Words, groups of words, words standing alone, are symbols of life, have the power in their sound or their aspect to present the very thing you wish to hold up before the mental vision of your readers. The things "as they are" exist in words.

Conrad, *Letters*

To render a crucial point of feelings in terms of human speech is really an impossible task. Written words can only form a sort of translation.

Conrad, "Author's Note," *Within the Tides*

Conrad's ambivalence towards the powers of language is nowhere more evident than in *Heart of Darkness*. If the function of narrative language is to present things "as they are," stripped of illusion, Marlow's experience quickly reveals its limitations. He finds that words are often unable to cut through to the truthful heart of things, and that language itself may be nothing more than an outer form. In the case of his meeting with the Intended, language assumes the very characteristics of illusion it is meant to explode. And if words can cloak truth and feelings as well as reveal them, then the task of verbally communicating crucial experiences may become, as Conrad said, impossible.

To overcome these inherent difficulties Conrad looked to a style that would embody linguistic meaning in a concrete form capable of
eliciting the vision he always sought in his readers. "I am haunted," he wrote Edward Garnett in March, 1898, "mercilessly haunted, by the necessity of style. . . . My story is there in a fluid—in an evading shape. I can't get hold of it. It is all there—to bursting, yet I can't get hold of it, any more than you can grasp a handful of water."1 His solution in Heart of Darkness was Marlow; not just as character and narrator, but as the visual focus of the novel. Sitting before his audience and trying to recount his experience through words, Marlow himself embodies his experience. His physical presence both compensates for the limitations of language and helps explain them. He is literally and objectively the meaning of his own narrative. Only by seeing Marlow can his auditors ever hope to understand what he has been trying to tell them, and their ultimate failure is another triumph of the darkness. But the characters' failures are Conrad's successes. He was able to "get hold of" his story by making the physical immediacy of Marlow's narration the single most important aspect of his style. The form of Marlow's tale embodies not only his own experiences but Kurtz's as well, and in a sense the potential experiences of his audience, whose reactions confirm his meaning. Thus the style is the theme, in coherent and concrete form.

Ever since critics began responding to F. R. Leavis's attack on Conrad's "adjectival insistence upon inexpressible and incomprehensible mystery" in Heart of Darkness, it has become increasingly clear that the problems of language in the novel are not only stylistic but also thematic.2 But the language theme is even more centrally important than has generally been recognized. It operates on two distinct levels which continually converge and intersect. On one level language is a metaphor or a function of civilization. If the Congo is the heart of darkness, it is also the heart of silence, and the white European brings not only light but speech. Language is an important psychological element of the imperialist conquest. Names, labels, categories should help bring order out of chaos; to name something is ostensibly to control and possess its very essence. But like the "light" the white men bring, the language they attempt to impose is a falsification and is ultimately as ineffectual. At the same time, Marlow's narrative includes a commentary on his own apparently futile attempt to reconstruct in words the experiences that he and Kurtz have undergone. What results is an aesthetic of which Marlow is only partially aware but in which he plays the essential part. In both his roles, as character and narrator, he reveals the basic quality of language to be its superficiality—as an index and tool of civilization, as well as an agent of discovery and revelation.
Marlow's experience in the Congo is one of conflicting loyalties, principles, and desires. There is a dualism in his nature which leaves him torn between an intellectual allegiance to duty, hard work, fidelity, and society; and an emotional attraction to a kind of romantic individualism bordering on anarchy. In *Heart of Darkness* the pull toward the darkness of the jungle and its kind is accelerated by his repulsion from the men and institutions of Europe. Nevertheless, Marlow inevitably affirms his allegiance to the latter. He is first attracted to Kurtz by his apparent ability to sustain this kind of dualism. And it is no coincidence that Kurtz's primary attribute is his "eloquence," for Marlow's ambivalence towards language and civilization becomes crystallized in his attitude toward Kurtz.

Early in his Congo experience, Marlow's respective attraction to the wild and repulsion from the civilized find expression in terms of language. As the French steamer cruised along the African coast, "we passed various places—trading places—with names like Gran' Bassam, Little Popo; names that seemed to belong to some sordid farce acted in front of a sinister back-cloth." On the other hand, "the voice of the surf heard now and then was a positive pleasure, like the speech of a brother. It was something natural, that had its reason, that had a meaning" (p. 61). This is an antithesis which Marlow consistently recognizes. Names, words, language in general, the province of the Europeans, are artificial, farcical, or absurd. They are fictions: as J. Hillis Miller puts it, "part of the human lie"; whereas "one way to define the darkness is to say that it is incompatible with language." For Marlow the great silence of the wilderness is natural, profound, and full of meaning. So, too, is its voiced expression—the sound of surf, the rhythm of drums, the howls and cries of the natives.

Examples of this dichotomy are pervasive. Marlow finds the "definitions" given to the Africans—"enemies, criminals, workers... rebels"—ludicrous (p. 132). And the name "Kurtz," he observes, a word meaning *short* in German, is ridiculously unsuited to its bearer. The communicative function of language is practically nonexistent. Marlow's "speech in English with gestures" to his native carriers is eminently unsuccessful (p. 71). Only by nonverbal means, blowing the whistle on his steamer, does he ever get natives to respond to him. He himself mistakes Russian words for cipher, the Russian does not understand the dialect of the tribe with which he and Kurtz are living, and Marlow and the Intended, who speak the same language and use the same words, understand completely different meanings in their discussion of Kurtz. Perhaps the most successful communication in Marlow's entire Congo experience is the "amazing tale" of Kurtz which the Russian relates to him, "not so much told as..."
suggested to me in desolate exclamations, completed by shrugs, in interrupted phrases, in hints ending in deep sighs” (p. 129).

Its resemblance to the mode of expression of the wilderness is not fortuitous, for it is there that Marlow finds significance. The sound of drums to him seems to have “as profound a meaning as the sound of bells in a Christian country” (p. 71). A wild native cry gives him “an irresistible impression of sorrow” (p. 107), and the dying glance of his native helmsman is one of “intimate profundity” (p. 119). There is also the silent eloquence of the native girl’s farewell to Kurtz. But it is most of all the profound silence of the wilderness itself that reveals to Marlow the poverty of human speech. At the station, “the word ‘ivory’ rang in the air, was whispered, was sighed,” but was “unreal”; while “outside, the silent wilderness surrounding this cleared speck on the earth struck me as something great and invincible, like evil or truth. . .” (p. 76). Listening to the brickmaker, Marlow notes “the silence of the land . . . its mystery, its greatness, the amazing reality of its concealed life. . . . All this was great, expectant, mute, while the man jabbered about himself” (pp. 80-81).

However much Marlow is attracted to this “reality,” he never quite allows himself to yield to it. Physical work is the primary restraint through which he is able to immerse himself in “the mere incidents of the surface” which hide “the inner truth” (p. 93). But he also comes to realize that language is another restraint, and that it, too, may be merely a surface. Words, in the face of the wilderness, may seem as ridiculous as the costume of the chief accountant, but both serve their purposes. Language is the psychic dress of civilized man. In Lord Jim Marlow talks of his “conception of existence . . . that shelter each of us makes for himself to creep under in moments of danger”; and he concludes that “words also belong to the sheltering conception of light and order which is our refuge” (Lord Jim, p. 313). To reject language as a facade or a fiction is to open oneself to the possibility of understanding the true mysteries of the heart of darkness. But it is also to invite a kind of madness, as Marlow realizes when he comes upon the natives: “cursing us, praying to us, welcoming us—who could tell? . . . 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. . .” (p. 96). As long as the white men maintain their shelter of language, they remain “sane.” But, Marlow sees, it is sanity at the expense of truth. Nevertheless he again rejects that truth and maintains the surface forms. He will not divest himself of his “pretty rags,” his language, his sanity. He does not “go ashore for a howl and a dance” (p. 97).

Kurtz, however, did, and he first appears to Marlow to have survived the experience and remained civilized. He is the quintessence of civilization, its ultimate product—pure eloquence. For Marlow he is a disembod-
ied voice. The only quality of his “that carried with it a sense of real presence, was his ability to talk, his words” (p. 113). Almost every reference Marlow makes to him concerns his mastery of and identification with language. It is thus fitting that Kurtz should have been assigned to write a report for the International Society for the Suppression of Savage Customs, to oppose the savage silence with “the noble burning words” of Western culture. But his postscript reveals that he has not successfully survived. His communion with the wilderness has driven him insane and revealed to him hidden “in the magnificent folds of eloquence the barren darkness of his heart” (p. 147). He was all language, eloquence, and therefore all facade: “hollow at the core” (p. 131). Stripping himself of the accoutrements of civilization to communicate with the silent wilderness left him nothing but his own inner darkness. And the lesson of Kurtz’s experience is not lost on Marlow.

Kurtz’s final words are an expression of his self-revelation, but for Marlow they have additional significance. If “the horror” is a recognition of what lies beyond the pale of civilization, it emphasizes the importance of the tenuous civilized veneer separating the individual consciousness from the darkness. Even before Marlow begins his narrative, Conrad’s narrator has suggested that there is not much preventing London from once again becoming “one of the dark places of the earth.” Five times in the first four pages he alludes to a “mournful bloom, brooding” over the city, as if in wait to reassert itself (pp. 45-48). Marlow knows from his own experience the attraction of the wilderness and the ease with which it can overcome one’s saving illusions. This is one reason why he understands Kurtz’s cry as “an affirmation, a moral victory” (p. 151). To recognize that the darkness is horrible is at once an affirmation of that which keeps us from it, and a moral victory over the temptation to yield to it.

Consequently, Marlow sees Kurtz’s cry as an affirmation of language itself, the foremost expression of civilization. Comparing his own illness and struggle with death to Kurtz’s, he concludes that in the face of the final darkness, “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” (p. 151). To say something is to hold back the darkness, to affirm the possibilities of community, solidarity, and order which are the necessary components of civilized society. The difficult task of the artist, as Conrad phrased it in his preface to The Nigger of the "Narcissus," was to “awaken in the hearts of the beholders that feeling of unavoidable solidarity. . . .” This is performed on the most elementary level by the simple act of speech. In Typhoon, for example, only the voice of MacWhirr prevents the great wind, which “isolates one from one's kind,“
from causing the psychic disintegration of Jukes (Typhoon, p. 40). Although it carries only meaningless fragments of sentences to Jukes’s ears, human speech alone is enough to reestablish his sense of fellowship and identity. In seeing the very act of speech as a moral victory, Marlow affirms all those aspects of civilization which language has come to represent for him in the course of his voyage.

Finally for Marlow, “the horror” is a recognition that the basis of European man’s life is an illusion, a lie; yet one that must be maintained as the only viable alternative to the greater horror of the darkness, the truth with which he and Kurtz had come face to face. This is why Kurtz is his “choice of nightmares.” The linguistic habits Marlow found absurd or inappropriate at the start of his voyage are no less absurd or inappropriate at its end. They must, however, be maintained. In refusing to respond to the savage voices of the wilderness, Marlow had confirmed his solidarity with Kurtz by telling his auditors, “I have a voice, too, and for good or evil mine is the speech that cannot be silenced” (p. 97). But behind these bracing words reverberates “the horror.”

Thus the agonizing final scene with the Intended affirms the illusion that is civilization. In a tomblike room in the “sepulchral city” Marlow, for whom lies have “a taint of death” (p. 82), tells a deliberate lie. Faced with a conversation about words in which words have lost all objective validity, Marlow once more affirms the validity of Kurtz’s words. He has no choice but to grant the Intended her illusions and take cover behind him himself. To refuse to do so would have been a “triumph for the wilderness” (p. 156). The final scene is thus another “moral victory”—and another manifestation of the horror. As the Intended says, “His words, at least, have not died” (p. 160).

In his role as narrator Marlow has the same kinds of problems with language that he has as a character. Its reality rarely corresponds with the humanistic assumptions according to which it is used. He can hardly make language even approximate the experiences he has undergone. Words are inherently unequal to the task of reproducing and communicating experience, but since Marlow is a story-teller they must necessarily be his medium. Further compounding Marlow’s narrative difficulty is the danger that his audience will hear what it wants, as the Intended does, rather than what he really means. In a despairing letter written a year before he wrote Heart of Darkness, Conrad expressed the same feelings: “Half the words we use have no meaning whatever and of the other half each man understands each word after the fashion of his own folly and conceit” (L.L, I, 222). In Heart of Darkness Conrad attempted to come to terms with this problem by embodying the communicable experience in the person of Marlow rather than in his speech. Conrad’s medium is
language, and Marlow is just a construct of language. But within the
ditive world of the novel whatever success Marlow achieves by his na-
tive is due to his physical presence.

Phenomenologically, the narrative device of Marlow functions much
as words do. M. Merleau-Ponty writes that "the meaning of words must
be finally induced by the words themselves, or more exactly, their concep-
tual meaning must be formed by a kind of deduction from a gestural
meaning, which is immanent in speech." Similarly, there is "an imma-
ent or incipient significance in the living body," such that "in order to
express it, the body must in the last analysis become the thought or inten-
tion that it signifies for us. It is the body which points out, and which
speaks. . . ." Thus communication may take place by means of the inter-
action of one's visual consciousness and another's bodily expression of the
"sediments" left behind by the objects of his previous perceptual expe-
riences. "No sooner has my gaze fallen upon a living body in the process of
acting than . . . the other body has ceased to be a mere fragment of the
world, and become the theatre of a certain process of elaboration, and, as
it were, a certain 'view' of the world." The meaning of Marlow's expe-
rience is immanent as "gestural meaning" in both his physical presence
and his words. Yet except at one crucial point, Marlow himself is never
fully aware of the possibilities for communication implicit in his physical
proximity to his audience. He continues to rely mainly on his linguistic
abilities.

The impediments that he must overcome if he is to do this are severe.
His greatest difficulty lies in the nature of his experience, which is simply
not susceptible to apprehension by the means at his disposal. The Congo
itself is so alien to the white European that not only language but the
modes of thought at the basis of language are irrelevant to it. That it can-
ot be ordered to fit linguistic categories is best illustrated by Marlow's
attempt to understand why the cannibals did not make a meal of him and
his passengers. In the course of his voyage he has become aware of the
white man's fallacious imposition of labels on the inchoate wilderness.
Nevertheless, he tries to file the behavior of the cannibals under
"restraint," as its linguistic equivalent. But all logic, all he knows about
restraint and hunger tells him that it could not possibly be "restraint."
The same with "superstition, disgust, patience, fear . . . honour." The
words do not suit the circumstances. "But," he confirms, "there was the
fact facing me—" (p. 105), the fact that they had not yielded to their
hunger, the fact that makes a mockery of all his logic and his words. In ad-
dition Marlow's experience is of an inner nature. "The changes take place
inside," the doctor tells him (p. 58), and words seem able to treat only
surfaces. "I've been telling you what we said," Marlow explains to his
friends, "repeating the phrases we pronounced—but what’s the good? They were common everyday words—" (p. 144).

Obviously Marlow is aware of the limitations of his medium throughout the narrative. And he is aware at the same time that his function ought to be to make his audience "see." The improbability of achieving this kind of vision solely through language is evident to him from his own experience of Kurtz. "He was just a word for me," he tells his auditors. "I did not see the man in the name any more than you do" (p. 82). Still, though he seems to despair of ever adequately reconstructing his experience, he maintains a rhetorical pressure on his audience, as if the sheer weight of words could somehow make them see. "Do you see him? Do you see the story? Do you see anything?" he implores (p. 82). Kurtz, the supreme word-artist, had this ability. "He made me see things—things," the Russian tells Marlow. But the circumstances of this incident and the imagery in which Marlow relates it are significant: "They had come together unavoidably, like two ships becalmed near each other, and lay rubbing sides at last" (p. 127). Although Kurtz talked, the physical immediacy of his presence, alone with the Russian across a jungle campfire, may finally have been more evocative than his words.

So Marlow realizes that he can only hope to make his friends "see" anything by presenting himself before their eyes as the product of the experience he is trying to describe:

He paused again as if reflecting, then added—
"Of course in this you fellows see more than I could then.
You see me, whom you know..." (p. 83).

But in fact they cannot see him at this moment because, as Conrad’s narrator tells us, "it had become so pitch dark that we listeners could hardly see one another. For a long time already he, sitting apart, had been no more to us than a voice" (p. 83). The moment is a perfect microcosm of the novel. The darkness isolates each individual from the human community and sets its disintegrative power to work on him. Besides "the bond of the sea" holding these friends together (p. 45), the human voice alone bridges the void. But there is no real communication, no coherent transmission of experience. Marlow appears to his audience as Kurtz had first appeared to him—a disembodied voice in the darkness and silence. Only after coming face to face with Kurtz was Marlow able to go beyond the voice and the words to discover the truth of Kurtz’s nightmare and then live it out as his own.

The listeners, however, remain literally and figuratively in the dark. Three of them are conceivably asleep at this point, and remain apathetic throughout the rest of the narration. And the fourth, the frame-narrator,
can only conceive of understanding Marlow’s meaning by listening to his words, though the irony is explicit even in his own description of the moment: “I listened, I listened on the watch for the sentence, for the word, that would give me the clue...” (p. 83, italics mine). He cannot visualize this narrative by merely listening. He does not catch the clue, and the momentary illumination sparked by Marlow’s insight is quenched by the darkness. He does, of course, go on to retell the story as narrator of the novel. Like Marlow, he is strongly affected by his experience and feels that it must contain some profound meaning. But while his “faint uneasiness” (p. 83) is somewhat intensified by the end of the novel, his final statement suggests that he has not grasped the full extent of Marlow’s revelation: “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” (p. 162). The darkness is still out there somewhere. He remains safely sheltered behind the very illusions Marlow tried so hard to expose.

To what extent, though, has Marlow himself consciously chosen the narrative strategy to which he has reverted here? The problem is to reconcile his intentional use of the word “see,” in its visual sense, with the little faith he has professed to have in the appearances that for him conceal inner truth. “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. 85). On the other hand so much of his experience has contradicted this conviction. He has learned that surfaces can have their own legitimate reality. Various modes of work have positive “surface-truth” (p. 97), similar to the kind Conrad describes in a letter to Galsworthy, praising his “fidelity to the surface of life, to the surface of events,—to the surface of things and ideas.” The justification for this kind of art is that “most things and most natures have nothing but a surface” (LL, I, 224). Even where Marlow has discovered both surface and depth, however, he has found that surfaces can reveal as well as conceal. It was only by virtue of Kurtz’s “show” that Marlow was able to see beyond it to the reality. And the cannibals’ “restraint” appears to Marlow as a surface truth which suggests its own profundity: “the fact dazzling, to be seen, like the foam on the depths of the sea, like a ripple on an unfathomable enigma” (p. 105). Here is an analogue to the physical presence of Marlow during his narrative—the fact of his being there, to be seen, as a surface indicating the depth of experience he has undergone.

Furthermore, we have been told at the beginning of the novel that he indeed conceives of externals as phenomenologically significant: “to him the meaning of an episode was not inside like a kernel but outside, en-
veloping the tale which brought it out only as a glow brings out a haze...” (p. 48). In spite of the characteristic vagueness of the language, the aesthetic implied by this description demands a mode of narration which can present reality in an outwardly objective form. Thus Marlow is not only aware of these problems but has apparently dealt with them before in the course of previous narratives. Telling his friends that they can understand more of the story because they can see him follows logically, as well, from his discovering the paucity of language and the eloquence of silence.

In any event Conrad means us to see that the meaning of Marlow’s tale is to be found in Marlow himself. Marlow begins his narrative by minimizing the importance of “what happened to me personally,” as opposed to “the effect of it on me,” which is what he wants his audience to understand (p. 51). Still, only by knowing what happens to him can we understand Kurtz: “It is his extremity that I seem to have lived through,” Marlow concludes (p. 151). But it is not just his relationship with Kurtz that explains Kurtz; it is the sum of Marlow’s experiences. Brussels, the French ship bombarding the shore, the Swede who hung himself, the grove of death, Marlow’s “baptism” in the native helmsman’s blood— these all contribute to our understanding of Kurtz’s response to the Congo. “The horror,” after all, is only a verbal approximation of Kurtz’s experience just as “restraint” inadequately approximates the cannibals’ behavior. “The horror” becomes concrete and specific for us only in terms of Marlow’s experience and his condition as he tells the story.

In short Marlow is the objective correlative of his own tale—objective in the sense that he is an object of perception in the dramatic context of the novel, one of “the external facts,” in Eliot’s formulation, “which must terminate in sensory experience.” His audience must read him as we read the words on the page. But we too must “see” Marlow to fully understand his narrative. This is suggested early in the novel through the image of Marlow in the poses of the Buddha. William Bysshe Stein has discussed how the particular posture in which Marlow is first described represents iconographically “a divine truth which is incom- municable in words,” and the doctrine “that verbal communication between human beings is ultimately futile.” The second posture, however, has more specific implications for Marlow’s narrative role. Conrad’s narrator describes Marlow “lifting one arm from the elbow, the palm of the hand outwards, so that, with his legs folded before him, he had the pose of a Buddha preaching in European clothes and without a lotus-flower” (p. 50). Zen teaches that language belongs to maya, the illusion that we can apprehend the world through classification or definition, and that words are therefore incapable of transmitting profound experience, of grasping “the fluid forms of nature in [their] mesh of fixed classes.”
But it is possible to communicate what cannot be conveyed linguistically, through some nonverbal method of “direct pointing.” In a well-known episode in Zen tradition the Buddha transmits the experience of supreme awakening to his chief disciple by silently holding up a lotus flower before him. The last phrase of the narrator’s description seems to allude to this tradition, which uses the flower as an archetypal objective correlative. But Marlow is without a lotus because the experience he is trying to convey has a different meaning. Its perfect expression is *himself* as he sits before his disciples. “In European clothes,” especially, since the illusions and realities of European man’s life are the substance of his experience, Marlow holds himself up as the embodiment of all he is about to try to tell. The ability of physical presence to express a reality beyond itself is illustrated by the Russian, who seemed to Marlow “to have consumed all thought of self so completely, that even while he was talking to you, you forgot that it was he—*the man before your eyes*—who had gone through these things” (pp. 126-27, italics mine). It is in this sense that Marlow would deny the importance of “what happened to me personally.”

Thus, when understood as inclusive of Marlow’s narration, Conrad’s style is both a function of and a response to the problems of language in the novel. The abundance of abstract, imprecise adjectives reflects the verbally inexpressible nature of the darkness as well as the tentative nature of language itself, which comes to represent the major barrier between ourselves and that darkness. The Buddha image that begins the novel tells us to watch Marlow for its meaning, and Marlow’s frequent insistence upon the inadequacy of words keeps reminding us to do so. Finally, Marlow illustrates the theme of his tale by continuing to tell it, by opting for language in spite of its failings. Style does not merely imitate content; it objectively represents it. The signified is absorbed in the signifier.

Though we must not overlook the fact that we, unlike the fictive audience, “see” Marlow only as a result of Conrad’s words, our visual experience of Marlow and the silence of his presence are equally significant. For if we cannot see him, we are left with his voice and eloquence as our only means of comprehending his tale. And we have had substantial evidence of the illusory nature of verbal eloquence. But language in *Heart of Darkness* is a paradoxical medium. It comes to be defined as that which conceals, and at the same time that which reveals itself as that which conceals. Conrad’s language makes us “see” Marlow, the embodiment of an experience whose conclusion is that language is a lie. The success of the novel, then, is finally a result of Conrad’s ability to turn the struggle with his medium to an advantage. By submitting himself to the paradoxical nature of language, taking his own visual metaphor literally,
and concretizing style in the person of Marlow, Conrad reversed the usual function of the dramatized narrator in a unique way. "Telling as showing, in Wayne Booth's phrase, has literally become showing as telling."  

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NOTES  

1 G. Jean-Aubry, Joseph Conrad: Life and Letters (Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday, Page, 1927), I, 232. Subsequent references to this edition will be indicated in my text as LL. All other citations of Conrad will refer to the Doubleday, Page edition of his works (1923-27). Heart of Darkness, contained in the volume, Youth: A Narrative, and Two Other Stories, is noted by page numbers.  


5 See George Walton Williams, "The Turn of the Tide in Heart of Darkness," MFS, 9 (1963), 172.  


9 Commenting on "'nihilisms' in fiction, [like] Conrad's heart of darkness," Booth notes that, "since nothingness cannot be described in itself, let alone shown dramatically, something or someone must always be shown doing something..." (The Rhetoric of Fiction [Chicago: Univ. of Chicago Press, 1961], pp. 297-98).