

Perhaps we owe the excellence of *Herzog* to Bellow's ability to maintain a certain balanced tension between his own objectivity (witness Moses' keen sense of the ridiculous), and his "primitive self-attachment". At points, however, we wonder whether the writing of the novel was not as compulsive to the author as the letter-writing is to Herzog; it is probable that Bellow was consistently in control of his material, aware even of the constant shifts from first to third person. But the doubt remains. "Believing . . . that the conquest of chaos need not begin anew every day. How I wish it! How I wish it were so! How Moses prayed for this!" (181-182).

## SHOAL

*Janet Lloyd*

For twenty years at eight he closed the door  
On emptied cup and shell and curled wife  
To board the bus at eight-o-five and take  
His customary seat two from the front.  
Sometimes he noticed that the leaves had turned;  
Had gone, or were in bud, and felt surprise  
That seasons slipped him by. But usually  
His thoughts submerged to drift among the Munsters  
And the panel shows; to nibble here a scene,  
Or there a line. Sometimes his thoughts swam up  
To hover at the pension plan, or dart  
Aside from early death and I.B.M.

He surfaced at his stop. And yawning sank  
Into the decimalled day of nine to five.