its vision is afforded to them. And Marlow is left with the task of chronicler, the bearer of

witness to the moral victory snatched from the jaws of moral defeat. Marlow “resembled an idol . . . had the pose of a Buddha preaching in European clothes and without a lotus flower” as he attempts a “rededication” in narrative of Kurtz’ sacrifice that may sustain “the ideas” that enables “civilization” to exist.<sup>7</sup>

The devices of “Marlow” and “Belgium” are *distances* that allow Conrad to preserve the effect of moral inquiry into a mystery. We may summarize the proposition of *Heart Of Darkness*: all imperialism has tendencies to barbarism, Belgian imperialism has failed to resist them, British imperialism may still find a way—at least the door is not closed. Conrad’s distance from Marlow allows us to speculate on the possibility of such moral recuperation and participate in the project of reforming the ethical basis of imperialism: if we find Marlow’s references to “niggers” offensive or his ignorance of African societies reprehensible, some critic will remind us that Marlow is not Conrad. If we question Marlow’s understanding of Kurtz’ experience of “the horror,” we are enjoined to remember that Marlow is a character whose perspective is not necessarily identical to that of his creator. As such, this distance operates as a kind of literary shell game; the quickness of the hand deceives the eye. Conrad, in his role of introductory narrator, says as much:

The yarns of seamen have a direct simplicity, the whole meaning of which lies within the shell of a cracked nut. But 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 kernel but outside, enveloping the tale which brought it out 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.<sup>8</sup>

To use the image of litmus paper: the tale’s coloration reveals information about the medium in which it is immersed but does not take its color *from* that medium. Thus the tale—like the litmus paper—does not reflect its context but is formed by its interaction with it. This concept of narrative not only permits interpretation but demands it: it insists, so to speak, on Heisenberg’s Uncertainty Principle in the sphere of reading.

However, the progressive aspects of this insistence that the observer changes what she or he observes by the act of observing it are only revealed if we, as readers, supply a progressive context and interrogate both Marlow *and* Conrad as unreliable narrators.

## III

If a talented artist cannot see or think beyond the decadence of the culture to which he belongs, if the situation is as extreme as ours, his talent will only reveal negatively but unusually vividly the nature and the extent of that decadence. His talent will reveal, in other words, how itself has been wasted.

—John Berger about Jackson Pollock  
*Permanent Red*

The Africans in *Heart Of Darkness* are barely human. They appear as animated masks, theatrical props for the nightmare set, the location of the primitive. Terry Eagleton asserts that:

the “message” of *Heart Of Darkness* is that Western civilization is at base as barbarous as African society—a viewpoint which disturbs imperialist assumptions to the precise degree to which it reinforces them.<sup>9</sup>

And yet it seems that the novella suggests they do not really have a society at all except to the extent that the word can be used metaphorically of goats and monkeys. Their “monstrous passions” are animalistic and their connection to us “humans” is simply that if we allow ourselves a Hobbesian vision of the world—one unconstrained by “society”—we too will become bestial. Their distance from us lies in the shadow land between nature and nurture and is marked by their relation to language:

They faced the river, stamped their feet, nodded their horned heads, swayed their scarlet bodies . . . they shouted periodically together strings of amazing words that resembled no sounds of human language; and the deep murmurs of the crowd, interrupted suddenly, were like the responses of some satanic litany . . . “Do you understand this?” I asked . . . “Do I not?” he said slowly, gasping, as if the words had been torn out of him by some supernatural power.<sup>10</sup>

The “wistfulness and hate” with which Kurtz contemplates “the brutes” carries the taste of sexual envy and self-loathing that characterizes the polarity between “civilization” and its discontents. Africans here stand for wantonness and its “naturalness” that must be confined: the notion that they too make societies and are socially produced has no place in this European walk with love and death. They have no capacity for social reflection because they are “pre-historic” and, tautologically, they have no history because of their inability to reflect. Their fate depends on “civilization” and its stern resistance to the display of their lusts: if it can so resist, it may wean them from consuming blood and flesh and prevent them from infecting their saviours with their appetites.

If this makes *Heart Of Darkness* sound like a case study of the Frankfurt School, it is because both Conrad and such writers as Adorno and Horkheimer

share a common fascination with the relations between liberation and anarchy. The myth of the sirens plays on their minds to the exclusion of more recent and mundane influences on their perspectives. Fear of the mob and of savagery are constituent elements of nineteenth century liberalism and emerge as its major preoccupations as the fragility and contradictions of bourgeois civilization become increasingly apparent. However, liberalism carries with it stern injunctions against certain kinds of inquiry as well as encouragement to pursue others. John Stuart Mill codified these ground rules by asserting that it was necessary to distinguish between production—which was “neutral”—and distribution which was constrained by custom, habit and ethical assumption. It was alleged to follow from this that those who wished to initiate or affect social change should influence these cultural patterns—by example, legislation or art—and ignore economics as the dismal science that quantified the “neutral” sphere of production.

In this way, then, liberal humanism represents the splitting of “political economy”—which has some claims to speak to the social totality, as Marx notes in *Capital*—and then attempts to reconstitute the shards to form new “wholes” that may compete with each other in the “free marketplace of ideas.” Liberal humanism thus lays claim to being a “meta-tradition” that informs the free association of the variety of intellectual sub-routines it generates or colonizes. In response to “the poverty of philosophy,” it offers the profusion of discourses whose multiplicity is offered as both the proof and the test of freedom. In the sphere of art, this freedom offers itself to us as a series of false alternatives—Mr. Gradgrind’s Facts subverted by the Fancy of Dickens’ readers, George Eliot’s “humane” refusal to lapse from the “picture” to the positivist “diagram”—that confirm and reconfirm art’s value to us as ineffable, “unspeakable.” Art becomes the flagship of the liberal humanist fleet, the sustaining paradox of its project: at once priceless and “useless”—that is, opposed to utilitarianism—art is protected by a palace guard of critics who defend it against the dreaded “reductionism.” It comes as no surprise that Marx and the materialist conception of history are cast in the latter role by defenders of liberal humanism, for this “meta-tradition” arose out of the same circumstances and developed in conscious and semi-conscious response to historical materialism.

The limits of Conrad’s inquiry into the avoidance of barbarism are those of the liberal humanist tradition; and they are crippling precisely to the extent that this work fails to subvert that tradition, those limits, in any significant respect. The “positive message” of *Heart Of Darkness* depends on appeals to the past: Christian motifs of sacrifice, filtered through allusions to feudal mythology and propped up by a “work ethic” straight from the pages of *Lives Of The Engineers*,

are reworkings of old Victorian enthusiasms and consolations. Even the language employed to evoke the nightmare journey is "adjectival," in Leavis' phrase, and remains within the frame of Victorian Gothic: as an illustration, it is worth comparing it to Conan Doyle's later short stories of mysticism and the occult that try to engender a similar atmosphere of "unspeakable horror." The distinctive feature of *Heart Of Darkness* is the narrators' insistence on the urgent necessity of their project and the sense that time is running out:

"We have lost the first of the ebb," said the Director, suddenly. I raised my head. The offing was barred by a black bank of clouds, and the tranquil waterway leading to the uttermost ends of the earth flowed sombre under an overcast sky—seemed to lead into the heart of an immense darkness.<sup>11</sup>

The impending tragedy threatens the world insofar as the world is identified with the bourgeois order and may only be averted by that order's success in finding a cure for a universal human pathology. This proposition so dominates the novella, is so obsessively embroidered by Conrad in every paragraph that it becomes a "mythos" we must either accept or refuse: there is no middle way.

#### IV

"where there is no vision, the people perish."

—Rastafarian chant

This "mythos" that Conrad attempts to constitute in *Heart Of Darkness* is a lens through which we are invited to inspect history and, in particular, the history of imperialism in the Third World. In its organizing light we may contemplate the barbarism of Amin and contrast it with the "peaceful transition" from Smith to Mugabe; to lend our support to Savimbi's UNITA in its struggles to win "free elections" in Angola; to approve the Brandt report on economic aid to the Third World or the Second International's offer to mediate in El Salvador. We may trace the course of this liberal humanist vision from the League of Nations through Carter's Human Rights policy and, in doing so, understand its fundamental claim: ethics, "the idea," is the only branch of human inquiry that is capable of exercising a benign influence on the "selfish" practices of politics and economics, reforming human nature itself. We may also understand that the "mythos" informs "the wind of change" policy that the MacMillan government instituted in Africa and the Caribbean; it is, in short, the ideological mediation of the change from colonialism to neo-colonialism, of a qualitative development in imperialism itself.

One aspect of this attempt to establish imperialism as a "universal" global system is cultural penetration of the Third World—the "free flow of information,"



to employ the slogan of the U.S. communications policy after World War II. This “free flow” combines both economic and political aims: to develop American-controlled media to market goods and services in Third World countries and to nurture the ideological hegemony of the “comprador” class and its allies. The struggle to undermine this policy is conducted on many levels and in different ways depending on the particular historical conjecture that obtains.

For Marxists it is only in this context that it is possible to understand the “relative autonomy” of art. Chinua Achebe’s attack on *Heart Of Darkness*, his novels—in English—such as *Things Fall Apart* and *Arrow Of God* and his subsequent decision to write in Ibo are one African writer’s attempt to conduct such a struggle against neo-colonialism in Nigeria. Similarly, Michael Thelwell’s *Harder They Come* is an intervention in the Jamaican liberation struggle. These writers—and others—are confronted with a whole range of problems in making such attempts: their own class and educational backgrounds, the fact that English is the language of imperial history and of the *compradors*, the massive penetration of Anglo-American cultural “texts”—that include, in Jamaica for instance, Jimmy Cagney movies for the masses and, no doubt, Conrad in the universities. The situation they face is that, once again, “history has been written by the victors” and thus dictates the tasks they must undertake and the forms they adopt to carry them out.

*Harder They Come* was initiated by Grove Press in the U.S. as a result of the success of the movie of the same name. The movie was loosely based on an actual incident that took place in Kingston in 1949 when a “ghetto gunman” killed some of the police who were trying to arrest him and became a folk hero. As with, say, Robin Hood, the legend accreted layers of fabulous resistance; it operated as a centre of gravity that attracted and reorganized other incidents, tales and songs. It became, in short, a “mythos” and both the movie and the novel are re-tellings that both articulate and alter it. The major thematic difference between the movie and the novel is the addition in the latter of the gunman’s childhood, of the years leading up to his fierce, rash blaze of riot as reggae singer, dope smuggler and to use Hobsbawm’s phrase, “primitive rebel.” This permits us to learn crucial history: the existence of a class of small peasantry, subsistence farmers in the hills who flourished between the victory of the Maroons and the growth of foreign capital. The culture of this class—in agricultural practice, custom and language—still had roots in Africa, even if they had been transformed by slavery and subsequent rebellion. As Ivan—the protagonist—leaves the hills to seek his fortune in “Babylon” (Kingston), the language of the novel begins to change from English to Jamaican, a language that is neither English nor “African” but a dialectical product of their interactions.

## Heart of Darkness and Cultural Nationalism

51

And if Ivan's struggle and death is fashioned by Hollywood, his story subverts Tinsel Town and allows us to see the bankers behind Bogart, the government officials in the ganja trade, the limits imposed on his resistance by the alliance of foreign capital and native elite, Seaga and the IMF.

There are problems with the novel: it collapses the historical time frames of 1949 and 1979 in such a way as to exclude the Manley years, the intricate contradictions of left wing social democracy, nationalism and capitalist resurgence. It demands in this failure another novel that is less reliant on the "mythos" and the movie for its own shape and analysis. Nevertheless, both its writing and history of publication make it possible to see the problems it tackles more clearly. It represents, as it were, a watershed in the national struggle—as does Manley's electoral defeat—that is beginning to split into revolutionary and reactionary camps. The review of *Harder They Come* in *The Gleaner* by British and U.S.-educated Jamaican Sylvia Wynter is symptomatic of this fissure: a violent attack on the novel as Marxist and, consequently, "inartistic" and a betrayal of "cultural nationalism." The social realist style of the book is turned against it by Wynter in her demand that the writer portray and not preach. The alliance between liberal humanism and imperial interest has never been clearer.

Negotiations with Grove Press for Jamaican distribution, the project of publishing a version of it in cartoon form there to struggle with the problems posed by the systemic illiteracy inflicted on Jamaican workers, its publication in the U.K.—where it received enthusiastic reviews and reached the top of *Time Out* magazine's sales chart for "alternate" book stores—some six months before the Brixton riots bring into focus the complex relations between cultural nationalism and imperialism.

These relations have a theoretical and political history for Marxists that is commonly referred to as "the national question." One of the major arenas of struggle between Stalin, on the one hand, and Trotsky and the dying Lenin, on the other, "the national question" remains an acid political test for revolutionary socialists. Stalin's bid to set up "objective" criteria for "nation" is irreconcilable with Lenin's insistence that its definition must take place within the sphere of politics and be decided by the working masses who live "within" it. The consequences of the Stalinist perspective are the extension of "the prison house of nations" into the transition to socialism by invoking "proletarian internationalism"; the consolidation of the power of the bureaucratic caste in post-insurrectionary states; and the oscillation between the policies of the "popular front" and intense sectarianism in those countries engaged in a struggle for national liberation that fatally damages that struggle.

In the sphere of art, these choices summarized by "the national question" also

present themselves. As Marxists we are obliged either to see “cultural nationalism” as inherently reactionary or as an arena of struggle, as a cul-de-sac or as a dialectical process that intensifies the crisis of imperialism. To dismiss Thelwell or Achebe as “petty bourgeois” is a convenient, if stunted, way of avoiding the fact that colonialism and neo-colonialism have ensured that literacy is a question of class: the matter then presents itself not as one of the class *origins* of these writers, nor of their class *experience*, but rather one of their class *stance* in relation to the national liberation struggle. Inevitably their artistic practice will be influenced—even limited and subverted—by their personal and educational histories; and it is one of the tasks of Marxist cultural criticism to identify these distortions in their work. But to wait for the emergence of “uncontaminated,” working class Third World writers would be to repeat the errors of Proletkult in a new form; and to relegate their contribution to the political struggle to marginality would be to recapitulate the liberal humanist division between “economics,” “politics” and “culture.” It is the crassest kind of positivism for Marxists to deny that art has political power—though it obviously varies widely depending on the context of its reception—simply because that power is difficult, or impossible, to quantify. While it is true that art—in the broadest sense of that term—is not politically *decisive*, it in no way follows that its effects are politically negligible. “Morale,” as Napoleon succinctly noted, “is three quarters of the war.” We may quarrel with the fraction without disputing the insight.

## V

“Bringing it all back home”

—Bob Dylan

“I have wrestled with death. It is the most unexciting contest you can imagine. It takes place in an impalpable greyness, with nothing underfoot, with nothing around, without spectators, without clamour, without glory, without the great desire of victory, without the great fear of defeat, in a sickly atmosphere of tepid skepticism, without much belief in your own right, and still less in that of your adversary.”

—Joseph Conrad  
*Heart Of Darkness*

The limitations of Terry Eagleton’s analysis in *Criticism & Ideology* are those of the political and intellectual climate in which he discovers himself:

In English literary culture of the past century, the ideological basis of organic form is peculiarly visible, as a progressively impoverished bourgeois liberalism attempts to integrate more ambitious and affective modes. . . . The destruction of corporate and organicist ideologies in the political sphere has

Heart of Darkness *and Cultural Nationalism*

53

always been a central task of revolutionaries; the destruction of such ideologies in the aesthetic region is essential not only for a scientific knowledge of the literary past, but for laying the foundation on which the materialist aesthetic and artistic practices of the future can be built.<sup>12</sup>

This image of Marxist cultural criticism as a kind of intellectual demolition work represents in theoretical terms a commitment to a “stagist” notion of revolutionary change. The patient deconstruction of literary texts from the Great Tradition ignores the necessity to point out that the struggle for liberation continues, accepts the proposition that history is defined as that which has “passed,” accedes to the boundaries between “art” and “mass culture” that departments of Literature exist to maintain. “Scientific-historical analysis” turns in the hand and becomes indifferent to the destruction of the class *stance* of the art it criticizes. Its “object of knowledge” (to use an Althusserian category to indicate this perspective’s debt to “left structuralism” and its attempt to reform the Stalinist Parti Communiste Francaise), is “text as theory”: fiction becomes not something that “speak(s) to your soul and mine” but theory embodied in another way. This waltz of idealism and vulgar materialism suppresses politics in the name of literary science in very much the same way as Stalinism opposes “nationalism” to “internationalism”: “theory” becomes the justification of the practice of “literary criticism” without deconstructing the category of “literary criticism” itself. Raymond Williams makes the point obliquely:

It is no way surprising that the specialized category of “literature,” developed in precise forms of correspondence with a particular social class, a particular organization of learning, and the appropriate particular technology of print, should now so often be invoked in retrospective, nostalgic or reactionary modes, as a form of opposition to what is correctly seen as a new phase of civilization.<sup>13</sup>

*Harder They Come* is forced to deal with reggae, movies, Rastafarianism and dope both because they are crucial to the social experience it describes and because it is confronted with the question of its own reception by “semi-literate” working people. The boundaries between “high art” and “mass culture” crystallize into a class boundary that must not remain “unspeakable.”

The politics of rock begin when we refuse elitist notions that rock is equivalent to reactionary cultural nationalism, the simple and successful co-optation of working people’s experience; and when we refuse to confine the context in which we place, say, Conrad to the “literary tradition” and immediate political environment in which he wrote.

Students at Simon Fraser University are perfectly well aware that literature is something to be *learnt*; they are not necessarily aware that other, and more im-

mediate experiences—commercial messages, popular music and “the news,” for instance—must be learnt too. Conrad’s novella affects our understanding of El Salvador and Nicaragua, in its omissions and in its status as “above all that.” The task of Marxist cultural criticism is to disclose those relations rather than to substitute itself for the “revolutionary party in theory”:

To find a solution to this impasse [the decline of bourgeois society] through art itself is impossible. . . . Art can neither escape the crisis nor partition itself off . . . the function of art in our epoch is determined by its relation to the revolution.<sup>14</sup>

#### NOTES

<sup>1</sup> Terry Eagleton, *Criticism & Ideology*, Verso, London, 1978, p. 140.

<sup>2</sup> Leon Trotsky, “Class & Art,” speech to the Press Department of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, May 9, 1924, *Leon Trotsky On Literature And Art*, Pathfinder Press, New York, 1970, p. 68.

<sup>3</sup> Joseph Conrad, *Heart Of Darkness*, Penguin, London, 1973, p. 10.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 10.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 8.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 101.

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 9–10.

<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 8.

<sup>9</sup> Eagleton, *op. cit.*, p. 135.

<sup>10</sup> Conrad, *op. cit.*, pp. 96–7.

<sup>11</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 111.

<sup>12</sup> Eagleton, *op. cit.*, p. 161.

<sup>13</sup> Raymond Williams, *Marxism And Literature*. O.U.P., 1977, p. 52.

<sup>14</sup> Leon Trotsky, “Art And Politics In Our Epoch,” *Leon Trotsky On Literature And Art*, Pathfinder Press, New York, 1970, p. 106.