





Selected Quotes
from *Heart of*
***Darkness* Chapter 1**




“And this also,” said Marlow suddenly, “has been one of the dark places of the earth.” (p. 4)




“They were no colonists; their administration was merely a squeeze, and nothing more, I suspect. They were conquerors, and for that you want only brute force—nothing to boast of, when you have it, since your strength is just an accident arising from the weakness of others.” (p.7)




“The conquest of the earth, which mostly means the taking it away from those who have a different complexion or slightly flatter noses than ourselves, is not a pretty thing when you look into it too much”. (p. 8)




“Often far away there I thought of these two,
guarding the door of Darkness, knitting black wool
as for a warm pall.” (p. 15)




“I always ask leave, in the interests of science, to measure the crania of those going out there,” he said. ‘And when they come back, too?’ I asked. ‘Oh, I never see them,’ he remarked; ‘and, moreover, the changes take place inside, you know.’” (p. 16)




“I’ve seen the devil of violence, and the devil of greed, and the devil of hot desire; but, by all the stars! these were strong, lusty, red-eyed devils, that swayed and drove men—men, I tell you (...) no sooner within than it seemed to me I had stepped into the gloomy circle of some Inferno.” (pp. 25-25)

Abstract geometric shapes in teal, green, and yellow, including a horizontal green bar on the left and several overlapping diamonds and rectangles on the right.


“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.”
(pp. 25-26)




“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.” (p. 26)




“I asked myself sometimes what it all meant (...) The word ‘ivory’ rang in the air, was whispered, was sighed. You would think they were praying to it (...) I’ve never seen anything so unreal in my life. And outside, the silent wilderness surrounding this cleared speck on the earth struck me as something great and invincible, like evil or truth, waiting patiently for the passing away of this fantastic invasion.” (p. 37)



“There is a taint of death, a flavour of mortality in lies—which is exactly what I hate and detest in the world—what I want to forget. It makes me miserable and sick, like biting something rotten would do”. (p. 44)



“ . . . No, it is impossible; it is impossible to convey the life-sensation of any given epoch of one’s existence—that which makes its truth, its meaning—its subtle and penetrating essence. It is impossible. We live, as we dream— alone. . . . ” (p. 45)



“No influential friend would have served me better. She had given me a chance to come out a bit—to find out what I could do. No, I don’t like work. I had rather laze about and think of all the fine things that can be done. I don’t like work—no man does—but I like what is in the work—the chance to find yourself. Your own reality— for yourself, not for others—what no other man can ever know. They can only see the mere show and never can tell what it really means.” (p. 48)



Thank you

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