

Applied Practice
in

Heart of Darkness

by Joseph Conrad

PRE-AP/AP VERSION

Directions: This part consists of selections from *Heart of Darkness* and questions on their content, form, and style. After reading each passage, choose the best answer to each question.

Note: Pay particular attention to the requirement of questions that contain the words NOT, LEAST, or EXCEPT.

Passage 1, Questions 1-8. Read the following passage from Part I carefully before you choose your answers.

And at last, in its curved and imperceptible fall, the sun sank low, and from glowing white changed to a dull red without rays and without heat, as if about to go out suddenly, stricken to death by the touch of that gloom brooding over a crowd of men.

Forthwith a change came over the waters, and the serenity became less brilliant but more profound. The old river in its broad reach rested unruffled at the decline of day, after ages of good service done to the race that peopled its banks, spread out in the tranquil dignity of a waterway leading to the uttermost ends of the earth. We looked at the venerable stream not in the vivid flush of a short day that comes and departs for ever, but in the august light of abiding memories. And indeed nothing is easier for a man who has, as the phrase goes, "followed the sea" with reverence and affection, than to evoke the great spirit of the past upon the lower reaches of the Thames. The tidal current runs to and fro in its unceasing service, crowded with memories of men and ships it had borne to the rest of home or to the battles of the sea. It had known and served all the men of whom the nation is proud, from Sir Francis Drake to Sir John Franklin, knights all, titled and untitled--the great knights-errant of the sea. It had borne all the ships whose names are like jewels flashing in the night of time, from the *Golden Hind* returning with her round flanks full of treasure, to be visited by the Queen's Highness and thus pass out of the gigantic tale, to the *Erebus* and *Terror*, bound on other conquests--and that never returned. It had known the ships and the men. They had sailed from Deptford, from Greenwich, from Erith--the adventurers and the settlers; kings' ships and the ships of men on 'Change; captains, admirals, the dark "interlopers" of the Eastern trade, and the commissioned "generals" of East India fleets. Hunters for gold or pursuers of fame, they all had gone out on that stream, bearing the sword, and often the torch, messengers of the might within the land, bearers of a spark from the sacred fire. What greatness had not floated on the ebb of that river into the mystery of

an unknown earth! . . . The dreams of men, the seed of commonwealths, the germs of empires.

The sun set; the dusk fell on the stream, and lights began to appear along the shore. The Chapman lighthouse, a three-legged thing erect on a mud-flat, shone strongly. Lights of ships moved in the fairway--a great stir of lights going up and going down. And farther west on the upper reaches the place of the monstrous town was still marked ominously on the sky, a brooding gloom in sunshine, a lurid glare under the stars.

"And this also," said Marlow suddenly, "has been one of the dark places of the earth."

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. Their minds are of the stay-at-home order, and their home is always with them--the ship; and so is their country--the sea. One ship is very much like another, and the sea is always the same. In the immutability of their surroundings the foreign shores, the foreign faces, the changing immensity of life, glide past, veiled not by a sense of mystery but by a slightly disdainful ignorance; for there is nothing mysterious to a seaman unless it be the sea itself, which is the mistress of his existence and as inscrutable as Destiny. For the rest, after his hours of work, a casual stroll or a casual spree on shore suffices to unfold for him the secret of a whole continent, and generally he finds the secret not worth knowing. 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 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.

1. The first paragraph creates a mood that could best be described as
 - (A) deadly
 - (B) fatalistic
 - (C) dull
 - (D) profound
 - (E) somber

2. The first three sentences of the second paragraph (lines 6-15) depict the river as
 - (A) vivid and ephemeral
 - (B) dull and deep
 - (C) serene and revered
 - (D) beloved and profound
 - (E) memorable and ethereal

3. A man who has "followed the sea" (line 17) is a
 - I. naval historian
 - II. sailor
 - III. merchant
 - IV. knight
 - (A) I only
 - (B) II only
 - (C) II and III only
 - (D) II and IV only
 - (E) II, III, and IV only

4. The second half of the second paragraph (beginning line 23) contains all of the following EXCEPT
 - (A) allusion
 - (B) simile
 - (C) personification
 - (D) understatement
 - (E) absolutes

5. The phrase "bearing the sword, and often the torch" (line 40) is an example of
 - (A) metonymy
 - (B) synecdoche
 - (C) metaphor
 - (D) polysyndeton
 - (E) apostrophe

6. The phrase "a spark from the sacred fire" (line 42) most likely symbolically refers to
 - (A) capitalism
 - (B) knowledge
 - (C) deism
 - (D) imperialism
 - (E) military dominance

7. The third paragraph (beginning in line 46) serves primarily
 - (A) to mark the end of the author's commentary and the start of the narrator's tale
 - (B) to return the reader's focus to the river itself
 - (C) as a transition from the positive tone of the second paragraph to the negative tone of the fourth paragraph
 - (D) as a summation of the preceding narrative paragraph
 - (E) to maintain the chronological ordering of the passage as a whole

8. In the last two paragraphs, the descriptions of both Marlow and seamen are presented in terms that are
 - (A) mysterious
 - (B) prosaic
 - (C) simplistic
 - (D) quixotic
 - (E) paradoxical

Passage 3, Questions 16-22. Read the following passage from Part I of *Heart of Darkness* carefully before you choose your answers.

5 “Black shapes crouched, lay, sat between the trees leaning against the trunks, clinging to the earth, half coming out, half effaced within the dim light, in all the attitudes of pain, abandonment, and despair. Another mine on the cliff went off, followed by a slight shudder of the soil under my feet. The work was going on. The work! And this was the place where some of the helpers had withdrawn to die.

10 “They were dying slowly--it was very clear. They were not enemies, they were not criminals, they were nothing earthly now--nothing but black shadows of disease and starvation, lying confusedly in the greenish gloom. Brought from all the recesses of the coast in all the legality of time contracts, lost in uncongenial surroundings, fed on unfamiliar food, they sickened, became inefficient, and were then allowed to crawl away and rest. These moribund shapes were free as air--and nearly as thin. I began to distinguish the gleam of the eyes under the trees. Then, glancing down, I saw a face near my hand. The black bones reclined at full length with one shoulder against the tree, and slowly the eyelids rose and the sunken eyes looked up at me, enormous and vacant, a kind of blind, white flicker in the depths of the orbs, which died out slowly. The man seemed young--almost a boy--but you know with them it's hard to tell. I found nothing else to do but to offer him one of the good Swede's ship's biscuits I had in my pocket. The fingers closed slowly on it and held--there was no other movement and no other glance. He had tied a bit of white worsted round his neck--Why? Where did he get it? Was it a badge--an ornament--a charm--a propitiatory act? Was there any idea at all connected with it? It looked startling round his black neck, this bit of white thread from beyond the seas.

40 “Near the same tree two more bundles of acute angles sat with their legs drawn up. One, with his chin propped on his knees, stared at nothing, in an intolerable and appalling manner: his brother phantom rested its forehead, as if overcome with a great weariness; and all about others were scattered in every pose of contorted collapse, as in some picture of a massacre or a pestilence. While I stood horror-struck, one of these creatures rose to his hands and knees, and went off on all-fours towards the river to drink. He lapped out of his hand, then

50 sat up in the sunlight, crossing his shins in front of him, and after a time let his woolly head fall on his breastbone.

55 “I didn't want any more loitering in the shade, and I made haste towards the station. When near the buildings I met a white man, in such an unexpected elegance of get-up that in the first moment I took him for a sort of vision. I saw a high starched collar, white cuffs, a light alpaca jacket, snowy trousers, a clean necktie, and varnished boots. No hat. Hair parted, brushed, oiled, under a green-lined parasol held in a big white hand. He was amazing, and had a penholder behind his ear.

60 “I shook hands with this miracle, and I learned he was the Company's chief accountant, and that all the bookkeeping was done at this station. He had come out for a moment, he said, 'to get a breath of fresh air.' The expression sounded wonderfully odd, with its suggestion of sedentary desk-life. I wouldn't have mentioned the fellow to you at all, only it was from his lips that I first heard the name of the man who is so indissolubly connected with the memories of that time. Moreover, I respected the fellow. Yes; I respected his collars, his vast cuffs, his brushed hair. His appearance was certainly that of a hairdresser's dummy; but in the great demoralization of the land he kept up his appearance. That's backbone. His starched collars and got-up shirt-fronts were achievements of character. He had been out nearly three years; and, later, I could not help asking him how he managed to sport such linen. He had just the faintest blush, and said modestly, 'I've been teaching one of the native women about the station. It was difficult. She had a distaste for the work.' Thus this man had verily accomplished something. And he was devoted to his books, which were in apple-pie order.

85 “Everything else in the station was in a muddle--heads, things, buildings. Strings of dusty niggers with splay feet arrived and departed; a stream of manufactured goods, rubbishy cottons, beads, and brass-wire set into the depths of darkness, and in return came a precious trickle of ivory.”

9 16. When compared to the first and last sentences of the first paragraph (lines 1-5 and 7-9), the three middle sentences (lines 5-7) serve as

- I. a contrast of production to destruction
- II. an explanation for the workers' condition
- III. a hint of the cost in human terms

- (A) III only
- (B) I and II only
- (C) I and III only
- (D) II and III only
- (E) I, II, and III

10 17. In lines 11-18, the narrator presents the workers as

- (A) monstrous apparitions
- (B) less than human
- (C) people for whom he feels pity
- (D) ignorant savages who deserve no pity
- (E) objects of wonder and scorn

11 18. In lines 19-52, the workers are described primarily through

- (A) references to individual parts of the body
- (B) detailed analysis of their actions
- (C) unusual metaphors and similes
- (D) ages and shapes described in abstraction
- (E) emotional and highly connotative language

12 19. The narrator's focus on the "bit of white worsted" (line 33) reveals his

- (A) fascination with even the most minute details of the workers
- (B) belief that the worker must have stolen the thing from a European
- (C) mystification at so human a sign on such a creature
- (D) amazement at the man's audacity in such a display
- (E) contempt for such a pitiful attempt at personal adornment

13 20. The narrator's attitude toward the workers could best be described as one of

- (A) bemusement
- (B) disgust
- (C) pity
- (D) amazement
- (E) ambivalence

14 21. The narrator's admiration for the chief accountant is based primarily on the accountant's

- (A) aristocratic sense of style
- (B) physical handsomeness and healthy appearance
- (C) innate modesty and respected occupation
- (D) ability to remain clean and neat in such a place
- (E) willingness and ability to train the natives

15 22. The passage as a whole presents the narrator as a person who

- (A) regrets the sufferings of native workers in strange places
- (B) holds the typical imperialistic view of foreign lands and peoples
- (C) is motivated solely by greed and a desire to impress his superiors
- (D) is critical of others and condescending toward all
- (E) feels great distaste for all aspects of imperialism

Passage 4, Questions 23-30. Read the following passage from Part I of *Heart of Darkness* carefully before you choose your answers.

5 “Then I noticed a small sketch in oils, on a panel, representing a woman, draped and blindfolded, carrying a lighted torch. The background was sombre--almost black. The movement of the woman was stately, and the effect of the torchlight on the face was sinister.

10 “It arrested me, and he stood by civilly, holding an empty half-pint champagne bottle (medical comforts) with the candle stuck in it. To my question he said Mr. Kurtz had painted this--in this very station more than a year ago--while waiting for means to go to his trading post. ‘Tell me, pray,’ said I, ‘who is this Mr. Kurtz?’

15 “‘The chief of the Inner Station,’ he answered in a short tone, looking away. ‘Much obliged,’ I said, laughing. ‘And you are the brickmaker of the Central Station. Every one knows that.’ He was silent for a while. ‘He is a prodigy,’ he said at last. ‘He is an emissary of pity and science and progress, and devil knows what else. We want,’ he began to declaim suddenly, ‘for the guidance of the cause intrusted to us by Europe, so to speak, higher intelligence, wide sympathies, a singleness of purpose.’ ‘Who says that?’ I asked. ‘Lots of them,’ he replied. ‘Some even write that; and so *he* comes here, a special being, as you ought to know.’ ‘Why ought I to know?’ I interrupted, really surprised. He paid no attention. ‘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. Oh, don’t say no. I’ve my own eyes to trust.’ Light dawned upon me. My dear aunt’s influential acquaintances were producing an unexpected effect upon that young man. I nearly burst into a laugh. ‘Do you read the Company’s confidential correspondence?’ I asked. He hadn’t a word to say. It was great fun. ‘When Mr. Kurtz,’ I continued, severely, ‘is General Manager, you won’t have the opportunity.’

45 “He blew the candle out suddenly, and we went outside. The moon had risen. Black figures strolled about listlessly, pouring water on the glow, whence proceeded a sound of hissing; steam ascended in the moonlight, the beaten nigger groaned somewhere. ‘What a row the brute makes!’ said the indefatigable man with the moustaches, appearing near us.

50 ‘Serve him right. Transgression--punishment--bang! Pitiless, pitiless. That’s the only way. This will prevent all conflagrations in the future. I was telling the manager . . .’ He noticed my companion, and became crestfallen all at once. ‘Not in bed yet,’ he said, with a kind of servile heartiness; ‘it’s so natural. Ha! Danger--agitation.’ He vanished. I went on to the riverside, and the other followed me. I heard a scathing murmur at my ear, ‘Heap of muffs--go to.’ The pilgrims had still their staves in their hands. I verily believe they took these sticks to bed with them. Beyond the fence the forest stood up spectrally in the moonlight, and through the dim stir, through faint sounds of that lamentable courtyard, the silence of the land went home to one’s very heart--its mystery, its greatness, the amazing reality of its concealed life. The hurt nigger moaned feebly somewhere near by, and then fetched a deep sigh that made me mend my pace away from there. I felt a hand introducing itself under my arm. ‘My dear sir,’ said the fellow, ‘I don’t want to be misunderstood, and especially by you, who will see Mr. Kurtz long before I can have that pleasure. I wouldn’t like him to get a false idea of my disposition . . .’

75 “I let him run on, this papier-maché Mephistopheles, and it seemed to me that if I tried I could poke my forefinger through him, and would find nothing inside but a little loose dirt, maybe. He, don’t you see, had been planning to be assistant-manager by and by under the present man, and I could see that the coming of that Kurtz had upset them both not a little. He talked precipitately, and I did not try to stop him. I had my shoulders against the wreck of my steamer, hauled up on the slope like a carcass of some big river animal. The small of mud, of primeval mud, by Jove! was in my nostrils, the high stillness of the primeval forest was before my eyes; there were shiny patches on the black creek. The moon had spread over everything a thin layer of silver--over the rank grass, over the mud, upon the wall of matted vegetation standing higher than the wall of a temple, over the great river I could see through a sombre gap glittering, glittering, as it flowed broadly by without a murmur. All this was great, expectant, mute, while the man jabbered about himself. I wondered whether the stillness on the face of the immensity looking at us two were meant as an appeal or as a

menace. What were we who had strayed in here?
100 Could we handle that dumb thing, or would it
handle us? I felt how big, how confoundedly big,
was that thing that couldn't talk, and perhaps was
deaf as well. What was in there? I could see a little
ivory coming out from there, and I had heard Mr.
105 Kurtz was in there. I had heard enough about it,
too--God knows! Yet somehow it didn't bring any
image with it--no more than if I had been told an
angel or a fiend was in there. I believed it in the
same way one of you might believe there are
110 inhabitants in the planet Mars."

16 23. The description of the oil sketch presents the
picture as

- I. paradoxical
- II. full of symbolism
- III. aesthetically pleasing

- (A) I only
- (B) II only
- (C) III only
- (D) I and II only
- (E) I, II, and III

17 24. The speaker's response to the "brickmaker"
in lines 15-17 implies that the speaker is

- (A) less than satisfied with the answer he
received to his question
- (B) grateful that the man answered his query
about Mr. Kurtz
- (C) angry that his question had not really been
answered
- (D) amused by the man's prompt response
- (E) aware that he already knew the answer to
his own question

18 25. As used in line 18, "prodigy" could best be
interpreted to mean

- (A) child wonder
- (B) curiosity
- (C) freak
- (D) genius
- (E) emissary

19 26. The tone of the "brickmaker" in lines 18-35
could best be described as

- (A) admiring and respectful
- (B) wondering and jealous
- (C) envious and bitter
- (D) confident and amused
- (E) credulous and resentful

20 27. The antecedent of "He" in line 57 is

- (A) "the manager" (line 53)
- (B) "the indefatigable man" (lines 48-49)
- (C) "the brickmaker" (line 16)
- (D) "the brute" (line 48)
- (E) "the pilgrim" (line 59)

21 28. The fellow's comments in lines 70-74 reveal
him to be

- (A) fawning and self-serving
- (B) congenial and honest
- (C) polite and friendly
- (D) respectful and dutiful
- (E) sensitive and timid

22 29. From the passage, the reader can infer that the
narrator is

- I. supercilious
- II. contemplative
- III. sensible of the feelings of others
- IV. observant

- (A) I only
- (B) I and IV only
- (C) II and III only
- (D) II, III, and IV only
- (E) I, II, III, and IV

23 30. In the passage, the jungle is depicted as

- (A) teeming and threatening
- (B) intriguing but malevolent
- (C) boundless and soundless
- (D) primitive and illuminated
- (E) alluring but fatal

Passage 5, Questions 31-37. Read the following passage from Part II of *Heart of Darkness* carefully before you choose your answers.

“We penetrated deeper and deeper into the heart of darkness. It was very quiet there. At night sometimes the roll of drums behind the curtain of trees would run up the river and remain sustained faintly, as if hovering in the air high over our heads, till the first break of day. Whether it meant war, peace, or prayer we could not tell. The dawns were heralded by the descent of a chill stillness; the wood-cutters slept, their fires burned low; the snapping of a twig would make you start. We were wanderers on a prehistoric earth, on an earth that wore the aspect of an unknown planet. We could have fancied ourselves the first of men taking possession of an accursed inheritance, to be subdued at the cost of profound anguish and of excessive toil. But suddenly, as we struggled round a bend, there would be a glimpse of rush walls, of peaked grass-roofs, a burst of yells, a whirl of black limbs, a mass of hands clapping, of feet stamping, of bodies swaying, of eyes rolling, under the droop of heavy and motionless foliage. The steamer toiled along slowly on the edge of a black and incomprehensible frenzy. The prehistoric man was cursing us, praying to us, welcoming us--who could tell? We were cut off from the comprehension of our surroundings; we glided past like phantoms, wondering and secretly appalled, as sane men would be before an enthusiastic outbreak in a madhouse. We could not understand because we were travelling in the night of first ages, of those ages that are gone, leaving hardly a sign--and no memories.

“The earth seemed unearthly. We are accustomed to look upon the shackled form of a conquered monster, but there--you could look at a thing monstrous and free. It was unearthly, 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 slowly to one. They howled and leaped, and spun, and made horrid faces; but what thrilled you was just the thought of their humanity--like yours--the thought of your remote kinship with this wild and passionate uproar. 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 in which you--you so remote from the night of first ages--could comprehend. And why not? The mind

of man is capable of anything--because everything is in it, all the past as well as all the future. What was there after all? Joy, fear, sorrow, devotion, valour, rage--who can tell?--but truth--truth stripped of its cloak of time. Let the fool gape and shudder--the man knows, and can look on without a wink. But he must at least be as much of a man as these on the shore. He must meet that truth with his own true stuff--with his own inborn strength. Principles won't do. Acquisitions, clothes, pretty rags--rags that would fly off at the first good shake. No; you want a deliberate belief. An appeal to me in this fiendish row--is there? Very well; I hear; I admit, but I have a voice, too, and for good or evil mine is the speech that cannot be silenced. Of course, a fool, what with sheer fright and fine sentiments, is always safe. Who's that grunting? You wonder I didn't go ashore for a howl and a dance? Well, no--I didn't. Fine sentiments, you say? Fine sentiments, be hanged! I had no time. I had to mess about with white-lead and strips of woolen blanket helping to put bandages on those leaky steampipes--I tell you. I had to watch the steering, and circumvent those snags, and get the tin-pot along by hook or by crook. There was surface-truth enough in these things to save a wiser man! And between whiles I had to look after the savage who was fireman. He was an improved specimen; he could fire up a vertical boiler. He was there below me, and, upon my word, to look at him was as edifying as seeing a dog in a parody of breeches and a feather hat, walking on his hind-legs. A few months of training had done for that really fine chap. He squinted at the steam-gauge and at the water-gauge with an evident effort of intrepidity--and he had filed teeth, too, the poor devil, and the wool of his pate shaved into queer patterns, and three ornamental scars on each of his cheeks. He ought to have been clapping his hands and stamping his feet on the bank, instead of which he was hard at work, a thrall to strange witchcraft, full of improving knowledge. He was useful because he had been instructed; and what he knew was this--that should the water in that transparent thing disappear, the evil spirit inside the boiler would get angry through the greatness of his thirst, and take a terrible vengeance. So he sweated and fired up and watched the glass fearfully (with an impromptu charm, made of rags, tied to his arm, and a piece of

100 polished bone, as big as a watch, stuck flatways
through his lower lip), while the wooded banks
slipped past us slowly, the short noise was left
behind, the interminable miles of silence--and we
crept on, towards Kurtz. But the snags were thick,
105 the water was treacherous and shallow, the boiler
seemed indeed to have a sulky devil in it, and thus
neither that fireman nor I had any time to peer into
our creepy thoughts.

31. After reading the entire passage, the reader
24 could best infer that "the heart of darkness"
in lines 1-2 refers to

- (A) the jungle and the primal nature of man
- (B) the jungle and the natives
- (C) the river and innate evil
- (D) the river and the natives
- (E) the primitive fear of darkness

32. The "accursed inheritance" (line 14) refers to
25

- (A) the natives
- (B) ivory
- (C) the river
- (D) the earth
- (E) the jungle

33. The natives are described primarily in terms of
26

- I. movement
- II. noise
- III. color

- (A) I only
- (B) I and II only
- (C) I and III only
- (D) II and III only
- (E) I, II, and III

34. The antecedent of "it" in line 43 is
27

- (A) "this suspicion" (line 37)
- (B) "faces" (line 40)
- (C) "their humanity" (line 41)
- (D) "kinship" (line 42)
- (E) "uproar" (line 43)

35. The speaker believes all of the following
28 EXCEPT

- (A) the natives are as primeval as the jungle
- (B) Europeans are more accustomed to restraint
and control
- (C) the natives represent a truth about basic
human nature
- (D) foolish people do not understand the lure of
the primitive jungle
- (E) the natives are a real physical threat and are
unintelligent

36. The speaker's comments in lines 68-76 could
29 best be described as

- (A) rationalizing
- (B) explanatory
- (C) factual
- (D) pitiable
- (E) sympathetic

37. The speaker's attitude toward the fireman
30 (lines 76-96) could best be described as

- (A) hypocritical
- (B) tolerant
- (C) condescending
- (D) sympathetic
- (E) admiring

Passage 7, Questions 46-52. Read the following passage from Part II of *Heart of Darkness* carefully before you choose your answers.

“The other shoe went flying unto the devil-god of that river. I thought, ‘By Jove! It’s all over. We are too late; he has vanished--the gift has vanished, by means of some spear, arrow, or club. I will never hear that chap speak after all’--and my sorrow had a startling extravagance of emotion, even such as I had noticed in the howling sorrow of these savages in the bush. I couldn’t have felt more of lonely desolation somehow, had I been robbed of a belief or had missed my destiny in life Why do you sigh in this beastly way, somebody? Absurd? Well, absurd. Good Lord! mustn’t a man ever---- Here, give me some tobacco.” . . .

There was a pause of profound stillness, then a match flared, and Marlow’s lean face appeared, worn, hollow, with downward folds and dropped eyelids, with an aspect of concentrated attention; and as he took vigorous draws at his pipe, it seemed to retreat and advance out of the night in the regular flicker of tiny flame. The match went out.

“Absurd!” he cried. “This is the worst of trying to tell. . . . Here you all 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! My dear boys, what can you expect from a man who out of sheer nervousness had just flung overboard a pair of new shoes! Now I think of it, it is amazing I did not shed tears. I am, upon the whole, proud of my fortitude. I was cut to the quick at the idea of having lost the inestimable privilege of listening to the gifted Kurtz. Of course I was wrong. The privilege was waiting for me. Oh, yes, I heard more than enough. And I was right, too. A voice. He was very little more than a voice. And I heard--him--it--this voice--other voices--all of them were so little more than voices--and the memory of that time itself lingers around me, impalpable, like a dying vibration of one immense jabber, silly, atrocious, sordid, savage, or simply mean, without any kind of sense. Voices, voices--even the girl herself--now----”

He was silent for a long time.

“I laid the ghost of his gifts at last with a lie,” he began suddenly. “Girl! What? Did I mention a girl? Oh, she is out of it--completely. They--the women I mean--are out of it--should be out of it.

We must help them to stay in that beautiful world of their own, lest ours gets worse. Oh, she had to be out of it. You should have heard the disinterred body of Mr. Kurtz saying, ‘My Intended.’ You would have perceived directly then how completely she was out of it. And the lofty frontal bone of Mr. Kurtz! They say the hair goes on growing sometimes, but this--ah--specimen, was impressively bald. The wilderness had patted him on the head, and behold, it was like a ball--an ivory ball; it had caressed him, and--lo!--he had withered; it had taken him, loved him, embraced him, got into his veins, consumed his flesh, and sealed his soul to its own by the inconceivable ceremonies of some devilish initiation. He was its spoiled and pampered favourite. Ivory? I should think so. Heaps of it, stacks of it. The old mud shanty was bursting with it. You would think there was not a single tusk left either above or below the ground in the whole country. ‘Mostly fossil,’ the manager had remarked, disparagingly. It was no more fossil than I am; but they call it fossil when it is dug up. It appears these niggers do bury the tusks sometimes--but evidently they couldn’t bury this parcel deep enough to save the gifted Mr. Kurtz from his fate. We filled the steamboat with it, and had to pile a lot on the deck. Thus he could see and enjoy as long as he could see, because the appreciation of this favour had remained with him to the last. You should have heard him say, ‘My ivory.’ Oh, yes, I heard him. ‘My Intended, my ivory, my station, my river, my----’ everything belonged to him. It made me hold my breath in expectation of hearing the wilderness burst into a prodigious peal of laughter that would shake the fixed stars in their places. Everything belonged to him--but that was a trifle.”

46. In context of the entire passage, it is clear that “the gift” that the narrator thought had “vanished” (lines 3-4) is

- (A) a pair of shoes
- (B) his destiny
- (C) his belief in goodness
- (D) Kurtz and his knowledge
- (E) the ivory

47. A reader can infer that at least one of the narrator's listeners finds absurdity in the narrator's

32

- I. tale of adventure in the jungle
- II. melodramatic delivery of the story
- III. inclusion of the detail of the shoes
- IV. focus on the behavior of the savages

- (A) I only
- (B) II only
- (C) III only
- (D) II and III only
- (E) III and IV only

48. The narrator implies that the listeners cannot understand because they have

33

- (A) never been sated and free of restraints
- (B) always had shoes and clothing readily available to them
- (C) never been without people to converse with in their own language
- (D) never been free of the moral and physical constraints of society
- (E) always had all the comforts of civilization

49. Lines 47-51 imply that

34

- I. women are isolated from savagery
- II. men expect women to be otherworldly
- III. women are a civilizing influence on men
- IV. women are disgusted by the depths to which men sink

- (A) I and III only
- (B) II and IV only
- (C) I, II, and III only
- (D) II, III, and IV only
- (E) I, II, III, and IV

50. The central imagery of lines 55-65 is that of

35

- (A) marriage
- (B) barbering
- (C) burial
- (D) anatomy
- (E) religious indoctrination

51. The antecedent of "its" in line 64 is

36

- (A) "the wilderness" (line 58)
- (B) "ivory" (line 59)
- (C) "his soul" (lines 62-63)
- (D) "inconceivable ceremonies" (line 63)
- (E) "devilish initiation" (line 64)

52. The "that" in line 86 refers to

37

- (A) the laughter of the wilderness
- (B) Kurtz's proprietary attitude
- (C) the mass of ivory
- (D) the fossils
- (E) the manager's disparagement

Passage 8, Questions 53-60. Read the following passage from Part II of *Heart of Darkness* carefully before you choose your answers.

5 " The thing was to know what he belonged to, how many powers of darkness claimed him for their own. That was the reflection that made you creepy all over. It was impossible--it was not good for one either--trying to imagine. He had taken a high seat amongst the devils of the land--I mean literally. You can't understand. How could you?--with solid pavement under your feet, surrounded by kind neighbours ready to cheer you or to fall on you, stepping delicately between the butcher and the policeman, in the holy terror of scandal and gallows and lunatic asylums--how can you imagine what particular region of the first ages a man's untrammelled feet may take him into by the way of solitude--utter solitude without a policeman--by the way of silence--utter silence, where no warning voice of a kind neighbour can be heard whispering of public opinion? These little things make all the difference. When they are gone you must fall back upon your own innate strength, upon your own capacity for faithfulness. Of course you may be too much of a fool to go wrong--too dull even to know you are being assaulted by the powers of darkness. I take it, no fool ever made a bargain for his soul with the devil; the fool is too much of a fool, or the devil too much of a devil--I don't know which. Or you may be such a thunderingly exalted creature as to be altogether deaf and blind to anything but heavenly sights and sounds. Then the earth for you is only a standing place--and whether to be like this is your loss or your gain I won't pretend to say. But most of us are neither one nor the other. The earth for us is a place to live in, where we must put up with sights, with sounds, with smells, too, by Jove!--breathe dead hippo, so to speak, and not be contaminated. And there, don't you see? Your strength comes in, the faith in your ability for the digging of unostentatious holes to bury the stuff in--your power of devotion, not to yourself, but to an obscure, back-breaking business. And that's difficult enough. Mind, I am not trying to excuse or even explain--I am trying to account to myself for--for--Mr. Kurtz--for the shade of Mr. Kurtz. This initiated wraith from the back of Nowhere, honoured me with its amazing confidence before it vanished altogether. This was because it could speak English to me. The original Kurtz had been educated partly in England, and--as he was good

50 enough to say himself--his sympathies were in the right place. His mother was half-English, his father was half-French. All Europe contributed to the making of Kurtz; and by and by I learned that, most appropriately, the International Society for the Suppression of Savage Customs had intrusted him with the making of a report, for its future guidance. And he had written it, too. I've seen it. I've read it. It was eloquent, vibrating with eloquence, but too high-strung, I think. Seventeen pages of close writing he had found time for! But this must have been before his--let us say--nerves, went wrong, and caused him to preside at certain midnight dances ending with unspeakable rites, which--as far as I reluctantly gathered from what I heard at various times--were offered up to him--do you understand?--to Mr. Kurtz himself. But it was a beautiful piece of writing. The opening paragraph, however, in the light of later information, strikes me now as ominous. He began with the argument that we whites, from the point of development we had arrived at, 'must necessarily appear to them [savages] in the nature of supernatural beings--we approach them with the might as of a deity,' and so on, and so on. 'By the simple exercise of our will we can exert a power for good practically unbounded,' etc., etc. From that point he soared and took me with him. The peroration was magnificent, though difficult to remember, you know. It gave me the notion of an exotic Immensity ruled by an august Benevolence. It made me tingle with enthusiasm. This was the unbounded power of eloquence--of words--of burning noble words. There were no practical hints to interrupt the magic current of phrases, unless a kind of note at the foot of the last page, scrawled evidently much later, in an unsteady hand, may be regarded as the exposition of a method. It was very simple, and at the end of that moving appeal to every altruistic sentiment it blazed at you, luminous and terrifying, like a flash of lightning in a serene sky: 'Exterminate all the brutes!' The curious part was that he had apparently forgotten all about that valuable postscriptum, because, later on, when he in a sense came to himself, he repeatedly entreated me to take good care of 'my pamphlet' (he called it) as it was sure to have in the future a good influence upon his career."

53. The first three sentences imply that the narrator
38

- (A) fears to plumb the depths to which a person may sink
- (B) lacks the breadth of imagination to fathom Kurtz's decline
- (C) sees nothing in the jungle inviolate or sacred
- (D) seeks to put limits on the powers of darkness in man's soul
- (E) is repulsed to find Kurtz controlled by pagan beliefs

54. From the passage, it is evident that Kurtz had

- 39
- (A) tried to suppress the savage nature of the natives
 - (B) set himself up as a god among the natives
 - (C) admired the natives' way of life and had adapted to it
 - (D) viewed the natives as an interesting, but subhuman, species
 - (E) remained aloof from the natives and their ways

55. The narrator expresses the opinion that most
40 civilized behavior is based on

- I. societal peer pressure
- II. fear of punishment
- III. innate strength of character
- IV. basic human kindness

- (A) I only
- (B) III only
- (C) I and II only
- (D) III and IV only
- (E) II, III, and IV only

56. From the passage, it is evident that the narrator
41

- (A) sees Kurtz as both a saint and a fool
- (B) feels Kurtz was focused only on heavenly sights and sounds
- (C) has made no real attempt to understand Kurtz
- (D) views Kurtz as a fool who overreached himself
- (E) believes Kurtz sold his soul to the devil

57. The two sentences in lines 45-48 imply that
42

- (A) the narrator conversed with Kurtz as a ghost
- (B) Kurtz had joined a unique, secret organization
- (C) the narrator placed little importance on Kurtz's knowledge
- (D) Kurtz usually refused to communicate in English
- (E) Kurtz had been unalterably changed by his experiences in the jungle

58. The account of Kurtz's report and his actions
43 presents an example of

- (A) irony
- (B) humor
- (C) satire
- (D) parody
- (E) extended metaphor

59. As used in line 77, "peroration" means

- 44
- (A) logic
 - (B) morality
 - (C) discourse
 - (D) analogy
 - (E) dream

60. The narrator clearly feels that the most practical
45 way to deal with the natives is to

- (A) rule them with "august Benevolence"
- (B) kill them all off
- (C) suppress their savage customs
- (D) use superior European knowledge to civilize them
- (E) convert them by setting good and noble examples

Passage 10, Questions 69-75. Read the following passage from Part III of *Heart of Darkness* carefully before you choose your answers.

“Kurtz discoursed. A voice! a voice! It rang deep to the very last. It survived his strength to hide in the magnificent folds of eloquence the barren darkness of his heart. Oh, he struggled! he struggled! The wastes of his weary brain were haunted by shadowy images now--images of wealth and fame revolving obsequiously round his inextinguishable gift of noble and lofty expression. My intended, my station, my career, my ideas--these were the subjects for the occasional utterances of elevated sentiments. The shade of the original Kurtz frequented the bedside of the hollow sham, whose fate it was to be buried presently in the mould of primeval earth. But both the diabolic love and the unearthly hate of the mysteries it had penetrated fought for the possession of that soul satiated with primitive emotions, avid of lying fame, of sham distinction, of all the appearances of success and power.

“Sometimes he was contemptibly childish. He desired to have kings meet him at railway-stations on his return from some ghastly *Nowhere*, where he intended to accomplish great things. ‘You show them you have in you something that is really profitable, and then there will be no limits to the recognition of your ability,’ he would say. ‘Of course you must take care of the motives--right motives--always.’ The long reaches that were like one and the same reach, monotonous bends that were exactly alike, slipped past the steamer with their multitude of secular trees looking patiently after this grimy fragment of another world, the forerunner of change, of conquest, of trade, of massacres, of blessings. I looked ahead--piloting. ‘Close the shutter,’ said Kurtz suddenly one day; ‘I can’t bear to look at this.’ I did so. There was a silence. ‘Oh, but I will wring your heart yet!’ he cried at the invisible wilderness.

We broke down--as I had expected--and had to lie up for repairs at the head of an island. This delay was the first thing that shook Kurtz’s confidence. One morning he gave me a packet of papers and a photograph--the lot tied together with a shoe-string. ‘Keep this for me,’ he said. ‘This noxious fool’ (meaning the manager) ‘is capable of prying into my boxes when I am not looking.’ In the afternoon I saw him. He was lying on his back with closed eyes, and I withdrew quietly, but I heard him mutter, ‘Live rightly, die, die . . .’ I listened.

50 There was nothing more. Was he rehearsing some speech in his sleep, or was it a fragment of a phrase from some newspaper article? He had been writing for the papers and meant to do so again, ‘for the furthering of my ideas. It’s a duty.’

55 “His was an impenetrable darkness. I looked at him as you peer down at a man who is lying at the bottom of a precipice where the sun never shines. But I had not much time to give him, because I was helping the engine-driver to take to pieces the leaky cylinders, to straighten a bent connecting-rod, and in other such matters. I lived in an infernal mess of rust, filings, nuts, bolts, spanners, hammers, ratchet-drills--things I abominate, because I don’t get on with them. I tended the little forge we fortunately had aboard; I toiled wearily in a wretched scrap-heap--unless I had the shakes too bad to stand.

60 “One evening coming in with a candle I was startled to hear him say a little tremulously, ‘I am lying here in the dark waiting for death.’ The light was within a foot of his eyes. I forced myself to murmur, ‘Oh, nonsense!’ and stood over him as if transfixed.

65 “Anything approaching the change that came over his features I have never seen before, and hope never to see again. Oh, I wasn’t touched. I was fascinated. It was as though a veil had been rent. I saw on that ivory face the expression of sombre pride, of ruthless power, of craven terror--of an intense and hopeless despair. Did he live his life again in every detail of desire, temptation, and surrender during that supreme moment of complete knowledge? He cried in a whisper at some image, at some vision--he cried out twice, a cry that was no more than a breath”

80 ““The horror! The horror!”

69. The first four lines of the passage reveal that
46 the narrator

- (A) is contemptuous of Kurtz's verbosity and physical weakness
- (B) is impressed by Kurtz's will to live despite his physical frailty
- (C) believes Kurtz tried to use words to disguise the evils of his actions
- (D) cannot believe Kurtz's ability to wax eloquent as he does
- (E) is appalled by what Kurtz says about his experiences

70. The "inextinguishable gift (line 8) is Kurtz's
47

- (A) high ideals
- (B) noble ideas
- (C) images of wealth
- (D) eloquence
- (E) personal magnetism

71. The antecedent of "it" in line 15 is
48

- (A) "the shade" (line 11)
- (B) "the original Kurtz" (lines 11-12)
- (C) "the hollow sham" (line 12)
- (D) "the diabolic love" (line 14)
- (E) "the unearthly hate" (line 15)

72. The first paragraph implies that Kurtz has
49 been corrupted by

- I. primal emotions
- II. lies and shams
- III. physical hunger
- IV. greed for wealth and fame

- (A) I and II only
- (B) I and IV only
- (C) II and IV only
- (D) I, III, and IV only
- (E) I, II, III, and IV

73. The narrator appears to sneer at Kurtz's
50

- (A) vainglorious eloquence in such a primitive setting
- (B) plans to penetrate all the unknown reaches of the earth
- (C) penetration of the mysteries of the wilderness
- (D) struggle to reconcile his actions with his ideals
- (E) desire for public recognition of his talents

74. The long sentence in lines 28-34 reveals
51 the narrator's

- (A) boredom with the vista and the journey itself
- (B) disgust with the filthy condition of his boat
- (C) ambivalence about the impact of European imperialism
- (D) sense of intimidation by the vast jungle bordering the river
- (E) firm belief in the progress of civilization

75. Given the context of the entire passage, the
52 reader could best interpret Kurtz's final words as

- I. an expression of his fear of his approaching death
- II. a critique of his entire life
- III. an awareness of what he has become
- IV. a summation of what he has seen

- (A) I only
- (B) II only
- (C) III only
- (D) IV only
- (E) I and IV only

Passage 11, Questions 76-83. Read the following passage from Part III of *Heart of Darkness* carefully before you choose your answers.

“And then they very nearly buried me.

“However, as you see, I did not go to join Kurtz there and then. I did not. I remained to dream the nightmare out to the end, and to show my loyalty to Kurtz one more. Destiny. My destiny! Droll thing life is--that mysterious arrangement of merciless logic for a futile purpose. The most you can hope from it is some knowledge of yourself--that comes too late--a crop of inextinguishable regrets. 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 scepticism, without much belief in your own right, and still less in that of your adversary. If such is the form of ultimate wisdom, then life is a greater riddle than some of us think it to be. I was within a hair's breadth of the last opportunity for pronouncement, and I found with humiliation that probably I would have nothing to say. This is the reason why I affirm that Kurtz was a remarkable man. He had something to say. He said it. Since I had peeped over the edge myself, I understand better the meaning of his stare, that could not see the flame of the candle, but was wide enough to embrace the whole universe, piercing enough to penetrate all the hearts that beat in the darkness. He had summed it up--he had judged. ‘The horror!’ He was a remarkable man. After all, this was the expression of some sort of belief; it had candour, it had conviction, it had a vibrating note of revolt in its whisper, it had the appalling face of a glimpsed truth--the strange commingling of desire and hate. And it is not my own extremity I remember best--a vision of greyness without form filled with physical pain, and a careless contempt for the evanescence of all things--even of this pain itself. No! It is his extremity that I seem to have lived through. True, he had made that last stride, he had stepped over the edge, while I had been permitted to draw back my hesitating foot. And perhaps in this is the whole difference; perhaps all the wisdom, all the truth, and all sincerity, are just compressed into that inappreciable moment of time in which we step over the threshold of the invisible. Perhaps! I like to think my summing-up would not have been a

50 word of careless contempt. Better his cry--much better. 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, and even beyond, when a long time after I heard once more, not his own voice, but the echo of his magnificent eloquence thrown to me from a soul as translucently pure as a cliff of crystal.

55 “No, they did not bury me, though there is a period of time which I remember mistily, with a shuddering wonder, like a passage through some inconceivable world that had no hope in it and no desire. I found myself back in the sepulchral city resenting the sight of people hurrying through the streets to filch a little money from each other, to devour their infamous cookery, to gulp their unwholesome beer, to dream their insignificant and silly dreams. They trespassed upon my thoughts. They were intruders whose knowledge of life was to me an irritating pretence, because I felt so sure they could not possibly know the things I knew. Their bearing, which was simply the bearing of commonplace individuals going about their business in the assurance of perfect safety, was 60 offensive to me like the outrageous flauntings of folly in the face of a danger it is unable to comprehend. I had no particular desire to enlighten them, but I had some difficulty in restraining myself from laughing in their faces so full of stupid importance. I daresay I was not very well at that time. I tottered about the streets--there were various 65 affairs to settle--grinning bitterly at perfectly respectable persons. I admit my behaviour was inexcusable, but then my temperature was seldom normal in these days. 70 75 80 85

76. The narrator's view of life could best be described as

- (A) atheistic
- (B) reverent
- (C) pessimistic
- (D) cynical
- (E) optimistic

Question 3

(Suggested time--40 minutes)

It has been said that "power corrupts; absolute power corrupts absolutely." In a well-organized essay, defend, challenge, or qualify this statement. Draw upon your observation, experience, and reading, particularly your reading of *Heart of Darkness*, to support your position.

77. The meaning of the long sentence in lines 11-18 is developed primarily through

54

- (A) parallelism
- (B) absolutes
- (C) metaphors
- (D) periodic sentence structure
- (E) aphorisms

78. A reader can infer that "the horror" is that man

55

- (A) must die alone in darkness
- (B) isolates himself from his fellow man
- (C) desires the very things that he abhors
- (D) is not revolted by his baser desires
- (E) achieves wisdom only on the threshold of death

79. The narrator postulates that one arrives at true wisdom

56

- (A) if one has experienced the worst the world has to offer
- (B) when one accepts the basest nature of man as natural
- (C) only in the moment before death occurs
- (D) through extreme physical and mental anguish
- (E) when one no longer desires victory nor fears defeat

80. The narrator's description of what he sees as Kurtz's victory is defined in a way that seems to be

57

- I. paradoxical
- II. ironic
- III. mutually exclusive
- IV. delusional

- (A) I and II only
- (B) II and III only
- (C) III and IV only
- (D) I, II, and III only
- (E) I, II, III, and IV

81. The tone of the last paragraph could best be described as one of

58

- (A) superciliousness
- (B) bitter irritation
- (C) condescension
- (D) harsh anger
- (E) cool detachment

82. Which of the following is NOT true in relation to the two long paragraphs in the passage?

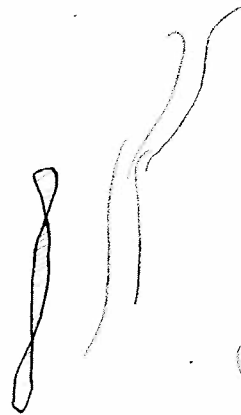
59

- (A) The first is more introspective than the second.
- (B) The second focuses on the mundane, the first on the esoteric.
- (C) Although different in tone, they share a common mood.
- (D) The first seems more philosophical than the second.
- (E) The narrator seems more self-assured in the second than in the first.

83. In relation to the paragraph they are within, lines 80-85 serve as

60

- (A) an apology
- (B) an explanation
- (C) a digression
- (D) an attempt to gain sympathy
- (E) a retraction



APHORISM