THE CIVIL HEART: MOSES HERZOG'S STRUGGLE AGAINST ENTROPY

by

Ryna Levin Pinsky

THE CIVIL HEART: MOSES HERZOG'S STRUGGLE AGAINST ENTROPY

by

Ryna Levin Pinsky

A thesis submitted to the Faculty of Graduate Studies and Research in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts

Department of English,
McGill University,
Montreal, Canada.

March 1973

ABSTRACT

Herzog, Saul Bellow's sixth novel, moves toward and reaches a satisfactory philosophical resolution to the problem with which he has been concerned in all six books: the individual's struggle to find an identity in keeping with his soul and related to his fellow creatures in God. This struggle for identity in community or, as Sammler calls it in *Mr. Sammler's Planet*, "trying to live with a civil heart," inevitably takes place against a background of annihilating entropy. Entropy is the comprehensive term Bellow borrows from physics and linguistic theory to describe in *Herzog* the social dynamics which threaten to destroy the self.

I plan in this study to examine the aspects of entropy operating on Herzog to keep him ill, directionless, and impotent, and to trace the imaginative and spiritual means by which Herzog is able to achieve personal autonomy and civility. It is my hope that by this process I can help reveal the merit of *Herzog* and give some indication of how central a novel it is for the whole of Bellow's fiction.

RESUME

A la fin de Herzog, le sixième roman de Saul Bellow, on atteint à une solution philosophique satisfaisante du problème dont il a été préoccupé dans les six livres: la lutte de l'individu à la recherche d'une identité en harmonie avec son âme, communiquant aussi avec ses frères en Dieu. Cette recherche de l'identité dans la communauté ou, comme Sammler dit dans La Planète de M. Sammler, cette "tentative pour vivre d'un coeur civil," a en arrière-plan inévitable l'entropie destructrice. Ce terme général d'entropie, Bellow l'emprunte à la physique et à la linguistique pour décrire dans Herzog la dynamique sociale qui risque de détruire la personnalité.

Dans cette étude, je projette d'examiner les aspects de l'entropie qui agissent sur Herzog pour le maintenir dans la maladie, l'incertitude et l'impuissance et de découvrir les moyens spirituels grâce auxquels Herzog atteint l'autonomie individuelle et la civilité. J'espère ainsi montrer les qualités de Herzog, et sa place au centre de l'oeuvre romanesque de Bellow.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER ONE: ENTROPY, IDENTITY, AND CIVILITY

Saul Bellow is doubtless among the foremost philosophical novelists of the twentieth century. Herzog,[1] Bellow's sixth novel, moves toward and reaches a satisfactory philosophical resolution to the problem with which he has been concerned in all six books: the individual's struggle to find an identity in keeping with his soul and related to his fellow creatures in God. This struggle for identity in community or, as Sammler calls it in Mr. Sammler's Planet, "trying to live with a civil heart," inevitably takes place against a background of annihilating entropy. Entropy is the comprehensive term Bellow borrows from physics and linguistic theory to describe in Herzog the social dynamics which threaten to destroy the self.

I plan in this study to examine the aspects of entropy operating on Herzog to keep him ill, directionless, and impotent, and to trace the imaginative and spiritual means by which Herzog is able to achieve personal autonomy and civility. It is my hope that by this process I can help reveal the merit of Herzog and give some indication of how central a novel it is for the whole of Bellow's fiction.

A word needs to be said about the approach I will take to this study. Difficulties inhere in the terms I have been using to describe Bellow's themes while those terms remain divorced from the supporting particulars which give them meaning. "Entropy," "identity," and "civility," by themselves mean

little. "Entropy," for example, and "negative entropy" are used in Herzog's letter to Dr. Schrödinger, the author of What is Life?, but in the five novels preceding there are other terms, "the more than human" and "the less than human" in The Victim, or "moha" and the concept of tyranny implied in the original subtitle to Augie March, "Life Among the Machiavellians," or yet Brownian motion, a measure of entropy, in Henderson. The Second Law of Thermodynamics, called also the Entropy Law, may be formulated to mean that in nature there is a constant tendency for order to turn into an ever-increasing disorder and that the final situation of the universe will be one of maximal disorder or chaos. In this sense, therefore, entropy is defined as the quantitative measure of the degree of disorder in a system -- a definition that, as we shall see, is in need of considerable interpretation.[2] (The interpretation of entropy and disorder as such, however, would take this study in many fields beyond the boundary of literature.)

Since the meaning of entropy varies substantially in its application to one field or another, it may be approached through the particulars of thermodynamics,[3] biology,[4] linguistic or information theory,[5] and statistical mechanics. Tony Tanner devotes a chapter to the centrality of entropy in American literature,[6] Rudolf Arnheim explores the relationship of entropy to art,[7] while others seek its relevance in areas as diverse as economic process[8] and urban systems.[9] The most famous application of the law of entropy to modern society and human history was made by Henry Adams in his Education, where,

in the name of science, he pronounced the doom of modern man.[10] Bellow himself in numerous essays and lectures has repeatedly objected to the dehumanization and reductiveness implied in "the notion of entropy" leading to "the conviction . . . now widespread, under the influence of biology and physics, that the human being is an 'anonymous force.'"[11] In view of the multiplicity of ways that terms like "entropy," "identity," and "civility" may be used, the first task in this chapter will be to examine Bellow's views of these concepts in order to arrive at their significance in his fiction.

Difficulties inhere, as well, in statements of theme which are not, by themselves, sufficient to an understanding of Bellow's fiction. Consider Bellow's explicit claim that they are not:

> Today it is hard for /the writer/ to declare with Joseph Conrad that the world is a temple. He would have to assert, "It <u>is</u> a temple." And that would already be a mistake. The feeling of sacredness is beyond price, but the assertion has very little value.[12]

The fiction writer must <u>evoke</u> with his particulars the feeling of sacredness, as Bellow does, for example, when Herzog looks into the clear depths of the Atlantic at Wood's Hole. All Bellow's themes, in fact, are evocations emerging from the totality of each novel, and particularly from the interactions of its characters, the unfolding of its actions in time, and the interconnections of its gradually revealed imagery. The products of those evocations, which transcend conceptual statements of theme, are what I mean by "theme" throughout the course of this study.

In a sense Bellow's novels are concerned with a single theme: the identity, never static and never reducible to exhaustive conceptual definition, of the individual. Alfred Kazin has stated that all Bellow's novels are Bildungsromaner,[13] and Bellow himself has placed Herzog squarely in that tradition.[14] However reductive the comparison, it is true that each of his first six protagonists is both eager and forced to discover and reveal himself far back in his origins and forward at the end of the journey on which the action takes him. Further, each of the six protagonists is somewhat more fully revealed to the reader, with the likely exception of Herzog at the end, than he is conscious of himself. And the point of each novel, the hinge on which its peripety swings into resolution, as we shall see with Herzog, is the protagonist's discovery of himself and Bellow's more full revelation of him to the reader.

Identity is hard come by for Bellow's protagonists. Like Lemuel Gulliver, they experience the sense of a loss of proportion between the self and the world. Bellow refers simultaneously to his characters, the so-called "anti-heroes" of twentieth century fiction, and man in twentieth century life when he discusses this loss of proportion:

> It's obvious to everyone that the stature of characters in modern novels is smaller than it once was, and this diminution powerfully concerns those who value existence. I do not feel that human capacity to feel or do can really have dwindled or that the quality of humanity has degenerated. I rather think that people appear smaller because society has become so immense. Hugest of all are the fears that surround us. These are what makes it hard for us to determine our proper size and the importance of our deeds.[15]

The immensity of society surrounding the individual and filling him with giant fears is particularly oppressive in its complexity. To Dreiser or Norris the ruling social powers, even impersonal ones like wheat and the railroad in The Octopus, were large but single entities which, at least in the imagination, could be combatted or manipulated by the individual. The Bellovian protagonist is often in danger of being overwhelmed by a labyrinthine immensity of information and possible choices into possible worlds.

Society fills the individual with its giant fears? We need immediately to qualify. Each of Bellow's first six protagonists, Joseph (Dangling Man), Leventhal (The Victim), Augie March, Tommy Wilhelm (Seize the Day), Henderson, and Herzog, is in partial but frequent complicity with the figures, forces, and worlds external to the self. The distinction of the Naturalists and Realists between the individual, basically good if he were only given proper conditioning by a righteous heredity and environment, and an improperly constituted society, oppressive and in need of reformation before it can produce good and happy individuals, does not hold in Bellow's novels. As Augie March remarks, "There haven't been civilizations without cities. But what about cities without civilizations? An inhuman thing, if possible, to have so many people together who beget nothing on one another. No, but it is not possible, and the dreary begets its own fire, and so this never happens."[16] The "dreary fire" of civilization is as much a creation of its individuals as those individuals are a product of dreary or frenetic social

conditioning; Bellow draws no fixed boundaries between the individual and his shaped and shaping society.

Moreover, "society," even "civilization," are misleading terms. They imply an agreed upon hierarchy of values, persons, and stations described "from the life" in eighteenth and nineteenth century novels but no longer real, probably since Edwardian times, or since Kafka, to the accurate twentieth century writer. Directions "up" or "down" in society are no more real than distinctions between "outer" oppressive society and the "inner" basically good individual. In The Victim, for example, Allbee still operates under the assumptions of social ignominy and social exaltation based on external considerations of money and class. He begins "down and out" and ends hand in glove with those "who run things." Allbee remains throughout, however, without the knowledge to be and act his own humanity as Schlossberg, the novel's authorial spokesman, defines it: single rather than multitudinous, histrionic identity abiding in the clear consciousness of death and the endeavour to complete one's life.[17] Allbee remains, in Herzog's terms, an "actor person" desiring, as his name implies, to "be all" things, play all roles to all men, a multiple public man.[18] "Public life," another term employed consistently in Herzog, is more descriptive than "society" or "civilization," for it implies illusory hierarchies less; public life, unlike society or civilization, invades and arises from Bellow's protagonists in "immense" multiplicity; the concept of social rise and social fall is not, finally, germane to Bellow's sense of reality.

The multiple manifestations of public life, then, beset and help to define or to destroy the identity of the individual in Bellow's fiction from within and from without. Like Scylla and Charybdis or, to use Bellow's terms for the two faces of entropy in The Victim and Herzog, "the more than human" and "the less than human," "entropy" and "negative entropy," these metamorphic assaults tend to produce two distinct but related sets of effects on individual identity. The individual is either drowned, atomized, and dispersed (the whirlpool of Charybdis) in entropy (absolute entropy, we know from physics and linguistics, is chaos, the absolute randomness of equally unrelated choices), or he strives to become negatively entropic, "more than human" (the monster Scylla, totally autonomous and ungovernable to gods and epic heroes alike) in order to use and thus cannibalize and digest lesser men in the effort to preserve perpetually his own form, perhaps even, by these means, to conquer death. Adolph Hitler or Napoleon, for example, are analogous to negatively entropic, "more than human" characters in Seize the Day and Augie March; those who offer themselves as meat for the great, digestible material for colossal "New Orders," out of despair at the randomness of choice in a society so multiply immense that even the term "society" is a misnomer, or those who scatter themselves as completely as possible in a chaotic agglomeration of facts, beliefs, mentors, and worlds, Bellow characterizes as "less than human," entropic. Let us look further at these two pervasive themes in his writing.

Frederick Hoffman has remarked, "there is no question that Saul Bellow's great affirmation is in the struggle against chaos and clutter, of a 'too muchness' of everything, toward life and the freedom to live."[19] Perhaps the most central single characterization of the particulars and implications of this "chaos and clutter," really entropy, is found in Augie March's observations to Kayo Obermark when he has returned from Mexico and is taking stock:

> "In the world of nature you can trust, but in the world of artifacts you must beware. There you must <u>know</u>, and you can't keep so many things on your mind and be happy. 'Look on my works ye mighty and despair!' Well, never mind about Ozymandias now being just trunkless legs; in his day the humble had to live in his shadow, and so do we live under shadow, with acts of faith in functioning of inventions, as up in the stratosphere, down in the subway, crossing bridges, going through tunnels, rising and falling in elevators where our safety is given in keeping. Things done by man which overshadow us. And this is true also of meat on the table, heat in the pipes, print on the paper, sounds in the air, so that all matters are alike, of the same weight, of the same rank, the caldron of God's wrath on page one and Wieboldt's sale on page two. It is all external and the same.

Augie then asks the question central to Bellow as a writer, and Kayo answers him with the Navajo or Sanskrit synonym for entropy and the key, here only conceptually stated, not thematically demonstrated, for dealing with the entropic dissolution of the self.

> Well, then what makes your existence necessary, as it should be? These technical achievements which try to make you exist in their way?"
>
> Kayo said, not much surprised by this, "What you are talking about is <u>moha</u> -- a Navajo word, and also Sanskrit, meaning opposition of the finite. It is the Bronx cheer of the conditioning forces. Love is the only answer to <u>moha</u>, being infinite. I mean all forms of love, eros, agape, libido, philia, and ecstasy. They are always the same but sometimes one quality dominates and sometimes another."[20]

Ozymandias personifies the negatively entropic tyrant. But in this century power and tyranny have passed from persons to things. The real power of Simon, Augie's dictatorial brother, for example, resides in his car, his wife's appliances, his suits (cf. Jay Gatsby's shirts), his possessions. Leventhal, one novel earlier, we see continually imprisoned and oppressed in elevators (mentioned above in Augie's catalogue), wearing out with his refrigerator, almost murdered by the gas range into whose blue, hollow depths he has looked in despair. Herzog, three novels later, experiences fever and an entropic dispersion of consciousness when he regards a "hostile broth" of newsprint in Grand Central Station (here mentioned as "print on the paper" and "the caldron of God's wrath on page one and Wieboldt's sale on page two"). When power has passed to such an enormous multiplicity of finite objects, all of them equally to be depended upon, "the Bronx cheer of the conditioning forces" is almost continuously in the ears of Bellow's protagonists. Merely to be advised to love does not dispel its distractions.

Bellow treats these matters in "Distractions of a Fiction Writer," a work that contains, in Robert Dutton's view, the "critical key to an understanding of /Bellow's/ fictive intentions."[21] I find it the most helpful of Bellow's critical essays, lectures, and interviews; I will return to it a number of times during the course of this chapter. Bellow describes "distraction" or "entropy" as including but going beyond the tyranny of unrelated, equally ranked, equally demanding physical artifacts:

> For there are more things that solicit the attention of the mind than there ever were before. The libraries and museums are full, great storehouses with their thousands of masterpieces in every style. Their vast wealth excites our ambition. It can make a Dr. Faustus out of many an educated man. It menaces him with death by distraction /italics mine/. But everyone on every level is exposed to this danger. The giant producers of goods need our defenseless attention. They catch us on the run and through the eyes and ears fill us with brand names of cars and cigarettes and soaps. And then news and information distract us. Bad art distracts us. Genuine culture is also, as I've already noted, distracting. Lastly, there are the inner demands of memory, desire, fantasy, anxiety, and the rest. These are perhaps the most tyrannical. The greater outer chaos drives us inward, and in our own small kingdoms we indulge our favorite distractions.[22]

The threat to identity, then, is deadly, very nearly omnipresent (note that "the most tyrannical" demands are sent from the center of the self once the self has been driven inward by "outer chaos"), and Faustian. Once a character of Bellow's has agreed to receive all the messages sent from inner and outer chaos, he undergoes a death of the self no better than literal death. Sissler, the authorial spokesman in Herzog, and Schlossberg, his equivalent in The Victim, are each possessed of narrow eyes. Bellow is using the metaphor, continuous from Petrarch through Blake, of eyes as the doors of perception. With the possible exception of Sammler in Mr. Sammler's Planet and Willatale in Henderson the Rain King, who possess a single eye symbolic of a single, unassailable identity, Sissler and Schlossberg are portrayed as possessing a clearer perception of their own identity and human dignity than any other characters in Bellow's novels. Their souls are vizored against the onslaughts of entropic distraction. By contrast, Herzog's eyes are large, and he is filled with distractions, the positive and negative forms of entropy, throughout most of the novel.

Sammler, the holocaust survivor and his novel's authorial spokesman, advocates, like Schlossberg before him, individual rather than multitudinous, histrionic identity, the completion of one's life in its proper, self-generated direction and on one's own planet, and that abiding with death in the clarity of consciousness is essential to a complete life, a whole identity. Recall also that a negatively entropic Napoleon or Ozymandias, by continuous improvement and expansion of his New Order, has hopes of even eluding death. When Bellow has completed the generalizations we have just been considering from "Distractions of a Fiction Writer," he passes immediately to an exemplum: he quotes from "Double Duty Beauty Tricks," a chapter in The Handbook of Beauty by Constance Hart. The sense of the quotation is that, continuously throughout the day, no matter how inappropriate her other activities, a woman should be engaged in this or that beauty exercise. Bellow generalizes along Sammler's and Schlossberg's lines:

> Dominated by no single activity, we are free, free but not tranquil; at leisure but not idle, since all the while we strive for perfection. No, the face, the neck, the bust, the skin, the mind are not good as they are, and we must tirelessly improve them. By so doing we deny the power of death over us because as long as we're getting better there's no reason why we should die. But I think the ruling principle behind all of this can be stated as follows: Don't give yourself wholly to any single thing. Divide and multiply.[23]

As we shall see, Herzog feels that modern consciousness is drawn to this division and multiplication of the self, with Valentine Gersbach, the actor person, as exemplar of what Schlossberg calls turning oneself into a whole corporation. As long as

there are more worlds to conquer, an Eastern Front to open along the bustline, the hairline, or the arch, we grow toward transcendence and enlarge the little world that outer chaos has left us, thus extending our forms and eluding death.

The destruction of the self, the soul, individual identity originates in the tyranny of things, the plethora of information always with us, the urging of giant fears in a small compass, and willful self-division by the entropically inundated private individual hoping, at least in his nutshell, to count himself king of infinite space and time. Such individuals compose a considerable portion of our aggregate and not infrequently yield us our leaders. Bellow is writing as much from twentieth century life as Jane Austen described a tidier society when he writes of the results of individual or aggregate tyranny, the consumption of the self by negative entropy:

> Man's hatred of himself has led in this century to the wildest of wars and demolition of the human image in camps and jails built for that purpose. Bodies stacked like firewood we have seen; and the bodies of the massacred exhumed for the gold in their teeth we have seen too. And even the so-called years of peace have been years of war. The buying and consumption of goods that keep the economy going the writer sitting in his room may envision as acts of duty, of service, of war. By our luxury we fight, too, eating and drinking and squandering to save our form of government, which survives because it produces and sells vast quantities of things. This sort of duty or service, he thinks, may well destroy our souls. They are taken from us and put to strange uses. Under it all perhaps, he reflects, is a hatred of individual being. "Let it be obliterated," is the secret message that we hear. And many in their hearts answer, "Yea, so be it." [24]

The equivalence made in this passage between the consumption of the individual in the wars, jails and gas ovens of twentieth century New Orders of Great Societies and the manda-

tory consumption of a Gross National Product to the detriment of the soul is a consistent theme in Bellow's fiction. Tommy Wilhelm in Seize the Day sees the world's business as the destruction and consumption of chickens. Images of cannibalism and the Gross National Product pervade Herzog. The lion and the wolf are dominant symbols of negative entropy in The Victim, Augie March, and Henderson. If the death of the soul or of the soul and body together is not consummated through entropy (the whirlpool of Charybdis), negative entropy (the monster Scylla) which consumes men in sixes as long as men are within reach, will do the job. Scylla and Charybdis are dated, of course, and not Bellow's metaphors. Their capacity for destruction is small by twentieth century standards, a crew of wanderers outside the realms ruled by Zeus at worst. It is difficult to conceive of an Ithaca to which one can return in the world Bellow recreates in his fiction.

But all of Bellow's protagonists except the first, Joseph in Dangling Man, survive and grow. Even the apparent defeat of Tommy Wilhelm is a triumph in that he is, at the last, in full if incomprehensible contact with his "True" beneath his "Pretender" soul. As we shall see, Earl Rovit is mistaken when he claims that "the Bellow hero returns ever to the prison of himself, uncommitted to religion, to society, to family, or to love," remaining, to the end, an alienated, hollow man.[25] As Paul Levine puts it, ". . . reconciliation with society and the possibilities of communication /are/ the heart of Bellow's writing."[26]

As we have seen, Bellow does not minimize the threats to identity posed by entropy and negative entropy. Clearly the "society" to which his protagonists seek to reconcile themselves must be a society other than that of entropic public life which atomizes by distraction or consumes the individual whole. In "Distractions of a Fiction Writer," speaking of the writer's problems of communication with his fellows, Bellow tells us unequivocally which society he is trying to reach:

> . . . chances are that /the writer/ is working, bitterly working, in an effort to meet his brothers of the office and factory sympathetically. The odds are good that he is literally a brother and comes out of the same mass. And now for some strange reason he is trying to throw a bridge from this same place, from a room in Chicago to, let us say, Ahab, to Cervantes, to Shakespeare, to the Kings of the old Chronicles, to Genesis. For he says, "Aren't we still part of the same humanity, children of Adam?" So he invites his soul away from distractions.[27]

Stated as a point in an essay, even given the evocative series of books leading back to Adam, the idea that the writer meets his fellows on the grounds of their common humanity seems as bald a means toward survival as Kayo Obermark's suggestion that love is the answer. Bellow would, of course, agree: recall his statement that the feeling of sacredness is priceless, the assertion of not much worth. Thematically, however, his novels work through their particulars, as we shall illustrate with Herzog, toward an entirely successful realization of this meeting between his characters on the evoked, incomprehensible grounds of their common humanity. Communication among a society of human beings, termed "civility" in Herzog, is a major theme in Bellow's work.

All first six protagonists, in fact, have fine ideas. Some questionable readings have resulted, therefore, when critics have accepted at face value the protagonists' conceptual statements. Herzog, long before he actually meets and communicates with his fellows in a Chicago police station and the novel turns into its resolution, is in possession, from Ramona and the fruits of his own introspection, of the ideas which are conceptual signposts toward his salvation. Elsewhere he hardens his heart, is consumed by a fever of, literally, Eastern European origin, and becomes, like Joseph in his room, specifically comparable to Raskolnikov. Bellow outlines the cause and course of the disease thoroughly in that most reliable of essays, or so it seems in the light it sheds on Bellow's novels, "Distractions of a Fiction Writer." The extended quotation is justified, I think, given the epidemic presence of Raskolnikov's fever in Bellow's characters:

> What I am trying to say is that certain ideas can't be held idly. Attempted containment of them is ruin. Lying in his bed in his impoverished attic, Raskolnikov is ashamed of the thoughts of mastery that come into his head; this shame, like a radioactive material, eats through the wall of moral restraint, and issues destructively. He commits a double murder. But it is not only ideas of evil that become destructive. Ideas of good, held in earnest, may be equally damaging to the passive thinker. His passivity puts him in self-contempt. This same contempt may estrange him from the ideas of good. He lives below them and feels dwarfed. On certain occasions a hero in thought, he has become abject in fact, and cannot be blamed for feeling that he is not doing a man's work. He reads about man's work in the paper. Men are planning new bond issues, molding public opinion, solving the crisis of the Suez Canal. Men are active. Ideas are passive. Ideas are held in contempt.[28]

We recall that not all of Raskolnikov's ideas were evil. He was going to use Alyona Ivanovna's money to ameliorate the Suez crisis of poverty in his own neighbourhood. The protagonist of Notes from Underground holds some fine ideas on love from which he becomes estranged because, in his circumstances, his passivity dwarfs him.

In addition to the inner and outer assaults of entropy and negative entropy (the individual is magnetized and dispersed by entropic appeals in all directions, or he takes as his own the viewpoint of the tyrant and says, "Yea, let the individual be done away with as an anachronism not conducive to the good of the Order,"), and the sensation that one is dwarfed in isolation by his ideas and aspirations, the self in Bellow's novels is "much possessed by death," obsessed with ideas of its mortality. Death is, of course, the ultimate entropy which awaits us. "How the organism maintains itself against death," Herzog writes in a letter to Dr. Schrödinger, the author of What is Life?

> -- in your words, against thermodynamic equilibrium . . . Being an unstable organization of matter, the body threatens to rush away from us. It leaves. It is real. It! Not we! Not I! This organism, while it has the power to hold its own form and suck what it needs from its environment, attracting a negative stream of entropy, the being of other things which it uses, returning the residue to the world in simpler form. Dung. Nitrogenous wastes. Ammonia.[29]

The body moves throughout life toward decomposition into its material parts. Tony Tanner comments on death, "the one great fact which is for ever at the back of Herzog's mind":

> Not only does /Herzog/ vividly recall the dying moments of his mother and father, but his imagination pursues them into the earth, thinking of them turning into insignificant soil. . . . and this is only one example of Herzog's more general preoccupation with the notion of man disintegrating in space --

> the individual, the race, then the planet, and the stars, all passing from void to void. . . . The will to deny the universal truth of the law of entropy is what drives Herzog on, even though in his own disintegrating state he is an ambiguous witness against it. 30

Let us recur to Sammler's and Schlossberg's proposals that an individual should live out his life knowing that death is a part of him, giving form and dimension to life, in the perception of single identity. These are really Bellow's prescriptions, the expression of his didactic purpose as a writer:

> Why should wretched man need power or wish to inflate himself with imaginary glory? If this is what power signifies it can only be vanity to suffer from impotence. On the nobler assumption he should have at least sufficient power to overcome ignominy and to complete his own life /italics mine/. His suffering, feebleness, servitude then have a meaning. This is what writers have taken to be the justification of power. It should reveal the greatness of man. And if no power will do this, the power of the imagination will take the task upon itself. 31

The greatness of man Bellow purposes to celebrate by imaginative processes involves his ability "to overcome ignominy and to complete his own life" in the face of inner and outer tyranny and chaos, the disparity between his ideas and his enforced passivity, the clear consciousness of the body's death, and the difficulty of achieving salvation (not earthly justice; that is Raskolnikov's fevered concern) through single identity. The means for man's achieving his proper greatness (not earthly power; that is vanity) lie in his capacity to love and his relationship to a ubiquitous God of which he is a part. We have seen Kayo Obermark's description of love as "infinite . . . all the forms . . . eros, agape, libido, philia, and ecstasy." Bellow quotes from Simone Weil a definition equally central to his writing on the closing page of "Distractions of a Fiction

Writer": "To believe in the existence of human beings as such is love."[32] Moreover, while the pursuit of earthly justice, one's due, or negatively entropic power on earth leads one into "dangerous illusion," as Sammler observes in his "short views" on love, it is "best to have some order within oneself. Better than what many call love. Perhaps it <u>is</u> love."[33]

These two ideas, love according to Simone Weil and Kayo Obermark, are the conceptual statements of "civility" and man within the body of God, the two central themes in Bellow's fiction indicative of the directions the self can take in order to survive the multiplicity of an annihilating entropy. They are the grounds for Sammler's saving "order within oneself" that "<u>is</u> love": "His personal idea was one of the human being conditioned by other human beings. . . . Trying to live with a civil heart. With disinterested charity. With a sense of the mystic potency of humankind."[34] (According to Rudolf Arnheim in his essay on disorder and order, internal "self-regulatory" order is the one "shape-building cosmic principle" in crystals, molecules, and organisms which "initiates all articulate existence" and opposes the second cosmic tendency toward disorder, the entropy principle.[35]) These are not merely Bellow's statements, they are his <u>themes</u>. Henderson attains civility, after much travail with negative entropy from within and without, in perceiving other human beings "as such": "I had a voice that said, I want! <u>I</u> want? It should have told me <u>she</u> wants, <u>he</u> wants, <u>they</u> want."[36] Tommy Wilhelm establishes contact with his True Soul in mourning the body of a stranger fallen below his earthly

dignities into his casket. Herzog is drawn together when its protagonist communicates on American and Adamic human grounds with his daughter and an Indian police sergeant wearing "Ben Franklin spectacles;" by establishing communication in "civility" he steps into a realm inaccessible to his negatively entropic ex-wife seeking to plunge him into the ranks of losers by bearing false witness against him. We will need to consider civility thematically, as it arises from the totality of the novel Herzog, in order to approach Bellow's meaning more fully.

Likewise the feeling of sacredness that arises in Bellow's fiction, the impression that the world is a temple in which one can choose a suitable fate, achieve an identity in keeping with one's soul and related to one's fellow creatures in God is an evoked theme rather than a didactic statement. Herzog feels it beside the clear, intensely sweet, webbed depths of the Atlantic and can only exclaim, "Praise God -- praise God."[37] This feeling that the world is a sacred temple containing a community of creatures is accessible to Bellow's characters only when they have not hardened their heart with Raskolnikov's pride, and when they are not unduly oppressed by moha, "the opposition of the finite," which comes from the clutter of man's artifacts, themselves an expression of aggregate pride and hardening of the heart. With the imagination, the soul, however, his characters can, by incomprehensible processes, put themselves in accord with the self-ordering "axial lines" of total, single identity, their suitable fates, and the tidal rhythms of life. Joseph Baim

comments that "identity, according to Bellow, is realized only when one becomes spontaneously and intuitively aware -- in the present -- of the harmony of the individual self and the universal creative process -- what he calls in The Adventures of Augie March the 'axial lines of life,' or, in Dangling Man, 'the craters of the spirit.'" [38] These are Herzog's "moral realities" which are as sure to him as the "molecular and atomic ones." [39]

The most comprehensive passage on these spiritual, imaginative means toward identity (or salvation) occurs in Augie March's conversation with Clem Tambow, shortly after Augie has talked to Kayo Obermark, another choric character in the novel, about moha and is still taking stock after his return from Mexico and Thea Fenchel, a willful absolutist. I quote it in its entirety as the conclusion to this discussion of Bellow's themes:

> "I have a feeling," I said, "about the axial lines of life, with respect to which you must be straight or else your existence is merely clownery, hiding tragedy. I must have had a feeling since I was a kid about these axial lines which made me want to have my existence on them, and so I have said 'no' like a stubborn fellow to all my persuaders, just on the obstinacy of my memory of these lines, never entirely clear. But lately I have felt these thrilling lines again. When striving stops, there they are as a gift. I was lying on the couch here before and they suddenly went quivering right straight through me. Truth, love, peace, bounty, usefulness, harmony! And all noise and grates, distortion, chatter, distraction, effort, superfluity, passed off like something unreal. And I believe that any man at any time can come back to these axial lines, even if an unfortunate bastard, if he will be quiet and wait it out. The ambition of something special and outstanding I have always had is only a boast that distorts this knowledge from its origin, which is the older knowledge, older than the Euphrates, older than the Ganges. At any time life can come together again and man be regenerated, and doesn't have to be a god or public servant like Osiris who gets torn apart annually for the sake of the

> common prosperity, but the man himself, finite and taped as he is, can still come where the axial lines are. He will be brought into focus. He will live with true joy. Even his pains will be joy if they are true, even his helplessness will not take away his power, even wandering will not take him away from himself, even the big social jokes and hoaxes need not make him ridiculous, even disappointment after disappointment will not take away his love. Death will not be terrible to him if life is not. The embrace of other true people will take away his dread of fast change and short life. And this is not imaginary stuff, Clem, because I bring my entire life to the test."[40]

Since Bellow's theme is identity imaginatively or spiritually attained, and not, finally, reducible to conceptual statement, and since civility is so important a part of that theme, I posit that those critics who maintain with Earl Rovit that "Moses Herzog ends as he began -- a sentimentalist with a rigid heart, an adamant solitary"[41] are themselves stressing only entropy, alienation, and the hardening of the heart. Like Rovit, they fail to see the means by which these are overcome in Bellow's fiction. Moreover, those who maintain with Norman Mailer that Bellow's protagonists are "hollow" take an approach equally as questionable to Bellow's work. Two quotations from Mailer's article, "Modes and Mutations: Quick Comments on the Modern American Novel," provide a sufficiently clear example of this approach: "There is a mystery about the /favorable/ reception of Herzog. For beneath its richness of texture and its wealth of detail, the fact remains, never has a novel been so successful when its hero was so dim." And again: "Herzog is dull, he is unendurably dull -- he is like all those bright pedagogical types who have a cavity at the center of their brain."[42]

I submit that these views constitute a radical misapprehension of Bellow's methods of characterization. In surveying Bellow's themes we have considered the multiplicity of "distractions" besetting his protagonists from inside and outside the self. The void peopled and surrounded by actor-persons and the objects of moha, tyrants and clutter, describes, in fact, the individual endeavouring to overcome his passivity in inundation. Image clusters and numbers of related characters, really composite characters, are objective correlatives for the distracted consciousness of the self. David Galloway, in speculating about "the Moses-Leopold Bloom-Moses Herzog parallel," correctly points out that Herzog and Bloom are not only "complex," but also "composite" characters; further he describes "the composite hero" as "dramatized by the characters who surround him": "figures who appear or are referred to in Ulysses also represent aspects of Bloom's polytropic experience."[43] Similarly, the distractions of entropy for Herzog are embodied in Madeleine Pontritter, Sandor Himmelstein, Valentine Gersbach, the Faustian scholar Shapiro, and the lawyer Simkin. When he is drawn to and obsessed by those characters and their distractions, they and their distractions become Herzog's character, particularly since entropy is a disease of the consciousness. The hollowness peopled by chimeras is deliberate characterization on Bellow's part.[44] The critics who take Mailer's line that Bellow can include detail, create texture in his novels, but not character or significant theme, neglect to recognize that in his novels the welter of combination flat characters and imaginatively

related detail is the consciousness, hence the character, of his protagonists. Moreover, the interrelationship of images, characters, and conceptual statements fashioned inseparably from their contexts evoke in concert Bellow's themes.

Troubled by confusions and a lack of definition of the term "theme" in Bellow criticism, Robert D. Crozier's discussion is suggestive of the ways Bellow's characterization gives rise to his theme: "The theme . . . is the great theme . . . of the Judaeo-Christian tradition's ideal of building a city within the soul and a soul within the city against the forces of the world, the flesh, and the devil."[45] Divorced from comparisons at once too broad and too reductive ("the Judaeo-Christian tradition," like "the world, the flesh, and the devil," takes in a great deal of territory), Crozier's view that Bellow is thematically "building a city within the soul and a soul within the city" is helpful. We need at once to recognize that "soul" is not a monad about the size of a golf ball located somewhere in the self with a single, sweet, spiritual function. There are damned as well as sweet souls in Bellow's fiction, and infernal as well as celestial cities. As a rule, the greater the number of abstractions into which Bellow's protagonists scatter their consciousness, the more they have created within themselves a complex Dantean Inferno. (Bellow uses the analogy in Herzog, as we shall see.) What Crozier describes, occurs. The movement throughout Bellow's first six novels viewed as an organic whole is through distractions toward that moment in a Chicago police station when Herzog, through the particulars of civility, is

able to apprehend a soul in the city and the saving incomprehensible which is the doorway to joy in himself.

We have considered, then, in a general way, Bellow's terms and themes. In the following chapters on Herzog, since the novel draws together and resolves in complex fashion the themes from the preceding five novels, I will state my conclusions more fully, with frequent reference to the earlier novels. Further observations on Bellow's work in general seem without point; let us proceed to the novel Herzog in particular.

Footnotes to Chapter One

1. Saul Bellow, Herzog (New York, 1964). This and the following editions of Bellow's other novels are the ones cited in the text: Dangling Man (New York, 1944); The Victim (New York, 1947); The Adventures of Augie March (New York, 1953); Seize the Day (New York, 1956); Henderson the Rain King (New York, 1959); Herzog (New York, 1964); Mr. Sammler's Planet (New York, 1970).

2. For an authoritative discussion of entropy as a measure of disorder, see P. W. Bridgman, The Nature of Thermodynamics (Gloucester, Mass., 1969), pp. 166-179.

3. Ibid., pp. 126-166.

4. For the importance of negative entropy in biology, see the rather poetically worded argument on "Order, Disorder and Entropy" by Erwin Schrödinger, What Is Life? (Cambridge, Eng., 1945), pp. 68-75. See also Harold J. Morowitz, Entropy for Biologists: An Introduction to Thermal Physics (New York, 1970).

5. Norbert Wiener, The Human Use of Human Beings: Cybernetics and Society (Boston, 1950).

6. Tony Tanner, City of Words: American Fiction 1950-1970 (London, 1971), pp. 141-152.

7. Rudolf Arnheim, Entropy and Art: An Essay on Disorder and Order (Berkeley, Calif., 1971).

8. Nicholas Georgescu-Roegen, The Entropy Law and the Economic Process (Cambridge, Mass., 1971).

9. A. G. Wilson, Entropy in Urban and Regional Modelling (London, 1970).

10. Alfred Kazin, "History and Henry Adams," New York Review of Books, 12 (23 Oct. 1969), 26-29; 13 (30 Oct. 1969), 43-46. See also Tanner, City of Words, pp. 148-149; Robert E. Spiller, The Oblique Light: Studies in Literary History and Biography (New York, 1969), p. 178, pp. 198-204.

11. Saul Bellow, "Literature," The Great Ideas Today, ed. Mortimer J. Adler and Robert M. Hutchins (Chicago, 1963), p. 155.

12. Saul Bellow, "Distractions of a Fiction Writer," The Living Novel: A Symposium, ed. Granville Hicks (New York, 1957), p. 2.

13. Alfred Kazin, "My Friend Saul Bellow," Atlantic Monthly, 215 (Jan. 1964), 53.

14. Gordon L. Harper, "The Art of Fiction XXXVII: Saul Bellow, An Interview," Paris Review, 9 (1966), 70.

15. Stanley Kunitz ed., Twentieth Century Authors, First Supplement (New York, 1955), p. 73.

16. Augie March, p. 159.

17. The Victim, pp. 255-256.

18. Critical ink has been dispensed on several more names with many more significances than I have just discussed. See George P. Elliott, "Hurtsog, Hairtsog, Heart's Hog?" Nation, 199 (19 Oct. 1964), 252; James Dean Young, "Bellow's View of the Heart," Critique, 7 (Spring 1965), 11-12.

19. Frederick J. Hoffman, "The Fool of Experience: Saul Bellow's Fiction," Contemporary American Novelists, ed. Harry T. Moore (Carbondale, Ill.,1964), p. 80.

20. Augie March, p. 450.

21. Robert R. Dutton, Saul Bellow (New York, 1971), p. 14; see also Irving Malin, Saul Bellow's Fiction (Carbondale, Ill., 1969), p. 168, n. 19.

22. "Distractions," pp. 3-4.

23. Ibid., pp. 4-5.

24. Ibid., p. 12.

25. Earl Rovit, Saul Bellow (Minneapolis, Minn., 1967) p. 35, p. 20.

26. Paul Levine, "Saul Bellow: The Affirmation of the Philosophical Fool," Perspective, 10 (1959), 163.

27. "Distractions," p. 10.

28. Ibid., p. 13.

29. Herzog, pp. 177-178.

30. Tanner, City of Words, p. 302.

31. "Distractions," p. 15.

32. Ibid., p. 20

33. Mr. Sammler's Planet, p. 228.

34. Ibid., p. 136.

35. Arnheim, pp. 31-34; see also p. 7, p. 55.

36. Henderson, p. 286.

37. Herzog, p. 91.

38. Joseph Baim, "Escape from Intellection: Saul Bellow's Dangling Man," University Review, 37 (1970), 28; see also Joseph Baim, "Henderson the Rain King: A Major Theme," A Modern Miscellany, ed. David P. Demarest, Jr., Lois S. Lamdin, and Joseph Baim (Pittsburgh, Pa., 1970), pp. 53-54.

39. Herzog, p. 178.

40. Augie March, pp. 454-455.

41. Rovit, p. 25; see also Stanley Trachtenberg who brands all Bellow's protagonists as "heroes of paralyzed will," in Critique, 9 (Summer 1967), 61.

42. Norman Mailer, "Modes and Mutations: Quick Comments on the Modern American Novel," Commentary, 41 (March 1966), 39.

43. David D. Galloway, The Absurd Hero in American Fiction, rev. ed. (Austin, Tex., 1970), pp. 127-129.

44. Material from an interview with Gunther Grass is pertinent here. "Grass . . . was disappointed because it had not occurred to people discussing /The Tin Drum/ that the other characters were meant as extensions of Oskar . . ." (Michael Roloff, "Gunther Grass," Atlantic, June 1965, p. 96.) The exemplars of entropy in Herzog function similarly as a composite extension of the protagonist when he is so "hollow" as to fall within their sway. Such technique is not exactly new. Joseph Conrad created a complete villain in Victory by combining Jones, Ricardo, and Pedro, i.e., evil intelligence, instinctive savagery, and brute force. Who can doubt that all the sons in Kafka's story "Eleven Sons," included in his collection, The Penal Colony, are Kafka himself? The technique of the composite character is part of the stock in trade of allegory and surrealism alike. It should occasion no critical complaint.

45. Robert D. Crozier, "Theme in Augie March," Critique, 7 (Spring 1965), 31.

CHAPTER TWO: ASPECTS OF ENTROPY IN HERZOG

Herzog, Bellow's sixth novel, resolves satisfactorily the problem Bellow sets for all his heroes: to attain accurate self-knowledge, come to terms with irrationality and the void besetting the self from within and without, and remain capable of action and love in a disintegrative world which proliferates "facts" and "unreal categories," in such a way that moha, the oppressiveness of the sensory external world, becomes indistinguishable from the multiplicity of absolutes posited by the hero's tutors. In a lecture published during the time of Herzog's composition, Bellow defines the problem of maintaining "the single Self in the midst of the mass" as one which bears especially on the current American writer:

> Laboring to maintain himself, or perhaps an idea of himself (not always a clear idea), he feels the pressure of a vast public life, which may dwarf him as an individual while permitting him to be a giant in hatred or fantasy. In these circumstances he grieves, he complains, rages, or laughs.[1]

Grief, complaint, rage, and laughter characterize the separate stances of Tommy Wilhelm (Seize the Day), Asa Leventhal (The Victim), Joseph (Dangling Man), Henderson and Augie March existing in like circumstances, i.e., the modern, post-Romantic, post-revolutionary world. Herzog, the American writer of a flood of unsent letters to public figures, present and past acquaintances and friends, the women he has known, and to the dead, and Herzog, the American Scholar in Emerson's sense,[2] contains all five of Bellow's earlier, relatively fragmentary heroes. Tony Tanner finds Herzog to be "a summation of Bellow's other main characters," and the book "to summarise and

contain all the questions, the problems, the feelings, the plights, and the aspirations worked over in the previous novels."[3] Herzog is Bellow's most "round" character in E. M. Forster's sense,[4] i.e., presented in depth and capable of convincing growth and change. He is permitted an awareness of himself, a perception granted to the reader but not to the protagonists themselves in the preceding five novels. Setting aside the imponderables of Bellow's biography, the aesthetic distance between the writer and his hero seems least in this novel.

Bellow presents the oppressiveness of society and the external world, to which a part of each of his protagonists is allied, in various ways during his first five novels. In Dangling Man Joseph feels threatened by emotionality, absurd personalities reminiscent of his own mortality (Vanaker, Mrs. Kiefer, his grandfather's photograph), dreams which indicate his complicity in war and murder, and the frightening images of phenomena reminiscent of his slum childhood. Leventhal is squeezed between the pressures of the more than human and the less than human, Rudiger the tyrant and Allbee the demonic suppliant. Augie is oppressed by moha, the inescapable multiplicity of the phenomenal world. The ubiquity of unfeeling, galvanic mechanism in Tommy Wilhelm's world, where "the fathers are no fathers and the sons no sons" and even the bees are components of a whirring, lighted machine at the stock exchange,[5] brings him to his final stance as the last mourner for a world divorced from nature and emotion. For Henderson, as Willatale

remarks, "life is strange to a child;" the pursuit of absolutes in the "noumenal department"[6] make it so. The object of Henderson's "I want!" remains obscure to him until the end of the novel, lodged in the midst of a void densely populated with chimeras.

With the exception of nightmares (since The Victim, Bellow's surrealistic passages have depicted the actual world as indistinguishable from dream rather than, as Kafka did, constructing actuality from nightmare), all the previous impingements of the external world upon Bellow's protagonists act oppressively on Herzog. The comprehensive term Bellow borrows from physics and linguistic theory to describe in Herzog the social dynamics which threaten to destroy the self is "entropy." "In your remarks on entropy," he writes in a letter to Dr. Schrödinger, the author of What is Life?,

> "How the organism maintains itself against death -- in your words, against thermodynamic equilibrium . . . Being an unstable organization of matter, the body threatens to rush away from us. It leaves. It is real. It! Not we! Not I! This organism, while it has the power to hold its own form and suck what it needs from its environment, attracting a negative stream of entropy, the being of other things which it uses, returning the residue to the world in simpler form. Dung. Nitrogenous wastes. Ammonia." (177-178)

Entropy, then, as Bellow employs the concept in Herzog, is the dissipation of the self in a multitude of random directions outward toward the external world, which attracts it by negative entropy. The process is analogous to the body's decay and then decomposition in death which reduces its cells to the level of all inorganic matter. Only by the self's own negative entropy, the consumption and conversion of other

creatures to energy and waste, can the self be preserved. Augie March is attracted by a number of random fates and mentors gifted with negative entropy, but Augie feels the need to resist the choice of a final fate which would reduce and consume him. Herzog is similarly attracted, bedevilled by similar fears, and possessed of similar resistance.

Contrapuntal to the harsh Weltanschauung implied in entropy (reminiscent of the division of the world into the users and the used in Augie March), Herzog feels the need to lead an inspired life and to become a useful if autonomous citizen. "Nevertheless," he assures Dr. Schrödinger and "the entire world" as he speeds on the subway toward Ramona, "there are moral realities . . . as surely as there are molecular and atomic ones." (178) To be drawn in a few useful and meaningful directions is not equivalent to being drawn in all directions by entropy toward death. Once again Tanner's remarks seem pertinent and correct: "The attempt to assert moral realities and individual values against a background which man is turning to waste is Herzog's particular counter-entropic struggle."[7] As we shall see, Ramona provides several of the choices Herzog is ultimately able to make in order to lay the foundation for a useful and inspired life. The pantheism and notions of civil responsibility found in Spinoza's Ethics and Emerson's "American Scholar," "Self-Reliance," and "Circles" provide the rest.

I plan in this discussion to examine the aspects of entropy operating on Herzog to keep him ill, bedevilled, directionless, and impotent. The first section will center around Madeleine

Herzog, Valentine Gersbach, and Sandor Himmelstein, all of them "reality instructors" and "actor persons" playing a number of roles, diffused in a number of directions into the noumenal and phenomenal world. We may then examine the substance of Ramona's proposals for Herzog's physical, civil, and spiritual rehabilitation and the grounds for Herzog's need to ignore some of her proposals and reject others in favor of unfinished business with Madeleine and Valentine Gersbach. The presence of Bellow's five previous heroes is demonstrable in the form and rationale of Herzog's resistance to use and joy. We need also to consider the structure of the novel's central actions, the flight from Madeleine to Europe, the return, the journey from Ramona to the sea and the Sisslers, characters minor but central in ways we shall ascertain, to re-examine briefly Herzog's return to Ramona and her ultimately saving proposals, to consider the structure and reasons for the climactic episodes of the novel contained in Herzog's trip to Chicago to murder Valentine and Madeleine, and to analyze the illuminations Bellow's protagonist receives during his sojourn in the Berkshires at the conclusion of the novel. Ramona, Sissler, Valdepenas, Tante Taube, Herzog's brother Willy, Emerson, and Spinoza contribute centrally to Herzog's coming to terms with himself as the "Gottbetrunkene Mensch" and incipient useful citizen in his house at Ludeyville. The nature of Bellow's conclusion in Herzog, following his earnest engagement with the problems bred by entropy, attests to the seriousness of his examination of the question he feels other modern writers,

caught up in comedy or nihilism, or comedy resting in nihilism, have answered poorly: "Undeniably the human being is not what he commonly thought a century ago. The question nevertheless remains. He is something. What is he?" [8]

That Bellow is seriously concerned in Herzog with the devaluation and dissipation of the self even by his fellow writers, who take their cue from entropy as an attitude acted out in twentieth century history, is partly attested to by the following extended quote from his lecture, "Recent American Fiction" (1963), which I have mentioned:

> European writers take strength from German phenomenology and from the conception of entropy in modern physics in order to attack a romantic idea of the Self, triumphant in the 19th century but intolerable in the 20th. The feeling about this idea is well-nigh universal. The First World War with its millions of corpses gave an aspect of the horrible to romantic overvaluation of the Self. The leaders of the Russian Revolution were icy in their hatred of bourgeois individualism. In the communist countries millions were sacrificed in the building of socialism, and almost certainly the Lenins and the Stalins, the leaders who made these decisions, serving the majority and the future, believed they were rejecting a soft, nerveless humanism which attempted in the face of natural and historical evidence to oppose progress. A second great assault on the separate Self sprang from Germany in 1939. Just what the reduction of millions of human beings into heaps of bone and mounds of rag and hair or clouds of smoke betokened, there is no one who can plainly tell us, but it is at least plain that something was being done to put in question the meaning of survival, the meaning of pity, the meaning of justice and of the importance of being oneself, the individual's consciousness of his own existence. [9]

Here Bellow gives in his own voice a resumé of historical events and their psychology which can be compared to Joseph's (Dangling Man) tracing of the origins of modern ills from sorrowing Werthers through Raskolnikovs and drugstore Napoleons to the generalization about our own time that "the fear of lagging pursues and maddens us. The fear lies in us like a cloud. It

makes an inner climate of darkness. And occasionally there is a storm and hate and wounding rain out of us."[10]

Joseph and Bellow himself are each speaking of the entropy and negative entropy which concern Herzog: the "heaps of bone and mounds of rag and hair or clouds of smoke" into which colossal egos converted human beings in order to retain and express their own form, impose their personal "New Order" on those they considered usable lesser creatures, are akin to the "Dung. Nitrogenous wastes. Ammonia," Herzog mentions as products of the same process in his letter to Dr. Schrödinger. The "storm and hate and wounding rain," Joseph's metaphor, produce the same results. The users are cannibals, and the used, by proffering themselves as meat for the great, perpetuate the feast in which "the Self" is consumed.

These, then, are a few of Bellow's metaphors for entropy and negative entropy. On his way to a Chicago police station during the climactic episode of the novel, Herzog imagines himself, like Tommy Wilhelm, in a world totally governed by such concepts: "He would need a lawyer and he thought, naturally, of Sandor Himmelstein. He laughed to think what Sandor would say. Sandor himself used police methods, clever psychology, the same as in Lubianka, the same the world over." (290-291) Consider also Herzog's musings at the time on modern notions of the self:

> This generation thinks -- and this is its thought of thoughts -- that nothing faithful, vulnerable, fragile can be durable or have any true power. Death waits for these things as a cement floor waits for a dropping light bulb. The brittle shell of glass loses its tiny vacuum with a burst, and that is that. And this is how we teach metaphysics on each

> other. "You think history is the history of loving hearts? You fool! Look at these millions of dead. Can you pity them, feel for them? You can nothing! There were too many. We burned them to ashes, we buried them with bulldozers. History is the history of cruelty, not love, as soft men think. We have experimented with every human capacity to see which is strong and admirable and have shown that none is. There is only practicality. (290)

But this is Herzog's version of Joseph's "Tu As Raison Aussi, the Spirit of Alternatives" talking. Each time Herzog lends himself to the delusion that such a Weltanschauung is universal among men, Bellow makes plain that his cast of mind reflects his illness, sometimes presented as a fever of Eastern European origin or an excess of enthusiasm, always attended by trouble and disorder. After Herzog reaches the police station his spirit of entropic alternatives is proved wrong. As we shall see, this is where the peripety of the novel occurs. During the remainder of the novel he comes to feel consistently that the self, rather than a dropping light globe containing a tiny vacuum, is a veil of God containing a sweet soul (zisse n'shamele).

Before Herzog can reach and affirm such a saving realization, however, he must, like Leventhal, serve considerable time beset by the more than human and the less than human, negative and positive entropy. The "imperial" Madeleine and her lover, Gersbach, who diffuses himself in a multiplicity of random directions at once, are central characters standing for the two aspects. Herzog's motives for journeying to Chicago in order to attempt their murder are dominated by the wish to do away with them as the symbols of entropic evil which touch his daugh-

ter personally. He regards them as embodiments of the world "out in the streets, in American society, where he did his time." (303) Consider the following street scene from early in the novel, at the outset of his first flight from Ramona (the second is his trip to Chicago with murderous intent):

> On the sultry platform of Grand Central he opened the bulky Times with its cut shreds at the edges, having set the valise on his feet. The hushed electric trucks were rushing by with mail bags, and he stared at the news with peculiar effort. It was a hostile broth of black print MoonraceberlinKruschwarncommitteegalacticX-rayPhouma. He saw twenty paces away the white soft face and independent look of a woman in a shining black straw hat which held her head in depth and eyes that even in the signal-dotted obscurity reached him with a force she could never be aware of. Those eyes might be blue, perhaps green, even gray -- he would never know. But they were bitch eyes, that was certain. They expressed a sort of female arrogance which had an immediate sexual power over him; he experienced it again that very moment -- a round face, the clear gaze of pale bitch eyes, a pair of proud legs. (34)

The "hostile broth" of print and the mail trucks suggest entropy, the random mobility and endless proliferation of messages, attitudes, facts, words, and ideas toward which Herzog feels modern consciousness is drawn. And Herzog feels that Gersbach embodies modern consciousness:

> Modern consciousness has this great need to explode its own postures. It teaches the truth of the creature. It throws shit on all pretensions and fictions. A man like Gersbach can be gay. Innocent. Sadistic. Dancing around. Instinctive. Heartless. Hugging his friends. Feeble-minded. Laughing at jokes. Deep too. Exclaiming "I love you!" or "This I believe." And while moved by these "beliefs" he steals you blind. He makes realities nobody can understand. A radio-astronomer will sooner understand what's happening in space ten billion light years away than what Gersbach is fabricating in his brain. . . . He started in educational radio, and now he's all over the place. On committees, in the papers. He gives lectures to the Hadassah . . . readings of his poems. In the Temples. . . . He was such a provincial character, he thought there was only one railroad station in Chicago. And now he's turned out to be a

> terrific operator -- covers the city in his Lincoln Continental, wearing a tweed coat of a sort of salmon-puke color. (193-196)

Gersbach is an actor person. We have seen him before in Steidler, Joseph's parasitic actor acquaintance (Dangling Man), Allbee's moral and spiritual histrionics (The Victim), Augie March's brother Simon in his relationship with the Magnus family, Dr. Tamkin, the diabolical sophist (Seize the Day), and King Dahfu, the prince of lies (Henderson). ("Good acting," we are told by Schlossberg, "is what is exactly human." "Acting" refers simultaneously to images of life enacted on a stage and to the performance of actions in life itself.) Gersbach fulfills Schlossberg's description (The Victim) of the man who "turns himself into a whole corporation," becomes simultaneously "one stockholder . . . riding in the elevator, . . . another one . . . on the roof looking through a telescope, one . . . eating candy, and one . . . in the movies looking at a pretty face."[11] Gersbach plays all his roles with feeling, but his heart is multifaceted. He is even, we eventually learn, a satisfactory provider for two women, his wife and Madeleine, although each is satisfied with somewhat different constituents of his bounty.

Let us return, however, to the scene on the platform of Grand Central as Herzog sets out on his flight from Ramona to the Massachusetts coast. After Herzog has watched newsprint run together in a hostile broth, he sees a woman with clear, arrogant eyes who exerts immediate sexual power over him. As, a minute before, he had been drawn like Gersbach into the confused multiplicity of public ideas and events, he feels himself

drawn by the negative entropy of an arrogant bitch.

The eyes, although Herzog cannot determine their color, are suggestive of Madeleine. Madeleine's eyes, particularly when she feels hatred, are consistently stressed as being clear, violent blue. Herzog reveals in his letter to Dr. Edvig, the psychiatrist who treated them both and became fascinated with Madeleine's aberrant Catholicism, his feeling that Madeleine entertained an almost religious wish for his death: "What if she should wish continually for his death? . . . What if in the act of love he should see that wish shining in her blue eyes like a maiden's prayer?" (63-64)

Madeleine is imperial, exalted. In the early months of her relationship with Herzog she is a fervent Catholic convert who uses their sexual encounters to create a sense of sin and degradation from which she can ascend each morning to religious labor and purification. When, "on a bright, keen fall day," she terminates the relationship, the event is, understandably, good theater:

> Madeleine hated her father violently, but it was not irrelevant that the old man was a famous impresario -- sometimes called the American Stanislavsky. She had prepared the event with a certain theatrical genius of her own. She wore black stockings, high heels, a lavender dress with Indian brocade from Central America. She had on her opal earrings, her bracelets, and she was perfumed; her hair was combed with a new, clean part and her large eyelids shone with bluish cosmetic. Her eyes were blue but the depth of the color was curiously affected by the variable tinge of the whites. (8)

That Herzog left Sono Aguki, the precursor of Ramona and, like Ramona, a wise woman with salubrious effects on Herzog, for Madeleine Pontritter recalls the fascination actor persons hold

for Bellow's protagonists in general; it more particularly reminds us of Augie's attraction to Thea Fenchel. In Augie's quest for a suitable fate, a saving absolute which will place him forever beyond the determining forces of his environment, he is attracted to Thea, who represents for him social transcendence, an ideal love outside the order of society. As Earl Rovit puts it, "she asks of Augie that he merge his life with hers in order that together they might create a world inside and secure from the demeaning outside world. . . . Mady offers the same kind of challenge to Herzog."[12] Augie sees himself playing Leicester to Thea's Elizabeth, with the appropriate titles and possessions conferred,[13] even becoming in Mexico the royal falconer. Thea in Mexico is recalled in Madeleine's "Indian brocade from Central America." The negative entropy exerted by the woman at the station with pale, bitch eyes, "even in the signal-dotted obscurity" (all the signals regulating motion in an entropic world are ambiguous), makes Herzog momentarily like Augie, a Leicester to a queen in chaos. Herzog serves a similar but longer term of office with Madeleine, the daughter of an impresario. Robert Dutton goes so far as to assert that Madeleine represents to Herzog transcendence in the form of that "proverbial 'bitch-goddess' of success."[14] The point remains that Herzog is drawn to women with strong, arbitrary personalities when he is not being drawn in a multitude of directions by the random, diffusing motion of public life in the external world. Both attractions are entropic.

Herzog himself, however, often exerts negative entropy. Like the lawyers, Simkin and Himmelstein, and like Gersbach himself once Gersbach has gathered messages to deliver to crowds, and achieved mobility in his "salmon-puke" coat and Lincoln Continental, Herzog is something of a "reality instructor." He sometimes wishes "he had had an aggressive paranoid character, eager for power" in order to render his intellect more effective. (4) From a psychiatrist he culls a list of paranoiac traits which he studies "like the plagues of Egypt:" "It read 'Pride, Anger, Excessive "Rationality," Homosexual Inclinations, Competitiveness, Mistrust of Emotion, Inability to Bear Criticism, Hostile Projections, Delusions.'" (77) The items in this list of nine deadly sins (the first two are, of course, from the original seven) are exemplified at various points throughout the book by the behavior of Gersbach and, more frequently and consistently, by Madeleine's behavior. Herzog also regards them as character traits of modern totalitarians. We recognize that they all apply to the tyrannical side of Joseph in Dangling Man. They also, with the exception of "homosexual tendencies," characterize Herzog when the fever for "justice," either social or personal, seizes him. He is in part "Herzog," i.e., "the duke," in part "Moses," "the lawgiver."

Until he takes up his father's revolver to execute justice on Gersbach and Madeleine, the vehicle for Herzog's lawgiving during the novel's present action is his continual, very nearly continuous, stream of letters to everyone, living or dead, he has known, and to nearly everyone he has read or read about.

These letters are the latest and most diffuse of his intellectual productions. His scholarly works have, in fact, followed an entropic pattern, become increasingly diffuse, as he has aged. Moreover, the sequence of his works reflects the increasing diffuseness of the philosophies they are meant to describe:

> Oh, he was earnest, he had a certain large, immature sincerity, but he might never succeed in becoming systematic. He had made a brilliant start in his Ph.D. thesis -- The State of Nature in 17th and 18th Century English and French Political Philosophy. He had to his credit also several articles and a book, Romanticism and Christianity. . . . The Naragansett Corporation had paid him fifteen thousand dollars over a number of years to continue his studies in Romanticism. The result lay in the closet, in an old valise -- eight hundred pages of chaotic argument which had never found its focus. It was painful to think of it.
>
> On the floor beside him were pieces of paper, and he occasionally leaned down to write. (4)

The clutter of Herzog's current scholarly project, i.e., his composition of letters, is not even confined to a pile of scraps in a localized time and space. On the move, no matter where, whatever he is doing, Herzog continues his diffusion seemingly on all subjects to all men.

The clue to the central subject of Herzog's entropic flood of ideas, however, is given in the interval between his washing dishes with Ramona and his sleeping with her. While he waits in bed for her entrance, Herzog reflects that he "couldn't say definitely that he would not finish his study. The chapter on 'Romantic Moralism' had gone pretty well, but the one called 'Rousseau, Kant, and Hegel' had stopped him cold. What if he should actually become a florist?" (203) As Joseph's series of biographical essays on the philosophers of the

Enlightenment in Dangling Man broke down in the middle of his treatment of Diderot,[15] Herzog has pushed on a little further to an impasse between Rousseau, Hegel and Kant:

> What he planned was a history which really took into account the revolutions and mass convulsions of the twentieth century, accepting, with de Tocqueville, the universal and durable development of the equality of conditions, the progress of democracy.
>
> But he couldn't deceive himself about his work. He was beginning seriously to distrust it. . . . Hegel was giving him a great deal of trouble. Ten years earlier he had been certain he understood his ideas on concensus and civility, but something had gone wrong. (6)

In his letter to General Eisenhower, composed as he prepares to journey uptown to his dinner with Ramona, Herzog reveals a side of Hegel which seriously troubles him:

> ". . . GWF Hegel (1770-1831) understood the essence of human life to be derived from history. History, memory -- that is what makes us human, that, and our knowledge of death: 'by man came death.' For knowledge of death makes us wish to extend our lives at the expense of others. And this is the root of the struggle for power." (162)

Hegel, then, argues for negative entropy, the preservation and extension of one's form through the assimilation and consumption of lesser creatures. Such "truth in power" is only accessible, however, to the great man, beyond morality because the spirit of history has chosen him as the fountainhead of a similarly elected state (We recall Hegel's immense admiration of Napoleon at Jena in 1806: "I saw the emperor, this soul of the world, . . . riding through the streets."[16]); the state itself, provided the spirit of history has chosen it as the current "soul of the world," is the only entity beyond morality, existing in truth through power.

Herzog is troubled, "stopped cold," by Hegel: we recall that Bellow, in his pamphlet on "Recent American Fiction," argues against writers who "take strength from German phenomenology and from the conception of entropy in modern physics in order to attack a romantic idea of the Self." Hegel, in his chapter from Phenomenology of Mind entitled "The Law of the Heart and the Frenzy of Self-Conceit," attacks Rousseau and the French Revolution for their reliance on "the law of the heart." Ernst Cassirer paraphrases Hegel's argument: "The course of the world constantly and inevitably frustrates our moral demands. Our consciousness does not accept this frustration; but instead of accusing ourselves, we accuse reality. And this estrangement from reality goes so far as to attack and destroy the actual order of things." [17] Hegel's ideas of freedom and morality, concensus and civility, are bound up in loyalty to the state and the status quo. The individual is free to contribute to the concensus of the state chosen by history to function beyond moral law as an exemplification of universal reason, the expression of "the soul of the world." It is his civil responsibility, in fact, to exercise this "freedom."

Herzog, on the other hand, is very much drawn to Rousseau's "law of the heart." "Herz," after all, is one of the components of his name, the significance of which, one critic has gone so far as to say, is "heart's hog." [18] Whatever the significance of Herzog's name, we see his qualified attraction to the law of the heart in his reaction to T. E. Hulme's definition of Romanticism as "split religion":

> "There is something to be said for his view. He wanted things to be clear, dry, spare, pure, cool, and hard. With this I think we can all sympathize. I too am repelled by the 'dampness,' as he called it, and the swarming of Romantic feelings. I see what a villain Rousseau was, and how degenerate (I do not complain that he was ungentlemanly; it ill becomes me). But I do not see what we can answer when he says, 'Je sens mon coeur et je connais les hommes.' Bottled religion, on conservative principles -- does that intend to deprive the heart of such powers -- do you think?" (129)

Valentine Gersbach swarms with "damp" Romantic feelings. He claims, with Rousseau, to feel his heart and thus know men. Madeleine favors, for a time, Monsignor Hilton's bottled religion; as I have mentioned, she strives to negate her sexual encounters with Herzog during the early weeks of their relationship by rising in the mornings to make up as a sober, intellectual Catholic fifteen years older than she is and go to work for her faith downtown. Further, as the novel's principal representative of negative entropy, an imperial actor-person chosen by the times to pursue and hold power, she exemplifies the Hegelian aspect of Herzog's philosophical impasse.

Kant, the third figure obstructing the progress of Herzog's scholarly efforts, which parallel and reflect his efforts to sort out his life, is not given a passage explaining his precise contribution to Herzog's trilemma. It seems possible to assume, however, that the most well known feature of his philosophy, the categorical imperative, is involved. Herzog identifies himself, in the letter to General Eisenhower which I have previously cited, as "a thoughtful person who believes in civil usefulness." (161) He would like, undoubtedly, to behave as if his actions could be converted into universal laws. This is, in fact, a

main motive for his scholarly labors, even when they are diffused into the fragmented mosaic of his letters. Recall the following quotation from his letter to Dr. Schrödinger on entropy: "Nevertheless, there are moral realities, Herzog assured the entire world as he held his strap in the speeding car, as surely as there are molecular and atomic ones." (178) And again, pertaining to a stage during which he preserved more system in his efforts: "In the meantime /i.e., in Ludeyville with Madeleine/, I was supposed to wind up this study of mine, and become the Lovejoy of my generation -- that's the silly talk of scholarly people, Ramona, I didn't think of it that way." (191-192)

But writing his letters, apart from Ramona's mitigating influence, Herzog does think of it that way. He is a "reality instructor" caught between three realities: Hegelian immolation of the self in concensus with history and the state, Rousseau's prescription to feel one's heart in order to know men, and Kant's advice to consult the conscience, assumed to be in direct contact with God, in order to know best how to act so one's actions are in fit accord with universal law.

Like all Bellow's heroes, Herzog seeks self-awareness and to do away with his own impotence in the external world. In modern American society, and for a man beset by the negative and positive entropy of that society, civility and personal autonomy are difficult. As he remarks in his letter to Eisenhower, "The old proposition of Pascal (1623-1662) that man is a reed, but a thinking reed, might be taken with a different emphasis by the modern citizen of a democracy. He thinks, but

he feels like a reed bending before centrally generated winds." (162)

As I have mentioned, Gersbach and Sandor Himmelstein are Herzog's fellow reality instructors. They counsel diffusion before "centrally generated winds." Herzog is much concerned by the levelling process which occurs when ubiquitous public life permeates and does away with individual privacy.

> "the variation on Gresham's famous law: Public life drives out private life. The more political our society becomes (in the broadest sense of 'political' -- the obsessions, the compulsions of collectivity) the more individuality seems lost. Seems, I say, because it has millions of secret resources. More plainly, national purpose is now involved with the manufacture of commodities in no way essential to human life, but vital to the political survival of the country. Because we are now all sucked into these phenomena of Gross National Product, we are forced to accept the sacred character of certain absurdities or falsehoods whose high priests not so long ago were mere pitchmen, and figures of derision -- sellers of snake-oil." (162-163)

Here again the concept of entropy appears: the country's citizens are drawn away from themselves into the production of an extraneous "Gross National Product" synonymous to Herzog, if we recognize the pun on "Gross," with "Dung. Nitrogenous wastes. Ammonia," the products of entropic processes. Wilhelm's metaphor in Seize the Day for carrying on of the world's business, i.e., the creation of oceans of waste material from the bodies of chickens, recurs in Herzog: Herzog is complaining to Gersbach about "eggshells, chop bones, tin cans under the table, under the sofa. . . ," Madeleine's leavings. Gersbach, the damply Romantic reality instructor, replies, "If you expect me to help straighten this out, I've got to tell you. You and she -- it's no secret from anybody -- are the two people I love most. So I warn you, chaver, get off the lousy details. Just

knock off all chicken shit, and be absolutely level and serious. /italics mine/." (59)

Gersbach insists, in fact, that Herzog submit to advice and improvement by "levelling" with him: "If you don't level with me, I can't do a frigging thing for you." (59) Considering the state of sexual affairs between Gersbach, Madeleine, and Herzog at the time this reality instruction takes place, i.e. Gersbach's adultery with Madeleine in order to come close to Herzog, "level" and "frigging" in the above quotation are sexual puns. Gersbach is demanding that Herzog level with him in multi-directioned sensuality and entropic waste. Herzog ends his remarks on the infusion of private life by public, his "variation on Gresham's famous Law," with this thought: "The whole matter is of the highest importance since it has to do with the invasion of the private sphere (including the sexual) by techniques of exploitation and domination." (163)

Sandor Himmelstein, the lawyer Herzog thinks of consulting when he is on his way to a Chicago police station during the climax of the novel because "Sandor himself used police methods, clever psychology, the same as in Lubianka" (Bellow's choice of the prison most symbolic of collectivism and totalitarianism unmistakably links Himmelstein with the theme of oppressive, pervasive public life), resembles Gersbach in his insistence that Herzog "level" with him:

> "You're not like those other university phonies. You're a mensch. What good are those effing eggheads! It takes an ignorant bastard like me to fight liberal causes. Those silk-stocking Yale squares may have a picture of Learned Hand in the office, but when it comes to getting mixed up

> in Trumbull Park or fighting those yellowbellies in Deerfield or standing up for a man like Tomkins" -- Sandor was proud of his record in the case of Tomkins, a Negro in the postal service whom he had defended. (81)

It is readily apparent that Himmelstein shares with Gersbach a spurious sentimentality and an equally spurious tough-mindedness. The conversation takes place when Gersbach is no longer available as Herzog's reality instructor: Gersbach has moved in, on a part time basis we learn later, with Madeleine. Himmelstein volunteers, and Herzog foolishly accepts, space in his house, advice, "potato love." Damp Romanticism, easy religion, and indiscriminate, entropic sexuality form part of the bargain:

> ". . . maybe what you need is a girl who survived the concentration camps, and would be grateful for a good home. And you and I will lead the life. We'll go to the Russian bath on North Avenue. They hit me at Omaha Beach, but screw 'em all, I'm still going. We'll live it up. We'll find an orthodox shul -- enough of this Temple junk. You and me -- we'll track down a good chazen. . . . You and me, a pair of old time Jews." He held Moses with his dew-green eyes. "You're my boy. My innocent kind-hearted boy."
>
> He gave Moses a kiss. Moses felt the potato love. Amorphous, swelling, hungry, indiscriminate, cowardly potato love. (91)

We recall that pride, anger, excessive "rationality," homosexual inclinations, competitiveness, inability to bear criticism, and hostile projections are among the aggressive paranoid traits Herzog has culled from a psychiatrist and memorized "like the plagues of Egypt." Himmelstein and Gersbach can never bear Herzog's criticisms. When Herzog mentions that Tomkins, the Negro Himmelstein defended, was fired for drunkenness, Himmelstein jumps to an illogical defense: "Don't go around repeating that. . . . It'll be used the wrong way. You going to blab what I told you confidentially? It was a ques-

tion of justice. Aren't there any white drunks on civil service? Not much!" (81)

Himmelstein has in some ways been prefigured by Allbee in The Victim. They share the following characteristics: a view of justice based on racial, religious, and class stereotypes, homosexual inclinations (Himmelstein's kiss, Allbee's fascinated handling of Leventhal's hair), a propensity for violent, unjustified anger when crossed ("Christ, I hate a fool," Sandor shouted. His green eyes were violently clear . . ."), and, together with Tamkin (Seize the Day), the form of "excessive 'rationality'" which asserts that the truth about human beings must invariably consist of their most grotesque aberrations and their lowest animal denominators. Allbee asserts that "evil is as real as sunshine" in human beings; Himmelstein, in an almost exact echo of Tamkin, places all his reliance on "facts" and asserts that "facts are nasty." (86)

Himmelstein's conditions and compensations for helping to arrange Herzog's life (negative entropy), like Gersbach's conditions and compensations earlier for the same job, are that Herzog share this view of man "cutting everybody down to size" (86), and that Himmelstein and Herzog level with one another (in Himmelstein's context, the verb retains its sexual significance, its suggestion of complete unreserve between individuals, i.e., the annihilation of Herzog's private life, and acquiescence in a view of man which reduces him to his entropic waste products): "Look, I'll handle the whole thing for you," Sandor assured him. "You'll come out of this dreck smelling like a

roast. Leave it to me, will you? Don't you trust me? You think I'm not leveling with you?" (82) One wonders who will eat the roast into which Himmelstein proposes to convert Herzog, and at what "level" they are to meet.

Gersbach, Madeleine, and Himmelstein, the three major representatives, as we have seen, of entropy in Herzog, are each of them entropic characters, not because Bellow has gratuitously chosen to make them villains born "out of a retort," but because of the wounds they have sustained. I do not imply that Herzog, or Bellow for that matter, forgives them on the grounds tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner. All the same, Madeleine, Gersbach, and Himmelstein are partly to be understood in terms of their wounds.

Madeleine, as I have mentioned, is the daughter of an impresario. As such, Pontritter, the father, is the successor of Martial Venice, the producer in Seize the Day, whose name suggests bellicosity and the marshy, tiger-inhabited sensuality which Thomas Mann created in Death in Venice and Bellow echoed and employed as sensuality Joseph feared in Dangling Man. Bellow is again employing Venice in Herzog.[19] In that city, for example, Herzog finishes his review of a study by Shapiro, the hyperintellectual whose father sold rotten fruit (cf. the rotten strawberries which killed Aschenbach in Mann's novella), and who salivates when he contemplates Herzog's food or Madeleine's body, intellect, and will.

Some of the props for Madeleine's scene as an imperial figure telling Herzog they can no longer live together are Venetian:

> In the window on glass shelves there stood an ornamental collection of small glass bottles, Venetian and Swedish. They came with the house. The sun now caught them. They were pierced with the light. Herzog saw the waves, the threads of color, the spectral intersecting bars, and especially a great blot of flaming white on the center of the wall above Madeleine. She was saying, "We can't live together anymore." (9)

We have already witnessed an example of the tigerish desire which overtakes and destroys Mann's Aschenbach in Madeleine's wish for Herzog's death, shining in her eyes "like a maiden's prayer" during the act of love. The waves of light from Venetian bottles suggest the glare on the beach in Death in Venice. Madeleine's cold pride in her intellect and will are reminiscent of Aschenbach; she further resembles him in that she is psychologically sickly. Her imperial artistry, stressed as being both artistic and artificial, is the product of cold rejection by her father, the egotistical impresario. The adamantine unassailability she preserves toward Herzog once the earliest stage of their relationship has passed is related to a further trauma she has received. Consider the account, which Herzog prefaces with an observation on the effect of Madeleine's cosmetic art (the same art Aschenbach despised in the old homosexual crossing the Adriatic and then practiced himself in his pursuit of Tadzio), contained in the following exchange between Madeleine and Herzog:

> The powdered fragrance of her face stirred him (my gratitude for art, was his present reflection, any sort of art).
> "My childhood was a grotesque nightmare," she went on. "I was bullied, assaulted, ab-ab-ab . . ." she stammered.
> "Abused?"
> She nodded. She had told him this before. He could not bring this sexual secret of hers to light.
> "It was a grown man," she said. "He paid me to keep it

quiet."
"Who was he?"
Her eyes were sullenly full and her pretty mouth desperately vengeful but silent.
"It happens to many, many people," he said. "Can't base a whole life on that. It doesn't mean that much."
"What -- a whole year of amnesia not mean much? My fourteenth year is blacked out." (117)

From Madeleine's resistance to Herzog, her cosmetic artistry, and her wish for vengeance on him, we recognize Madeleine's early sexual abuse as a formative influence on ~~her~~ which she is basing her life and in which she takes perverse pride. Mann, it will be recalled, portrayed the artist of his time, in Death in Venice, as taking pride in his wounds. Moreover, the will of such an artist, according to Mann, was both his glory and his sole piece of creative equipment. Madeleine seeks with her will and her intellect to surpass Herzog in scholarship.

Madeleine has gone to her Venice in Gersbach. Valentine Gersbach is, because of the wooden leg which alters his walk, likened repeatedly by Herzog to a Ventian gondolier. (6) We have dealt sufficiently with his damp Romanticism. Herzog regards his relationship with Madeleine as "uxorious" or better, "amorous." He even fancies Gersbach has broadened Madeleine's behind by "clutching and rubbing." (298)

Gersbach is primarily a Romantic, however, in the pride with which he regards his wounds. Like Himmelstein and Dr. Adler, Wilhelm's father in Seize the Day, he regards physical suffering as worthy of admiration, and as the only real suffering:

> Valentine spoke as a man who had risen from terrible defeat, the survivor of sufferings few could comprehend. . . . He spoke of death majestically -- there was no other word for it - - his eyes amazingly spirited, large, rich, keen or, thought Herzog, like the broth of his soul, hot and shining. /Recall the "hostile broth" of entropic newsprint which oppressed Herzog in Grand Central Station./
>
> "Why when I lost my leg," said Gersbach. "Seven years old, in Saratoga Springs, running after the balloon man; he blew his little fifel. When I took the short cut through the freight yards, crawling under cars. Lucky the brakeman found me as soon as the wheel took off my leg. . . . When I came to, my nose was bleeding. . . . I leaned over," Gersbach went on, as if relating a miracle /italics mine/. "A drop of blood fell on the floor, and as it splashed I saw a little mouse under the bed who seemed to be staring at the splash. It backed away, it moved its tail and whiskers. And the room was just full of bright sunlight. . . . It was a little world underneath the bed. Then I realized that my leg was gone." (61-62)

Gersbach converts his trauma to poetry. We need to note that Joseph, in Bellow's first novel, commences his recounting of the historical sequence which leads to "the storm and hate and wounding rain" of war in the twentieth century with sorrowing Werthers, and, of course, that Herzog's main philosophical concerns are with such Romanticism. Himmelstein's similar self-inflation and spurious tough-mindedness stem from pride and self-pity over his malformation by a land mine on the beach at Normandy. He admires Gersbach inordinately:

> "There's a man for you! That gimpy redhead knows what real suffering is. But he lives it up -- three men with six legs couldn't get around like that effing peg-leg. It's okay, Bea -- Moses can take it. Otherwise, he'd be just another Professor Jerk. I wouldn't even bother with the sonofabitch." (84)

Considering the characters who represent Romanticism in Bellow's novels, we realize his attitude toward its indiscriminate exaltation of emotion and, more particularly, its pride and self-pity bred by suffering, is anything but admiring.

That Herzog feels simultaneously oppressed by universal leveling processes (positive entropy) and by paranoid aggressive power figures often likened to kings, queens, empresses, and high priests (negative entropy) seems at first inconsistent. We wonder, as we do in Augie March, whether Bellow is bent on portraying "the dwarf end of times,"[20] or on elevating ordinary life to myth. The synthesis occurs in Herzog's thoughts while he is riding in his teal blue rented Falcon just after he has discovered, seeing Madeleine washing dishes and Gersbach bathing his daughter, that he does not want to kill them. This time Herzog's letter is to himself:

> "Think! . . Demographers estimate that at least half of all the human beings ever born are alive now, in this century. What a moment for the human soul! Characteristics drawn from the genetic pool have, in statistical probability, reconstituted all the best and all the worst of human life. It's all around us. Buddha and Lao-tse must be walking the earth somewhere. And Tiberius and Nero. Everything horrible, everything sublime, and things not imagined yet. And you, part-time visionary, cheerful, tragical mammal. You and your children and children's children . . . In ancient days the genius of man went largely into metaphors. But now into facts . . . Francis Bacon. Instruments." (258)

Entropy and the "genetic pool" make kings, queens, commanding figures not at all unusual. Even the pale-eyed bitch who drew Herzog's attention on the platform at Grand Central does not fade into the crowd; she stands out "in the signal-dotted obscurity." Thomas Wolfe's C. Green (Of Time and the River) was a figure of epic anonymity; the members of earth's hordes in Herzog are each of them striking. Gersbach is simultaneously a multiple public man of the present and an imposing figure from the past: "He had the eyes of the prophet, a Shofat, yes, a judge in Israel, a King. A mysterious person,

Valentine Gersbach." (59) Not only is it true, as Bellow observed in his pamphlet on "Recent American Fiction," that entropy creates individuals who are giants only in hatred or fantasy; these same "thinking reeds" levelled by "centrally generated winds" may well be authentically impressive. Finally, if we may borrow for a moment the terms of The Victim, however these figures are levelled or exalted, they are neither more than human nor less than human, but exactly human, our fellows, in our world, with whom Herzog must come to terms in order to live.

We will witness Gersbach, a Shofat and public man, and Madeleine, a Roman or Byzantine empress and a psychological case history, bathing a child and washing dishes. Nowhere does Herzog oversimplify more drastically than in his habitual definitions of "the novel's good girl," Herzog's mistress, Ramona.

Ramona is usually considered by Herzog to be "a sort of sexual professional (or priestess). . . . an Orphic type." (17) Sometimes she is a priestess of Isis, sometimes, because she comes from Buenos Aires (although her background is "international -- Spanish, French, Russian, Polish, and Jewish"), "una navaja en la liga," i.e., "swaggering slightly, one hand touching her thigh, as though she carried a knife in her garter belt." (16) Most often, however, she is Orphic or Dionysian. As Herzog sorts through the people he has known, the philosophies he has considered, his portion of world knowledge ("sorts through" is perhaps an inaccurate description of Herzog's mental processes during the present action of the novel; a flood of

eclectic ideas and impressions rushes, independent of Herzog's volition, through his head), he almost invariably assigns Ramona a single arbitrary significance: sexual priestess operating from the axiom mens sana in corpore sano. (201)

Robert Dutton exemplifies the critic who mistakes Herzog's explicit assertions about Ramona for Bellow's authorial intent. In his recent study Dutton holds that "Ramona, Bellow intends, is another aberration of Herzog's mind," a "retreat" to another destructive love: he compares her specifically with Mephistopheles in his seduction of Faust.[21] Roger Sale, on the other hand, regards her as "the novel's good girl" but feels she is surrounded by an "air of unreality."[22] Ramona does sometimes seem unreal. She is so often presented as a priestess of Dionysus, a "sack artist" (17) seeking to elevate her artistry into a way of life, that she seems in danger of becoming as specialized and narrow, or to use E. M. Forster's term, as "flat" a character as Thea Fenchel, Augie's queen of love and absolutes in Mexico. It is difficult for Herzog to separate Ramona from the picturesque details which serve as her characterization: la navaja en la liga, her Playboy postures, "her French-Russian-Argentine-Jewish ways." (200)

Herzog lends some credence to the view that Ramona is another of his destructive loves. He fears becoming a "squaw man," making his career from women as "an unrecognized son of Sodom and Dionysus, -- an Orphic type." (17) More seriously, Herzog fears Ramona's negative entropy, her ability to elicit a sexual "Quack!" (23) from him: "To accept too many favors from

Ramona was dangerous. He might have to pay with his freedom." (18) Her attraction seems to place her with Madeleine and the woman on the platform at Grand Central who, through the exercise of negative entropy, will reduce Herzog to his component physical parts.

The view that Ramona is surrounded by an air of unreality because she is nothing more than a priestess of Dionysus will not hold, however. She is somewhat unreal, rather, because she is a little too purely the explicit spokesman of ideas which, in the end, save Herzog from his ceaseless entropic flux and his "Eastern European" fever. Accepted sexuality, "the love of a good woman," is only one of these ideas. When Herzog comes to dinner, Ramona presents her ethical propositions in an operatic style (immediately preceding the climax of the novel Bellow includes a fragment of an aria from Figaro which defines and anticipates Herzog's inability to murder Madeleine and Gersbach):

> Ramona never hesitated to express herself fully, and there was something unreserved, positively operatic about some of her speeches. Opera. Heraldry. She said her feelings for him had depth and maturity and that she had an enormous desire to help him. She told Herzog that he was a better man than he knew -- a deep man, beautiful (he could not help wincing when she said this), but sad, unable to take what his heart really desired, a man tempted by God, longing for grace, but escaping headlong from his salvation, often close at hand. . . . What he really must do, she went on, in this same operatic style -- unashamed to be so fluent; he marvelled at this -- was to pay his debt for the great gifts he had received, his intelligence, his charm, his education, and free himself to pursue the meaning of life, <u>not by disintegration</u>, /italics mine/ where he could never find it, but humbly and yet proudly continuing his learned studies. She, Ramona, wanted to add riches to his life and give him what he pursued in the wrong places. This she could do by the art of love, she said -- the art of love, which was one of the sublime achievements of the spirit. It was love

> she meant by riches. What he had to learn from her . . . was how to renew the spirit through the flesh (a precious vessel in which the spirit rested). (184-185)

This may seem operatic, perhaps even soap-operatic. Nevertheless, in a letter to Harris Pulver, Herzog's tutor in 1939, which Herzog composes in the garment district as he journeys uptown to Ramona, Bellow reveals that these ideas are the vital fabric of Herzog's intentions:

> "Finally, Pulver, to live in an inspired condition, to know truth, to be free, to love another, to consummate existence, to abide with death in the clarity of consciousness -- without which, racing and conniving to evade death, the spirit holds its breath and hopes to be immortal because it does not live -- is no longer a rareified project. . . . Good and Evil are real. The inspired condition is therefore no visionary matter. It is not reserved for gods, kings, poets, priests, shrines, but belongs to mankind and to all of existence. . . . And belief based on reason. Without which the disorder of the world will never be controlled by mere organization. . . . Each to change his life. To Change!" (165)

Note that Herzog adds to Ramona's prescriptions the ability "to abide with death in the clarity of consciousness." We recall Schlossberg's and Sammler's oracular view that, since death is an inseparable part of a man's life, he must, in order to be whole, consciously abide with it. Lucas Asphalter, later in Herzog, abides with death, somewhat in the style of medieval monks lying down alive to sleep in their coffins, by imagining he has died and endeavouring to contemplate life from that standpoint. The principle exemplified by Asphalter's (and the monks') behavior is not what is meant by Herzog's prescription, one of the several "answers" which form the novel's didactic message. What is meant more nearly resembles the sixty-seventh proposition of Spinoza's Ethics, "Part IV": "A free man thinks of nothing

less than of death, and his wisdom is a meditation not on death but on life."[23] The free man is able to meditate on life because he has attained a clear consciousness of death, has accepted it, and is thus able to pursue his meditations on life. Norman Podhoretz has, in fact, commented that Bellow's latest book is precisely such a meditation. "Mr. Sammler's Planet," he contends, "is not a novel but rather a meditation on contemporary life."[24]

In other respects Herzog's ethical solutions correlate with Ramona's. His aspiration to lead an inspired life she recognizes in his depth and in his "longing for grace" even while "escaping headlong from his salvation, often close at hand." Her advocacy of spiritual refreshment through sexual communion merely embroiders on Herzog's perception of the necessity "to love another." By urging him to pursue his "learned studies" and fulfill the promise of his gifts she is providing specifics for his urge "to know truth" and "to consummate existence." The aggregate of these specific ethical prescriptions and principles, once Herzog is able to abide in them, will enable him to be free: free of the necessity to shuttle helplessly between the polarities of positive and negative entropy in headlong flight from grace and joy. At the conclusion of the novel he has, in fact, as Willy's brother, Ramona's prospective lover, society's citizen freed for use, and Spinoza's "Gottbetrunkene Mensch," attained his freedom.

Herzog, however, is no soap opera. Herzog's rational recognition of these ideational resolutions to his conflicts is

insufficient to free him for love, civil usefulness, and an inspired life. He must first, like Leventhal, undergo his ordeal in entropic society (the analogy between negative and positive entropy in Herzog and the more than human opposed to the less than human in The Victim is very close). As Leventhal is impelled to the brink of death at Allbee's hands before he is freed to abide in dignity, Herzog is driven by his reactions to entropic evil onto the brink of deliberate murder and then, in the novel's true climax and peripety following the accident on Lake Shore Drive, very nearly into the ranks of the permanent losers, the same darkness reserved for "grief and cartilage mankind"[25] throughout The Adventures of Augie March. Only by undergoing his ordeal, structured like Leventhal's trial as a series of journeys between related poles, to its extremity can Herzog attain freedom by realizing with his sweet soul (zisse n'shamele) the truth of the ethical solutions we have just discussed as his and Ramona's bare, unsupported ideas.

Herzog's progress toward solutions to his conflicts is far from an ordered, isolated, and clearly demarcated movement in a direct line. In a manner somewhat resembling the side to side forward motion of the Kantian or Hegelian dialectic (we recall the centrality of Kant and Hegel in Herzog's stopped intellectual endeavors), and related tightly or loosely to the knowledge of Herzog's heart (Je sens mon coeur et je connais les hommes), Herzog proceeds waveringly forward. Clustering densely around and often almost smothering in obscurity this zigzag structural line are Herzog's nearly continuous recollections

of the past, both immediate and remote, and his equally continuous perceptions of and meditations on an entropic present rooted by complexly interrelated causal connections in the past. As Irving Howe puts it,

> Instead of the full-scale flashback, which often rests on the mistaken premise that a novelist needs to provide a psychiatric or sociological casebook on his characters, Bellow allows the consciousness of his narrator to flit about in time, restlessly, nervously, thereby capturing essential fragments of the past as they break into the awareness of the present through these interlockings of time -- brief, dramatic, and made to appear simultaneous -- he creates the impression of a sustained rush of experience.[26]

Scenes, persons, events, and ideas remote in time and space are as present and immediate to the consciousness of the narrator in Herzog as they are to the narrators of Ulysses, Finnegan's Wake, or A La Recherche du Temps Perdu.

Rather than treating exhaustively Herzog's manifold peripheral recollections and meditations, however closely they are connected to the central line of his dialectical progress, I plan to isolate and trace that line as it leads to and through the climax and peripety of the novel. It will be profitable first, however, to perceive through Herzog's recollections and meditations the presence in him of Bellow's five earlier protagonists: Joseph, Leventhal, Augie March, Tommy Wilhelm, and Henderson.

Footnotes to Chapter Two

1. Saul Bellow, "Recent American Fiction," Encounter, 21 (Nov. 1963), 25, 23.

2. Ralph Waldo Emerson, "The American Scholar," The Complete Essays and Other Writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson, ed. Brooks Atkinson (New York, 1940), pp. 45-63.

3. Tony Tanner, Saul Bellow (Edinburgh, 1965), p. 87. See also David D. Galloway, The Absurd Hero in American Fiction, rev. ed. (Austin, Tex., 1970), p. 124; Patrick Morrow, "Threat and Accommodation in the Novels of Saul Bellow," Midwest Quarterly, 8 (1967), 406; Anselm Atkins, "The Moderate Optimism of Saul Bellow's Herzog," Personalist, 50 (1969), 117; Brigitte Scheer-Schäzler, Saul Bellow (New York, 1972), p. 92.

4. E. M. Forster, Aspects of the Novel (Harmondsworth, Eng., 1964), pp. 75-85.

5. Seize the Day, p. 84, p. 87.

6. Henderson, p. 84, p. 167.

7. Tony Tanner, City of Words: American Fiction 1950-1970 (London, 1971), p. 302.

8. "Recent American Fiction," p. 29.

9. Ibid., pp. 22-23.

10. Dangling Man, p. 89.

11. The Victim, p. 133, p. 256.

12. Earl Rovit, Saul Bellow (Minneapolis, Minn., 1967), pp. 32-33.

13. Augie March, p. 315

14. Robert R. Dutton, Saul Bellow (New York, 1971), p. 130.

15. Dangling Man, pp. 11-12. Certain ideas which are quite pertinent to Joseph's character and to Bellow's more general concern with the theme of acting appear in Denis Diderot, The Paradox of Acting, trans. Walter H. Pollock (New York, 1957).

16. Ernst Cassirer, The Myth of the State (New York, 1946), p. 272.

17. Ibid., pp. 256-257.

18. George P. Elliott, "Hurtsog, Hairtsog, Heart's Hog?" Nation, 199 (19 Oct. 1964), 252.

19. In his critical essays Bellow repeatedly refers to Thomas Mann's Death in Venice in order to illustrate the changing conception of the individual in recent literature. See "Literature," Great Ideas Today, ed. Mortimer J. Adler and Robert M. Hutchins (Chicago, 1963), pp. 164-165; "Recent American Fiction," pp. 28-29.

20. Augie March, p. 60.

21. Dutton, p. 132, p. 137.

22. Roger Sale, "Provincial Champions and Grand Masters," Hudson Review, 17 (1964-1965), 618.

23. Benedict de Spinoza, Ethic, 4th ed., trans W. Hale White, trans. rev. Amelia H. Stirling (London, 1930), p. 235.

24. Norman Podhoretz, "The Jewish American Writer," Lecture delivered at McGill University, Montreal, 21 Jan. 1971.

25. Augie March, p. 175.

26. Irving Howe, "Odysseus Flat on his Back," New Republic, 151 (19 Sept. 1964), 22.

CHAPTER THREE: HERZOG: "FIVE FACES OF A HERO"

We have noted already Joseph's presence in Herzog's scholarly project, a sequel, involving Kant, Hegel, and Rousseau, similar to Joseph's biographical essays on the philosophers of the Enlightenment which stood arrested in the middle of Diderot; Joseph's presence is also apparent in Herzog's fears that he will become a "squaw man," a mere Dionysian adjunct to Ramona, specialized and submerged in sensuality: Joseph's fears concerning his relationship with Kitty Daumler were similar.[1] Moreover, Herzog contains Joseph in that he is afflicted with "weariness of life," the symptoms of which Joseph described in the following observations from Goethe's Poetry and Life:

> "All comfort in life is based upon a regular occurrence of external phenomena. The changes of the day and night, of the seasons, of flowers and fruits, and all other recurring pleasures that come to us, that we may and should enjoy them -- these are the mainsprings of our earthly life. The more open to these enjoyments, the happier we are; but if these changing phenomena unfold themselves and we take no interest in them, if we are insensible to such fair solicitations, then comes on the sorest evil, the heaviest disease -- we regard life as a loathsome burden. It is said of an Englishman that he hanged himself that he might no longer have to dress and undress himself every day."[2]

In general Herzog's very nearly continuous cerebral activity cuts him off from the enjoyment of regularly recurring "external phenomena. The changes of the day and night, of the seasons, of flowers and fruits. . . ." It is hardly accidental that Ramona runs a florist shop and that, Herzog, when he feels most drawn to her, should feel both drawn toward and threatened by the floral forms of "external phenomena:"

> Herzog couldn't say definitely that he would not finish his study. . . . What if he should actually become a florist? . . . Thirty-some years ago, when he was dying of pneumonia and peritonitis, his breath was poisoned by the sweetness of red roses. . . . Herzog thought he might be able to stand the roses now. That pernicious thing, fragrant beauty, shapely red. You had to have strength to endure such things or by intensity they might pierce you inside and you might bleed to death. (203)

Joseph's preference is also for shadows and external order as against palpable sensual bodies in time. Herzog's "weariness of life," his resemblance to Goethe's Englishman, is most perceptible, perhaps, when he has given way to his impulse to dance while he prepares to visit Ramona:

> He was ready to go for another polka when he discovered, breathing hard, that the sweat was rolling down his sides, and that another dance would make a shower necessary. He didn't have the time or patience for that. He couldn't bear the thought of drying himself -- one of those killing chores he always hated. (158)

Flowers, the live beauty of the phenomenal world, are too intense; diurnal chores breed weary impatience.

A final resemblance between Herzog and Joseph is their vivid retention of images from their slum childhoods. These images have to do with violence in sensuality. Joseph remembers a man rearing over a woman on a bed.[3] This recollection occurs in a passage also describing a drunk walking away from a fight and leaving a trail of dropped blood on the snow. Herzog's memories of childhood in the slums of Montreal are similarly dominated by recollections of his father beaten by thugs and helpless before Herzog and his siblings as a result of his, Father Herzog's, involvement running liquor to the border. In an allied incident Moses Herzog, the child, for a nickel he never receives, is forced to serve the pleasures of a

wolfish homosexual. Violence and sensuality combine; Moses is quiet because he knows that otherwise the homosexual will kill him. When he returns home he remains quiet, accepting and absorbing his experience.

We observe in Dangling Man that Joseph's early slum experiences steer him away from the outer darkness of isolation in the self and then away from Iva, his wife, into association with his time and his fellows in the army. He fears the dark, the scuttling of a rat in an alley, and the rain he has always associated with sensuality, the terra incognito outside the room where he polished shoes and felt happy as a child, the room which, during the present action of the novel, becomes his increasingly besieged, insecure citadel of philosophical speculation and introspection, and will become the barracks where he can again, in communication with his fellows, polish shoes. Slum images back in time and outside in space give form to Joseph's fears, move him toward order throughout the novel; they remain central to the action and the character of the protagonist in Dangling Man.

Slum images from Herzog's childhood are equally central to the action of Herzog. Herzog is propelled away from Ramona and toward Chicago to use his father's pistol by a courtroom scene. He witnesses the bearing and testimony of a pair who, living in sensuality and pathological indifference, murder a child. Herzog's childhood experiences contribute to the special horror excited in him by the pair's testimony. His desire for justice and revenge, transferred by semi-conscious processes

from the man and woman in the courtroom to Gersbach and Madeleine, was generated by the wolfish homosexual's ancient wrong against Herzog, and by the equally unrevenged beating and betrayal Father Herzog suffered at the hands of fellow bootleggers, probably also fellow Jews.

We have already in large part traced the presence of Leventhal in the character of Herzog. Primarily, both are bedevilled by similar polarities, the more than human and less than human for Leventhal, positive and negative entropy for Herzog. In each case, while the polarities are distinct, they exist simultaneously in the characters of the protagonists and in the characters of other central figures who bedevil them. Allbee is at once a towering Calvinist persecutor and an anonymous piscatorial monster from the depths; Gersbach is both a commanding judge, a Shofat, and a multiple public man who demands that Herzog level with him. Further, in yielding to the more than human and the less than human or the two forms of entropy, Herzog and Leventhal reveal their propensities, part of the human condition, toward becoming Rudiger or Allbee, Madeleine, Gersbach, or Himmelstein. They, like those who oppress them, have their wounds and anxieties; they are similarly subject to the temptations offered in sinking into self pity and "potato love," or rising toward absolutes in a paranoid-aggressive reach for power.

Augie March is very much present in Herzog as well. Herzog, like Augie and Tommy Wilhelm, possesses "no small amount of charm." (5) He describes the charm of his father with the

same metaphor that Dr. Adler used to describe Wilhelm's charm in Seize the Day:[4] "Papa, poor man, could charm birds from trees /and, Herzog adds/, crocodiles from mud." (5)

Wilhelm, however, was cast by Maurice Venice as the type who loses the girl,[5] a role he lived up to with great thoroughness. Augie and Herzog have repeated success with women. Herzog, like Augie, is an "animal ridens,"[6] sometimes sees himself as "that suffering joker." (11) But with Wanda, Zinka, Libbie, Ramona, and Sono, Herzog suffers in well-upholstered style. He occasionally, in fact, despises himself for his sexual successes. This, like his general unreadiness for joy, bears serious consequences: as I have indicated, his fear of becoming a "squaw man" renders him unable during most of the novel to listen to and live out Ramona's saving exhortations. Augie too, in an easy pursuit of a number of women, remained, as Thea said, something of a stranger to love.

A central resemblance between Moses Herzog and Augie March is their shared habit of opposition. Herzog reacting to Sandor Himmelstein, for example, is very like Augie reacting to the crippled and prescriptive Einhorn:

> . . . it was Sandor's forum, not his. This fierce dwarf with protruding teeth and deep lines in his face. His lopsided breast protruding from his green pyjama top. (86)

As with Einhorn, Himmelstein's physical grotesqueries reflect spiritual and psychological aberrations. Consider Herzog's reaction:

> Very well, Moshe Herzog -- if you must be pitiable, sue for aid and succor, you will put yourself always, inevitably, in the hands of these angry spirits. Blasting you with their "truth." This is what your masochism means, mein zisse n'shamele. The good are attracted by men's perceptions and

> think not for themselves. You must cleanse the gates of vision by self-knowledge, by experience. Besides which, opposition is true friendship. So they tell me. (86)

This quotation simultaneously evokes the structures of Augie March and Herzog. Augie's continual drift toward and then recurring opposition to and severance from dogmatic and Machiavellian mentors (originally The Adventures of Augie March had as its appended subtitle "Life Among the Machiavellians") form the earlier novel's action and structure; Herzog is resolved when its protagonist is able to "cleanse the gates of vision by self-knowledge, by experience." His "sweet soul," here offhandedly included as the expletive, "mein zisse n'shamele," is, it turns out, at once the saved thing of value in the self and the part of the self requisite to the salvation of the whole. Further, Herzog's sweet soul, once his gates of vision are cleansed and he can acknowledge its existence, frees him from an endless round like Augie's of alternating attraction toward Gersbachs, Simkins, and Himmelsteins exerting negative entropy followed by feverish reactions away from those characters aimed at preserving his, Herzog's, identity unconsumed.

If Herzog contains Joseph, Leventhal, and Augie, Tommy Wilhelm is at least as much a part of him. Herzog is sometimes able to perceive himself with the detachment of an "animal ridens," to laugh at himself as "that suffering joker." More often he merely undergoes his suffering. Further, three principal forms and causes of his suffering link him to Tommy Wilhelm, the protagonist of Seize the Day. The title of that novel is ironic. Wilhelm, as the last mourner in a world dead to the

past and to feeling human relationships, is unable to follow Tamkin's advice and seize Tamkin's rapid, lavish day; Bellow presents him as praise-worthy, however childish he is, for that inability. Herzog too is a mourner. He has his Tamkin, the descendant of Augie's Mintouchian and the predecessor of Henderson's King Dahfu, in Gersbach and in Himmelstein. And Herzog is as much "a loving but bad father" as Wilhelm was.

Bellow admires mourning less in Herzog than he did in Seize the Day. During the climax of the later novel it seems as appropriate a stance, sometimes, to as debased and murderous a world, as it did in Seize the Day. At one point in the climax of Herzog, Wilhelm's representation of the world's social business as the slaughter of chickens, reminiscent of twentieth century genocide, recurs. Herzog's daughter has just seen him stretched out, cast down, apparently, into the land of the loser, by the accident which precipitates the novel's peripety:

> She had watched the cops going through his pockets. At her age she had seen everything vividly. And everything was beautiful or frightful. He was spattered forever by things that bled or stank. He wondered if she must remember just as keenly. As he remembered chicken slaughtering /italics mine/, as he remembered those fiery squawks when the hens were dragged from the lath coops, the shit and sawdust and heat and fowl-musk, and the birds tossed when their throats were cut to bleed to death head down in tin racks, their claws going, going, working, working on metal shield. (288)

The special horror of the memory relates to Herzog's recollection of his father bloody and beaten without hope of reprisal by his fellow whiskey runners, also fellow Jews. Further, the passage on chicken slaughtering immediately precedes Herzog's account of the wolfish homosexual's assault on him when he was a boy. More than violence (similar violence, as I have

said, mingled with brutal sensuality, excited similar horror and lasting fear in Joseph, the protagonist in Dangling Man), the hopelessness of the victims, whether they are slaughtered chickens, Herzog himself as a boy who must keep quiet after ultimate indignities, or his father beaten and without recourse to justice, moves Herzog. A quieter image in the form of a lesson his mother taught him seems a more quintessential representation of the human condition for which Herzog, like Wilhelm, mourns.

Herzog, like Joseph in the midst of Kitty Daumler's lipstick stained clutter or Henderson dumping the filthy clothes from Lily's suitcase onto the railway station platform before he goes to commune with death in the eyes of the octopus at Banyules-sur-mer, is often made wrathful or oppressed by human filth. He sends Gersbach and Madeleine a telegram, for example, reading "Dirt Enters At The Heart." The telegram is at once a murder threat and an observation that his wife and her lover, in the midst of their entropic connivings, are dead in filth. "The first letters spell death." (216)

The quintessential significance of dirt in Herzog excites in its protagonist neither depression nor wrath but mourning. As I say, Herzog recalls a lesson his mother taught him when she was dying:

> Sarah Herzog opened her hand and said, "Look carefully, now, and you'll see what Adam was made of." She rubbed her hand with a finger, rubbed until something dark appeared on the deep lined skin, a particle of what certainly looked to him like earth. "You see? It's true."

And again:

> A grown man, in the present, beside the big colorless window, like a static sail outside Magistrate's Court /between hearing the testimony of some minor offenders, most notably a German medical student accused of attempting to establish homosexual relations in a public urinal and an icy voiced male prostitute, and the testimony, from the pair who murdered the child, which impels Herzog toward Chicago, his near murder, his automobile accident with June in the car, and the novel's peripety/ Herzog did as she /Sarah Herzog/ had done. He rubbed, smiling; and it worked; a bit of the same darkness began to form in his palm. Now he stood staring into the black openwork of the brass grille. Maybe she offered me this proof partly in the spirit of comedy. The wit you can have only when you consider death very plainly, when you consider what a human being really is. (232-233)

Herzog has given the exemplum; he goes on to cite his mother's text, "My son, this is death," and then remarks, "I chose not to read this text." (234)

Herzog must ultimately go on to read the text, not in a spirit of wrath, depression, or even mourning, but in a spirit of comedy which involves but goes beyond wit or humor, comedy in the Dantean sense. Sarah Herzog's sermon and exemplum, recalled at the midpoint of her son's crucial sojourn in a New York court, are prefaced by a generalization which leads us back to Schlossberg's prescription, in The Victim, that man must come to terms with death or he has not come to terms with his whole self, and in this, Bellow's sixth novel, straight to Spinoza. Immediately before he recalls his mother's exemplum, Herzog remarks, "When we have come to better terms with death, we'll wear a different expression, we human beings. Our looks will change. When we come to terms!" (232)

I submit that, when first we encounter Herzog, at a point in the novel's time when its protagonist has brought us beyond all the main action and very nearly to the present, we behold

that altered "expression": "He was taking a turn around the empty house /at Ludeyville, where the novel ends/ and saw the shadow of his face in a gray, webby window. He looked weirdly tranquil. A radiant line went from mid-forehead over his straight nose and full, silent lips." (2) Note in the "gray, webby window" an echo of the "big colorless window . . . outside Magistrate's Court" with its "black openwork of the brass grille." This is as much the face of death as "the black hollows and spidery bars of the gas range," [7] which Allbee used in his attempted suicide and murder of Leventhal. Herzog's weird tranquillity beside such a face reflects the tranquillity of Spinoza, called a Gottbetrunkene Mensch, who was able to live the sixty-seventh proposition.

Until the novel's denouement at Ludeyville, however, where Herzog is surrounded by greenery like that which Spinoza also loved, Herzog continues, like Tommy Wilhelm, to be much possessed by death. As I remarked, however, when I began this comparative examination of Herzog and Wilhelm as mourners, schlemiels victimized by their Tamkins, and "loving but bad fathers," Bellow's attitude toward mourning the dead has shifted qualitatively in Herzog from what it was in Seize the Day. In Herzog mourning is not, finally, admired.

From time to time Herzog is aligned with the author's attitude toward mourning; he draws back, for example, from the nostalgic remembrance of holiday train journeys as a child with his family:

> But that was forty years behind him. Now the train was ribbed for speed, a segmented tube of brilliant steel /on the journey which takes Herzog to the Sisslers and the sea, the

> first major way station in the polarized flights which form the skeleton of the novel's present action/. There were no pears, no Willie, no Shura, no Helen, no mother. Leaving the cab, /on the way into Grand Central Station where, as I have mentioned, he sees the hostile broth of newsprint and the pale eyed bitch which are, respectively, objective correlatives for positive and negative entropy/ he thought how his mother would moisten her handkerchief at her mouth and rub his face clean. He had no business to recall this, he knew. . . . He was of the mature generation now, and life was his to do something with, if he could. . . . All children have cheeks and all mothers spittle to wipe them tenderly. These things either matter or they do not matter. It depends upon the universe, what it is. These acute memories are probably symptoms of disorder. To him, perpetual thought of death was a sin /italics mine/. Drive your cart and your plough over the bones of the dead. (33)

Note that Sarah Herzog again provides an exemplum, in this case cleansing spittle tenderly applied, of man's mortality. The nature of one's reaction to mortal dirt, called filth in the telegram, "Dirt Enters At The Heart," which Herzog sends to Gersbach and Madeleine, must be governed by the nature of the universe. Ultimately Herzog comes to share Spinoza's pantheism, and even his mother's spittle helps wash the veil of God.

I feel that Bellow and Herzog are precisely aligned in the belief that perpetual thought of death is a sin. On first inspection the harshness of "drive your cart and plough over the bones of the dead" appears to be Herzog's overreaction, an example of the spurious toughness based on profound sentimentality in Gersbach, Himmelstein, and, the lawyer Simkin. On reflection, however, we recognize that cart wheels and ploughshares over the bones of the dead is no harsher momento mori than those found on European farmsteads: in the west of Ireland, for example, or in Sweden, one sees beside the farmhouse currently in use the ruins of two or three of the family's earlier dwell-

ings. The living members plough or ride beside and over the dead. The point emphasized is continuity rather than callousness, irreverence, or, certainly, false worship and false regret for the corporeal men and women who were.

For the most part, until the climax of the novel has produced its peripety, "perpetual thought of death is a sin" is too strict a rule for Herzog to follow. Like Wilhelm he mourns and gains immense, sometimes infantile solace. We can see this clearly when we examine the nature of his relationship with his children, Marco and June.

Tommy Wilhelm related to his sons mainly by taking them to ball games. Herzog the father, estranged from Madeleine and, before that Daisy, the mothers of Marco and June, is also much given to outings with his children. When he is with Marco he concentrates on instilling in him the same reverent regard for events and exalted figures in the past that he himself holds. Herzog, the "duke," would like to see his own father as Jonah Herzog saw himself: a duke, an aristocratic patriarch. Bellow reinforces with his naming this idea of patriarchal progression: Marco will succeed Moses who has succeeded Jonah. Something of the word "marquis" is implied, I think, in Marco's name. But the name is ambiguous. "Marco" more nearly suggests the New Testament "Mark." Appropriately, the patriarchal history lessons which constitute the principal offering of Moses to Marco are a strain to father and son alike:

> Moses prepared for his outings with Marco. The time passed heavily otherwise. On the train he memorized facts about the Civil War -- dates, names, battles -- so that while Marco

> was eating his hamburger at the Zoo Cafeteria, where they always went, they could talk. "Now it's time to tell you about Beauregard," he said. "This part is very exciting." But Herzog could only try to fix his mind on General Beauregard or on Island Number 10 or Andersonville. He was thinking how to deal with Sono Aguki, whom he was deserting for Madeleine -- it felt like a desertion. . . .
>
> He could see that Marco sympathized with his confused father. He played the game with Moses, asking more questions about the Civil War simply because it was all he had to offer. The child would not reject his well-meant gift. (103-104)

The pathos of this passage is readily apparent. And again:

> Herzog remembered that he had promised to show Marco the grave of Alexander Hamilton. He had described to him the duel with Burr, the bloody body of Hamilton brought back on a summer morning in the bottom of a boat. Marco listened, pale and steady, his freckled Herzog face revealing little. Marco never seemed to wonder at the immense (the appalling!) collection of facts in his father's head. At the aquarium Herzog supplied the classification of fish scales -- "the cotenoid, the placoid . . ." He knew where the coelacanth had been caught, the anatomy of a lobster's stomach. He offered all this to his son -- we must stop this, Herzog decided -- guilty conduct, an overemotional father, a bad example. I try too hard with him. (224)

History gives way to zoology or biology, sometimes, with June, anthropology; while we sympathize with Herzog as Marco does, we concur in Herzog's self judgement that he tries too hard. A constant and consuming interest in the details of history, the past, and, in fact, world knowledge is, we gather, partly an evasion of closer and more valuable contact between father and son.

Herzog insulates himself from his daughter as well. With both children Herzog's unfatherly insulation takes the form of questionable gifts wrapped in Herzog's questionable attitudes. When he is in Chicago for the crisis, he takes from the desk in the house of his father's second wife his father's pistol, regarding it first as an instrument of justice, i.e., the weapon

with which he plans to shoot Madeleine and Gersbach, then, more sanely, as a paperweight. For Marco he takes Jonah Herzog's rubles, clearly an emblem of the spurious patrimony he has all along been passing from his father to his son.

Jonah lived for ten years as a Russian aristocrat, but on forged papers. The tales he told Moses about those years, and his lugubrious recollections of a more servile past before he obtained his forged papers in St. Petersburg, become the history lessons Moses reads his son, Marco. They involve Jonah in Petersburg and Joseph in Egypt: the times bracketing Joseph's ten years of false elevation are, archetypally, years of exile; the ten years themselves reflect time spent in Pharaoh's favor. Much is made during the climax of the novel, i.e., Herzog and June's interlude in the police station, following their automobile accident, of the rubles' worthlessness in present time. Certainly they are insufficient as bond money to keep Herzog out of jail; one questions the worth of such long-buried and anachronistic patrimonial talents to Marco (Mark).

Herzog has, in fact, been trying to relay to his children doubtful and largely stifled talents. His "appalling" collection of ill-sorted facts (cf. his letters and his chaotic project on Romanticism) is scarcely better currency for his son's use than the Czarist rubles. He gives his daughter a periscope. We see in the gift and the spirit in which it is given the inefficacy, before the episode in the police station synthesizes and transmutes him, of Herzog's talents:

> Against the clumsy, gray, gaping Museum of Science she /June/ looked so fresh, so new (her milk teeth and sparse freckles and big expectant eyes, her fragile neck). And he thought how she would inherit this world of great instruments, principles of physics, applied science. She had the brains for it. He was already intoxicated with pride, seeing another Madame Curie in her. She loved the periscope. They spied on each other from the sides of the car, hiding behind tree trunks and in the arches of the comfort station. (277)

The passage is central and deserves careful attention. In the first place, it immediately precedes a visit to the aquarium, where Herzog and his daughter see first hagfish and sharks reminiscent of Henderson's octopus at Banyules-sur-mer (June prefers to remember dolphins), then an ageless turtle, trailing "a fuzz of parasitic green," over whom June waxes quite enthusiastic. (I defer my discussion of Bellow's use of green as a preparation for Herzog's denouement until we reach that denouement.) The accident which impels the climax occurs immediately after the visit to the aquarium. Hence it seems clear that the importance of the passage we are presently considering is structurally underscored.

In itself, apart from its structural proximity to the climax, the tableau of June and her father with the periscope before the Museum of Science, the tree trunks, and the comfort station is highly significant. That June's "milk teeth" are a stressed detail evokes Bellow's use of milk in The Victim; on Allbee's spurious claim, Leventhal passes the milk of human kindness from the worn refrigerator of himself to Allbee.[8] Herzog also is a pill-taker like Wilhelm and a milk-drinker like Leventhal in times of stress: "Herzog was grinning as he thought of the pills he had taken and the milk he had drunk in the night. By his bed in Philadelphia there often stood a dozen bottles." (106)

But Herzog's joy in the human kindness his daughter displays to him is partly false, and the scene is played against the backdrop of death's face. The "clumsy, gray, gaping" facade of the Museum of Science is a reappearance of the huge gray window with its brass grillwork outside Magistrate's Court, the "spectral intersecting bars" formed by glass and light while Madeleine tells him she can no longer live with him, and, farther back in Bellow's work, the hollow intersected depths of Leventhal's gas range. Bellow may go on to hagfish and sharks, reminiscent of Henderson's octopus announcing death at Banyules-sur-mer or the piscatorial monsters mentioned in the second epigraph of The Victim, but these are mere reinforcement: death is already visible in the Museum's facade. The significance is further underscored by the contrast between trees and the arches of the comfort station. Trees in the total context of the novel suggest the trees of life and knowledge, Spinoza, the green enveloping Herzog and the house at Ludeyville at the end; the arches of the comfort station recall the German medical student's attempted homosexual assignation, in a New York comfort station, the court testimony which impelled Herzog toward attempted murder. The latter image, however, has dual significance. The medical student sought, and Herzog seeks, comfort; they receive, from the magistrate and from June, draughts of human kindness.

As I have said, however, the joy Herzog draws from receiving June's kindness is partly false. He sees in her not a daughter but a little Madame Curie. The museum behind them is most certainly the face of death and the excessively reverenced

past: it is at once the gray concrete and entropic void waiting for the dropping light bulb of the self and the chaotic agglomeration of facts and objects which composes Herzog's "appalling" internal entropy and multiplicity.

The description centers on June's freckles, her milk teeth, and the periscope. The milk teeth we have discussed. The periscope, like Herzog's reliance on the "facts" of history and biology when he is with Marco, underscores his reverence for cerebral process and his constant mode of perceiving refractorily, establishing human contact, even with his children, only obliquely. Wilhelm was as oblique, though less cerebral, when he took his sons to ball games. The discussion of what Bellow makes of June's freckles I will defer until we consider the interlude in the police station between Herzog, June, the police, and Madeleine, the true climax of the novel.

We have seen that Herzog, like Wilhelm, has his Tamkins. Gersbach and Himmelstein are Tamkin over again in their exaltation of "facts," their sentimentality glossed by spurious hardheadedness, their self-deceptive lies, their entropic multiple personalities and creeds, and their negatively entropic consumption of others under the guise of help and council. The lawyer Simkin is the third of Herzog's Tamkins, more properly discussed in the section concerned with the third of Herzog's four principal flights, i.e., his flight from Ramona through the courtroom and the near murder to the climax in the Chicago police station.

The most essential resemblance of all between Wilhelm and

Herzog is indicated in a bargain Herzog makes with himself and then expects others and the cosmos to keep with him. Wilhelm felt crushed and murdered and, hence, he mourned because he thought of himself as a good man, and no one, not Tamkin, his father, his wife, Maurice Venice, the lean German at the stock exchange, old Rappaport, returned him good for good. The hopes which form Wilhelm's stance toward life are verbalized in one of the favorite nursery rhymes of Herzog's daughter, June:

> I love little pussy, her coat is so warm
> And if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no harm.
> I'll sit by the fire and give her some food,
> And pussy will love me because I am good. (118)

It is largely in the hope of consummating this bargain that Herzog, wishing to demonstrate that he is a wise and virtuous man, reads Marco his history lessons and initiates June into the mysteries of periscope perception. He rather doubtfully expects that love will be his due in return. And his children do indeed love him, but not in return for outings, food, because he has done them no harm, or because he pets and admires their warm coats, their freckles, or their grave eyes. Their familial affection, like his brother Willy's following the climax, is given more gratuitously.

Herzog tried to make the same bargain with Madeleine and Gersbach. Like Wilhelm he was betrayed because his love object and his friend contained no genuine love for him. Unlike Seize the Day, however, Herzog unambiguously reveals the nature of this bargain as infantile. He extends his childish expectations of childish virtue rewarded into one of his false conceptions of Ramona at one point, and then beyond her to humanity and the

cosmos itself, all of them, of course, unlikely to double as warm kittens in exchange for his ingenuous but dubious magnanimity:

> Or else he had awakened a feeling of protectiveness in her, an effect he often produced. He wondered at times whether he didn't belong to a class of people secretly convinced they had an arrangement with fate; in return for docility and ingenuous good will they were to be shielded from the worst brutalities of life. (154)

Ramona, of course, wants a man, not "docility and ingenuous good will;" the subsequent action of the novel most emphatically shatters Herzog's notion that he is "to be shielded from the worst brutalities of life;" he seems, by the time the novel concludes, to have been right only in the idea that he owes God an inspired life, a far larger debt than that implied in "I love little pussy, her coat is so warm. . . ." And God is Spinoza's God, a larger, more profoundly joyful Deity than the personal one Herzog envisions, and terms "fate," in the above quotation.

Herzog could be said to resemble E. H. Henderson and Augie March as well as Tommy Wilhelm in his expectations on invested ingenuousness and good will. Augie experiences multiple betrayals at the hands of his mentors, notably Grandma Lausch and Simon. There is something very like "I love little pussy, her coat is so warm" in Henderson's well-meant efforts to free the Arnewi cistern of its frogs. Willatale, like Marco, June, and Willy toward Herzog, continues to grant Henderson her large kindness <u>after</u> he has demonstrated himself to be the <u>schlemiel</u>, dynamited the cistern into shards and sunk in sand the water for the sacred cattle.

The most notable resemblances between Henderson and

Herzog, however, are their wants and their general styles. Henderson is very nearly a burlesque of the gargantuan, epic, Thomas Wolfian American hero. His style and Herzog's are enormously freewheeling. They range more surely over vast territories of mental travel (Henderson holds with Blake that all "Travel is mental travel.")[9] than does Augie March. Augie is, by authorial intention, more shrill in his claims that Einhorn is Caesar or Anchises, Grandma Lausch a Russian aristocrat. In Henderson, King Dahfu is stretched to a more convincing stature than any of Augie's mentors, although he is, in the end, like Satan in Paradise Lost, reduced to a relatively paltry prince of lies, almost a Tamkin, or so our sympathies with Henderson lead us to see him, once his designs on Henderson's fate are revealed. Henderson and Herzog are in many ways large similar children, a good deal larger than Wilhelm until his apotheosis as the last mourner in a world dead to feeling. Further, Herzog contains Dahfu, his ranging, eclectic absolutism, but we care what happens to him, as we cared about Henderson. As a consequence we admire his eclecticism less, catch on to the entropic nature of his reachings for universal knowledge sooner, than we caught on to Dahfu's.

Herzog resembles Henderson perhaps most of all in the cosmic diffusion of his "I want." In fact, the continual stream of Herzog's letters, functioning as the objective correlative for the diffused consciousness of the self, are anticipated, as David Demarest points out, in Henderson's letter home to his wife, Lily, recounting his African journey "with

elliptical compression, interwoven with other segments of Henderson's life, interrupted by italicized emendations from an apparently later narrative perspective."[10] Herzog scatters his need entropically, like Henderson (and Lemuel Gulliver) into far-flung journeys, and into a multitude of women, diverse friends, the host of recipients for his letters, mailed and unmailed; above all he expresses his need in Faustian approaches toward a universal ethic and a universal metaphysic. Hence, if we aren't careful to observe Bellow's intention, Herzog seems more to merit the criticism, given either admiringly or deprecatingly, that has so often been said of Henderson or Augie March: Bellow, in all three novels, indulges himself in verbal pyrotechnics and flights of mind for their own sake; these flights and pyrotechnics damage the artistic unity of his novels.[11] I maintain, however, that these multiple flights are more, in fact other, than virtuoso's sport. Particularly in Herzog they function as characterization and, beyond that, serve effectively to dramatize the deadly danger of entropic disintegration toward which Herzog tends; they serve equally well for the dramatization of motives and processes by which Herzog, in his polarized condition between negative and positive entropy, often verges on becoming a tyrant and, at one crucial point, a murderer.

Herzog, then, contains all five of Bellow's previous heroes: Joseph, Leventhal, Augie March, Wilhelm, and Henderson. For this reason, all conjectured biographical resemblances to Saul Bellow aside, he is probably the most "round" character in

Forster's sense Bellow has created. In Herzog Bellow seems to have satisfactorily "written out," whether to rid himself of it, fully realize it, or both, material which has been with him at least since Dangling Man. At the core of this material is his constant concern with the Faustian or Romantic personality who grasps at all knowledge, and who claims, "Je sens mon coeur et je connais les hommes." We will examine in our discussion of the denouement at Ludeyville the terms to which Herzog, and perhaps Bellow, has come with Romanticism. We need here to turn to the four flights, the third of which ends in the novel's climax, which Herzog makes preparatory to achieving the state, "weirdly tranquil," in which we find him on the first and second page.

Footnotes to Chapter Three

1. Ihab Hassan, "Saul Bellow: Five Faces of a Hero," Critique, 3 (Summer 1960), 28. The title of my chapter is a paraphrase of Hassan's title.

2. Dangling Man, pp. 18-19.

3. Ibid., p. 86.

4. Seize the Day, p. 6.

5. Ibid., p. 21.

6. Augie March, p. 536.

7. The Victim, p. 270.

8. Ibid., pp. 166-167, p. 184.

9. Henderson, p. 167.

10. David P. Demarest, Jr., "Henderson the Rain King: A Technical Problem," A Modern Miscellany, ed. David P. Demarest, Jr., Lois S. Lamdin, and Joseph Baim (Pittsburgh, Pa., 1970), pp. 61-62.

11. Ibid., pp. 62-63; for a similar criticism of Augie March, see Robert Alter, "The Stature of Saul Bellow," Midstream, 10 (1964), 8-9; Ihab Hassan, Radical Innocence: Studies in the Contemporary American Novel (Princeton, N.J., 1961), pp. 309-311. For a complementary view of the artistic unity in Augie March, Henderson, and Herzog, see Robert Shulman, "The Style of Bellow's Comedy," PMLA, 83 (1968), 109-117.

CHAPTER FOUR: FOUR FLIGHTS AND A RETURN

Narrative structure is a prime tool for the accentuation of significant theme and character, yet critics have done little with structure in Bellow's novels. Except for Robert Shulman's accurate and well-illustrated examination of the "open style of ideological comedy" in Herzog and its relation to "Bellow's stylistic predecessors,"[1] the only detailed discussion of structure in Herzog to appear since the novel came out in October, 1964, is James Dean Young's.[2] Except for the placing of the climax, I feel that his points are accurate and well worth citing:

> The thematic development begins with the traditional exposition in chapter one, the first stage of the development in the escape to the Vineyard, a further stage in the visit with Ramona, leading to the narrative climax on the following morning, followed by a catastrophic denouement: the trip to Chicago (with the view of June in the bath and the accident with June in the Falcon) and the return to Ludeyville (with the visit of Will and the arrival of Ramona) as the moments of increasing stability, which leads to the stasis of letter-writing in the final lines of the novel: "At this time he had no messages for anyone. Nothing. Not a single word."[3]

Herzog of course makes more than four flights. Further, his preliminary flights are polarized like Leventhal's journeys between Staten Island (Elena) and Manhattan (Allbee). They resemble more nearly still the journeys of Henderson and Augie March in that they vary significantly in climate. (Leventhal journeyed between Elena or Rudiger's wrathful fires and Allbee's cold piscatorial depths, but stayed always within his summer

"hot as Bangkok;" Augie took his winter journey with Joe Gorman and his summer sojourn with Thea among volcanoes and fiery monster gods; Henderson took his course toward the affirmation of rhythm, process, love, and change from the Temperate Zone through Africa to Newfoundland.)

Herzog is first initiated into flight during summer train excursions with his family. Surrounding these journeys and their central figure, Herzog's father, is the lore of flight and exile in Russia, America, and by strong implication, Egypt. These early summer excursions (Jonah Herzog's time in exile in America is a winter sojourn) are repeated in reverse when Herzog escapes his post-Madeleine ordeal with the Himmelsteins for Eastern Europe. His journey then is a fall and winter excursion during which he contracts the Eastern European fever which overtook Raskolnikov and Jonah Herzog: the exacerbated sense of honor and justice, the immense pride in oneself, on doubtful credentials, as a "great" man above ordinary considerations of good and evil, and the recourse to violence in the interest of justice and one's due, consummated by Raskolnikov with an axe, and nearly consummated against his son by Father Herzog with a military revolver. (249-250) Herzog ends this flight, after Poland, in Venice, the city where Aschenbach caught his death, and finally in Turkey, strangely wintry and unsensual, conducive to a return, a further swing of the pendulum.

On an earlier swing, while Herzog was still with Daisy, his first wife, he passes the winter in Connecticut writing on the Enthusiasts. There is much of the dry cold sometimes

associated with New England intellectual endeavor in Herzog's efforts to come to grips with his subject. Herzog's sojourn in Connecticut is, in fact, consciously made to resemble Thoreau's at Walden. Herzog is entirely alone with his project in a cabin; his wife "had to go back to Ohio. Her father was dying." (127) The wife of a Reverend Mr. Idwal brings Herzog comfort in the form of graham cracker pies, cf. the blueberry pies Thoreau's aunt brought him from time to time. But if the arid cold of New England affected Herzog's stay and his endeavors, the concommitant New England precision refuses to visit his labors. It is here, during his winter in Connecticut, that Herzog's project and his life first begin to travel seriously awry.

These have been preliminary flights, revealed during Herzog's rapidly kinesthetic associational flashbacks. The main flights all take place during two weeks in June. (The equation between the name of the month and of Herzog's daughter is no coincidence: June becomes the time of Herzog's regeneration in Spinozan green, and June, the daughter, becomes the catalytic agent who brings that regeneration finally into being.) These flights in the full time of early summer all end at destinations where the novel's resolution is either foreshadowed, occurs, or is rounded off in the denouement: the Sissler's house on the Massachusetts coast opposite Hyannis Port, Ramona's apartment in New York, the Chicago police station, and Herzog's house at Ludeyville. Let us consider first Herzog's journey from New York and its urban disorder to the Sissler's and the

sea.

The religious significance of Herzog's first June flight is underscored when he begins his journey to the coast:

> All at once the train left the platform and entered the tunnel. Temporarily in darkness, Herzog held his pen. Smoothly the trickling walls passed. In dusty niches bulbs burned. Without religion. Then came a long incline and the train rose from underground and rode in sudden light on the embankment above the slums, upper Park Avenue. In the east Nineties an open hydrant gushed and kids in clinging drawers leaped screaming. Now came Spanish Harlem, heavy, dark, and hot, and Queens far off to the right, a thick document of brick, veiled in atmospheric dirt. (41)

Bellow stresses explicitly that the niches, "without religion," hold burning bulbs above dust. The description as a whole is, of course, "realistic:" Bellow describes what one might very likely see on that train journey. It is not in the slightest fanciful, however, to see in the bulbs burning selves in place of sacred flames, and to see in the surrounding dust within a niche the dust of mortality which we have often and consistently encountered in Herzog.

The rest of the passage is symbolically of a piece with its most obvious element, the religionless niches and their burning bulbs, symbolically the same bulbs Herzog refers to on the way to the police station following his accident on Lake Shore Drive:

> This generation thinks . . . that nothing faithful, vulnerable, fragile can be durable or have any true power. Death waits for these things as a cement floor waits for a dropping light bulb. The brittle shell of glass loses its tiny vacuum with a burst, and that is that. (290)

For Herzog as he journeys toward the coast, the children enveloped in water from the hydrant may appear as much a mockery of the phrase, "born again of water and the spirit," as the

bulbs, with their filaments and tiny vacuums, are an inversion of sacred flames. The journey through the dark tunnel and then out into the sprawling, enormous scene stretching to Spanish Harlem and Queens suggests entropic processes, Herzog's passage through a digestive tube which ends in an infernal panorama. Here again is Augie's Dantean world of the loser and Leventhal's New York. Herzog has been forced, in the tunnel, to cease his rational epistles; the world which breaks upon him at the end is too enormous, too appalling, for rational apprehension.

But the latter end of the train's passage has been <u>up</u> a long incline. If we take a look at possible comparisons to Dante, we recognize that Herzog's tunnel more closely resembles the passageway Dante and Virgil used to travel from Hell to Purgatory. At the end Herzog rides, as Dante and his guide walked, "in sudden light." To the children the water is genuinely refreshing, not the modern perversion of a baptismal icon. Even the enormity and diversity of the continuing scene is perhaps suggestive of purgatory, which bears resemblances to hell, but to which no one is admitted before his salvation is assured.

The apparent hellishness of the scene at large, the bulbs in their niches, and the tunnel anticipate the later scene depicting Herzog and his daughter before the Museum of Science. Recall that, against the background of death, trees, freckles, June's milk teeth, and even the "comfort station" function as iconographic auguries of spiritual regeneration. I submit that, given what follows, the bulbs in their dusty niches, the upward incline of the tunnel, the sudden breaking of light, the

children, the regenerative water, and the enormous diversity of the scene are hopeful icons "seen through a glass darkly," even as the "document" of Queens lies "veiled in atmospheric dirt."

If Queens and Spanish Harlem at the outset of Herzog's first journey anticipatory of the novel's resolution resemble Purgatorio, the end of that journey resembles Paradiso. Herzog has all the while imagined he was in flight from Ramona; when he reaches the coast he finds that he has journeyed into joy. The scales, his urban dark glasses, drop from his eyes:

> In the mild end of the afternoon . . . at the waterside in Woods Hole, waiting for the ferry, he looked through the green darkness at the net of bright reflections on the bottom. He loved to think about the power of the sun, about light, about the ocean. The purity of the air moved him. There was no stain in the water, where schools of minnows swam. Herzog sighed and said to himself, "Praise God -- praise God." His breathing became freer. His heart was greatly stirred by the open horizon; the deep colors; the faint iodine pungency of the Atlantic rising from the weeds and mollusks; the white, fine, heavy sand; but principally by the green transparency as he looked down to the stony bottom webbed with golden lines. Never still. (91)

At this point he formulates and answers the proposition which, when he is able to accept his answer, resolves his character and fate; an instant later his earth-clogged, urban guardedness pours back to force him into rejection, the Biblical and Raskolnikovian hardening of the heart:

> If his soul could cast a reflection so brilliant, and so intensely sweet /"zisse n'shamele"/ he might beg God to make such use of him /deliver up the "inspired" life he owes/. But that would be too simple. But that would be too childish. The actual sphere is not clear like this, but turbulent, angry. A vast human action is going on. Death watches. So if you have some happiness, conceal it. And when your heart is full, keep your mouth shut also. (91-92)

Given Bellow's consistently unaccidental naming in Herzog, "Woods Hole" unmistakably suggests Herzog's "green hole" at Ludeyville once his regeneration has truly begun. An all-pervading green and Herzog's praise of God dominate the first half of the paragraph. Other quite significant details have also, as Louise Bogan puts it in "After the Persian," been "translated to treasure";[4] the sinister webs we have seen in this novel as lineaments on the face of death are here translated into "golden lines;" the hagfish, sharks, octopi (Henderson) and "freezing, salty creatures, all things difficult to stand" (The Victim)[5] become minnows and mollusks the very pungency of whom conduces to intense and universal sweetness; immensity and the power of the sun, viewed elsewhere in Bellow's fiction as features of earthly and cosmic tyranny, are generative of a profound joy; the children's hydrant water and Basteshaw's Atlantic (Augie March) become clear depths in the body of God.

But Herzog, as we have seen, prefers complexity. Further, he allies himself with Gersbach, Himmelstein, and Simkin in denying, with their spurious toughness, his urge toward open rejoicing as "too simple" and "too childish." This, at bottom, is only his frightened rationalization. Once he has seen the Sisslers, whose proffered kindness illustrates the availability of balm to Herzog if he will take it, his denial is altered to a temporary recognition that he is unready for human kindness, much less metaphysical joy:

> "Have to go back. Not able to stand kindness at this time. Feelings, heart, everything in a strange condition. Un-

> finished business. Bless you both. And much happiness. Toward end of summer, perhaps, if you will give me a rain check. Gratefully, Moses." (98)

Sissler himself resembles Schlossberg before him and anticipates Sammler. He has their age, small eyes (95) and is as acute in his understanding of the world and the protagonist. In expressing his understanding he states, again like Schlossberg and Sammler, a central insight:

> "You got trouble, I can see that. Jumping out of your skin. You got a soul -- haven't you, Moses." He shook his head, smoking his cigarette with two stained fingers pressed to his mouth, his voice rumbling. "Can't dump the sonofabitch, can we? Terrible handicap, a soul."
>
> Moses answered in a low voice. "I'm not even sure I've got the thing still."
>
> "I would say yes. Well . . ." He turned his wrist to catch the last of the light on his gold watch. "You've got time to rest up a little." (97-98)

The light Sissler catches on his gold watch is the last of the light which illumined the gold lines in green depth at Woods Hole, the same light which broke suddenly on Herzog when he rode from the tunnel into the immensities of Queens and Spanish Harlem. The perception which that light renders possible is partly the necessity to affirm life by affirming proportion and process (Sissler's watch, his observation that Herzog has the time "to rest up a little"), partly the central realization, made explicit here, that Herzog has a soul.

As is his habit, however, Herzog is unable to face genuine self-realization. In a low voice he expresses his doubt ("I'm not even sure I've got the thing still"), a relatively affirmative step away from the spuriously tough, adult, heart-hardening denial he made when confronted with grace at Woods Hole. Shortly thereafter he elects complexity over simplicity

at rest; continuous, often perverse ratiocination over instinctive spiritual acceptance; "weariness of life" over abandonment to joy; the Faustian grasp at infinite consciousness rather than Sissler's or Schlossberg's small-eyed perception of essentials or Sammler's "condensations or contractions," his "short views."[6] In short, Herzog elects to return to endless letter writing in his New York apartment, from whence Ramona summons him to the completion of the novel's second main flight.

Herzog's sojourn at Ramona's, the second of his four main way stations, we have already in large part discussed. We need briefly to recall the substance of her "operatic" exhortations. Ramona advocates, and Herzog at least temporarily takes her comments earnestly, that he accept and act upon the promptings of his instincts more, that he, as Henderson finally decides to do, render himself free to give and receive love, that he accept grace rather than "escaping headlong from his salvation, often near at hand," that he get about the business of his learned studies, and that by all these means he abide with death in grace. Water also plays an important part in Herzog's evening with Ramona. He sees her with unusual but temporary clarity when she quite naturally washes dishes with the hands Herzog has imagined capable only of the rites of love, the rituals of a priestess of Isis. Water, even dishwater, helps to cleanse Herzog's "gates of vision." And it emerges that Ramona, not her aunt, has done the cooking. Water and such household chores merge, as we shall see, in the denouement: the

scrub-up of the house at Ludeyville, in progress at the novel's close, is related in no very distant way to Herzog's "Praise God," beside the intensely green, intensely clear, intensely sweet Atlantic.

We need, before passing to Herzog's flight toward the courtroom and Chicago, to consider the territory between Herzog's apartment and Ramona's, and the impurity of Herzog's excessive interest in the entropic evils practiced by Madeleine and Gersbach.

While he is preparing to set out for Ramona's, Herzog envisions telling her again the wrongs done him by Madeleine, Gersbach, Dr. Edvig, receiving her sympathy when she has seen the perfidious nature of those evils:

> Against his will, like an addict struggling to kick the habit, he would tell again how he was swindled, conned, manipulated, his savings taken, driven into debt, his trust betrayed by wife, friend, physician. If ever Herzog knew the loathsomeness of a <u>particular</u> existence, knew that the <u>whole</u> was required to redeem every separate spirit, it was then, in his terrible passion, which he tried, impossibly, to share, telling his story. Then, in the midst of it, the realization would come over him that he had no right to tell, to inflict it, that his craving for confirmation, for help, for justification, was useless. Worse, it was unclean. (For some reason the French word suited him better, and he said "<u>Immonde</u>!" and again, more loudly, "<u>C'est immonde</u>!") However, Ramona would tenderly sympathize with him. No doubt she genuinely pitied him, though the injured are, for primitive reasons, unattractive and even ludicrous. (156-157)

The parentheses, the repetition of the foreign word, and the phrase, "for some reason," invite our speculation, direct us to the central point: "<u>immonde</u>" means more than simply impure, unclean, foul; according to Larousse the original meaning, and still a dominant connotation lending force to the word even when it is broadly used, pertains specifically to the impurity, uncleanliness, or foulness of the devil, his works, and more partieu-

larly still, the foulness of devil-worshipping religions.

Herzog's need to dwell on Gersbach and Madeleine's doings and personalities, their diablerie, is reminiscent of the moment in the Inferno when Dante receives from Virgil his most serious rebuke. Dante the pilgrim has become caught up in an exchange between Master Adam, a coiner, and Sinon, the Greek who glibly talked the Trojans into taking the horse into the city's walls. The words with which Master Adam closes the exchange, Dante's reaction, and Virgil's rebuke are worthy of note:

> And the coiner: "So is your own mouth clogged
> with the filth that stuffs and sickens it as always;
> if I am parched while my paunch is waterlogged,
>
> you have the fever and your cankered brain;
> and were you asked to lap Narcissus' mirror
> you would not wait to be invited again."
>
> I was still standing, fixed upon those two
> when the Master said to me: "Now keep on looking
> a little longer and I quarrel with you."[7]

The relevance of this passage in the thirtieth canto of the Inferno to Bellow's novel seems more than coincidental. Herzog has fever; he could also, throughout most of the novel, quite easily follow Narcissus' example and drown in the image of himself, his rapidly diffusing communications stemming from a cankered brain and scattered to all like a dictator's largess, and the more watery self-image, Herzog as mourner and "suffering joker." Like Master Adam, he is parched above, although water swells his guts. Further, in condemning Gersbach, the damp romantic, as Sinon has been condemning Master Adam, Herzog renders his "own mouth clogged with filth that stuffs and

sickens it as always."

When Herzog reaches Ramona's apartment, he does indeed, after eating the shrimp Arnaud he had anticipated, indulge himself in a fascinated rant against his entropic (or diabolical) persecutors. Ramona's sympathy on this occasion, however, is not as complete as he had expected. Three times, feeling instinctively that Herzog is dropping into the immonde, she suggests that he leave off. The third time, feeling herself coming inordinately to share his impure fascination, she decides the issue: they break off and go to bed. Immediately following Herzog's soliloquy, which I have cited previously, on Gersbach as a multi-personalitied, highly vocal, highly mobile exemplar of modern consciousness, the substance of her rebuke is essentially Virgil's to Dante: "'You're far too excited about it,' said Ramona. 'My advice is to forget them both.'" (194)

Herzog's predictions while he dresses about how Ramona will respond to him, as they are voiced in the passage on the immonde, are wrong without exception. It becomes clear her love for him lacks the element of pity; this she reserves for George Hoberly, the rejected suitor hanging on the periphery of her life. Hoberly phones once while Herzog is there in order to disrupt the evening. Ramona's pity for him is in marked contrast to Leventhal's for Allbee: she won't pick up the phone, wisely keeps Hoberly on the periphery. It is Herzog who feels some of Leventhal's guilt over the Allbee-like outsider claiming and harassing for adulterous equal time with Ramona. Ramona knows the unwisdom of responding to every knock.

Moreover, Herzog is wrong in his supposition that Ramona sees and feels for him as a diseased, weak person, repulsive "for primitive reasons." When he complains that he is old, she tells him, from her personal experience, he doesn't smell like an old man. When Herzog claims his kinship with Hoberly, she comes back, "But you -- you aren't the kind of man a woman feels sorry for. You aren't weak, whatever else. You have strength . . ." (199)

Dante's "Canto XXX" deals with Circle Eight, Bolgia Ten, the last ditch in the last circle above the Titans and the final pit of Malebolge. The inhabitants of the bolgia are evil impersonators, counterfeiters, and false witnesses. Gersbach, like Tamkin, Mintouchian, Steidler, Allbee, and Dahfu, deserves this placement just above the Prince of Lies in the scheme Bellow shares with Dante. He is generally a falsifier and particularly an impersonator, an "actor person." He also merits and chooses this station in the way that Master Adam, the coiner, has: under the guise of righteous condemnation he keeps the foulness he is condemning in his mouth; as Adam falsified coins, images, according to the doctrine of correspondences, equivalent to sacred counterparts, Gersbach falsifies words. Consider the following exchange between Gersbach and Herzog:

> "The bitch /Madeleine/ is testing you. You're an important professor, invited to conferences, with an international correspondence. She wants you to admit her importance. You're a ferimmter mensch."
>
> Moses, to save his soul, could not let this pass. He said quietly, "Berimmter."
>
> "Fe -- be, who cares. Maybe it's not so much your reputation as your egotism. You could be a real mensch. You've got it in you. But you're effing it up with all this egotistical shit. It's a big deal -- such a valuable person

dying for love. Grief. It's a lot of bull." (61)

As is true of Master Adam, or of all the actor persons in Bellow's novels, there is truth mixed with falsification in Gersbach's criticisms. The filth and the falsification, however, are more satanically damnable in Dante's moral hierarchy, and apparently also in Bellow's, than lust, wrath, or murder. Gersbach habitually misuses Yiddish expressions; his "Be -- fe, who cares" is as cavalier a reaction to a damnable fault as the pilgrim Dante's fascinated arrest before the exchange between Sinon and Master Adam. Herzog quite literally corrects Gersbach "to save his soul."

Potiphar's wife shares Circle Eight, Bolgia Ten with Master Adam for Sinon's fault: the bearing of false witness. At the heart of the novel's climax, precisely at its peripety, Madeleine endeavors to commit the same sin. It is time to consider the territory between Herzog's apartment and Grand Central Station leading to the Sissler's and the sea, the analogous territory between his apartment and the subway leading to Ramona's apartment, to consider a lesson Herzog was read as a child in the synagogue, and thus to consider Bellow's use, in Herzog, of Potiphar's wife.

On his way to the subway which will bear him to Ramona, Herzog pauses to watch a wrecking crew. The scene relates closely to the New York of Leventhal or, still more, Wilhelm: the demolition of old orders making way for Tamkin's "rapid, lavish" present, the sun journeying toward New Jersey, gas:

> At the corner he paused to watch the work of the wrecking crew. The great metal ball swung at the walls, passed easily through

> brick, and entered the rooms, the lazy weight browsing on kitchens and parlors. Everything it touched wavered and burst, spilled down. There rose a white tranquil cloud of plaster dust. The afternoon was ending, and in the widening area of demolition was a fire, fed by the wreckage. The workmen, heaping the bonfire with wood, threw strips of molding like javelins. Paint and varnish smoked like incense /italics mine: cf. the bulbs "without religion" in their dusty niches/. The old flooring burned gratefully -- the funeral of exhausted objects. Scaffolds walled with pink, white, green doors quivered as the six-wheeled trucks carried off fallen brick. The sun, now leaving for New Jersey and the west, was surrounded by a dazzling broth /cf. the "hostile broth of newsprint" in Grand Central/ of atmospheric gasses. Herzog observed that people were spattered with red stains, and that he himself was flecked on the arms and chest. He crossed Seventh Avenue and entered the subway. (175)

Given Bellow's consistent habit in Herzog of punning with names, I feel it is not too ingenious to infer from six-wheeled trucks and Seventh Avenue, and, of course, from the whole of the description, that the scene described is "at sixes and sevens." The red stains on Herzog and the passer-by accentuate their mortality.

The central significance of the passage, however, relates to an earlier passage when Herzog, on his way to Grand Central, Queen's, the sea, and the Sisslers, is "held up by trucks in the garment district."

> The cab was held up by trucks in the garment district. The electric machines thundered in the lofts and the whole street quivered. It sounded as though cloth were being torn, not sewn. The street was plunged, drowned in these waves of thunder. Through it a Negro pushed a wagon of ladies' coats. He had a beautiful beard and blew a gilt toy trumpet. You couldn't hear him.
>
> Then the traffic opened and the cab rattled in low gear and jerked into second. "For Christ sake, let's make time," the driver said /italics mine/. They made a sweeping turn into Park Avenue /cf. Woods Hole, Lincoln Park in Chicago, Herzog's "green hole" at Ludeyville, perhaps even, we may discover, Voltaire's garden at Ferney, the Transcendental wilderness of Emerson and Thoreau/ and Herzog clutched the

> broken window handle. It wouldn't open. But if it opened dust would pour in. They were demolishing and raising buildings. The Avenue was filled with concrete-mixing trucks, smells of wet sand and powdery gray cement. Crashing, stamping pile-driving below, and, higher, structural steel, interminably and hungrily going up into the cooler, more delicate blue. Orange beams hung from the cranes like straws. But down in the street where the busses were spurting the poisonous exhaust of cheap fuel, and the cars were crammed together, it was stifling, grinding, the racket of machinery and the desperately purposeful crowds -- horrible! He had to get to the seashore where he could breathe. (31-32)

Considering that Herzog immediately after this recalls the "LOT plane" he took off in to travel to Poland, the location where he contacted the fever of Eastern Europe, Sinon, Raskolnikov, and Jonah Herzog, we cannot avoid recognizing much of Leventhal's or, more completely, Wilhelm's conception of New York, an emblem of the world, as a Sodom and Gomorrah which needs escaping. The final significance of these two allied descriptions, however, is larger and lies elsewhere.

In order to approach the truest significance of Herzog's visions of demolition, the first in the garment district, as he commences the first and second main flight of the novel's present action, we must return to Potiphar's wife and consider the lesson, as central as the lessons Herzog's mother taught him concerning mortality, which Herzog learned in the synagogue as a child. I add a third detour into illustrative specifics before completing my analysis of these points:

> The pages of the Pentateuch smelled of mildew, the boys' sweaters were damp. The rabbi, short-bearded, his soft big nose violently pitted with black, scolding them. "You, Rozavitch, you slacker. What does it say here about Potiphar's wife, V'tispesayu b'vigdi . . ."
> "And she took hold of . . ."
> "Of what? Beged."

"Beged. A coat."
"A garment, you little thief. Mamzer! I'm sorry for your father. Some heir he's got! Some Kaddish! Ham and pork you'll be eating, before his body is in the grave. And you, Herzog, with those behemoth eyes -- V'yaizov bigdo b'yodo."
"And he left it in her hands."
"Left what?"
"Bigdo, the garment."
"You watch your step, Herzog, Moses. Your mother thinks you'll be a great lamden -- a rabbi. But I know you, how lazy you are. Mother's hearts are broken by mamzeirim like you! Eh! Do I know you, Herzog? Through and through." (131)

The rabbi did indeed know Herzog through and through. Herzog's pride and his propensities for theorizing are foreshadowed in this childhood episode in the synagogue. A quotation from an apparently disparate source, the words immediately preceding the "foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds" observation in Emerson's "Self-Reliance," seems singularly appropriate:

> It seems to be a rule of wisdom never to rely on your memory alone, scarcely even in acts of pure memory, but to bring the past for judgement into the thousand-eyed present, and live ever in a new day. In your metaphysics you have denied personality to the Deity, yet when the devout motions of the soul come, yield to them heart and life, though they should clothe God with shape and color. Leave your theory as Joseph his coat in the hand of the harlot, and flee.[8]

The rabbi's use of the episode between Joseph and Potiphar's wife and Emerson's use of it are substantially the same. Each of them employs an example urging their audiences to "yield . . . heart and life" to "the devout motions of the soul." Knowledge of the past, theory, pride of intellect, and pride of station are to be left "in the hand of the harlot." Though they seem the fair outward vestments of talent dispensed by grace, they are, in fact, worldly trappings best left to the world.

It is far from strange that Emerson should so specifically parallel the early and central lesson read to Herzog in the synagogue. Between the synagogue and Herzog's learned studies, beginning with a Ph.D. thesis on Romanticism, Herzog was notably occupied with Emerson:

> But in Chicago, in 1934, he was class orator at McKinley High School, his text taken from Emerson. He didn't lose his voice then, telling the Italian mechanics, Bohemian barrel makers, Jewish tailors The main enterprise of the world, for splendor . . . is the upbuilding of a man. The private life of one man shall be a more illustrious monarchy . . . than any kingdom in history. Let it be granted that our life, as we lead it, is common and mean. . . . Beautiful and perfect men we are not now. . . . The community in which we live will hardly bear to be told that every man should be open to ecstasy or a divine illumination. (160)

Allbee, in The Victim, was shocked and resentful that "a man named Lipschitz" had written a book on Emerson; Allbee felt that a Jew could hardly be expected to understand him.[9] Herzog uses this early class oration as proof of his standing as an American: he cites it against the feeling among his fellows when he is in the navy during the war that he, Herzog, was a foreigner (. . . he remembered that a Chief Petty Officer from Alabama had asked him, "Wheah did you loin to speak English -- at the Boilitz Scho-ool?"). But by the time Herzog was a "communications officer" lost in the fog he had, literally and figuratively, lost his voice: "Choked by fog, in the Gulf of Mexico, . . . losing contact owing to his hoarseness." (160) Herzog is essentially the chronicle of a man rediscovering the clearest and deepest accents of his own voice. As we shall see, it is equally the chronicle of a man journeying into Emersonian and Spinozan "self-reliance."

In working toward an assessment of the significance of Potiphar's wife and the territory between Herzog's and Ramona's apartments (and before we arrive at a discussion of Herzog's climactic third flight to Chicago), it is important here to consider two further quotes from "Self-Reliance." The first concerns history, the second travel:

> If . . . a man claims to know and speak of God and carries you backward to the phraseology of some old moldered nation in another country, in another world, believe him not. Is the acorn better than the oak which is its fullness and completion? Is the parent better than the child into whom he has cast his ripened being? Why then this worship of the past? The centuries are conspirators against the sanity and authority of the soul. Time and space are but physiological colors which the eye makes, but the soul is light: where it is, is day; where it was, is night; and history is an impertinence and an injury if it be anything more than a cheerful apologue or parable of my being and becoming. [10]

And again:

> Travelling is a fool's paradise. Our first journeys discover to us the indifference of places. . . . But the rage of travelling is a symptom of a deeper unsoundness affecting the whole intellectual action. The intellect is vagabond, and our system of education fosters restlessness. Our minds travelwhen our bodies are forced to stay at home. We imitate; and what is imitation but the travelling of the mind? Our houses are built with foreign taste; our shelves are garnished with foreign ornaments; our opinions, our tastes, our faculties, lean, and follow the Past and the Distant. [11]

The relevance of the above Emersonian ideas on history is immediately apparent. As I have brought out, there is much of Wilhelm's (or Augie's) reverence for the past in Herzog; he shares Wilhelm's habit, presented in the later novel as more unequivocally diseased, of mourning the passing of historic and childhood states into more present orders. In Seize the Day Tamkin's "rapid, lavish" present day is, because Tamkin is a liar, sinister, diabolical, or, employing the dominant metaphor

for it in Herzog, entropic. But Emerson, a truthful man, also advocates our yielding to the "devout" urgings of the soul in "the thousand-eyed present."

Emerson, you will recall, also advocates "leave your theory, as Joseph left his coat in the hand of the harlot, and flee," the point, moreover, of the rabbi's lesson, and counsels distrust of the man who "claims to know and speak of God and carries you backward to the phraseology of some old moldered nation in another country, in another world. . . ." "Believe him not," is Emerson's advice. That man in Bellow's novel is very likely Father Jonah Herzog in his patrimonial gift of tales of exile, spurious exaltation on forged papers, and failure in strange places and strange times. These times and places are Moses Herzog's "ancient times. Remoter than Egypt. No dawn, the foggy winters. In darkness, the bulb was lit." (140) Note the fog: it is the same miasma in the midst of which Herzog the "communications officer" lost his proper voice. The bulb lit in darkness is a species of the bulbs burning in their dusty niches, "without religion," in the tunnel leading to Queens; it constitutes yet another analogue of the dropping, soulless self, filled with a "tiny vacuum," for which the concrete floor of the void is waiting. And Moses Herzog, when he follows his father's example and cites history to Marco (Mark), is equally to be disbelieved. Bellow is quite serious when, following his narration of the childhood scene in the synagogue, he remarks through Herzog that "almost certainly, Nachman ran away from the power of his old friend's memory. Herzog persecuted everyone with it.

It was like a terrible engine." (132) Bellow holds with Emerson that "it seems to be a rule of wisdom never to rely on your memory alone, scarcely even in acts of pure memory. . . ."

In "the garment district," Herzog witnesses and feels threatened by the demolition of old orders: "At the corner he paused to watch the work of the wrecking crew. The great metal ball swung at the walls, passed easily through brick, and entered the rooms, the lazy weight browsing on kitchens and parlors. Everything it touched wavered and burst, spilled down." (175) Recall that the fires of this wreckage "smoked like incense," and that, present but unheard in this district, "a Negro pushed a wagon of ladies' coats. He had a beautiful beard and blew a gilt toy trumpet." (32) The suggestion of a dawning like Easter, perhaps the very dawn which never arrived on foggy winter mornings in Herzog's childhood home in Montreal, grows throughout the novel.

The suggestion is pantheistic, pan-racial, and international, however. Its herald in the garment district is a Negro. Herzog's high school address was to "Italian mechanics, Bohemian barrel makers, Jewish tailors." The climactic episode in the Chicago police station pointedly carried this emphasis on universality.

The main point to emphasize, however, is Emerson's, or Blake's and Spinoza's: the child, the oak, the new order, is greater and richer than the parent, the acorn, the past. The place to leave an outworn garment is in the hands of a harlot or a demolition crew. It is central to the novel's significance that

Madeleine, and not Marco or June, takes up and proliferates, with the decadent, Aschenbach-like Shapiro, Herzog's elaborate historical and linguistic scholarship, the phraseology and lore of "old moldered" nations "in another country, in another world."

The pertinence of the quote from "Self-Reliance" on the folly of travel is as pervasive in Herzog as are Emerson's remarks on the "impertinence" of all history not "a cheerful apologue or parable of my being and becoming." Herzog's third and climactic flight to Chicago is heralded by the recurrence of his "Eastern European fever." Note Emerson's comparable assertion that "the rage of travelling is a symptom of a deeper unsoundness affecting the whole intellectual action." Emerson, of course, makes clear that he is not referring exclusively to physical movements: "The intellect is vagabond, and our system of education fosters restlessness. Our minds travel when our bodies are forced to stay at home." Herzog is as much an extreme example of peripatetic mental vagabondage as was Lemuel Gulliver, more of one, I think, than Candide. Instances of this vagabondage have been encountered before in Bellow's work, most notably in Augie March and E. H. Henderson, and Henderson asserted rightly with Blake before him that "all travel is mental travel." Herzog, too, carries with him his "old pocket edition of Blake's poems." (80)

Herzog's penultimate voyage, this time to Chicago, begins, like Gulliver's and Henderson's travels, with his leaving a faithful and reliable woman (Ramona is forced to wonder recurrently if Herzog will run out on her for good) for alien

shores feverishly perceived:

> In so far as I can trust Ramona in the role of prophetess, it is that. She has read Marcuse, N. O. Brown, all those neo-Freudians. She wants me to believe that the body is a spiritual fact, the instrument of the soul. Ramona is a dear woman, and very touching, but this theorizing is a dangerous temptation. /The reader is in no doubt at this point as to who is more truly the theorist./ It can only lead to more high-minded mistakes.
>
> He watched the coffee beating in the cracked dome of the percolator (comparable to the thoughts in his skull). When the brew looked dark enough, he filled his cup and breathed in the fumes. He decided to write Daisy saying that he would visit Marco on Parent's Day, not plead weakness. Enough malingering: He decided also that he must have a talk with the lawyer Simkin. Immediately. (208-209)

Bellow's use of the coffee pot in this passage is exactly analogous to his use of Leventhal's refrigerator and gas range in The Victim. The deeply sampled fumes of Herzog's carefully darkened coffee are as lethal as the gas Allbee turns on his victim and supposed persecutor. The pot itself is as much Herzog at that moment (note the explicit comparison in parentheses) as the gasping, laboring refrigerator was Leventhal in his distress. And Herzog's drastic misrepresentation of the things Ramona has said to him while he sojourned an evening in her apartment, the second way station in Herzog's four main flights, reflects as extreme a fear of becoming a "squaw man" as Joseph's with Kitty Daumler in Dangling Man, or Henderson's with Lily in Henderson the Rain King, or Gulliver's at the end when he can no longer stand the smell of his wife and family.

So Herzog is off like Henderson and Gulliver, or Raskolnikov in his erratic, driven wanderings around Petersburg, to see the lawyer Simkin, "immediately." The encounter with Simkin is by telephone, but, given the axiom that "travel is

mental travel," Herzog is already well into his journey by the end of their conversation. Simkin, like Steidler, Allbee, Einhorn, Mintouchian, Tamkin, Dahfu, Himmelstein, and Gersbach, is an actor person; as such, his relationship to Herzog in Bellow's novel resembles that of Svidrigailov to Raskolnikov in Dostoevsky's. As one of the many Dostoevskan false counsellors in Bellow's novels, he demonstrates, during the conversation, arrogance, tyranny, mendacity, and, like the damned in Dante or Svidrigailov as he seeks out the nasty hotel which is his last stop before suicide on Nevsky Prospect, an irrepressible appetite for filth. When he has finished with Herzog, Herzog is sufficiently worked up, sufficiently deep in his fever, to regard the couple he witnesses a little later in court who killed the child, the crippled woman and the man smoking cigarettes on the bed while the woman murders the child, as exactly analogous to Madeleine and Gersbach with June.

One further point needs to be made in connection with Simkin. Like Sinon and Master Adam in Dante's hell, he is given to taunting a man he conceives to be a fellow rogue stupider than himself. Note the relish, as damnable in Simkin as it was in Sinon and the coiner, with which he greets the manifestations of fever in Herzog as Herzog descends into the <u>immonde</u> while discussing Gersbach:

> "He's a poet in mass communications."
> "He really has got you, hasn't he. By golly, if this isn't something in your bloodstream."

And again:

> Simkin was perfectly delighted with such an outburst, Herzog knew. He even understood that the lawyer was winding

> him up, putting him on. But that did not stop him. "I've tried to see him as a type. Is he an Ivan the Terrible? Is he a would-be Rasputin? Or the poor man's Cagliostro? Or a politician, orator, demagogue, rhapsode? Or some kind of Siberian shaman? Those are often transvestites or androgymes. . . ."
>
> "Do you mean to say that those philosophers you've studied for so many years are all frustrated by one Valentine Gersbach?" said Simkin. "All those years of Spinoza -- Hegel?" (215)

We catch Dantean overtones in the cast and direction of Simkin's mockery. And when Herzog reaches Gersbach in Chicago, he finds, as I have indicated, not Ivan the Terrible, Rasputin, or Cagliostro, but a man bathing his daughter not without human kindness. Further, there is ironic foreshadowing in Simkin's taunt on the philosophers: Spinoza and Emerson, if not Spinoza and Hegel, help see Herzog through the novel's peripety.

In discussing Herzog's climactic flight to Chicago, one can find valid central points in connection with Herzog's visit to Phoebe Gersbach and his stay with Lucas Asphalter: our knowledge of Gersbach's entropic division of the self is heightened by the one; the main themes of mortality and the mingled nature of creatures are added to by the other. I prefer, however, to confine my discussion of the peripety in Herzog to three crucial scenes: the first is another foreshadowing, Herzog's taxi ride to the court where he will hear the testimony of the cripple and her paramour; the second, Herzog's visit with Tante Taube, Jonah Herzog's second wife, strongly foreshadows the Bergsonian perspective at the core of the novel's resolution; finally I will discuss the deciding interview itself between Herzog, June, Madeleine, and the police in the Chicago police station. We will then, as I have indicated, pass to a consideration of the

novel's denouement in Ludeyville.

Herzog is driven to the courtroom by Teodoro Valdepenas, a Puerto Rican taxi driver. Their encounter appears fated:

> "You know, I think I got a coincident to tell you." They ran eastward toward Broadway. The driver was observing him in the mirror as he drove. Herzog also bent forward and deciphered the name above the meter: Teodoro Valdepenas. "Early in the morning," said Valdepenas, "I seen a guy on Lexington Avenue dressed like you, with the exact same model coat. The hat."
> . . . "What was the fellow doing?"
> "Kissing a broad in a red dress. That's why I didn't see the face. And what I mean kissing! Was it you?"
> "It must have been me."
> "How do you like that!" Valdepenas slapped the wheel. "Boy! Out of millions." (222-223)

When Herzog makes his conventional farewell, he issues a prophecy ironically fulfilled:

> Valdepenas was still talking when Moses paid him. He answered cheerfully, but by rote. He had stopped listening. Oratorical lechery, momentarily amusing. "Keep sockin' away, Doc."
> "See you again, Valdepenas." (224)

Note the echo Herzog, in his pride and fevered state, provides of his cavalier dismissal of Ramona: as Herzog often ceases to see or listen to Ramona, dismisses her as a "sack artist," priestess of Isis, or disciple of Norman O. Brown, he dismisses Valdepenas as an oratorical lecher. But recall the fluent "operatic" style in which Ramona delivered her suggestions for Herzog's salvation. Opera, fluency, lyric oratory are consistently opposed to the entropic, fragmented, damned-back shards of Herzog's misconceptions; an aria from a music box on a simple theme, as we shall shortly see, provides one key to the most consistent and profound theme of the novel.

Herzog ceases to listen to Valdepenas' oratorical lechery, and is merely conventional in his parting from the driver. But Herzog has seen Valdepenas before in Sissler, and he will see him again in the police sergeant who judges and decides Herzog's fate. Let us examine these connections which demonstrate that Valdepenas, like Sissler, functions as an augury of the protagonist's salvation, "often near at hand," from which he is engaged in escaping "headlong" during his ride to the courthouse.

The burden of Valdepenas' ostensibly lecherous discourse has removed it from ordinary lechery. Valdepenas stresses the relatively greater appreciation of older women for lovemaking, and praises Herzog for choosing Ramona. He cites a negative example:

> Listen to me. I got real burned up at a young chick last mont'. She just lies on the bed chewing gum and reading a magazine. Like she's saying, "Do me something!" I said, "Listen, Teddy's here. What's this gum? Magazines?" She said, "All right, let's get it over." How's that for an attitude! I said, "In my hack, that's where I hurry. You ought to get a punch in the teeth for talkin' like that." And I'll tell you something. She was a no-good lay. A broad eighteen don't know even how to shit!" (223)

We have, then, an example of "when lovely lady stoops to folly" in the "Game of Chess" section of Eliot's Wasteland. Valdepenas, however, is a living man, not the "carbuncular clerk." I have remarked that he resembles Sissler, and that Sissler is reminiscent of Schlossberg in The Victim. Schlossberg cites Livia Hall, the actress in a play who marries men like packages, and, if one dies, "the package is insured" so she can spend the winter in Florida with a second groom, a second package.[12] Valdepenas' reaction to the eighteen year old gum chewer is

substantially Schlossberg's toward Livia Hall, the wasteland female of whom he makes his example: they each, in differing proportions of humor and anger, scorn the human being abjuring humanity by treating herself and others as packages, equating a love relationship to gum-chewing, magazine-reading, smoothing of the hair, the placing of a record on the gramophone.

Valdepenas, like Sissler and Schlossberg, or like Sammler after him, reverses the usual American premium placed on youth. They all appreciated highly the worth of knowledge and emotional experience in human relationships. Such knowledge and experience are requisite, in fact, to what Schlossberg termed "dignity," the perception between human beings of each other as ends, not means. In Herzog this reappearance of Schlossberg's dignity is antithetical to both positive and negative entropy, the offering of oneself as a diffused commodity for the use of others (Gersbach), or the utilization of such commodities to give oneself form (Madeleine). It is interesting to note that Herzog, when he encounters Valdepenas, is already on his way to revenge himself on Madeleine and Gersbach for the use he feels they made of him; at the same time, he will endeavor to use them as scapegoats for universal entropic injustice in modern society.

Such injustice is, of course, as real as gas ovens and cannibalism. In thanking Herzog for protecting his wife from a violent ex-husband, Sissler remarks, "You stood up for her. To me that's everything. Not just because I love the kid, either, but because there's so many creeps in circulation." (97)

And Valdepenas, like Sissler, Schlossberg and Sammler, is shrewd in his perception of creeps:

> They were at Broadway and Houston. A boozer, stubble-faced, jaws strong and arrogant, waited with a filthy rag to wipe the windshields of passing cars, holding out his hand for tips. "Look how that bum operates here," said Valdepenas. "He smears the glass. The fat guys pay out. They shiver in their pupick. They're scared not to. I seen these Bowery slobs spit on cars. They better not lay a hand on my hack. I keep a tire tool right here, boy. I'd bust the sonofabitch on the head!" (223-224)

To the arrogant-jawed boozer the "fat guys" are his "meat," even as it is sometimes suggested that Herzog is an ingredient in a universal entropic "broth" or brought out of "dreck smelling like roast" for Himmelstein's consumption.

Bellow artfully breaks in on Valdepenas' enthusiasm for emotionally experienced women: "A woman over forty really appreciates . . ." There follows the description of the boozer and Valdepenas' reaction to him. The pun resulting from the break, i.e., "appreciates" in both its transitive and intransitive sense, is deliberate. Likewise, Bellow puns deliberately in Valdepenas' closing colloquialism, "Keep sockin' away, Doc." The implication is that physical strokes in a comprehensive love relationship, made possible by emotional knowledge and experience (cf. Valdepenas' eighteen year old negative example), are also blows against ubiquitous creeps. The parallel to Sissler's relationship with Libbie is very strong:

> She was in the time of life when the later action of heredity begins, the blemishes of ancestors appear -- a spot, or a deepening of wrinkles, at first increasing a woman's beauty. Death, the artist, very slow, putting in his first touches. Now to Sissler it couldn't matter less. He had already accepted this, would rumble on in his Russian accent, and be the same forthright businessman to the day of his death. When that moment came, because of his bunchy black hair, he

would have to die lying on his side. (95)

Sissler, and with him Valdepenas, exemplify Spinoza's sixty-seventh proposition, "A free man thinks of nothing less than of death, and his wisdom is a meditation not on death but on life." In love and dignity man is free and alive. Leventhal in the end attained life and freedom in attaining dignity and accepting love. In The Victim's denouement he somewhat resembles Libbie: death, the artist, has put some first touches on him as a badge of his wholeness and relative invulnerability to Allbee's claims. Note the stress in Herzog on Sissler's hair; when first we encounter him, Valdepenas' hair is also stressed: "At the hack stand /Herzog/ found a Puerto Rican driver who was touching up his sleek black hair with a pocket comb." (222) Leventhal's hair (The Victim), bunchy like Sissler's and black like Sissler's and Valdepenas', excited Allbee by its animality. Bellow is clearly using it again in Herzog as a sign of the human animal's freedom in vigorous life and dignity. Valdepenas, like Sissler, although Herzog listens to him less, plays a central part in bringing out these themes. They are strongly resumed and ideationally resolved by Herzog's visit, in Chicago, with Tante Taube, Jonah Herzog's aged widow.

Herzog's encounter with Tante Taube, before the novel's peripety, is in some senses a revision of the encounters between Joseph and Mrs. Kiefer in Dangling Man and between Augie March and Grandma Lausch. The burden of those last meetings, however, was mortality, death for all exemplified in Mrs. Kiefer, and death for all which is especially poignant when it comes to the

strong exemplified in Augie's last contact with Grandma Lausch. One feels that Bellow stood more unreservedly with his protagonists as they mourned the poignancy of mortality in the conscious, foreknowing human animal during his first and third novels. The Victim, of course, more nearly reflects his attitude toward death and mourners as it is revealed in Herzog.

Tante Taube is as aged as Mrs. Kiefer or Grandma Lausch when we last see her. The point, however, is not the poignancy of death, but the value of survival (Tante Taube anticipates Sammler, a later "veteran survivor"):

> Taube, a veteran survivor, to be heeded, had fought the grave to a standstill, balking death itself by her slowness. All had decayed but her shrewdness and her incredible patience; and in Moses she saw Father Herzog again, nervy and hasty, impulsive, suffering. His eye twitched as he bent toward her in the kitchen. She muttered, "You got a lot of trouble? Don't make it worser, Moshe." (253)

To Herzog's father Taube was "a cold forge" to which he brought his iron; he hoped for a deliverance in his old age through her death, and then died first. (248-249) The contrast between her surviving slowness and Jonah Herzog's speed and style is strongly emphasized; consider the passage in which she is introduced:

> The chimes rang inside, those chromium tubes above the door, xylophone metal, that played "Merrily We Roll Along," all but the last two notes. He had long to wait. The old woman, Taube, always had been slow, even in her fifties, thorough, deliberate, totally unlike the dexterous Herzogs -- they had all inherited their father's preposterous quickness and elegance, something of the assertiveness of that one-man march which old Herzog had paraded through the world. (243)

We immediately strike another of Bellow's artful breaks: the chimes which summon Taube play melody for the words, "Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along; Merrily we roll along, o'er the deep --." "Blue sea" is the conventional completion,

and we are distantly reminded of the sea contiguous to the Sisslers and the Massachusetts coast. The sea, however, is clear and green (as I have indicated I plan to discuss Bellow's use of green in Herzog in conjunction with the "green hole" in which we leave Herzog at Ludeyville). The last two notes of the tune are more evocative left blank; they suggest the regenerative depths of the incomprehensible which Herzog is saved by and left with during his climactic encounter with June, the police, and Madeleine in the police station.

Taube is at peace in stillness with these depths. To recall for a moment Bellow's earlier artful interruption of Valdepenas' observations on emotionally mature women, Tante Taube has, in both senses of "appreciate," appreciated greatly during her lifetime. Jonah Herzog is, by comparison, a tense and unmerry marcher; his arrogance, his impatience, his melancholy, and his lies place him securely as an entropic character, or perhaps, in Dante's context, a damned one. His arrogance and pride of status on forged papers suggest, of course, negative entropy, the tyrant or the defiant rebel. Lucifer, the archetypal rebel-archetypal liar, shares his quickness and his elegance. Father Herzog is also Augie March, without Augie's gift for laughter or attraction of grace, in the entropic diffusion of his life:

> In 1913 he bought a piece of land near Valleyfield, Quebec, and failed as a farmer. Then he came into town and failed as a baker; failed in the dry-goods business; failed as a jobber; failed as a sack manufacturer in the War, when no one else failed. He failed as a junk dealer. Then he became a marriage broker and failed -- too short-tempered and blunt. And now /during Herzog's times "remoter than Egypt"/ he was failing as a bootlegger, on the run from the provincial Liquor Commission. Making a bit of a living. (137)

Like Augie March, though less buoyant, he is ultimately unable to choose a suitable fate, still waiting for Taube to die and deliver him when he meets his own death. In Moses, his son, we see his tyranny, his diffusion, his lies and thievery, his fevered impatience, his dexterity, something of his elegance, but this last invariably mitigated by a touch of untidiness here or there, and, as I have mentioned, his melancholy reverence for a sad past and his ever-lasting entropic haste. Herzog cannot wait to steal from Taube his father's rubles and his father's pistol; the fevered semiconscious urge for personal and earthly justice of Jonah Herzog and Raskolnikov is upon him: "and then the blood began to beat in his head /cf. the coffee in the heated self beating against its cracked dome as Herzog began his third, decisive flight/. He remembered why he was here." (24)

Tante Taube, in marked contrast, has walked most of her days in light. Her submissiveness to her first husband, "Gottseliger Kaplitzky," indicates this. The blessed or the innocent of God she calls her first husband. Herzog, his father's son, finds her "sheeplike":

> He knew it was not proper that he should think her expression sheeplike. This figurative habit of his mind crippled his judgement, and was likely to ruin him some day. Perhaps the day was near; perhaps this night his soul would be required of him. The gun weighed on his chest. But the protuberant lips, great eyes, and pleated mouth were sheeplike, and they warned him he was taking too many chances with destruction. (253)

If Taube is a sheep, her shepherd is very likely more reliable than Moses' Herzogian (dukely) sense of justice to be won from Madeleine and Gersbach with his father's gun. By the time she

has finished speaking her warning to Herzog, she has established her centrality to the novel's significance in three distinct ways. In her shrewd immediate perception of Herzog she recalls Sissler; she precisely echoes, in fact, one of Sissler's observations: "You got a lot of trouble? Don't make it worser, Moshe." (Sissler advised Herzog to "rest up from his troubles.") In her tranquil acquiescence to her fate, she compares explicitly to Ramona:

> "And every time . . . Kaplitzky-alehoshalom took care on everything. I didn't even looked."
> Recalling this, Herzog very briefly laughed. Ramona would like, "I didn't even looked." (247)

Finally, although Herzog is quite correct in assuming his figurative habit of mind will bring him to the verge of irremediable trouble, his perception of Taube as a sheep anticipates the pastoral tranquillity of the novel's close, a peace which enormously surpasses even Herzog's complex understanding.

In this last respect, Herzog's visit to Tante Taube evokes the Bergsonian perspective which lies within the center of the novel's significance. We have seen the peace of the sea near the Sisslers' and Hyannis Port alluded to in the two unstated notes at the conclusion of "Merrily We Roll Along." The stanza from Figaro which plays when Herzog opens his father's music box to steal the rubles and the pistol takes Bergsonian laughter as its subject:

> Nel momento
> Della mia ceremonia
> Io rideva di me
> Senza saperlo. (252)

As the stanza indicates, Herzog is shortly to laugh at himself without knowing it in the midst of his august ceremony, the attempted murder of Gersbach and Madeleine. And the ground for that laughter is Bergsonian perspective on his human folly: when Herzog sees largely and clearly, as do Ramona, Sissler, Valdepenas, Schlossberg, Sammler, and Taube, rather than figuratively, he is humanly incapable of cancelling out Gersbach and Madeleine as the symbols of entropic injustice, "creeps" or "lice." They are too real as a woman washing dishes and a man bathing a child. Without knowing it during the ceremony with his father's pistol, Herzog laughs at the folly of his reductively figurative judgements from a more inclusive perspective. The stanza from Figaro provides, with operatic lucidity similar to Ramona's, the key to correctives for Herzog's hasty, fragmented, and diseased ratiocinations. We recall Bellow's observation, made in his own voice, that "the whole is needed to redeem every separate spirit:" -- the stanza from Figaro evokes that whole.

Two central metaphors describe the novel's climactic scene and denouement: the "gates of vision" in Herzog are finally "cleansed," and he is "born again, even as a child, of water and the spirit." At last Herzog comes to see with Taube's clear, large-eyed sight. Such sight is possible, however, to eyes of any size or shape. Sissler's small eyes are as shrewd; Sono Aguki sees as well through slanted eyes; the police sergeant who decides Herzog's fate is as penetrating: though his ancestry is "Cherokee, perhaps, or Osage; an Irish ancestor

or two," (302) he sees Herzog and Madeleine clearly and totally through "Ben Franklin spectacles, two colonial tablets in thin gold frames." (291) "Cleansed vision" in Herzog, as in Blake, avoids equally mistakes stemming from too exclusive a perception of external categories and too exclusive an appreciation of individual essences:

> Moses made a special effort to keep a neutral look -- no defiance, no special pleading, nothing of the slightest personal color. He remembered that he once believed in the appeal of a direct glance, driving aside differences of position, accident, one human being silently opening his heart to another. The recognition of essence by essence. . . . Sweet dreams, those! If he tried looking into his eyes, the sergeant would throw the book at him. (294)

An essence is, after all, a categorization applied to an individual not qualitatively different from those applied to groups; like the larger categorizations, it stresses uniqueness. The point here is perception from the viewpoint of "the whole" which "redeems every separate spirit."

Herzog is in his deepest trouble during this climactic scene. As I have indicated, his near murder of Gersbach and Madeleine was brought to nought: in the moment of his ceremony he laughed at himself without knowing it; Aunt Zipporah's taunts of Jonah Herzog hold for Moses -- in the decisive moment he does not believe sufficiently in his figurative constructions to strike a blow, or fire a shot. Through the "Ben Franklin spectacles" of the sergeant, however, Herzog's dukely rubles and Czarist pistol containing two bullets make it look as if he has seceded, perhaps, from the larger human and cosmic whole. Sensing with the penetration of a Porfiry Petrovitch the dubious or

criminal area in Herzog's makeup, he calls Madeleine to the station to ascertain whether she has lodged a complaint, sure establishment, given Herzog's possession of a loaded pistol, of Herzog's criminality; Madeleine, culminating the Potiphar's wife analogy so central in the novel, tries her best to bear false witness. As she had formerly with the devoutness of a maiden's prayer wished for Herzog's death even during their acts of love, her eyes, "smaller, stony . . . expressed a total will that he should die. This was infinitely more than ordinary hatred. It was a vote for his nonexistence, he thought. He wondered if the sergeant was able to see this." (301)

Madeleine is defeated and Herzog saved in three specific ways. The first two involve a comparison of Madeleine to a prostitute (cf. Emerson, "Leave your coat in the hand of a harlot and flee") in the scene:

> The woman looked oddly familiar, despite her smeary makeup, emerald eye shadow, dyed hair, the thickening pride of her nose. He wanted very much to ask her a question. Had she attended McKinley High School? Did she sing in the Glee Club? Me too! Don't you remember? Herzog? Herzog who gave the class oration -- who spoke on Emerson?

And again:

> Could this really be Carlotta from the Glee Club who sang the contralto solo in "Once More with Joy" (from Wagner)? It was not impossible. . . . Why would anyone want to give a broad like this a bang? . . . But he knew why. Because she had dirty ways, that was why. Lewd knowledge. (297)

Bellow reinforces the connection: "At this moment Madeleine arrived." The two points of the comparison are Madeleine's "dirty way she had with her," (298) and Madeleine's imperial pride. The latter is established instantaneously on her

arrival: "She came in, saying, 'Where is my child . . . !' Then she saw June on Herzog's lap and crossed the room quickly. 'Come here to me, baby!' She lifted the milk container and put it aside, and took up the girl in her arms." (297) But neither the entropic attraction of dirt (the same as Himmelstein's preoccupation with dreck) nor the sway of Madeleine's imperial pride (the pale-eyed bitch on the station platform, the "thickening pride" of Carlotta's nose) has power over Herzog during these decisive moments: "That personal sweet and sour fragrance of hers, and her fire-blue eyes, her spiky glances /italics mine/ and her small mouth ready with any wickedness would never again have the same power over him. Still, it gave him a headache merely to look at her." (298) Bellow has reached back to The Victim for "spiky glances;" to Leventhal the towering skyscrapers standing for the "more than human" (in this novel, "negative entropy") appeared as "the spikes of the maguey," [13] producing hallucinations akin to Herzog's sudden headache. (The maguey is a plant producing the drink mescal and the drug mescaline.)

But Herzog is in sufficient possession of his "sweet soul," his Emersonianism, to leave his coat in the hand of the harlot and flee: he preserves the clear neutrality he also exercises with the sergeant, a piece of the sea's clear depths "webbed with golden lines" at Wood's Hole. It doubtless does not escape the sergeant's attention that, in her proud solicitude for June, Madeleine deprives the child of the milk Herzog had given her (another symbol which Bellow retains from The Victim).

Her monarchical demands over June's physical well-being and "the smoothness of her legs, Indian brown" carry less weight with the sergeant, even, than they do with Herzog; though the sergeant's ancestry is "Cherokee, perhaps, or Osage," his American kinship with Herzog, emphasized by "Ben Franklin" glasses and Herzog's high school oration, establishes their present fraternity against negatively and positively entropic "creeps," Madeleine among them.

The third means by which Herzog attains his saving "chance to know justice. Truth." is "Some incomprehensible way. Before death. Not irrationally but incomprehensibly fulfilled." (303) Herzog holds "with Spinoza . . . that to demand what is impossible for any human being, to exercise power where it can't be exercised, is tyranny. Excuse me, therefore, sir and madam, but I reject your definitions of me." (299) Ironically, Herzog a short while before felt that Gersbach and Madeleine were knowable as entropic villains. Bellow accentuates his peripety strongly:

> But I make no last judgement. That's for them, not me. I came to do harm, I admit. But the first bloodshed was mine, and so I'm out of this now. Count me out. Except in what concerns June. But for the rest, I withdraw from the whole scene as soon as I can. Good-by to all. (299)

In line with Emerson, Spinoza, and the childhood lesson in the synagogue, Herzog leaves his "garment," (bigdo, coat) of pride, "lewd" or "immonde" knowledge, and definitive ratiocination in the hand of Potiphar's wife.

"Except in what concerns June." I have earlier remarked on the symbolic significance of Herzog's daughter's name: for

the balance of the novel, once Herzog's brother has posted bail (the rubles naturally remain uncurrent currency), Herzog remains in his house at Ludeyville, in contact with the saving "incomprehensible," equivalent to the saving "whole" which "redeems every separate spirit," throughout high June. The nature of the incomprehensible whole is evoked in two favorite stories Herzog tells June, one while he awaits the decisive confrontation with Madeleine, the other earlier, as father and daughter commence their visit with one another. They are sufficiently significant to deserve quotation in full:

> "Papa?"
> "Yes, June."
> "You didn't tell me about the most-most."
> For an instant he did not remember. "Ah," he said, "you mean that club in New York where people are the most of everything."
> "That's the story."
> She sat between his knees on the chair. He tried to make more room for her. "There's this association that people belong to. They're the most of every type. There's the hairiest bald man, and the baldest hairy man."
> "The fattest thin lady."
> "And the thinnest fat woman. The tallest dwarf and the smallest giant. They're all in it. The weakest strong man, and the strongest weak man. The stupidest wise man and the smartest blockhead. Then they have things like crippled acrobats and ugly beauties."
> "And what do they do, Papa?"
> "On Saturday night they have a dinner-dance. They have a contest."
> "To tell each other apart."
> "Yes, sweetheart. And if you can tell the hairiest bald man from the baldest hairy man, you get a prize."
> Bless her, she enjoyed her father's nonsense, and he must amuse her. She leaned her head on his shoulder and smiled, drowsy, with small teeth. (295-296)

And again:

> "You tell better stories /than Gersbach/."
> "I expect I do, sweetheart."
> "About the boy with the stars."
> So she remembered his best inventions. Herzog nodded his

head, wondering at her, proud of her, thankful. "The boy with all the freckles?"

"They were like the sky."

"Each freckle was just like a star, and he had them all. The Big Dipper, Little Dipper, Orion, the Bear, the Twins. Betelgeuse, the Milky Way. His face had each and every star on it, in the right position."

"Only one star nobody knew."

"They took him to all the astronomers."

"I saw astronomers on television."

"And the astronomers said, 'Pooh, pooh, an interesting coincidence. A little freak.'"

"More. More."

"At last he went to see Hiram Shpitalnik, who was an old man, very tiny, with a long beard down to his feet. He lived in a hatbox. And he said, 'You must be examined by my grandfather.'"

"He lived in a walnut shell."

"Exactly. And all his friends were bees. The busy bee has no time for sorrow. Great-grandfather Shpitalnik came out of the shell with a telescope, and looked at Rupert's face."

"The boy's name was Rupert."

"Old Shpitalnik had the bees lift him into position, and he looked and said it was a real star, a new discovery. He had been watching for that star. . . . Now, here are the chicks."

He held the child on the railing, to his left, so that she would not press against the pistol, wrapped in her great-grandfather's rubles. These were in his right breast pocket still. (275-276)

The parable of the "most-most" club contains the grounds for Herzog's "civility," Sammler's idea of "a civil heart." Note that Herzog feels glad his "nonsense" amuses his daughter: Valdepenas' "oratorical lechery" was "momentarily amusing," and Herzog's reactions to Ramona's ideas, while his fever was in him, were similar. I submit that his success during the climax and peripety of the novel, and the direction of his musings during the denouement are defined by these parables.

June's freckles and her magic, transmuting newness (the oak is greater than the acorn past) is given its full significance in the second parable: all grandfather Shpitalnik's

friends were busy bees who had "no time for sorrow." In the first parable, the absurdity of typical differences is stressed: only anomalies are admitted to the club, and one infers that the club's membership is large; the policeman resembling Sono Aguki, Sono herself, the sergeant with Cherokee or Osage and Irish blood, and Herzog doubtless belong. Acting on these assumptions, and in marked contrast to his solitary labor with the storm windows when he was in Ludeyville with Madeleine, he after a time breaks the solitude of his return, admitting his "fall into the quotidian" of ordinary life, and has the villagers turn his lights on. Although he has deprecated it, Sissler, Ramona, and his brother Will feel his house is "real estate," something extant of value. We may take it as the symbol of his true, total self. When Herzog has his lights turned on, and Mrs. Tuttle in to clean from the village, he is able, as he was during the climax, to allow the social whole to redeem his separate spirit. This is similar to Hegel's "notions of civility," with the reservation that the total social entity to which Herzog belongs, a large "most-most" club, is not as immune from moral considerations as Hegel's notions. And it is certain, once Herzog's convalescence is passed, that he will be a working member.

But the community to which Herzog belongs is more comprehensive than contemporary American society. It should be evident that Spinoza and Emerson are charter members. Shpitalnik's associates were bees. Herzog at Ludeyville shares his bread with rats; he is moved by the pathos of birds stifled

in a toilet bowl when the lid fell on them during his absence; we recall Herzog's similar stifling in dreck when he commenced his separation from Madeleine at the Himmelstein's. Herzog shares Emerson's and Spinoza's pantheism. He has had to travel far back to be reborn, even as Shpitalnik is an ur-ur-grandfather, but he arrives at the universal. The mollusks, schools of fish, stones he perceived in "Wood's Hole," even Himmelstein (heaven's stone) are included in the multitude of documents ubiquitous in the novel. Herzog realizes this in the period between the climax and the denouement, and uses his insight to explain his second marriage: "God ties all kinds of loose ends together. Who knows why! He couldn't care less about my welfare, or my ego, that thing of value. All you can say is, 'There's a red thread spliced with a green, or blue, and I wonder why.'" (305)

Emerson has stated the novel's central metaphysical point, citing St. Augustine:

> The eye is the first circle; the horizon which it forms is the second; and throughout nature this primary figure is repeated without end. It is the highest emblem in the cipher of the world. St. Augustine described the nature of God as a circle whose center was everywhere and its circumference nowhere. We are all our lifetime reading the copious sense of this first of forms.[14]

Bellow's novel embodies "the cipher of the world" as documents, webs, the Emersonian or Augustinian circle of the eye, and, above all, as ubiquitous green. A few examples will suffice: "Through the slats of the blind he looked instead at the brown rocks of the park, speckled with mica, and at the optimistic leaping green of June." (12) "That elderly person in her green

plush hat, unturbulent green, and like a deadly bag in soft folds on her head." (53)

> The lawn was on an elevation with a view of fields and woods. Formed like a large teardrop of green, it had a gray elm at its small point, and the bark of the huge tree, dying of Dutch blight, was purplish gray. Scant leaves for such a vast growth. An oriole's nest, in the shape of a gray heart, hung from twigs. God's veil over things makes them all riddles. /italics mine/. (72)

". . . a fierce green, milky poison rose to his eyes; his mouth twisted. 'I'm getting out of this case!' Himmelstein began to scream." (87) "There is a distant garden where curious objects grow, and there, in a lovely dusk of green, the heart of Moses E. Herzog hangs like a peach." (175) And Herzog to his brother Will: "It seems a strange point to arrive at after all the other points. In this lovely green hole . . ." (331) Herzog's last act before his brother's arrival at Ludeyville is to paint a piano green to send to June: "He painted the lid of the piano with absorption; the green was light, beautiful, like summer apples. . . . 'God has gilded me all over. I like that, God has gilded me all over.'" (321)

Herzog has all the while been reading the "document" or "cipher" of the world with gradually cleansed vision while he journeys, in four main flights and some subsidiary recollected ones, toward the green garden which contains his heart. In this he again holds with Spinoza, who loved green plants together with good food and friendship above all things. His progress toward self-reliance can be described by another passage from Emerson's essay:

> It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude. [15]

In his rapidly diffusing entropic letters we have seen Herzog share a great many opinions of the world; in Ludeyville at the end he is content to remain like Spinoza, drunk on God or joy; consider his last letter:

> There are those who say this product of hearts is knowledge. "Je sens mon coeur et je connais les hommes." /cf. Emerson: "Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place the divine providence has found for you, the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events."/ I couldn't say that, for sure. My face too blind, my mind too limited, my instincts too narrow. But this intensity, doesn't it mean anything? Is it an idiot joy that makes this animal, the most peculiar animal of all, exclaim something? And he has it in his breast? But I have no arguments to make about it. "Thou movest me." "But what do you want, Herzog?" "But that's just it -- not a solitary thing. I am pretty well satisfied to be, just as it is willed, and for as long as I may remain in occupancy." (340)

And during the climactic scene we have seen him approach quite nearly Emerson's third and greatest ability, to keep in a crowd "with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude."

We are shown at the end of Herzog a convalescent protagonist. His convalescence is like Raskolnikov's beside the Siberian river with Sonia, however: he already contains the redemption he has purchased through suffering and can no longer lose the strength he has gained. For me, the novel constitutes a satisfactory resolution to Bellow's concerns in all his books: identity, mortality, moha or entropy, the ability to take action, the relationship of the individual to society, and of man to God.

Footnotes to Chapter Four

1. Robert Shulman, "The Style of Bellow's Comedy," PMLA, 83 (1968), 114-117.

2. For some sparsely illustrated generalizations about the structure in Herzog, see Peter Axthelm, The Modern Confessional Novel (New Haven, Conn., 1967), p. 152.

3. James Dean Young, "Bellow's View of the Heart," Critique, 7 (Spring 1965), 11.

4. Louise Bogan, The Blue Estuaries: Poems 1923-1968 (New York, 1968), p. 116.

5. The Victim, p. 51.

6. Mr. Sammler's Planet, p. 259, p. 274.

7. Dante Alighieri, Inferno, trans. John Ciardi (New York, 1954).

8. Ralph Waldo Emerson, "Self Reliance," The Complete Essays and Other Writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson, ed. Brooks Atkinson (New York, 1940), pp. 151-152.

9. The Victim, p. 145.

10. Emerson, "Self Reliance," pp. 156-157.

11. Ibid., p. 165.

12. The Victim, p. 134.

13. Ibid., p. 175.

14. Emerson, "Circles," p. 279

15. Emerson, "Self Reliance," p. 150.

SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY

Alter, Robert. "The Stature of Saul Bellow." Midstream, 10 (1964), 3-15.

Atkins, Anselm. "The Moderate Optimism of Saul Bellow's Herzog." Personalist, 50 (1969), 117-129.

Axthelm, Peter. "The Full Perception: Bellow." The Modern Confessional Novel. New Haven, Conn., 1967.

Baim, Joseph. "Escape from Intellection: Saul Bellow's Dangling Man." University Review, 37 (1970), 28-34.

Bellow, Saul. The Adventures of Augie March. New York, 1953.

———. "A Comment on 'Form and Despair.'" Location, 1 (1964), 10-12.

———. Dangling Man. New York, 1944.

———. "Distractions of a Fiction Writer." The Living Novel: A Symposium. Ed. Granville Hicks. New York, 1957.

———. Henderson the Rain King. New York, 1959.

———. Herzog. New York, 1964.

———. "Literature." The Great Ideas Today. Ed. Mortimer J. Adler and Robert M. Hutchins. Chicago, 1963.

———. Mr. Sammler's Planet. New York, 1970.

———. "Preface." Imaginative Literature I: From Homer to Shakespeare. Ed. Mortimer J. Adler and Seymour Cain. Chicago, 1961.

———. Seize the Day. New York, 1956.

———. "Skepticism and the Depth of Life." The Arts and the Public. Ed. James E. Miller, Jr. and Paul D. Herring. Chicago, 1967.

———. "Some Notes on Recent American Fiction." Encounter, 21 (Nov. 1963), 22-29.

———. The Victim. New York, 1947.

———. "The Writer as Moralist." Atlantic Monthly, 211 (March 1963), 58-62.

Bezanker, Abraham. "The Odyssey of Saul Bellow." Yale Review, 58 (1969), 359-371.

Boroff, David. "Saul Bellow." Saturday Review of Literature, 47 (19 Sept. 1964), 38-39, 77.

Bradbury, Malcolm. "Saul Bellow's Herzog." Critical Quarterly, 7 (1965), 269-278.

Brandon, Henry. "Writer Versus Readers." Interview with Saul Bellow. The Sunday Times, 18 Sept. 1966, p. 24.

Bryant, Jerry H. "Novels of Ambiguity and Affirmation: The Moral Outlook." The Open Decision: The Contemporary American Novel and Its Intellectual Background. New York, 1970.

Capon, Robert F. "Herzog and the Passion." America, 112 (27 March 1965), 425-427.

Clayton, John J. Saul Bellow: In Defense of Man. Bloomington, Ind., 1968.

Crozier, Robert D. "Theme In Augie March." Critique: Studies in Modern Fiction, 7 (Spring 1965), 18-32.

Demarest, David P., Jr. "Henderson the Rain King: A Technical Problem." A Modern Miscellany. Ed. David P. Demarest, Jr., Lois S. Lamdin, and Joseph Baim. Carnegie Series in English, 11. Pittsburgh, Pa., 1970.

Detweiler, Robert. Saul Bellow: A Critical Essay. Contemporary Writers in Christian Perspective. Grand Rapids, Mich., 1967.

Dutton, Robert R. Saul Bellow. Twayne's United States Authors Series, 181. New York, 1971.

Elliott, George P. "Hurtsog, Hairtsog, Heart's Hog?" Nation, 199 (19 Oct. 1964), 252-254.

Enck, John. "Saul Bellow: An Interview." Wisconsin Studies in Contemporary Literature, 6 (1965), 156-160.

Fossum, Robert H. "The Devil and Saul Bellow." Comparative Literature Studies. 3 (1966), 197-206.

———. "Inflationary Trends in the Criticism of Fiction: Four Studies of Saul Bellow." Studies in the Novel, 2 (1970), 99-104.

Galloway, David D. "The Absurd Man as Picaro." The Absurd Hero in American Fiction: Updike, Styron, Bellow, and Salinger. Rev. ed. Austin, Tex., 1970.

Guttmann, Allen. "Mr. Bellow's America." The Jewish Writer in America: Assimilation and the Crisis of Identity. New York, 1971.

Hassan, Ihab. "Saul Bellow: Five Faces of a Hero." Critique: Studies in Modern Fiction, 3 (Summer 1960), 28-36.

Harper, Gordon L. "The Art of Fiction XXXVII: Saul Bellow, An Interview." Paris Review, 9 (1966), 48-73.

Harper, Howard M., Jr. "Saul Bellow -- The Heart's Ultimate Need." Desperate Faith: A Study of Bellow, Salinger, Mailer, Baldwin and Updike. Chapel Hill, N.C., 1967.

Hoffman, Frederick J. "The Fool of Experience: Saul Bellow's Fiction." Contemporary American Novelists. Ed. Harry T. Moore. Carbondale, Ill., 1964.

Hoge, Alice Albright. "Saul Bellow Revisited, at Home and at Work." Chicago Daily News, No.41 (18 Feb. 1967), Panorama Section, p. 5.

Howe, Irving. "Fiction: Bellow, O'Hara, Litwak." Harper's, 240 (Feb. 1970), 106-114.

———. "Odysseus, Flat on his Back." New Republic, 151 (19 Sept. 1964), 21-26.

Kazin, Alfred. "My Friend Saul Bellow." Atlantic Monthly, 215 (Jan. 1964), 51-54.

Levine, Paul. "Saul Bellow: The Affirmation of the Philosophical Fool." Perspective, 10 (1959), 163-176.

Mailer, Norman. "Modes and Mutations: Quick Comments on the Modern American Novel." Commentary, 41 (March 1966), 37-40.

Malin, Irving, ed. Saul Bellow and the Critics. New York, 1967.

———. Saul Bellow's Fiction. Carbondale, Ill., 1969.

Morrow, Patrick. "Threat and Accommodation: The Novels of Saul Bellow." Midwest Quarterly, 8 (1967), 389-411.

Opdahl, Keith M. The Novels of Saul Bellow: An Introduction. University Park, Penn., 1967.

Poirier, Richard. "Bellows to Herzog." Partisan Review, 32 (1965), 264-271.

Porter, M. Gilbert. "Herzog: A Transcendental Solution to an Existential Problem." Forum (Houston), 7 (Spring 1969), 32-36.

Rans, Geoffrey. "The Novels of Saul Bellow." Review of English Literature, 4 (1963), 18-30.

Rovit, Earl. Saul Bellow. University of Minnesota Pamphlets on American Writers, 65. Minneapolis, Minn., 1967.

Scheer-Schäzler, Brigitte. Saul Bellow. Modern Literature Monographs. New York, 1972.

Schulz, Max F. "Saul Bellow and the Burden of Selfhood." Radical Sophistication: Studies in Contemporary Jewish/American Novelists. Athens, Ohio, 1969.

Scott, Nathan A., Jr. "Sola Gratia: The Principle of Bellow's Fiction." Adversity and Grace: Studies in Recent American Literature. Ed. Nathan A. Scott, Jr. Essays in Divinity, 4. Chicago, 1968.

Shulman, Robert. "The Style of Bellow's Comedy." PMLA, 83 (1968), 109-117.

Sokoloff, Boris A. and Mark E. Posner, ed. Saul Bellow: A Comprehensive Bibliography. Bibliographies in Contemporary American Fiction. Folcroft, Pa., 1971.

Solotaroff, Theodore. "Napoleon Street and After." Commentary, 38 (Dec. 1964), 63-66.

Tanner, Tony. "Fictionalized Recall -- or 'The Settling of Scores! The Pursuit of Dreams!'" City of Words: American Fiction 1950-1970. London, 1971.

———. Saul Bellow. Edinburgh, 1965.

Uphaus, Suzanne H. "From Innocence to Experience: A Study of Herzog." Dalhousie Review, 46 (1966), 67-78.

Weber, Ronald. "Bellow's Thinkers." Western Humanities Review, 22 (1968), 305-313.

Weinberg, Helen. "The Heroes of Saul Bellow's Novels." The New Novel in America: The Kafkan Mode in Contemporary Fiction. Ithica, N.Y., 1970.

Young, James Dean. "Bellow's View of the Heart." Critique: Studies in Modern Fiction, 7 (Spring 1965), 5-17.