

Saul Bellow: The Theater of the Soul

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S AUL Bellow's changing concept of man divides his writing career into two parts. In the first part (*The Dangling Man, The Victim, The Adventures of Augie March, Seize the Day*), Bellow was a Modern, writing of the Age of Anxiety. Typically, his characters were perpetually in a state of becoming, defining themselves through their actions. With *Henderson the Rain King*, he began a new investigation of contemporary man. Henderson's concern is with "waking the spirit's sleep" in order to achieve "being," a state represented as an agreeable harmony of the ego with the self's deeper reality. In *Herzog*, he deals with psychology and rationalistic explaining as ineffective contemporary approaches to the conduct of life, with a further exploration of achieving "being" as an individual answer to the problems of the present age. In *Mr. Sammler's Planet*, he elaborates his developing concept of man through the interpretation of a modern city conducted *in medias res* by a persona who has already accomplished his spiritual growth. Progressively then, through the last three novels, Bellow evolves a vision of the conduct of life as a "theatre of the soul"¹ in which the specifics of the performance take second place to their function of effecting growth in the soul, an immortal element of the self deeper than the conscious and unconscious aspects of the mind, which is invested with an impulsion toward higher moral good.

In 1963, Bellow wrote:

We have so completely debunked the old idea of the Self that we can hardly continue in the same way. Perhaps some power within us will tell us what we are, now that old misconceptions have been laid low. Undeniably the human being is not what he commonly

thought a century ago. The question nevertheless remains. He is something. What is he?

And this question, it seems to me, modern writers have answered poorly. They have told us, indignantly or nihilistically or comically, how great our error is, but for the rest they have offered us thin fare. The fact is that modern writers sin when they suppose that they *know*, as they conceive that physics *knows* or that history *knows*.²

The "theater of the soul" represents Bellow's elaboration of the idea of a "power within us" and its relationship to daily life. It is important that Bellow looks beyond the type of knowledge physics and history depend on, because his shift in focus is from concern with the impact of the objective world upon the individual in the early novels to concern with the potentialities of immanent knowledge in the last three works. We see Henderson striving to stop "Becoming" and "Be" through waking the spirit's sleep. Thus the idea of a "theater of the soul" grows out of Bellow's earlier existential orientation through his engagement in *Henderson* of the problem of "becoming" versus "being."

Robert R. Dutton's statement³ that "all of Bellow's protagonists *define themselves*, whether or not they realize it, *through their experiences*, because they are *being* rather than *essence*,"⁴ surely applies more correctly only to Augie March and the anti-heroes of the earlier period. In *Augie March*, Augie's book stealing has no meaning in terms of a continuing orientation, a "contract" with existence. It simply "is" Augie at that point in his life. He *is* his succession of realities. In the Sartrean definition, man is a fundamental choice of being, and only his choices are relevant facts describing him. He is constantly in the process of "becoming". But this is not true of Henderson when he achieves joy in "being." In the Sartrean sense, merely "being" has no meaning except for objects — stones for example, which are defined as being-in-itself. Consciousness "is" only the specific choice of the moment, and the moment is always passing. In order for Hender-

son just to "be," he has to reflect a deeper reality that is in some way constant. He tells us:

I might have added, as it entered my mind to do, that some people found satisfaction in *being* (Walt Whitman: "Enough to merely be! Enough to breathe! Joy! Joy! All over joy!") *Being*. Others were taken up with becoming. Being people have all the breaks. Becoming people are very unlucky, always in a tizzy.⁵

Henderson seeks to move from his experience of unfocused wanting to an experience of joy in constancy. In order to do this, he has to understand proportion in his world; he has to re-examine "reality." "So what if reality may be terrible?" he asks. "It's better than what we've got" (p. 105). This wit answers Eliot's assertion that humankind cannot stand too much reality. Henderson later explains himself: "What we call reality is nothing but pendants" (p. 167). Thus to properly orient oneself to reality, one has to reconcile the noumenal and phenomenal in experience. "The physical is all there, and it belongs to science. But then there is the noumenal department, and there we create and create and create" (p. 167).

Bellow's heroes engage antagonists, foils or interlocutors who symbolize and/or articulate the heroes' central concerns. Insofar as point of view is concentrated in one character, these figures are delimited and intensified in their meaning. King Dahfu, whom Henderson befriends, apparently belongs to the noumenal department: "For him it was not enough that there might be disorders of the body that originated in the brain. *Everything* originated there," Henderson tells us. The King says: "The spirit of the person in a sense is the author of his body. I have never seen a face, a nose like yours. To me that feature alone, from a conversion point of view is totally a discovery" (pp. 237-38). The uniqueness of physiognomy can be taken as symbolizing the uniqueness of individual consciousness. But Bellow ultimately rejects Dahfu's view of the relationship of mind to world; there are limits to Henderson's capacity to change himself. It

is within his human power to get rid of the pigs he had been raising in America, symbolic of an unflattering truth about his past values. But it is not possible for him to become a lion in the radical terms the King accepts. Henderson prays: "Oh, Thou who tookest me from pigs, let me not be killed over lions" (p. 253). Ultimately, it is the king who is "killed over lions" — he is destroyed by the extremity of the vision he represents. Henderson then escapes from Africa, but he takes along a lion cub. The king has to "survive in some form," he says (p. 326). The cub is a reality of lionhood with which he can cope — so can he, implicitly, assimilate a modest measure of psychological lionhood.

By not embracing either extreme, the phenomenal or the noumenal, Henderson is able to listen to a "power within": "Whatever gains I ever made were always due to love and nothing else" (p. 339). "Love" is the identifiable constant, the essential impulsion of the spirit, a feature of reality that is able to mediate between the noumenal and phenomenal in experience and reunite man with his world. With the spirit awake, Henderson understands that. The last image of the book shows him bounding about an Arctic airport with an orphan child in his arms. Expressing love with child and cub, symbols or renewal as well as reunion, he experiences the "joy of being." The inner reality of the spirit defines him, not his experiences, although they have brought about his "gains."

The "theater of the soul" is implicit in *Henderson*, but it does not become explicit until *Herzog*. While *Henderson* makes a serious statement about modern man, it is comic and fabulous and removed from everyday American experience. *Herzog* then engages more immediate problems close to home: modern rationalism and irrationalism versus the reality of the soul in selfhood. *Herzog*, much more than *Henderson*, is an explainer. What he has — or has had (since the novel is largely retrospective) — is pedantry. As modern man seems to believe at this point

in history, he believed that explicit knowledge was salvation. Having lost his wife, and being in a process of psychological relocation, if not disintegration, he took pleasure in self-examination. "To his son and daughter he was a loving but bad father. To his country, an indifferent citizen. To his brothers and sister, affectionate but remote. With his friends, an egotist. With love, lazy. With brightness, dull, with power passive. With his own soul, evasive. Satisfied with his own severity, positively enjoying the hardness and factual rigor of his judgment, he lay on his sofa, his arms rising behind him, his legs extended without aim."⁶ This analysis, which gives him satisfaction and very likely contains substantial abstract truth, does nothing to change his personality from a psychological standpoint. He later goes off to Chicago with murder in his heart. His self-analysis is irrelevant; only in action does he discover what he will do. His psychological motives, analyzed at length by John Jacob Clayton⁷, cannot be the point; they tell only what Herzog himself could tell. Bellow's interest goes deeper, probing the question of what man is.

Herzog has been evasive with his soul. But watching Gersbach bathe his child, he realizes that "firing the pistol was nothing but a thought." A new understanding rises into his consciousness, and he thinks:

The human soul is an amphibian, and I have touched its sides. Amphibian! It lives in more elements than I will ever know; and I assume that in those remote stars matter is in the making which will create stranger beings yet . . . I apparently believe that if the child does not have a life resembling mine, educated according to the Herzog standards of "heart," and all the rest of it, she will fail to become a human being. (pp. 257-58)

In Herzog's realization about the child is the truth about himself: the soul is not dependent upon the specifics of education or the details of psychology that define personality, and the meaning of his life is not dependent upon revenge. "To shoot him! — an absurd thought. As soon as Herzog saw the actual person giving an actual bath, the reality of it, the tenderness of such a buffoon to a

little child, his intended violence turned into *theater*, into something ludicrous" (p. 258). The largest idea in this novel of ideas is that life itself is a theater of the soul. Egoistically, Herzog has tried to be a tragic actor. He has sought out an antagonist for his drama: Madeline. She reflects the distorted psychology that drives him toward murder. But in the crucial scene, Herzog becomes audience as well as actor, and in discovering that his play is really a comedy — "something ludicrous" — discovers his soul through its value-meaning impulsion, which is more fundamental than reason or personality. While we can assume that Herzog already knew tacitly at the deeper level that he would not shoot Gersbach, his performance in the theater of the soul was a vehicle for growth which actualized this truth and buttressed his selfhood with it. Although Bellow does not specifically do so, I might elaborate the theater metaphor by suggesting that the unconscious is analogous to an author, personality an actor, and reason a critic. But the soul is a somewhat shadowy producer behind the production, who understands a universal aesthetic principle. He cannot enforce this principle in the production, but if author, actor and critic listen to him and work in keeping with his knowledge, their further efforts grow in aesthetic validity. In turn, the producer gains strength and effectiveness in his behind-the-scenes role, and may promote greater undertakings.

Bellow does not involve himself in questions of the form or milieu of the soul — Mr. Sammler says there is no "knowledge" of death — but it is clear that he sees the soul as an immortal dimension of the self. What it understands (more explicit in *Mr. Sammler's Planet*), what is analogous to the universal aesthetic principle is the above metaphor, is what Paul Tillich calls the ultimate moral principle: *agape*. It is surely in the sense of *agape* that Henderson uses the term "love." The following quotation from Tillich illuminates the moral imperative, which comes under the dominance of *agape*.

The moral imperative is the command to become what one potentially is, a *person* within a community of persons. . . . A moral act is not an act in obedience to an external law, human or divine. It is the inner law of our true being, of our essential or created nature, which demands that we actualize what follows from it. And an antimoral act is not the transgression of one or several precisely circumscribed commands, but an act that contradicts the self-realization of the person as a person and drives toward disintegration.⁸

This, I think, is close to Bellow's view. The soul "knows" the requirement of its essential or created nature. Hence killing Gersbach would have been for Herzog an act of disintegration, while recognizing the foolishness of the scene he is playing results in self-realization for him. He is left with no messages — no explanations — for anyone, but he feels "confident, cheerful, clairvoyant and strong" (p. 1).

Bellow steered a careful course between the Romantic celebration of the Self and the Modern assault upon the Self in *Henderson* and *Herzog*, but he did not elaborate his alternative vision very extensively. Also, he seemed to feel a need to bolster his vision by rewarding his heroes with some form of happiness. Insofar as suffering has been the index of man's failure in much Modern literature, Bellow's resolutions are understandable; happiness was an obvious ingredient in a view of successful obedience. But Henderson went to Africa and Herzog escaped to the tranquil Berkshires. Not all contemporary men have such opportunities; not all will be capable of happiness in any case.

Mr. Sammler's Planet, then, is Bellow's effort to deal with factors that seem to justify Modern nihilism and challenge a contemporary vision of successful existence. It picks up where *Herzog* leaves off. Mr. Sammler already understands the limitations of explanation at the beginning of the book. The first paragraph brilliantly sets forth the context and argument of the whole work:

Shortly after dawn, or what would have been dawn in a normal sky, Mr. Arthur Sammler with his bushy eye took in the books and papers of his West Side bed-

room and suspected strongly that they were the wrong books, the wrong papers. In a way it did not matter much to a man of seventy-plus, and at leisure. You had to be a crank to insist on being right. Being right was largely a matter of explanations. Intellectual man had become an explaining creature. Fathers to children, wives to husbands, lecturers to listeners, experts to laymen, colleagues to colleagues, doctors to patients, man to his own soul, explained. The roots of this, the causes of the other, the source of events, the history, the structure, the reasons why. For the most part, in one ear and out the other. The soul wanted what it wanted. It had its own natural knowledge. It sat unhappily on superstructures of explanation, poor bird, not knowing which way to fly. (pp. 3-4)

Pollution in the atmosphere sets the scene: the contemporary mind is polluted with explanations; the modern city with specious behaviour. But Mr. Sammler is distinguished from his city and its people. He does not place primary value upon information or its manipulation by the intellect; he values the "natural knowledge" of the soul. The work is oriented from this position.

Mr. Sammler's Planet is a rich book. Bits of allegory enter like a light garnish, never usurping the essential realism. Mr. Sammler—Uncle Sammler to his relatives—naturally suggests Uncle Sam, with roots in England and experience of Europe, and the accumulated (Sammler means accumulator) wisdom of centuries. There is wit in this conception: a Jewish Uncle Sam avatar, alien and yet a New Adam in the nation he symbolizes (why not?—no one has the prerogative of finally defining America); a spirit of ancient and enduring religiosity in a nation whose diversity and energy explore man as they explore the moon. "Of course in a sense the whole world is now U.S.," says Govinda Lal (p. 205), and that is true. "In a sense" the world is Uncle Sam's planet, and what American man will become is very important. New York is a vast theater in which endless performances explore the possibilities of man. And Mr. Sammler is a spectator, compassionate, yet dispassionate — but above all wise, for it is wisdom that makes distinctions, sees proportion, and opens the way to the "power within."

The twofold concern of Sammler's life is symbolized in his physical appearance. World War II left its mark upon him physically in the form of a damaged eye. He remarks about the old saying that the one-eyed is king in the country of the blind. While he says he is not in such a country, at the metaphysical level, every indication is to the contrary. His injured eye "seemed to turn in a different direction, to be preoccupied separately with different matters" (p. 31). His good eye naturally looks out upon the objective world, the world of history and physics, the world of explanations. The "different matters" that occupy him are questions of the soul, what it wants and knows—matters to which his compatriots seem largely blind. That the war injury's effect of turning the eye in a different direction had an analogous result at a deeper level shall be shown below.

Like other Bellow heroes, Mr. Sammler engages a figure representative of a major aspect of his central concern, the conduct of life. The Black pickpocket is a satanic figure in a city that seems more his than Sammler's. His penis, by which he represents himself to Sammler, is described as being like a snake—obvious imagery of The Fall. It is specially appropriate as his symbol in the present age, "intended to communicate authority. As within the sex ideology of these days, it well might. It was a symbol of superlegitimacy or sovereignty. It was a mystery. It was unanswerable. The whole explanation" (p. 55). It provides the kind of explanation that Sammler finds superceding the subtler knowledge of the spirit. At one point, a student shouts that Sammler should not be listened to as a lecturer because he is too old for orgasm. At another point, thinking of his disturbed daughter Shula, Sammler feels that "she too was like the Negro pickpocket. From the black side, strong currents were sweeping over everyone. Child, black, redskin—the unspoiled Seminole against the horrible Whiteman. Millions of civilized people wanted oceanic, boundless, primitive, neck-free nobility, experienced a strange release of galloping

impulses, and acquired the peculiar aim of sexual niggerhood for everyone" (p. 162). Angela, daughter of Elya, who supports Sammler, is a representative of such sexuality; her brother Wallace represents the absence of an ethical life. He says: "I'm a different generation. I never had any dignity to start with. A different set of givens, altogether" (p. 241).

Sammler's world seems to be ruled by the evil ambience of the Black pickpocket. Bellow has said: "[The novel of ideas] becomes art when the views most opposite to the author's own are allowed to exist in full strength."⁹ He is careful to allow the free play of contraries in this work. Sammler, his spokesman, even looks upon himself as deformed. He says: "You can see that I am always talking about play-acting, originality, dramatic individuality, theatricality in people, the forms taken by spiritual strivings" (p. 230). He then speaks of Rumkowski, "a bad actor" who was installed by the Nazis as "King" of Lodz over the Jewish ghetto. Rumkowski held pageants and ceremonies and lived a parody of kingship ruling over doomed subjects. Sammler makes a parallel to Job: God asks too much, and man, unable to fulfill what is asked, falls into a parody of true humanness. Sammler's point is "to bring out the weakness of the outer forms which are at present available for our humanity, and the pitiable lack of confidence in them. . . . We see the disintegration of the worst ego ideas. Such ego ideas taken from poetry, history, tradition, biography, cinema, journalism, advertising" (p. 233). Representative of these are the hippie types Mr. Sammler sees along the streets of New York, "casting themselves into chaos, hoping to adhere to higher consciousness, to be washed up on the shores of truth" (p. 149). Analogous to Rumkowski then, the Black pickpocket—who in Feffer's words is a "prince of some kind"—presides symbolically over this city of "doomed subjects," of "contrived individuality" and "bad pastiche." He has not been installed as Rumkowski was, but he represents "the black side," "superlegitimacy," and "sexual

niggerhood," which govern the hippies and all the Angelas and Wallaces. As Rumkowski's authority was spurious, so is what the Black stands for spurious in terms of the soul's knowledge.

All such histrionics are the stuff of the Absurd, a view of life that does not plumb the soul. Mr. Sammler must take absurdity into account, and he does, asking: "But what if one dislikes all this theater of the soul?" (p. 234). Being human may seem hardly worth the trouble. He recognizes that most theater of the soul is banal, but also that worth in being human "depends in part on the will of the questioner to see merit" (p. 234). Sammler speculates that the rise of the masses in the modern world has resulted in a drive for universal dignity and nobility and individuality—but this movement has brought despair and paradoxically has caused a longing for nonbeing. Sammler then, in responding to Absurdity, also answers the apocalyptic vision so familiar in contemporary literature: "Well, maybe man should get rid of himself. Of course. If he can. But also he has something in him which he feels it important to continue. Something that deserves to go on. It is something that has to go on, and we all know it. The spirit feels cheated, outraged, defiled, corrupted, fragmented, injured. Still it knows what it knows, and the knowledge cannot be gotten rid of" (p. 235-36). Because this knowledge is *the* fundamental reality, it stands beyond Absurdity. A life oriented by it could

accept the inevitability of imitation and then . . . imitate good things. The ancients had this right. . . . Make it the object of imitation to reach and release the high qualities. Make peace therefore with intermediacy and representation. But choose higher representations. Otherwise the individual must be the failure he now sees and knows himself to be. (p. 149)

Clearly Mr. Sammler—and by inference, Bellow—would prefer a theater in which the performances are in accord with the soul's inner knowledge. However, when the theater of the soul becomes the theater of the absurd, moral truth is not negated; rather it is reinforced by the

fact that failure *is* failure. Sammler killed a German in cold blood during the war. In a time of the collapse of order, with the Germans hunting him, he experienced satisfaction, pleasure, in the experience. Now he understands that "a human being, valuing himself for the right reasons, has and restores order, authority" (p. 45). When Feffer and Eisen encounter the Black pickpocket (New York's spirit of anti-order, with the city reflected in his lenses), Sammler stops Eisen from beating the Black to death. Since Sammler had asked Eisen to do something, Eisen is amused by the seeming inconsistency. He says: "You can't hit a man like this just once. When you hit him, you must really hit him. Otherwise he'll kill you. You know. We both fought in the war. You were a Partisan. You had a gun. So don't you know?" (p. 291). Linking the incident with the war, and hence for Sammler with the German he killed, Eisen expresses the logic of war and discloses the stasis of his vision. Mr. Sammler, however, has said: "The spirit knows that its growth is the real aim of existence" (p. 236). Sammler survived the war by hiding in a tomb, with the obvious imagery of rebirth in emergence. The measure of his growth through the experience is his readiness to take personal risk for the sake of even a corrupt individual. While his conduct is Christian in moral theory, it is not Christian in its omission of an external imperative aspect to morality; God does not threaten judgement. Neither is there an offered panacea for human ills. Suffering does not ennoble; as had already been said in *Herzog*, it may disfigure the soul and deny its growth. Mr. Sammler had earlier mused: "Man is a killer. Man has a moral nature" (p. 197)—this is the contradiction analysis offers.

But Mr. Sammler experiences something further. While he recognizes that he has a bit of the disease of the explainer—"the disease of the single self explaining what was what and who was who" (p. 280)—he will ultimately, with a Socratic wisdom (minus the tenuous structure of

deductive logic), "follow the intimations of the will of God" (*Crito*):

"We cannot say that our knowledge of death is shallow. There is no knowledge. There is longing, suffering, mourning. These come from need, affection, and love—the needs of the living creature because it is a living creature. There is also strangeness, implicit. There is also adumbration. Other states are sensed. All is not flatly knowable. There would never have been any inquiry without this adumbration, there would never have been any knowledge without it. . . . But very often, and almost daily, I have strong impressions of eternity. This may be due to my strange experiences, or to old age. I will say that to me this does not feel elderly." (pp. 236-37)

The idea that knowledge is rooted in adumbration makes faith inevitable, faith being the consent of the rational mind to the primacy of the prerational. Thus the Bellow hero is distinguished by an epistemology that underlies a positivistic description of the world in physics, or an existential description of the self in terms of specific experiences only. This understanding of man does not "answer" suffering, but it tempers perspective. It puts man in touch with that reality, which, in Henderson's words, is "better than what we have," the reality of the depth of the human entity, which senses "other states," and experiences "impressions of eternity"—and mediates between the objective and subjective, the phenomenal and noumenal in experience.

Henderson also said something that may appear comically hyperbolic in context, but considered here reveals an underlying seriousness: "All the major tasks and big conquests were done before my time. That left the biggest problem of all, which was to encounter death. We've just got to do something about it. It isn't just me. Millions of Americans have gone forth since the war to redeem the present and discover the future" (p. 276). Sammler's encounter with death at the end of the novel is extremely important: it is the one consummate test of conviction. He looks upon the body of his friend Elya, who brought him and Shula to America and supported them. On Elya's

lips, "bitterness and an expression of obedience were combined" (p. 313). Sammler says a prayer in a mental whisper:

"Remember, God, the soul of Elya Gruner, who, as willingly as possible and as well as he was able, and even to an intolerable point, and even in suffocation and even as death was coming was eager, even childishly perhaps (may I be forgiven for this), even with a certain servility, to do what was required of him. At his best this man was much kinder than at my very best I have ever been or could ever be. He was aware that he must meet, and he did meet—through all the confusion and degrading clowning of this life through which we are speeding—he did meet the terms of his contract. The terms which, in his inmost heart, each man knows. As I know mine. As all know. For that is the truth of it—that we all know, God, that we know, that we know, we know, we know." (p. 313)

In Elya, Sammler sees the successful realization of his vision of man. If a man accepts the roots of knowledge in adumbration, he "knows" that the soul's growth is the aim of existence, and he "knows" that there are other states of being. He then has a "contract" with existence to be fulfilled through doing what is required of him—Sammler refers to kindness, but the more encompassing concept, which seems to apply in all three novels, is *agape*. A man must make his individual moral choices, but he must do so attuned to divine love.

Bellow sees the soul's knowledge as being so fundamental to the nature of man that if it is recognized and understood, it carries a person through the "degraded clowning"—the histrionics—of life and through the suffering of death. Mr. Sammler, despite his humility, is at least Elya's equal as a man. He represents, in fact, the potential prototype of a post-Modern hero: his exceptional proportions are spiritual, and he is universal through the universality of the soul's knowledge, while being specific in his experience of life, recognizing that experientially a man must be a fragment.

In summary, the self in Christian tradition had spiritual depth, but in all its dimensions it was defined and governed by the external authority of religious doctrine. With the

breakdown of the Christian cosmology, Romanticism asserted the importance of the individual will. In Schopenhauer's terms, the world became a creation of individual will and idea. Then in reaction to this view, Modernist literature developed the anti-hero to show the impotence and ineffectuality of the self, and the chaos of man's world. For example, for Camus' Meursault, nothing has the least importance because death encompasses a life that is absurd in its alienation from any enduring reality in the universe. Now Saul Bellow, in creating a post-Modern hero, has restored spiritual depth to the self, but all authority is internal. On the one hand, man is able to affect the world in some measure through his will; on the other hand, he experiences impotence and chaos in his world. But centrally he senses other states of being, and he knows that the impulsion toward moral good is one with his essential nature.

Bellow's vision of man is religious in the unconditional character of the ethic it defines within selfhood. But he has not plucked it full-blown from a religious tradition. It must be in part the product of his own intimate experience, but it also derives from his examination of current ideas about man. Hence it is in no sense reactionary. In defining the "theater of the soul," he does not go *back* to man; he goes *forward*, with a sensitive and sophisticated grasp of the nature of human knowing and the meaning of human experience.

NOTES

¹*Mr. Sammler's Planet* (New York: Viking, 1970), p. 234. Parenthetical notes refer to this edition.

²"Some Notes on Recent American Fiction," *The American Novel Since World War II*, Irving Howe, ed., (New York: Fawcett, 1969), p. 174.

³*Saul Bellow* (New York: Twayne, 1971), p. 140.

⁴Dutton, in opposing *being* to *essence*, clearly uses the former term in the Sartrean sense of being-for-itself, consciousness as process-of-becoming. Bellow means "be-ing"; contact with the constancy of the soul (spirit), which, in its own special terms, is *essence*.

- ⁵*Henderson the Rain King* (New York: Viking, 1959), p. 160. Parenthetical notes refer to this edition.
- ⁶*Herzog* (New York: Viking, 1964), pp. 4-5. Parenthetical notes hereafter refer to this edition.
- ⁷*Saul Bellow: In Defense of Man* (Bloomington: Indiana University, 1968).
- ⁸*Morality and Beyond* (New York: Harper, 1963), pp. 19-20.
- ⁹"Where do We go From Here," *To The Young Writer*, A. L. Bader, ed., (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan, 1965), p. 146.