

The Desert Within: Searching for Union in Paul Bowles' *The Sheltering Sky*

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Abstract

This paper focuses on Paul Bowles' novel *The Sheltering Sky* to consider the dilemma faced by the rational Western consciousness of finding meaning within a world that no longer offers the promise of any metaphysical answers to existence. By following Port and Kit's journey into the Sahara desert, the author seeks to find suggestions in the novel that, once the constraints of western culture are removed, a sense of hope or at least contentment is available to the protagonists, either in a shared sense of unity with their natural surroundings or in an empathetic emotional attachment to each other.

Keywords : desert, consciousness, ego, emptiness, rational

I

A cloud gathers, the rain falls, men live; the cloud disappears without rain, and men and animals die. In the deserts of southern Arabia there is no rhythm of the seasons . . . just empty wastes where only the changing temperature marks the passage of the year. It is a bitter desiccated land, which knows nothing of gentleness or ease . . . As we topped the rise of our first day and saw the stark emptiness before us I caught my breath . . . hour after hour, day after day, we moved forward and nothing changed; the desert met the empty sky always the same distance ahead of us. Time and space were one. Round us was a silence in which only the winds played, and a cleanness which was infinitely remote from our world of man. There was the real desert where the difference of race and colour, of wealth and social standing are almost meaningless; where basic truths emerge . . . Here to be alone was to feel at once the weight of fear for the nakedness of this land was more terrifying than the darkest forest at the dead of night. In the pitiless light of day we were as insignificant as the beetles I watched labouring across the sand. Only in the kindly darkness could we borrow a few square feet of desert, and find homeliness within the radius of the firelight, while overhead the familiar pattern of the stars screened the awful mystery of space.

Wilfred Thesiger ¹⁾

Paul Bowles' novel *The Sheltering Sky* clearly illustrates Bowles' belief in the "absolute hopelessness of the whole business of living."²⁾ As Port and Kit wander aimlessly from sensation to sensation, unconsciously seeking a wholeness in life they feel they have lost, the desert becomes both a symbol of their spiritual emptiness as well as of the void. Here, nature reveals more starkly than elsewhere its blind, indifferent face, its unconcern for the destiny of man. Amongst this arid landscape, where "all philosophical systems crumble,"³⁾ Bowles' characters wander aimlessly from place to place like empty pilgrims protected only by the provisional nature of their civilized consciousness. Bowles said that his intent in the novel was to show "what the desert can do to us, to reveal the inner desert of spirit."⁴⁾ As the perceptual and behavioral shell of the Western ego slowly cracks, the standard Western models of reality and morality are destroyed and the individual must confront those instinctual forces within himself which have been contained by continual intellectual repression. Bowles does not even suggest the possibility of a transcendental oneness existing beyond the rational perception of man. His sky merely conceals and shelters the protagonists from the horror of oblivion in an empty cosmos. There are no moments of spiritual insight to be had beyond the limitations of the inhibiting ego, just madness and death. Bowles' characters are forced to undergo a painful ripping-away of their civilized ego in a universe stripped of meaning that offers no hope of redemption or insight into any 'higher' meaning to life. As Bowles makes quite clear: "Nature is not antagonistic, she is merely indifferent. Not caring. And if you use the word god in the place of nature, then I think you get even closer to it."⁵⁾ To the modern rational mind, metaphysical meaning is either absent or irrelevant since its existence and nature are beyond rational discourse. Bowles admits that he is a victim of this rationalistic attitude which robs its members of a sense of meaning and leaves them in a constant state of isolated and aimless anxiety:

My books are written from a point of view which precluded the existence of supernatural consciousness . . . What I wanted was to see everyone aware of being in the same kind of metaphysical impasse I was in. Nobody likes to feel alone. I know because I always think of myself as completely alone and I imagine other people as a part of something else.⁶⁾

It is clear that Bowles believes that contemporary Western civilization makes for alienation from the self and the resulting nihilism this inevitably produces. The flow of his character's spiritual and emotional life appears frozen within a benumbed consciousness which is unable to leap out of its self-created prison. However, though he rejected the West both in his own life – Bowles lived in Morocco for most of it – and through his characters, he resists the romantic notion of finding the noble native in another culture and thereby making them into nostalgic symbols for the unity of soul that Western man has lost. Undoubtedly, most of his natives are rooted in their world, whereas the Western characters are, almost without exception, wholly deracinated; but Bowles shows that this material and spiritual balance is possible only because of the Moslem's faith in the omnipresent will of Allah and the instinctual self-surrender which is demanded by his or her culture and

religion. Still free of a separate questioning consciousness, the Moslem is able to find meaning for his or her existence in a faith which also offers a clear pattern of shared rituals, rules and taboos on which to base one's life. With every detail of daily life regulated, the need for individual observation and judgment is reduced, allowing for something close to a purely instinctive life to remain possible. Bowles clearly does not believe that such a state of selfless submission can ever be regained once man becomes attached to the idea of a separate individual ego, and he suggests that any attempt to adopt such a belief is merely another illusory protection against an acceptance of Western man's spiritual isolation:

There are those who are able to as they say, leave themselves behind . . . I don't think we can possibly experience it. It's not possible to derive any spiritual or healing benefits from the brotherhoods without having been brought up a devout Muslim. They have a very different kind of consciousness than ours. ⁷⁾

By this removal of any possibility of an alternative mode of existence or belief, it is not surprising that there is scant change in Bowles' characters. The hostile emptiness of the desert combined with the lack of the protective structures offered by the West merely expose and fulfill the self-destructive natures which the characters brought with them. Bowles admitted that his work is a "therapeutic exhortation to destroy" the Western ego, which has separated man from his external surroundings and, in a parallel movement, has alienated him from his very inner nature:

The destruction of the ego has always seemed an important thing. I took it for granted that was what really one was looking for in order to attain knowledge and the ability to live . . . It's the stripping away of all things that differentiate one person from another person. By stripping them away one arrives at a sort of basic working truth which will help one to go on. What's important in other words, is not the ways in which you're different from other people but the ways in which you're conscious of being like other people. ⁸⁾

In the *Sheltering Sky*, Port and Kit do not survive this stripping-away of the ego, although there are moments, especially just prior to Port's death, when they do acknowledge a shared depth of feeling. It is in light of the above quotation that I would therefore like to consider this novel. I believe that Bowles laments but does not completely accept the inescapability of the inner desert of spirit and emotions that modern man has inherited from his culture: an emptiness which the external desert mercilessly exposes. By removing even the possibility of a sudden spiritual awakening once man has escaped the limitations of his finite ego, Bowles demands that the responsibility for finding meaning rests solely on man's ability to find some common ground in life between his instinct, which pulls him towards his world and fellow man, and his rational consciousness, which pulls him back into the dark corners of the inner self. Throughout this novel

there is a constant, if misguided, desire in both Port and Kit to find some kind of wholeness in life. Bowles does imply that meaning could have been found within their relationship if either one had managed to suppress their “dubious gift of consciousness” which relentlessly forces them in opposite directions. While Port is continually wrenched from a commitment to life by his unexplained fear of emotional responsibilities and his fascination with the unknown, Kit, in an attempt to deny the emptiness lingering beyond life, has erected an intricate system of omens which give a precarious sense of meaning and structure to her life. Bowles said, “it seems to me if one could accept existence as it is and partake of it fully, the world could be magical.”⁹⁾ This, as Port acknowledges, is what Bowles’ characters are unable to grasp in any permanent and livable form:

“You know,” said Port . . . ‘the sky here’s very strange. I often have the sensation when I look at it that it’s a solid thing protecting us from what’s behind.”

Kit shuddered . . . “But what is behind?”

“Nothing, I suppose. Just darkness. Absolute night.”

“*Please* don’t talk about it now.” There was agony in her entreaty.

“You know what?” he said with great earnestness. “I think we’re both afraid of the same thing. And for the same reason. We’ve never managed, either one of us, to get all the way into life. We’re hanging on to the outside for all we’re worth, convinced we’re going to fall off at the next bump.”

At length she said: “But if we’re not in it, then we *are* more likely to – fall off.” (101)

It is clear that Port and Kit are unable to release themselves to life precisely because of their constant awareness of the “absolute night” which they both feel lies behind the sheltering sky. While Port is obviously fascinated by this suggestion of an empty void surrounding life, Kit is terrified of such a nihilistic vision, which removes any meaning from her existence. Since neither is able to acknowledge that an alternative to such a bleak view of life could be found in a mutual commitment to love, and since Bowles has removed even the possibility of any ‘supernatural consciousness’ which might have offered them some hope, their only choice is to ‘hang onto the outside,’ caught in between the nihilistic abyss and a life in which neither can find any meaning.

II

Heyst was not conscious of either friends or enemies. It was the very essence of his life to be a solitary achievement, accomplished not by hermit-like withdrawal with its silences and immobility, but by a system of restless wandering, by the detachment of an impermanent dweller amongst changing scenes. In this scheme of things he had perceived the means of passing through life without suffering and almost without a single care in the world –

invulnerable because elusive.

Joseph Conrad¹⁰⁾

It is the growth of consciousness which we must thank for the existence of problems; they are the dubious gift of civilization. It is just man's turning away from instinct – his opposing himself to instinct – that creates consciousness. Instinct is nature and seeks to perpetuate nature; while consciousness can only seek culture or denial. Consciousness is now called upon to do that which nature has always done for her children – namely to give a certain, unquestionable and unequivocal decision.

Carl Jung¹¹⁾

In the rest of this paper, I would like to consider Port's character as an example of modern man's failure to transcend his inherent nihilism by finding meaning in an ethic of responsibility and participation in life. As man has come to realize and accept that the use of reason cannot help to solve the riddle of existence, indeed that no final explanation of existence is possible, the full responsibility for creating a pattern of order and meaning now falls on him alone. That, as Charles Glicksberg states, "is the painful decision which the godless man must make, to be rooted in life here on earth, to give up the Romantic lie of the Absolute, to be entirely on his own at last."¹²⁾ Port's belief in "the absolute truth ... that the difference between something and nothing is nothing" (199), and that the degree of pleasure and suffering in life "comes out even only because the final sum is zero" (167), places him in a position of profound uncertainty: how to live in a world which is both overwhelming and absurd but from which there is no refuge?

From the moment Port awakes in his Oran hotel room, we are made aware of the inner conflict which is the essence of his whole being and the stimulus for his "strict undeviating course inland to the desert" (198). While he is in a semi-awake state and still able to remain "immersed in the non-being from which he had just come" (11), Port lacks both the energy and the desire to ascertain his position in time and space. This temporary stasis, in which there is no sense of a separate questioning consciousness, allows for the same reassuring state of non-self which Port will later find in the "silences and emptinesses" of the desert night. Although this only reminds him of "the certitude of an infinite sadness at the core of his consciousness" (11), this feeling is "familiar" and thus offers an emotionally non-threatening certainty of being alive without which, when he is in a state of full awareness, Port is barely able to function. Later, after he fails to connect with the blind girl, we can see a fuller expression of Port's despair, an unhappiness so deeply a part of his nature that it alone offers him a familiar and sure point of orientation:

He felt a sudden shudder of self pity that was almost pleasurable . . . he was alone, abandoned, lost, hopeless, cold. Cold especially – a deep interior nothing could change. Although it was the basis of his unhappiness, this glacial deadness, he would cling to it always, because it was also the core of his being; he had built his being around it. (140-141)

Once Port is fully awake and has “reached another level of consciousness where the mere certitude of being alive was not enough” (11), he is immediately comforted by the sounds of his wife Kit in the next room. However, this instinctual need for another person only reminds him once again of the emptiness of his narrow cell of certitude within which he has placed his isolated self; an “airless room” in which he is “paralyzed” and thus without the necessary resolve needed to fling the window open to the world which he knows lies outside: “How difficult it was to accept the high narrow room with its beamed ceiling, the huge apathetic designs stenciled in indifferent colors around the walls, the closed windows of red and orange glass” (12).

This is the first of many incidences, culminating in his death, where Port is either comforted or stimulated into action by the actual or imagined presence of his wife. As we will see, this instinctual need for another person is in constant conflict with his inner compulsion to exist alone and thus remain free of the entanglements of involvement. Even though this restraint is both purposeless and ultimately self-destructive, it has become such an integral part of Port’s being that it now constantly resists and overwhelms any desire he may have for emotional contact. At the beginning of the novel, as Port walks further into the maze of Oran’s streets, “unthinkingly seeking the darker ones,” Bowles writes:

A wind that was dry and warm, coming up the street out of the blackness before him, met him head on. He sniffed at the fragments of mystery in it, and again he felt an unaccustomed exaltation . . . This proximity with, as it were, a forbidden element, served to elate him. (24-25)

Port abandons himself to “the perverse pleasure he found in continuing to put one foot in front of the other,” enjoying the sense of non-involvement it brings and refusing to make any conscious decision to go back. Suddenly, he has a vision of his wife:

It was Kit, seated by the open window . . . looking out over the town . . . Unconsciously he felt himself the protagonist, Kit the spectator. The validity of his existence at that moment was predicated on the assumption that she had not moved . . . it was as if she could still see him . . . walking rhythmically uphill and down, through light and shadow; it was as if only she knew when he would turn and walk the other way. (24)

Even in the “utter silence and blackness” which surrounds Port during his brief impersonal sexual encounter with Marhnia, the dancer, he is stimulated by the fantasy that “Kit was the silent onlooker” (40). Bowles had said that “meaning is always dependent on others, it can never be created in total isolation.”¹³⁾ Although he is unable to acknowledge it fully until the moment of his death, Port in some perverse way needs Kit both as a person who, by her awareness of him, confirms the certainty of his existence, and to whom he can always return after his forays into the unknown.

Thus, underlying Port's fascination with the desert's "silences and emptinesses" (100) which offer him the hope that "somehow I'll be able to penetrate to the interior of somewhere" (167), is his constant need for Kit's presence: a need which gradually forms into a desire for reconciliation and an urgent wish that "she would be touched in the same way as he by the solitude and proximity to infinite things" (100) which the desert offers. Clearly Port is unable to face up to the terrible solitude which his philosophy demands, yet neither can he sacrifice that nihilistic part of himself which requires that he remain detached and thus entrenched in the narrowest corner of selfhood. He is caught between a sense of self, which, with its impossibility of escape, creates the horror of being trapped alone, and the anxiety of annihilating openness, the seemingly infinite space of irrational emotional involvement. Kit knows that Port "can't bear to be reminded" that the "very silences and emptinesses that touched his soul terrified her." (100) She even feels that when he says "It is your only hope . . . he meant that it was his only hope, that only if she was able to become as he was could he find his way back to love." (100)

Yet, despite the gulf between them, Port acknowledges that, after their intimate evening expedition to the dunes outside Boussif,

he felt a definite desire to strengthen the sentimental bonds between them. Slowly it was assuming an enormous importance to him. At times he said to himself that subconsciously he had had that in mind when he conceived this expedition . . . into the unknown . . . but much as he desired the rapprochement . . . he dreaded the emotional responsibilities it would entail. But now, here in this distant and unconnected part of the world, the longing for closer ties with Kit was proving stronger than fear. (105)

Yet, even after Port has deceptively gotten rid of Tunner, who had been asked along only at the last minute because of Port's fear, and is finally alone with Kit, realizing that "everything now depended on him", he is unable to act in a situation where "he could make the right gesture or the wrong one, but he could not know beforehand which was which" (130). He realizes that "reason could not be counted on in such situations" since "there was always an extra element mysterious and not quite within reach" which he does not have the "knowledge" to comprehend. (130) This "extra element" is the clearly emotional uncertainty one must face when a commitment is made to another person, which, though leaving the self completely vulnerable, at least offers a tenuous sense of meaning through an engagement with life. However, Port is "unable to break out of the cage . . . he had built long ago to save himself from love" (100), and decides that "he would temporarily abandon the idea of getting back together with Kit," creating the excuse to himself that "in the present state of disquiet he would be certain to take all the wrong turnings, and would perhaps lose her for good" (132).

Unconsciously, then, Port is, one can contend, desperately attempting to find a means to counter the emptiness within him by finding a mode of existence which will allow him an illusion of

being involved in life without the potential for suffering that a real commitment to Kit might bring. Such an illusory hope is offered in the form of the blind dancing girl at Ain Korfa. This incident reveals the true psychopathic extent of Port's desperation. He never even talks to the girl, but once "she was gone he was persuaded, not that a bit of enjoyment was denied him, but that he had lost love itself" (140). In her Port sees a personification of the mysterious nothingness towards which his inner self always strives, and a woman who, unlike Kit, can exist in the void without terror:

What moved him was . . . the strangely detached, somnambulistic expression of the girl. Her smile was fixed, and, one might have added, her mind as well, as if upon an object so remote that only she knew of its existence. There was supremely impersonal disdain in the unseeing eyes . . . the face . . . was a mask of perfect proportions, whose beauty accrued less from the configuration of features than from the meaning that was implicit in their expression – meaning or the withholding of it . . . It was as if she was saying: "A dance is being done. I do not dance, because I am not here. But it is my dance." (137)

Here we once again see a state similar to the one Port found so comforting while he was semi-awake, a sense of being, of existing and acting in life without any personal involvement in the act. Later, starting out through the darkness to the "inevitable horizon of the desert," Port imagines that "in bed, without eyes to see beyond the bed, she would have been completely a prisoner" (140). He believes that this unknown girl, who he turns into a helpless object, would have given him the security of possession and control which he cannot have in his relationship with Kit. Since she could not see him, she would have been dependent on Port while still allowing him to sustain a belief in his detachment.

Port's inner compulsion to remain a detached observer, to be both in and out of life's stream, is at once purposeless and self-destructive. After reading Port's belief that "the difference between something and nothing is nothing" and that the final sum of all men's pleasure and suffering comes out as "zero," it is tempting to interpret his journey into the desert as a deliberate and nihilistic quest towards death. I believe this would be denying his constant anxiety and uncertainty which clearly are a result of a dichotomy between his emotional instincts and his consciousness. The latter demands that he remain an isolated observer who must always seek meaning while remaining convinced that no meaning can be found. When Bowles was asked why so many of his characters seem asocial, he replied, "Are they? Or are they merely outside and perhaps wishing they were inside?"¹³) By viewing Port's journey less as a quest and more as an attempt to escape from the bland 'grayness' which Western culture has imbedded in his consciousness – an escape which unexpectedly comes to involve a direct confrontation with the very emptiness he seeks to flee – we avoid the mistake of giving Port a certainty of purpose which he clearly does not have. He is not only isolated and detached, but also irreparably divided, since despite the pull of his instinct he cannot do anything with his whole being and heart.

Port's sporadic journey through the desert does, at least momentarily, keep him in a state of tension and excitement, thus affording him at least a temporary reprieve from a confrontation with the glacial deadness around which he has built his being. Its lack of routine, which brings surprises and inconveniences that must be immediately acted upon, keep Port from sinking into the familiar sadness of his inner self. He clearly sees a sense of excitement and adventure in the freedom of "going off with no proof of identity to a hidden desert town about which no one could tell him anything" (169). Travelling deep into the desert makes him feel "vitaly alive" and "that he was pioneering – he felt more closely identified with his great grandparents, when he was rolling out here in the desert than he did sitting at home looking over the reservoir in Central Park" (108). He acknowledges that

if he had been journeying into regions he did not know, he would have found the night insufferable. The idea that each successive moment he was deeper in the Sahara than he had been the moment before, that he was leaving behind all familiar things, this constant consideration kept him in a state of pleasurable agitation. (109)

But ultimately, Port's improvised attempts to avoid the familiar, and hence the self, are doomed to fail. Bowles said of his novel, "the adventures are like oases, the shade is insufficient, the glare is always brighter as the journey continues. And the journey must continue – there are no oases in which one can remain."¹⁵ Though the desert frees Port from the constraints of Western society and sometimes allows him to lose his menacing consciousness in the excitement of the moment, it also acts as a relentless mirror, starkly revealing his own inner desert of spirit. It is the place where all the barriers humankind has erected to protect itself from an awareness of its finitude are stripped away. Thus, just hours before Port decides to leave Bou Noura for El Ga'a, a place "no one appeared able to give any description of" (169), Port finds himself suddenly oppressed and overwhelmed by the surrounding landscape:

He did not look up because he knew how senseless the landscape would appear. It takes energy to invest life with meaning, and at present this energy was lacking. He knew how things could stand bare, their essence having retreated on all sides to beyond the horizon, as if impelled by a sinister centrifugal force. He did not want to face the intense sky, too blue to be real . . . the pyramidal town . . . or the dark spots of the oasis below. They were there, and they should have pleased the eye, but he did not have the strength to relate them . . . he could not bring them into focus beyond the visual. So he would not look at them. (160-161)

It is as if as everything draws away it reveals the nothingness that complements it, a terrifying void in the face of which all affirmation fails since there is nothing for Port to hold on to. It is only when he is drunk and alone in his hotel room, just after he has cried out to Kit in a burst of fury, "Ah, I'm

disgusted and miserable . . . I don't think there is an interior to get to anymore" (167), that Port admits to the terrible burden of his unrelenting consciousness which he says is the result of "something I ate ten years ago. Twenty years ago" (168) while still very young.

The dry desert air was taking on its evening chill . . . The canyon walls were black now, the scattered clumps of palms had become invisible. There were no lights; the room faced away from the town. The landscape was there, and more than ever he felt he could not reach it. The rocks and the sky were everywhere, ready to absolve him, but as always he carried the obstacle within him. He would have said that as he looked at them, the rocks and sky ceased being themselves, that in the act of passing into his consciousness they became impure. (168)

Clearly, then, the obstacle is his civilized consciousness, from which there is no escape. By always reminding him of the black nothingness surrounding life, it separates him from the world while offering no alternative meaning. Port is trapped in his consciousness, and, since he is unable to give vent to his emotional instincts, he constantly attempts to transcend the human condition while refusing to recognize that what he seeks can ultimately only be experienced in the final reality of death. Ironically, only when he is feverish and dying will Port become a part of the disappearing essence and hence attain the fusion he had sought in health and consciousness. Such a fusion, however, entails not only the loss of his conscious self but the extinction of his physical existence as well. It is thus only when Port is faced with the true horror of a meaningless death and his solitude in facing the void that he suddenly realizes the inevitable result: his own self-destruction.

Thus, in the *Sheltering Sky*, Bowles clearly repudiates the attempts of the Westerner, sick with the ills of his or her culture, to establish life-giving relationships with the elemental forces amongst a simpler environment. The desert may offer an escape from the "grayness" of the character's own culture, but it does not allow them to escape from the "inner desert of spirit" which they have inherited from the West by offering them an alternative vision nor does it offer an alternative society to which they can belong. Thus, Port and Kit's inner emptiness is only further exposed and given free rein in the vast wastes of the Sahara since it completely deprives them of the few sanctions Western society still provides. When Bowles was asked why his characters are pushed by an unconscious force beyond the point where return to the world of humanity is possible, he answered, "I think it has something to do with the Romantic fantasy of reaching a region of self-negation and thereby regaining a state of innocence."¹⁶ Evidently, Bowles does not believe such a state can be regained once it has been lost, since his characters attain liberty from their oppressive consciousness neither by the discovery of meaning in a selfless, loving relationship nor in the spiritual reward of a surrender of the self to a higher truth. Both Port and Kit are trapped in the anguish of their nihilistic selves, but instead of attempting to discover and accept the limits of rational existence within their own supporting culture, both proceed headlong towards an attempted dissolution of self into nature, an attempt which Bowles claims can only end in madness

or death. Rational consciousness, Bowles seems to be saying, is a menace since it is responsible for making us aware of the chaotic, inexplicable character of reality, but, now we have lost our ability to live according to our emotions and instincts, it is paradoxically the only thing we have to sustain us through the trials of life. His work clearly illustrates the quandary of the modern man or woman for whom there is no place and no value that will sustain life and whose any attempt to find some form of completion and meaning outside of his rational consciousness only leads him further and further towards complete self-destruction.

NOTES

- 1) Wilfred Thesiger, *Arabian Sands* (Middlesex, England: Penguin, 1964) p. 15
- 2) Daniel Halpern, "An Interview with Paul Bowles," *Tri Quarterly*, 33 (1975): pp. 177
- 3) Paul Bowles, *The Sheltering Sky* (New York: The Ecco Press, 1978) p. 252
Subsequent references in this essay to this title will be denoted by page number only in the text
- 4) Paul Bowles, *Their Heads are Green and their Hands are Blue* (New York: The Ecco Press, 1957) p. 128
- 5) Lawrence D. Stewart, *Paul Bowles: The Illumination of North Africa* (Carbondale and Edwardsville: Southern Illinois University Press, 1974) p. 28
- 6) Halpern, pp. 167
- 7) Stephen Davis, "Interview with Paul Bowles," *Zero IV* (1980): pp. 19
- 8) Wayne Pounds, *Paul Bowles: The Inner Geography* (New York: Peter Lang, 1985) p. 6
- 8) Hans Bertens, *The Fiction of Paul Bowles: The Soul is the Weariest Part of the Body* (Amsterdam: Rodopi, 1979): p. 136
- 10) Joseph Conrad, *Victory* (New York: Doubleday, 1915): p.7
- 11) Carl Jung, *Modern Man in Search of a Soul*, trans. W.S. Dell (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1933): p. 79
- 12) Charles I. Glicksberg, *The Tragic Vision in Twentieth Century Literature* (Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 1963): p. 96
- 13) Oliver Evans, "An Interview with Paul Bowles," *Mediterranean Review* 1 (1971): pp. 9
- 14) Halpern, pp.161
- 15) Pounds, pp. 19
- 16) Halpern, pp.169

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