
THE GERMAN JOYCE

Robert K. Weninger



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The German Joyce

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ROBERT K. WENINGER

Foreword by Sebastian D. G. Knowles

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Foreword

Effi Briest's father had a favorite phrase, as Robert Weninger reminds us at the end of his introduction: "*ein weites Feld*"—"a wide field." It was his way of dismissing the incomprehensible, and as such has made its way into the lexicon of useful German phrases, along with *Schadenfreude*, *Lebensraum*, and *Schlimmbesserung* (the act of making something worse by improving it). The study of Joyce's reception history in Germany is truly *ein weites Feld*, yet in Robert Weninger we have a scholar with the historical and critical range to scan the entire ground.

Within these pages you will find not only an exhaustive review of Joyce's direct influence on German literary production in the twentieth century (what Weninger calls *rappports de fait*), you will also find detailed those elective affinities, or intertextual echoes, that defy categorization, as when Goethe, Rilke, and the Dadaists appear to be writing in the key of Joyce. The dynamics of reception are never so compelling as here, as the march of Nazism across the landscape of German ideas gives real urgency to the terms of the debate, and as the shifting requirements of Marxist ideology on the other side of the political spectrum place *Ulysses* front and center as the quintessential literary object of the twentieth century. To critics of both the left and the right, *Ulysses* is "*entartete Kunst*" (degenerate art); it is Weninger's great gift that he can find a balance between so many one-sided arguments, and steer his craft safely past the fascist rock and the Marxist whirlpool. He shows us Bloch's corrective to Lukács's rejection of *Ulysses*, and Brecht's defense of the book as more populist than the work of Thomas Mann. He points out that *Ulysses*, despite being blacklisted in Nazi Germany for its lack of "any healthy ethically racial bond," was allowed to stay in print in Germany until April 1939, an act attributed to "commercial cynicism." The subject of these critiques is the real story: *Ulysses* becomes, as Weninger suggests, "a defining space" for critics of all political

persuasions. Oscillating between the *nacheinander* (Weninger's term for relations that are real, and take place in time) and the *nebeneinander* (textual simultaneities that take place out of time, in literary space), *The German Joyce* is a masterwork of sustained analysis, assured writing, and careful conviction.

Three things are clear as a result of this book. First, if Joyce can come under attack from both Marxists and fascists, then he must be doing something right. Second, if Fitzgerald is right that the test of a first-rate intelligence is to be able to hold two opposing ideas in mind at the same time, then Weninger passes that test. And third, we now know that Joyce's connection with German literature and criticism is a rich field for scholarly study; it has taken an expert gardener to make the flowers bloom.

Sebastian D. G. Knowles

Series Editor

Acknowledgments

This volume has been long in the making. In many ways, its point of origin can be traced back to the moment sometime in the mid- to late 1970s when I began studying the works of James Joyce and when I embarked on my dissertation on the reception of James Joyce by the German writer Arno Schmidt. As I will note in my “Introduction,” this book represents something of a return to these roots in reception studies. But in doing so it combines my old interests with more recent ones, such as comparative literary theory, European Modernism, Goethe, Rilke, and twentieth-century art and art theory.

Here I wish to take the opportunity to thank all those academic colleagues and collaborators, research assistants, and friends as well as institutions who have helped me on my journey mostly in intellectual terms (by reading and commenting on drafts, collecting and referencing resources, answering queries, providing inspiration and encouragement) but at times also in more material ways through travel and research funding, sabbatical release time, or sending me materials, essays, and information that would have otherwise remained inaccessible; I list them in alphabetical order: Jeremy Adler, Derek Attridge, Meghan Barnes, Morris Beja, the British Academy, William Brockmann, the German Academic Exchange Service (DAAD), Jörg Drews, Ruth Frehner, Michaela Gelsenkirchen, Gerald Gillespie, Marta Goldmann, Michael Groden, King’s College London, Sebastian Knowles, Susanne Kord, Paul Michael Lützeler, Friedhelm Rathjen, Egon Schwarz, Fritz Senn, Sam Slote, Miriam Steuer, Rainer Vollmar, Washington University in Saint Louis, Andreas Weigel, John J. White, and Ursula Zeller, as well as the anonymous reviewers of the manuscript. Special thanks go to Eivind A. Boe for his meticulous copyediting of the manuscript and alerting me to some of my eccentricities of expression and style, Klaus Reichert for getting me hooked on Joyce when I was a student at Frankfurt University, and David Hayman for helping

to kick-start my academic career. It is, however, to my wife and intellectual companion, Christl Griebhaber-Weninger, to whom I am most indebted; in so many ways she is the co-author of this book.

Grateful acknowledgment is also given to the following publishers for permission to reprint parts, small or large, of essays previously published: Chapters 1, 2, and 3: Thoemmes/Continuum for extracts from “James Joyce in German-speaking Countries: The Early Reception 1919–1945” and “The Institutionalization of ‘Joyce.’ James Joyce in (West) Germany, Austria and Switzerland 1945 to the Present”; Chapter 4: Maney Publishing for “‘A Great Poet on a Great Brother Poet’: A Parallactic Reading of Goethe and James Joyce”; Chapter 6: Blackwell for extracts from “James Joyce and German Literature, or Reflections on the Vagaries and Vacancies of Reception Studies”; and Chapter 7: *James Joyce Quarterly* for “‘Concordances’ of Utter Chaos Post Rem: A Portrait of James Joyce as a Chapter in German Literary History.”

I would also like to thank the following publishers for permission to reprint prose excerpts and poems by Hans Henny Jahnn, Ernst Jandl, and Arno Schmidt: for Jahnn the Hoffmann und Campe Verlag GmbH, Hamburg; for Jandl the Luchterhand Literaturverlag, Munich (specifically Jandl’s *Poetische Werke*, ed. Klaus Siblewski, 1997); for Schmidt the Dalkey Archive Press, Normal, Illinois, and the Arno Schmidt Stiftung, Bargfeld.

A final note on the translations of German sources: while I quote extensively from original German sources, many of which remain untranslated into English, I provide English translations of all German texts so as not to impede the flow for my English-language reader, who is my primary intended audience. All translations are my own unless indicated otherwise through footnotes or bibliographical references.

Introduction

Since the theory revolution of the 1960s and 1970s, and the paradigm shifts that accompanied it, literary theory has moved into a prolonged period of “normal science,” to adopt Thomas S. Kuhn’s much-cited concept. Perhaps ironically, this move coincided in the broader field of literary criticism with a return to the very philology that theory had, at least initially, sought to oust from its position of dominance in the 1960s. As someone working at the interstices of German and comparative literature, as well as literary theory, I have found three “events” to have been emblematic of this return, or resurgence, of philology: first, launched as a project in 1981, with the first volumes published in 1985, the Deutscher Klassiker Verlag was created as a German pendant to the French Bibliothèque de la Pléiade, producing to date some 190 volumes of extensively commentated complete editions of the German literary classics—the grandest editorial undertaking ever in the German literary realm; second, the publication since 2003 of the nineteen volumes thus far in the Reception of British and Irish Authors in Europe series, which includes the 2004 volume on Joyce edited by Geert Lernout and Wim van Mierlo; and finally, the publication in 1984 of the “Critical and Synoptic Edition” of *Ulysses*, prepared by Hans Walter Gabler in collaboration with Wolfhard Steppe and Claus Melchior. These three projects—and many others like them—are testament to the fact that the current phase of normal science allows methodologically distinct old-style philology and post-’60s new-style theory to live happily and productively side by side. Indeed, closer to home the Rodopi series European Joyce Studies might be cited as a prime example of the successful intermarriage of theory and new philology.

Whereas the period of High Theory—the roughly two decades between the mid-1960s and the mid-1980s—saw a number of traditional literary historical concepts, methodologies, and subdisciplines of literary studies relegated

to the margins, many of these stigmatized “old” concepts and methodologies have since resurfaced, some staging veritable high-profile comebacks. Among the more notable rehabilitations of this sort, one might mention the return of “the author,” with the fields of “Life Writing” and (auto) biography studies in particular—in all their combinations and permutations—flourishing as never before. Anyone who writes a chapter today about “The Death of the Author” is, in all likelihood, writing about how an author lived out his or her last days, and not about the impersonal circulation of discourse with its “anonymous, untraceable” citations “without inverted commas,” as Roland Barthes proclaimed in 1971 (“From Work to Text,” 160). Likewise, thematic studies are back with a vengeance (kickstarted by the volume *Thematics: New Approaches*, edited by Claude Bremond, Joshua Landy, and Thomas Pavel in 1995), as are genre studies (an impressive Joyce-related example of which in recent years has been Gregory Castle’s *Reading the Modernist Bildungsroman*), and of course, in a very big way especially in Joyce studies, philological notebook and manuscript studies, now refashioned as and expanded into the immensely vibrant field of text genetics.

Having said that, even during the phase of High Theory many of the “old” and at the time seemingly discarded methodologies were never really far from the surface; indeed, within comparative literary studies influence studies, which too had been branded as outmoded, all too positivistic, and methodologically naive, always remained a staple of the field. Nor would it be correct to say that, in staging its return, the “old practice” has ejected High Theory in a sort of de-deconstructive turn of the tables. What has occurred is not one school replacing another. The shift is both more subtle and more complex, in that some of the new “old practice” is being undertaken by the very High Theorists themselves, who once considered those practices theoretically unreflective and hence methodologically obsolete. This has, happily, caused the “old practice” itself to become more theoretically astute and more aware of potential methodological pitfalls. I think for instance of Geert Lernout, who started out as a student steeped in poststructuralist theory (*The French Joyce*, 4), only to become one of the first to make the move into text genetics, as did Jean-Michel Rabaté soon after him, who too has moved from a deconstructive focus on language and the play of words in Joyce’s fiction to the text- and source-centered genetic perspective, in which he has since “systematically situated [him]self” (*James Joyce, Authorized Reader*, xii). Symptomatically perhaps for many, Lernout observed in *The French Joyce*: “A close reading of an essay by Philippe Lacoue-Labarthe

on the German poet Friedrich Hölderlin . . . revealed the rhetorical ploys and shallowness of some of this criticism, and in a course on Joyce I wrote a paper on Joyce's use of Dutch-Flemish language lists in which I discovered the *Finnegans Wake* notebooks and the perverse delight of applying old philology to an avant-garde text. The change in my own perspective has made it necessary to make my disagreements with the theory and practice of poststructuralism explicit" (15).

As I was a scholar from a different academic background, my career did not follow quite the same trajectory. Trained in Germany by "traditional" literary historians, broadly defined, I started out with a doctoral dissertation in reception history. Entitled *Arno Schmidts Joyce-Rezeption 1957–1970* (Arno Schmidt's Reception of James Joyce, 1957–1970), my thesis was a conventional influence study that surveyed the experimental postwar German writer Arno Schmidt's fraught yet highly productive relationship with his modernist precursor James Joyce. Soon thereafter, though, I too made the move into theory, producing a study of literary conventions steeped in German hermeneutic and Anglo-American deconstructive theory, *Literarische Konventionen: Theoretische Modelle / Historische Anwendung* (Literary Conventions: Theoretical Models / Historical Application), whose very subtitle and chapter structure signaled its tightrope walk between theory and (literary) history. In the book that I now lay before my readers, which is the fruit of research conducted over the past twenty years, I return via a "commodius vicus of recirculation" methodologically to my roots in literary history and influence and reception studies, but with a more conscious theoretical inflection.

During the heyday of literary theory, literary influence and fortune studies went through a number of methodological permutations to become, on the one hand, what we today call reception theory, with its various strands of reader-response theory, reception aesthetics, and reception history, and on the other, what we call genetic studies, which looks, amongst other things, at the traces left by an author's varied reading activities in notes, manuscripts, proofs, and the various printed versions of a given work. Finally, and perhaps more generally, literary influence has by and large become subsumed under the more universal heading of transtextuality, or intertextuality—a good example of this is Gérard Genette's 1982 study *Palimpsestes: la littérature au second degré* (*Palimpsests: Literature in the Second Degree*), which, as I read it, is all about influence couched broadly in terms of intertextuality.

But whatever direction scholars took, whether they indulge(d) in reception study, text genetics, the investigation of influence, or the study of

intertextuality, nearly all have tended to gravitate towards the great writer, as did most High Theorists themselves (one only needs to think of the works of Roland Barthes, Jacques Derrida, Jacques Lacan, Gérard Genette, or Paul de Man). The reason “great writers,” those who constitute our canon (at any given moment, one should add warily, since aesthetic canons fluctuate considerably over time), were, and are, the prime focus of reception studies was, and is, due to the fact that they present the most fertile ground for research, and that they pose a particular intellectual challenge while providing a source of readerly *jouissance*, to adopt Barthes’s coinage. But it is also due to the fact that literary scholars (and in particular the aspiring doctoral candidate like myself in the late 1970s) tend to find themselves in need of some larger justification for their humanistic—and, in the view of many, rather useless—endeavors, and what better ticket into the ivory tower—or onto the book market—than the study of the most seminal and widely accepted authors, ones not just the academic specialist has heard of.

As I just intimated, reception studies, certainly those that aspire to provide some form of historical survey, will always be closely aligned with literary history. This was made clear as early as 1973, when René Wellek, in his reflections on “The Fall of Literary History,” simply subsumed Hans Robert Jauf’s recent proclamation of a new paradigm, the paradigm of the reader and of *Wirkungsgeschichte*, under the general heading of a flagging, if not failed, literary history. If the title of Jauß’s 1970 essay—“Literary History as a Challenge to Literary Theory”—was indeed meant as a provocation (the German title word translated as “Challenge” was *Provokation*), Wellek was quick to deflate any overly inflated expectations: “The new literary history,” he writes, “promises only a return to the old one: the history of tradition, genres, reputations, etc. less atomistically conceived as in older times, with greater awareness of the difficulties of such concepts as influence and periods but still the old one” (439). It is quite understandable in that context that literary history—proclaimed dead by Wellek at the end of his article (“There is no progress, no development, no history of art except a history of writers, institutions and techniques. This is, at least for me, the end of an illusion, the fall of literary history,” 440)—soon came to belong among those maligned and ostracized preoccupations, constituting yet another dispensable outgrowth of the “old philology”—(purportedly) causal and teleological in orientation, obsessed with lineage and origins, and upholding such ostensibly vacuous notions as value and success.

And yet, like those other subdisciplines and inspired by theory, literary

history too has experienced a transformation in more recent decades. With many of its “old” foundational assumptions put into question, postmodern/contemporary literary history has moved away from the old kinds of synthesizing or overarching (and hence overbearing) teleological models of literary (cultural, national, generical) progression—the kinds that François Lyotard sees premised on *grand récits*, and the kinds that Wellek considers discursively impossible to achieve—preferring instead to focus on smaller micro-segments of literary history (as for instance in Jean-Michel Rabaté’s recent study of 1913 as a crucial year in the development of European modernism, *1913: The Cradle of Modernism*) or to dispense with periods and canons altogether. “In theory” literary history has been rehabilitated for instance by such volumes as *Rethinking Literary History*, edited in 2002 by Linda Hutcheon and Mario J. Valdés, “in practice” by such projects as the collaborative multi-volume and multi-decade undertaking “Comparative History of Literatures in European Languages” of the International Comparative Literature Association, instigated already in 1967, or such recent “postmodern” literary histories as Harvard University Press’s *A New History of German Literature* (2004), edited by David Wellbery and Judith Ryan, which itself was modeled on the earlier *A New French Literary History*, edited by Denis Hollier in 1989, and which contained some 190 chapters or short essays. The *New History of German Literature* thus offers on its nearly 1,000 pages 188 short essays by no fewer than 150 academic specialists, each of which circulates around a key “date” in German literary or cultural history and testifies “to the singularity of their moment, to their primary historical character as contingent events” (xvii), as the editor-in-chief David Wellbery notes in his introduction. In line with the postmodern turn in the telling of (literary) history, this new volume presents itself not as *the* authoritative version of German literary history, but rather as “a history” (xxiv), that is, a “random access history, providing multiple points of entry” (xxii).¹

While I would be happy to subscribe to the descriptor “a history” for my present study—“a history of James Joyce’s reception in German literature,”² rather than the more ostentatious sounding, but in effect unachievable, “the history of James Joyce’s reception in German literature”—and while each of my chapters offers a different point of entry, I would hesitate to regard my study as a “random access history.” Here the entry point is a non-random given: it is quite simply, and unapologetically, the life and literary oeuvre of James Joyce. I access twentieth-century German literary history through his perspective and mediation. The dates too are non-random givens: 1919, the

date of the first-ever staging of *Exiles* in a Munich theater; 1922, the publication date of *Ulysses*; 1927, the publication of the first German translation of *Ulysses*; 1939, the publication date of *Finnegans Wake*; and so forth. Yet while my study, at least in its core survey Chapters 1 to 3, retains the customary quality and “flow” of an old-style literary history, attention inevitably focuses on “prime moments,” on the more momentous incision points in the literary time line, which is a composite of publication dates like those just mentioned and larger contextualizing historical factors, such as the end of the First World War and the declaration of a Free State in Bavaria in November 1918, Hitler’s coming to power in Germany in January 1933, his takeover of Austria in 1938, or the end of the Second World War in 1945, when Joyce’s works once more became accessible to a German readership. This makes the German reception history of Joyce quite distinct from its British or American counterparts, a sequential “Nacheinander” with distinctly unique events, phases, and turning points.

But literary history is, of course, never just a “Nacheinander” (i.e., the following of one “event,” literary or otherwise, after another, or the flowing of one event into another), but also a “Nebeneinander” (events occurring simultaneously or concurrently). Joyce was aware of this distinction, which was conveyed to him initially through Gotthold Ephraim Lessing’s seminal 1766 essay “Laokoon oder über die Grenzen der Malerei und Poesie,” which Stephen cites in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, stating: “The Laocon interested me very much when I read it. Of course it is idealistic. German, ultraprofound” (211). But non-German readers may not be aware that Lessing used these words not as nouns but rather in the form of adverbial expressions (“neben einander” and “auf einander folgend”). It was the nineteenth-century German novelist and political essayist Karl Gutzkow who first transposed Lessing’s terminology into nouns,³ and nouns were also used by Otto Weininger in his *Über die letzten Dinge*, which Joyce mined for *Ulysses*, as Wim van Mierlo has discovered.⁴ The famous passage in which Joyce cites the terms, with the first use of German words in *Ulysses* following the reference to Nietzsche’s *Übermensch* in “Telemachus” (U1.708), is part of the opening of the “Proteus” chapter, where Stephen Dedalus is found deep in thought on Sandymount Strand, pondering the essence of time and space:

I am, a stride at a time. A very short space of time through very short times of space. Five, six: the *Nacheinander*. Exactly: and that is the ineluctable modality of the audible. Open your eyes. No. Jesus! If I fell

over a cliff that beetles o'er his base, fell through the *Nebeneinander* ineluctably. I am getting on nicely in the dark. My ash sword hangs at my side. Tap with it: they do. My two feet in his boots are at the end of his legs, *nebeneinander*. (U3.11–17)

Regardless of whether this specific terminology is attributable to Lessing or Weininger, or both, modern artists like Joyce discovered in the wake of Einstein that time is as much a “*Nebeneinander*” as a “*Nacheinander*.” Ironically, by contrasting the “audible” (which relates to sound, another incarnation of which is speech) and the visible, one incarnation of which is writing (in the first line of the “Proteus” episode we read: “Ineluctable modality of the visible: at least that if no more, thought through my eyes. Signatures of all things I am here to read,” U3.1–2), Stephen (and Joyce?) perhaps inadvertently inverts Lessing’s original dichotomy: writing, instead of being a function of time and sequence, here becomes a sediment of visibility and spatiality, just as the “heavy sands” of Sandymount beach become a “language [that] tide and wind have silted” there (U3.288). Visible nature, the “*nebeneinander*” of what we see, turns Proteus-like into signatures to be read, and thus into writing and textuality, which is, according to Lessing, a quintessentially temporal medium. Joyce’s point perhaps being that the written text of *Ulysses* itself is a spatial work of art no less than it is a temporal one, despite its necessarily sequential organization as text, as Joseph Frank was, I believe, the first to argue in his seminal essay of 1945, “Spatial Form in Modern Literature.”

But literary history, this equally quintessentially temporal genre, has its “*Nebeneinander*,” too, and this comes in (at least) two shapes, as I will elaborate in Part II of this study. The first derives from the co-existence of authors who read each others’ texts, perhaps making each others’ acquaintance, and who respond to their colleagues’ work in their own writings. Thus we find Joyce’s German contemporaries Theodor W. Adorno, Walter Benjamin, Ernst Bloch, Bertolt Brecht, Hermann Broch, Alfred Döblin, Hans Henny Jahnn, C. G. Jung, Thomas Mann, and Kurt Tucholsky, to name only some of those German intellectuals who came into contact with Joyce’s works in the 1920s and 1930s, responding to his innovations in their own writings and aesthetico-philosophical reflections. The second is the “unknown,” accidental and seemingly *Zeitgeist*-driven co-existence, where writers and artists develop similar forms and expressions of creativity without ever once hearing of one another—as is the case with Joyce and the Prague-born Rainer Maria Rilke at least during the main phase of their development in the first two decades of the twentieth

century: Rilke made his acquaintance with Joyce's works, it seems, only after the completion of the *Duino Elegies*,⁵ and Joyce may have come across Rilke only in issues of *transition* in the late 1920s, in which a few select poems by Rilke appeared. And yet, as I will argue in Chapter 6, their works form the most astonishing of literary historical "co-incidences," a coincidence that is both telling and symptomatic, and that reveals much about the wellsprings of European modernism. Likewise, as I show in Chapter 5, the simultaneity of Dadaism and *Ulysses* emerging in Zurich in the late teens—with Lenin in the left wing—not only represents a historically unique "confluence" of revolutionary energy in the arenas of literature, art, and politics, but also signals the entry of abstract art into literature, an entry—despite the superficial similarity—nevertheless with very different motivations, and to surprisingly different effects.

As will become apparent, Chapters 1, 2, and 3 of this study are primarily reception historical in orientation, whereas Chapters 4, 5, and 6 focus on various vectors of intertextual simultaneity and play. The concluding chapter, Chapter 7, on the German Marxist Expressionism debate that reached from the late 1930s into the 1950s, fuses the teleological reception perspective with the intertextual, in that the storyline narrated here not just shifts backwards and forwards in time but also includes crucial comments by Bertolt Brecht, the helmsman of twentieth-century literary Marxism, comments that remained, however, unpublished at the time and thus embody an intertextual echo-space of that fundamental Marxist conversation about realism in contemporary literature.

My main emphases throughout this study are, as will by now be apparent, simultaneously comparative, intertextual, and literary historical, in the widest possible sense of these terms and with a "neo-philological" inflection. Either way, and whichever terminological epithet we prefer, this is the first book-length study in English to review *in toto* James Joyce's impact on German-language literature and literary criticism in the twentieth century. In its seven chapters, the volume sets out to survey the historical trajectory and the many vagaries and vicissitudes that define this relationship, which reaches from the early reception of *Exiles* through the impact of *Ulysses* on German writers, the Marxist Expressionism debate, and the Nazi blacklisting of Joyce's works in the 1930s (not least for its humane depiction of the all-too-human Jew Leopold Bloom) to the postwar establishment of "Joyce" as one of a handful of models for innovative modernist and postmodernist writing. Joyce's *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* have become veritable text generators, as this study amply illustrates, and

since the publication of the German translation of *Ulysses* in 1927 Joyce's influence has profoundly changed the literary landscapes of the German-speaking countries. But of course *in toto* is merely an aspirational term, one that can only ever be promised but never fully achieved. As Johann Peter Eckermann said about Goethe: "he is a form too alluring not to be striven after, [but one] too great to be reached" (Damrosch, *What Is World Literature?*, 2).

From my vantage point today, and in bringing this foray into comparative literary history to a close, there are still many lacunae in my coverage—gaps I would have liked to have filled. Thus if my daily *Nebeneinander* and *Nacheinander* as teacher, scholar, university administrator, and journal editor offered more space and time I would start by adding chapters on two further intertextual relationships, namely Joyce and Robert Musil—in particular a comparative reading of their "Bildungs"-novels, Joyce's *The Confusions of Young Dedalus*/*Die Verwirrungen des Zöglings Dedalus* and Musil's *A Portrait of Törleß as a Young Man*—and Joyce and Franz Kafka, here specifically *Finnegans Wake* and the equally circular and circuitous enigmaticity of Kafka's *The Castle* (not many will be aware, incidentally, that parts of Kafka's story "Die Verwandlung," "The Metamorphosis," were published in English translation in *transition* 26 and 27 in 1937–38 side by side with sections of Joyce's *Work in Progress*).⁶ But my story of Joyce's reception has already ballooned into such epic proportions that I will have to offer a rain check, leaving these episodes (and many other possible ones) for another day. The reception history of an author as prominent and influential as Joyce is simply too vast a field.

The German phrase I am alluding to here is "ein weites Feld," "a vast field," a turn of speech that itself derives from literature. It is the stock response of the father of the female protagonist Effi Briest in the eponymous novel by Theodor Fontane. Indeed, so potent is this expression, designating things that reach beyond our comprehension, that it became not only what the Germans call "ein geflügeltes Wort," a winged word used widely in everyday speech, but was also chosen by Günter Grass as the title of his novel on German reunification (*Ein weites Feld*, 1995; *Too Far Afield*, 2000), in which Fontane is accorded a crucial role in this convoluted tale of confused national identities. Reception history of the kind presented here is precisely such a "weites Feld." It is the kind of project that preoccupies one for a whole lifetime and yet seems never to exhaust itself—opening up ever new realms of study, and reams of interlinkages. The more one embraces this "Feld," the more one is engulfed by material, and with new generations

of authors emerging by the year, it is quite literally a never-ending story, providing no “natural” finishing line. Thus, in assembling these chapters, new and old, published and unpublished, and bringing them together as a book, I remain ever mindful that my forays into comparative literary history constitute more a beginning than an end.

PART I

The Nacheinander:

The German Reception of Joyce

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Exiles, Act I

Enter James Joyce, a “Poet of Silence and Truth”

It was not through *Ulysses* that James Joyce first came to the attention of a German audience, nor through *A Portrait of an Artist as a Young Man*, nor even *Dubliners*. Although *Chamber Music* had been published in English in 1907 and *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* in 1916, and although chapters of *Ulysses* had started appearing in the *Little Review* as early as March 1918, Joyce’s drama *Exiles* came to be his first work published in German, appearing in a translation by Hannah von Mettal in Zurich in early 1919 (the publication of which Joyce claimed was financed by himself).¹ Was it a sign of things to come that even this simple text (at least by Joycean standards) required a rather conspicuous pink page of corrigenda to be pasted onto the flyleaf of the first German edition? Thus Richard’s comment in the first act about his mother “Sie starb allein, ohne mich zu vergessen”² (“She died alone, without forgetting me”) should read, we are informed, “Sie starb allein, ohne mir zu vergeben” (“She died alone, not having forgiven me”), and Robert’s confession to Bertha in the second act about how “unhappy” he was when Richard and Bertha had left Dublin should have read how “happy” he had been.

Despite Joyce’s persistent but frustratingly unsuccessful efforts to have *Exiles* staged in English, it first premiered in German, namely on 7 August 1919 at the Munich Schauspielhaus. Following Joyce’s cue, Richard Ellmann mistakenly names Elisabeth Körner as the leading actress in the role of Bertha (Ellmann, *James Joyce*, 462); however, the reviewers of Joyce’s play unanimously list the young actress Carla Holm in this role, with Ewis Borkmann playing Beatrice, Wilhelm Dieterle playing Richard Rowan, and Franz Scharwenka playing Robert Hand.³ Joyce later corrects himself, referring to Körner only as the play’s producer, not as one of the actors (*Letters III*, 126).

Ellmann also speculates in his biography that the Austrian writer Stefan

Zweig, who resided in Zurich during the last months of 1918, had helped to mediate the production.⁴ But as the independent scholar Andreas Weigel notes, it was more likely the German writer Rudolf Lothar, then residing in Zurich, who set up the connection.⁵ It is to Lothar in Hadelaub Street in Zurich that the Schauspielhaus mistakenly directed a telegram, sent on 5 August 1919 and addressed to Joyce, in which Joyce is informed that the visa he needed to travel to Munich is awaiting collection at the German consulate in Zurich.⁶ Joyce is probably referring to this in his 6 August letter to his aunt Mrs. William Murray, but it remains unclear why he did not pick up the visa: "My play will be produced tomorrow in Munich with one of the best actresses on the German stage in the leading part," he writes, and then continues: "I have received a number of telegrams inviting me to be present but nowadays it is difficult to travel anywhere except in a trance" (*Letters II*, 448).

The final comment that "it is difficult to travel anywhere [nowadays] except in a trance" alludes perhaps to the fact that, as one outcome of its defeat in the First World War, Germany was generally in a state of upheaval in late 1918 and throughout 1919. The country had been declared a republic in November 1918 and the German emperor, who was also the king of Prussia, had been deposed and exiled; around the same time, the independent social democratic leader in Bavaria, Kurt Eisner, had declared Bavaria a republican free state and deposed its king, Ludwig III. Following the armistice on 11 November, the German military leadership was dissolved, the country's political institutions fell into disarray, and the already war-ravaged economy went into a freefall (with the Allied blockade continuing until mid-1919, when the Treaty of Versailles was signed on 28 June 1919). The wartime food shortages continued, as did widespread political unrest, stirred up in particular by the radical left-wing factions of the Independent Social Democratic Party of Germany (abbreviated USDP, and consisting of the ultra-left social democrats and socialists) and by communists, whose agenda was to create a revolutionary soviet state as was happening in the Soviet Union. These factions were increasingly opposed by ultra-right-wing groups like the Stahlhelm, the Thule Society, and the German Workers' Party, which would later evolve into Hitler's National Socialist German Workers' Party (NSDAP). Shortly after Friedrich Ebert, the leader of the social democrats, was elected the first German *Reichspräsident* by the German National Assembly in Weimar on 11 February 1919, his Bavarian counterpart, the USPD leader Kurt Eisner, who had just been designated Bavarian minister president, was assassinated by a right-wing monarchist officer on 21 February 1919. The immediate result

was the declaration of a *Räterepublik*, a soviet republic, in Bavaria on 7 April 1919 by socialists and communists. Following bloody battles on the streets of the Bavarian capital and the ensuing White Terror against members of the Red Guards, claiming some one thousand lives in all, the dictatorship of the proletariat that had been declared by the people's soviets' leader Eugen Leviné on 13 April 1919 collapsed on 3 May 1919.⁷ One of the leaders of the communist uprising, the writer Gustav Landauer, was murdered by soldiers, and Leviné was shot—all of this only months before Joyce's play premiered in that selfsame city to which the exiled Bavarian government had not yet even returned (the Bavarian diet held its last meeting in Bamberg on 16 August 1919, with the government officially returning on 17 August 1919, ten days after *Exiles* was staged in the Schauspielhaus). In light of the still highly volatile situation in Munich it seems not unreasonable that Joyce might hesitate to travel there. Six years later Joyce was to give Sylvia Beach this terse summary: "Producer: Elizabeth Koerner. Complete fiasco. Row in theatre. Play withdrawn. Author invited but not present. German Foreign Office did not allow his entrance. Thank God" (*Letters III*, 126).

Regardless of whether the "German Foreign Office did not allow his entrance," as Joyce claims here, or whether he is simply glossing over the fact that he did not pick up his visa (or was too scared to travel to Munich—viz. "Thank God" above), it was perhaps for the better that he did not attend. The play was after all, as Joyce himself admitted not just to Sylvia Beach but also to Nora and his friends Ottocaro Weiss and Arnold Korff after receiving a telegram from Munich on the evening of the premiere following the performance, a "complete fiasco" (Ellmann, *James Joyce*, 462). The next day Joyce obtained a copy of the newspaper *Münchener Neueste Nachrichten*, which contained a less than favorable review by the critic Elchinger, which opens with the words: "We have never before heard of the Irish author James Joyce in Germany; this play will hardly help to make him better known" (Füger, *Kritisches Erbe*, 68). He goes on to speak of the play's "substantial soul-kitsch" and its "fundamental emptiness" (Füger, *Kritisches Erbe*, 70). On 26 August 1919 Joyce writes to Harriet Shaw Weaver:

As regards *Verbannte* I cannot find out what has happened. It seems to have been a stormy evening. The play was at once withdrawn. The management of the theatre wrote, saying that it was "a great success" and that "they were very glad to have been the first to produce it." The *Berliner Tagblatt*, *Vossische Zeitung* and *Neue Freie Presse* had articles about the

performance—one contradicting the other. Now I hear it was withdrawn because the chief actor fell ill—perhaps as a result of my lines—and that it is to go into the autumn bill. (*Letters II*, 450)

It never did go into the autumn bill—Joyce would have taken no small comfort from reading in Nietzsche's *Nietzsche contra Wagner*, a book that he owned and had surely read: "With a stage success a man sinks to such an extent in my esteem as to drop out of sight; failure in this quarter makes me prick my ears, makes me pay attention" (*Nietzsche contra Wagner*, 60).

This first staging of *Exiles* received some twenty reviews, with most reviewers considering the play a failure in both conception and performance. "Boring," "too dull for our times," "non-action" ("Nichtvorgang"), "anaemia," "tedious whimsicality" ("öde Geistreichelei"), "stilted dialogues," "trivial vanity," "three acts of banal action and lack of dramatic verve" ("einen Dreiakter von äußerst dürftiger Handlung und mangelndem dramatischen Furor") are among the criticisms voiced (Füger, *Kritisches Erbe*, 64, 66, 67, 72, 73, 73, 79, and 80). One reviewer declared: "Dozens [in Munich] could produce this kind of 'Joyce' in three acts" (Füger, *Kritisches Erbe*, 68). Another concluded: "This play does not rise above affable average. The characterization of the two [male] protagonists fails to convince; and in his manic disposition to doubt everything the hero borders on the pathological. As a whole this play fails to arouse any sense of value or deeper interest" (Füger, *Kritisches Erbe*, 66–67).

But not all reviewers were so hostile. Some praised Joyce for his "tranquility and veracity" and his "high standard" (Füger, *Kritisches Erbe*, 65, 82). The highly regarded naturalistic writer and critic M. G. Conrad, writing for the Berlin newspaper *Tägliche Rundschau*, calls the first staging ever of *Exiles* a refreshing "premiere—most rare, quiet and wonderfully spiritual" ("Uraufführung feinsten, stillsten und wunderbarer geistiger Art"; Füger, *Kritisches Erbe*, 85). "h.e.," in the *Münchener Post*, sums up his impression (but not without some ambiguity) as follows: "This delicate play was performed delicately and impressively; it avoided pathetic or sentimental gaffes. . . . Parts of the audience failed disgracefully before this august piece. Occasional unfitting hilarity confirmed that they had expected nothing but the usual bawdy tale. We cannot but deplore once again the low levels to which German social life now stoops" (Füger, *Kritisches Erbe*, 74). Hans Franck, finally, writing in *Das literarische Echo*, praises the "silence" in this play: "the silence that flows through this Irishman's play is too frequently absent in German plays," he writes.

Our German writers have much to learn from the silence and truth of this Irishman. . . . I know nothing about James Joyce. But having seen this play there is one thing I do know . . . : that James Joyce is a poet. A poet of silence and truth. And: that this play (resolutely shortened) would produce a play of intense and lasting effect. (Füger, *Kritisches Erbe*, 65–66)

One of the main problems Joyce faced was the expectation he had raised by using the term “exiles” as the play’s title. The reviewer for the *Bayerische Staatszeitung* thus observes:

If a play is entitled *Exiles* and the author is an Irishman, one can expect to see and hear on stage something that deals with the yearning for freedom . . . of the Irish . . . and the sufferings of an oppressed people. This expectation was roundly disappointed by the play in three acts by James Joyce, which premiered on Thursday in the Schauspielhaus. What we saw was not about the misery of a people but the misery of a marriage. (Füger, *Kritisches Erbe*, 71)

What compounded the problem was that, as an aspiring Irish writer, Joyce was invariably compared with his more politically aggressive compatriot George Bernard Shaw, who had become a prominent presence on German stages by this point in time. (In fact it was maybe more so in Germany than in England, with Shaw’s *Mrs. Warren’s Profession* staged by a visiting Berlin theatre group at the Munich Chamber Theatre in July 1918, seven years before it made its debut on a British stage!) Joyce obviously did not fare well in this comparison. But he was also frequently compared with Ibsen and Hauptmann, Joyce’s own role models, perhaps on account of the promotional note on the first German edition’s dust jacket, probably devised by Joyce himself, which stated: “A drama in three acts that belongs on the shelf beside Ibsen and Hauptmann” (Füger, *Kritisches Erbe*, 63). A symptomatic response to *Exiles*, by the critic “G.” of the Berlin-based *Börsen-Courier*, thus reads:

The great success of Shaw in Germany and the sympathies that Germans have for the Irish people’s struggle for freedom led to other, lesser-known Irish writers getting access to German stages. . . . Anyone who expected this play, set in the suburbs of Dublin in the “Summer of 1912,” to exhibit a political content was disappointed; all Irish specifics are nothing more than a generic background. . . . The modern idea that marriage should not enslave women and bind them once and for all already

excited people in the 1880s and 1890s in the wake of Ibsen's *The Lady from the Sea*; and many writers followed in his footsteps. At the time, both in life as well as in poetry, the result was at best the insight that such an "open marriage" was more in accord with the ethical attitude of men than befitting the essence of femininity; a woman's deepest instinct for happiness is premised on her dependence, her desire to be bound to her husband. Thus the play by this Irishman, which covers the same ground [as Ibsen's play] and comes to the same conclusion, cannot but strike us as oddly obsolete. (Füger, *Kritisches Erbe*, 77)

Indeed, the majority of reviews of the Munich staging of Joyce's *Exiles* serves to illustrate how much the German critics then responded as we still respond today—preempting what Jean-Michel Rabaté recently and symptomatically observed:

The key issue is whether Bertha remains faithful or not after having followed Robert, a dilemma which has lost much of its pathos given today's permissive morality. In fact, it is not an exaggeration to say that the play is more interesting for the extensive notes taken by Joyce in 1913 as he was moving from Act I to the rest, than for its languid post-Ibsenian staging of marital dilemmas. (1913, 100)

However, Rabaté's use of the phrase "today's permissive morality" should remind us that Joyce's play was indeed already then, in the second decade of the twentieth century, and not just today, embedded in an environment of "permissive morality," if perhaps more so on the stage than in real life—as illustrated by Frank Wedekind's *Lulu* plays. While there were the exceptional few who thought Joyce's play too risqué ("zu gewagt," as one theatre manager in Zurich is supposed to have said when approached by Joyce [*Letters II*, 105]—although we cannot be sure this was not just an excuse not to stage the play), the general consensus was that Joyce's play was far too trivial and boring, falling far behind other contemporary playwrights in terms of formal experimentation, social engagement, and sexual explicitness, especially as compared with such controversial German playwrights of the time as Wedekind, Carl Sternheim, Georg Kaiser, and Arthur Schnitzler.

Indeed, some of these were Joyce's direct "competitors" on the Munich stage that year. The highlight of the 1919 season was unquestionably the German premiere on 18 June of Wedekind's *Die Büchse der Pandora* (*Pandora's Box*), a play about love and lesbianism, violence and prostitution. Another Munich premiere was Georg Kaiser's comedy *Der Zentaur* (*The Centaur*),

which started at the Schauspielhaus on 19 July, just three weeks before *Exiles*. This puts into context the reviewer H.H.'s observation that "the Schauspielhaus theatre . . . staged a premiere [of *Exiles*], while at the same time the never-ending scandals surrounding *Die Büchse der Pandora*—instigated by the followers of the [conservative] Zentrum Party—continued to secure a full house for Wedekind" (Füger, *Kritisches Erbe*, 83–84). For the more traditionalist M. G. Conrad, by contrast, the positioning of *Exiles* halfway through the *Pandora's Box* series put into relief the positive qualities of Joyce's play; he writes:

In the midst of the Wedekind *Pandora's Box* series we witnessed a premiere of a refined, quiet, and wonderful kind, one that outshone like a brilliant star the desert of artistic decadence. What the young Irish poet, in the three acts of his play, put before us as a manifest poetical truth was like a revelation of high theatrical culture putting those to shame who smugly accept the decline of [a sense of] decency and tact evident in the appalling sensationalism of the Munich Schauspielhaus. (Füger, *Kritisches Erbe*, 85)

For Georg Hirschfeld, however, and speaking for the majority of reviewers, the contrast between *Exiles* and *Pandora's Box* had just the opposite effect; he notes:

Here the enormous success of Wedekind's *Pandora's Box*, which was not to be suppressed by reactionary intrigue, was interrupted by the premiere of an Irish play. *Exiles* by James Joyce is a polished and clever piece of cool, nebulous passion. It exhibits boldness of theme and intellectual temperament, and yet it comes across as little more than a cliché. (Füger, *Kritisches Erbe*, 86)

That Joyce's play was seen by most Munich reviewers as clichéd and outdated should have come as no surprise even to Joyce himself. The plays staged in Munich in the two years leading up to the premiere of *Exiles* included various pieces by Strindberg (*The Burned Site*, *Margit*, *Swanwhite*), Shaw's *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, Chekhov's *The Cherry Orchard*, and Gogol's *Marriage* for foreign works and, on the German side, Gerhart Hauptmann's *Biberpelz* (*The Beaver Coat*), Frank Wedekind's *Simson*, *Tod und Teufel* (*Death and Devil*), and *Pandora's Box*, Georg Kaiser's *Frauenopfer* (*Women's Sacrifice*), *Die Sorina* (*Sorina*), *Die Bürger von Calais* (*The Citizens of Calais*), and *Claudius*, as well as *Der Sohn* (*The Son*) by Walter Hasenclever—given as a "closed" private

performance because a public staging of this revolutionary father/son piece had been forbidden by the authorities—and *Die Seeschlacht* (*Battle at Sea*) by Reinhard Goering, a 1917 tragedy about the fate of seven sailors in a battleship turret during the 1916 Battle of Jutland. Hasenclever's and Goering's plays were to set the stage for Expressionist German playwriting over the next two decades.

Compared with such exciting international fare on the one hand and with the groundbreaking plays of these leading German playwrights—at times titillating and sexually explicit, at times early Expressionist—on the other, Joyce's *Exiles* could not but appear rather shallow, if not platitudinous. A certain W., writing in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* on 13 August 1919, remarks:

In the Munich Schauspielhaus, in which for a couple of weeks now Wedekind's *Pandora's Box* has been inciting ever new uproars of offended decency, an Irish playwright, James Joyce, presented us with a spiritual strip-tease that, in contrast to the play by his German counterpart, intends to show the truth of decency stripped naked. For three full acts four people gradually expose their innermost feelings. . . . This could have been a narrative of pure soulfulness—but the atmosphere of tender confessions was drowned out on stage by the babbling and murmuring of excessive loquaciousness. A bouquet of red roses . . . is meant to symbolize the passion of love. These roses were—oh, what a stage world—made of crackling paper! They turned into a symbol of this bookish drama. (Füger, *Kritisches Erbe*, 81)

This too should have come as no surprise, for it was none other than Ezra Pound himself who had warned Joyce of his play's overly bookish character. *Exiles*, Pound had pointed out rather prophetically four years earlier, is a play whose complexity is best savored in reading rather than on the stage:

Yes, it is interesting. [But] it won't do for the stage. . . . It is exciting. But even read it takes very close concentration of attention. I don't believe an audience could follow it or take it in, even if some damnd impracticable manager were to stage it. Not that I believe any manager would stage it in our chaste and castrated english speaking world. . . . It will form an interesting ¼ volume when you bring out your collected works. When you are a recognized classic people will read it because you wrote it and be duly interested and duly instructed . . . but until then I'm hang'd if I see what's to be done with it. . . . Ibsen is no longer played. If there were

an Ibsen theatre in full blast I dare say your play could go into it . . . ma che . . . (Pound/Joyce, 45–47)

Based on Pound's comments alone, Joyce should not have been taken aback by the Munich audience's reactions—although one can assume that perhaps a certain degree of self-overestimation and inflated expectations had tainted his perception.

Joyce's misreading of his play's merits—and weaknesses—is all the more surprising since Joyce was generally well informed about developments on the contemporary stage, frequenting theatres as often as he could. Indeed, judging by the contents of his Trieste library in 1920, just after the Munich staging, Joyce owned a fair spread of texts by contemporary German playwrights (see Ellmann, *The Consciousness of Joyce*, 132), albeit mostly in English translation (indicated by "E" in brackets below), among them Wedekind's *Pandora's Box* and *Die Zensur* (*Censorship*), Franz Werfel's *Die Troierinnen des Euripides* (*The Trojan Women by Euripides*), Hermann Sudermann's *Frau Sorge* (*Dame Care*, E) and *Es war* (*The Undying Past*, E), René Schickele's *Hans in Schnakenloch*, which Schickele had asked Joyce to translate (Ellmann, *James Joyce*, 412), and of course Gerhart Hauptmann's plays *Friedensfest* (*The Coming of Peace*, E), *Elga*, *Hanneles Himmelfahrt* (*Hannele: A Dream Poem*, E), *Die Ratten* (*The Rats*), *Rose Bernd* (*Rosa Bernd*, E), *Die Weber* (*The Weavers*, E), and *Michael Kramer* and *Vor Sonnenaufgang* (*Before Sunrise*), both of which Joyce himself claims to have translated, as he indicates in various letters (Ellmann, *James Joyce*, 87; Jill Perkins, *Joyce and Hauptmann*, 10), of which however only the latter survives as a manuscript.

Moreover, Zurich in particular, when he moved there in 1915, was a hub of the German theatre world alongside Berlin, Vienna, and Munich, maybe even more so at that time because wartime censorship did not affect this Swiss city's theatres as it did those of the various German and Austrian capitals. Thus Ellmann is not exaggerating when he calls Zurich around 1916 "the most important theatrical centre in the world" (*James Joyce*, 411) at this time. Ellmann informs us that Max Reinhardt's theatre group came to Zurich to stage Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Aeschylus' *Agamemnon*, Büchner's *Dantons Tod* (*Danton's Death*), and Strindberg's *Totentanz* (*The Dance of Death*) and *Gespensersonate* (*Ghost Sonata*). The Dadaists started congregating in Zurich from 1916 on, putting on their cabarets, although not patronized by Joyce as far as we know (for more on this, see Chapter 5). In 1917 Wedekind came from Munich for a full half year—from 7 May to 7 October and

again in November and early December—to put on his plays, mostly but not exclusively in the Künstler-Theater. He returned to Munich on 8 December because of his wife Tilly's suicide attempt. During his time in Zurich he staged *Erdgeist*, the prequel to *Pandora's Box*, first at the Künstler-Theater on 19 May, but later also at the Pfauen-Theater and Stadt-Theater, with Wedekind himself and his wife Tilly in the main roles (see Seehaus, *Frank Wedekind und das Theater*, 212). *Franziska*, which uses Goethe's *Faust* as a prototext (much like Joyce's *Exiles* could be said to have Goethe's *Elective Affinities* as a prototext), was staged on 27 September and was the last premiere of the Wedekinds, according to Seehaus (212). *Schloss Wetterstein* was staged on 15 November with Elisabeth Bergner in the main female role following Tilly Wedekind's return to Munich. *Zensur*, a German first edition of which Joyce had in his Trieste library in 1920, was played on 25 June. With Joyce owning a copy of *Zensur* it is likely that he would also have seen the Zurich staging of the play, with Wedekind himself in the role of the writer Buridan. Much like *Exiles*, Wedekind's *Zensur* is about the writer himself and his relationship with women and society. Ellmann confirms that Joyce “was much interested in Frank Wedekind, and attended performances of *Francesca* and other plays which the dramatist himself produced in Zurich. The two writers met without becoming intimate” (*James Joyce*, 412). However, Ellmann unfortunately provides no source for this last snippet of information, and neither Wedekind's friend and biographer Artur Kutscher nor Wedekind's diaries and letters give any indication of an encounter between the two writers.

Following the 1919 debacle it was not until more than ten years later that a second German-language staging was attempted, namely on 9 March 1930 by the Deutsches Volks-Theater in Berlin. In the interceding eleven years Joyce had become a household name in intellectual circles, in Germany no less than in England and France. His now notorious *Ulysses* had appeared in German translation three years earlier, and the second edition was forthcoming. But *Exiles* fared no better in Berlin than it did in Munich. And again Joyce was up against stiff competition—this time Hauptmann's *Friedensfest* was being performed simultaneously at the Schiller-Theater, another play that Joyce knew well—he had purchased a copy of the English translation immediately after its publication in February 1900 (see Ellmann, *The Consciousness of Joyce*, 111).⁸ Fritz Engel sums up the response in the *Berliner Tageblatt*: “In the Schillertheater Gerhart Hauptmann's *Friedensfest*. In the Deutsches Volkstheater: as matinee the play *Exiles* by James Joyce. Powerful theatre there, here tire-some microscopic soul-dissecting. . . . And then, twelve hours later in the

Volkstheater, the other post-Ibsen. Likewise a not-so-new play by the great Irishman, the not yet fully explored author of *Ulysses*, this writing painter of Dublin. It would be good to establish him in Germany. But not with this *Exiles*" (Füger, *Kritisches Erbe*, 87–88). If the play received muted applause in 1919, now the response was practically nil: Kurt Pinthus, the editor of the historic 1920 anthology of Expressionist poetry, *Menschheitsdämmerung* (*Dawn of Humanity*), remarked: "Joyce's *Exiles*, performed more monotonously and untemperamentally than the written piece itself, was received without emotion." He goes on to add, rather perceptively, I think: "I am convinced that, today, having become more acute and consistent, [Joyce] would not hesitate to write what he himself once confessed toward the end of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*: 'Read what I wrote last night. Vague words for a vague emotion'" (Füger, *Kritisches Erbe*, 91). Indeed, Pound's prediction had proved all too true.

“The Homer of Our Time”

The German Reception of *Ulysses*, 1919–1945

Bertolt Brecht responding to the question, What was the best book published in 1928: “The novel *Ulysses* by James Joyce because . . . it represents an indispensable reference work for writers.”

“Der Roman *Ulysses* von James Joyce, weil er . . . ein unentbehrliches Nachschlagewerk für Schriftsteller darstellt.”

Brecht, *Schriften zur Literatur und Kunst* 1

Following the staging of *Exiles* in 1919, with disappointing results for Joyce, the publication of *Ulysses* in 1922 ushered in the second stage of the reception of Joyce’s works in the German-speaking world. However, unsurprisingly, the publication of *Ulysses* in the French capital Paris in 1922 did not resonate in Germany immediately, too few were those who were able to access the early Shakespeare and Company print editions. Even by 1925 fewer than ten thousand copies were in circulation (not least due to the actions taken by the various customs and postal authorities in England and the United States). But even if they had been able to get hold of a copy of this book that was fast becoming notorious, most potential German readers were also not sufficiently fluent in the language to make much sense of it. We should recall that, for the best-educated Germans, the classical languages Latin and, to a lesser degree, Greek remained the primary foreign languages well into the twentieth century; English had replaced Greek by 1901 only at the *Realgymnasien* and *Oberrealschulen*, not at the humanistic *Gymnasien* traditionally attended by the educated establishment. Thus most German intellectuals, such as Alfred Döblin, the author of *Berlin Alexanderplatz*, were forced to wait until the first German translation appeared in 1927.

Indeed, in the years immediately following its publication, the few German readers who did get hold of a copy were mostly professional reviewers or academics such as Ernst Robert Curtius, Bernhard Fehr, and Walter Schirmer, the first mentioned being a renowned professor of Romance literature and, later, author of the seminal comparative study *European Literature and the Latin Middle Ages* (*Europäische Literatur und Lateinisches Mittelalter*, 1948), and the latter two being authors of two early-twentieth-century literary histories of English literature. For many, Joyce's name circulated by hearsay only, his *Ulysses* representing a mysterious specter in the literary landscape. As the journalist and writer Paul Fechter recalled in 1928: "for a couple of years the name James Joyce has been a secret watchword used by esoteric fans of everything novel and profound in literature. . . . For years rumors have been circulating about this book, and this *Ulysses*. But you just could not get hold of it" (Füger, *Kritisches Erbe*, 174–75). This situation that one simply "could not get hold of it" lasted for most German readers at least until October 1927, when Georg Goyert's translation of *Ulysses* into German first appeared. Goyert's translation immediately increased the book's circulation. The book review numbers bear this out: whereas only 18 German reviews or extended accounts in literary histories were published between 1922 and 1926 (another 7 are added in early 1927, 3 of which announce the forthcoming translation), the publication of the German translation in 1927 spawned the most active reception phase yet in German-speaking countries, with 14 German-language reviews appearing in the remaining two months of 1927 alone and another 34 in 1928 (numbers, incidentally, that are unthinkable today). Overall, for the six years 1927 to 1932, the period between the appearance of the translation and the Nazis' coming-to-power in January 1933, the total number stands at 173 reviews and reactions, while for the twelve years 1933 to 1945, which include the publication of *Finnegans Wake* and Joyce's death, the number fell to 99 (Birgit Schultz, quoted by Füger, *Kritisches Erbe*, 8).

As would be expected, the German reviews published during the interim period 1922–27 were rarely unreservedly enthusiastic; indeed, many were overtly hostile toward Joyce's radical modernism. Among the leitmotifs of criticism, positive or negative, are his use of the stream-of-consciousness technique, his literary attempts to expose the unconscious workings of the mind, and the palpable impact of Freudian psychoanalysis on Joyce's style; the influence of Bergson's space and time concepts; Joyce's extreme formalism and, as some see it, his gratuitous experimentalism (his style

is frequently compared to that of the German Expressionists); the formlessness, randomness, and patent incomprehensibility of *Ulysses*; its willful obscenity; and the many parodies of style that permeate the book and its irony and humor—or Joyce's lack of humor, depending on the critic's perspective.

The first German to write about *Ulysses* was the critic Paul Selver, who published a short but surprisingly well-informed, concise, and generally sympathetic review in one of the most influential literary periodicals of the day, *Das literarische Echo* (the Literary Echo), in 1922. His article opens with a brief discussion of *A Portrait* and goes on to mention the prepublication of chapters from *Ulysses* in the *Little Review*, the legal wrangling that had ensued, and Joyce's subsequent decision to publish *Ulysses* in a limited edition with Shakespeare and Company in Paris in order to avoid further legal complications. "It is a cross section of modern civilization," Selver reports,

as it unfolds in Dublin and elsewhere. In this daring experiment Joyce presents not just the actions but also the thoughts of his protagonists, and these thought processes are given completely unabridged in all their muddled chains of associations. On the one hand this method leads to an almost impenetrable obscurity, on the other to a consequent naturalism that stops at nothing. . . . And although *Ulysses* has a rather loose structure, Joyce nevertheless demonstrates repeatedly that he is a virtuoso of literary composition. (Füger, *Kritisches Erbe*, 97–98)

And like so many contemporary critics, most of whom seem overwhelmed by the sheer density and complexity of the book, Selver judiciously refrains from passing a final judgment on Joyce's achievement: "But *Ulysses* is too massive and unusual to immediately allow one to form a conclusive opinion" (98).

Another early voice was not that of a German reviewer, but of an American friend and colleague: Ezra Pound's essay "James Joyce's *Ulysses*," published in *The Dial* in 1922, appeared in a German translation as early as 1924 in a leading literary periodical, *Der Querschnitt* (the Cross Section).

But it is Karl Arns's mixed assessment, contained in the 1925 introduction to the anthology *Jüngstes England* (Youngest England), that is most representative of the majority of German reviews of the time: "James Joyce is a perplexing figure among the Moderns," he contends,

“[p]sychology,” i.e., the analysis of one’s own impressions, is the quintessence of his method. His presentation of materials is pure imaginism [*sic*] in prose—a series of images without connection or explanation of the sequence in which they are given. The result cannot be judged by existing categories of art. The author does not fit current literary trends. Maybe he is the precursor of a completely new form of novel. On account of his affinity with painting (techniques) some have called him an Impressionist, on account of his egocentric attitude and stylistic eccentricities others have called him an Expressionist, on account of his potent overabundance of ideas a modern Rabelais. . . . The overall impression is moving and revolting, banal and sublime at once. It is a dark, obscene, enormous, and monstrous work. (Füger, *Kritisches Erbe*, 108–9)

Another typical example is Bernhard Fehr’s twenty-five-page essay “James Joyces *Ulysses*,” the first full-length academic article on Joyce, published in the 1925–26 issue of the journal *Englische Studien* (English Studies). Fehr discusses in detail Joyce’s techniques of “spatialization” and “geometrization” (“Verräumlichung,” “Geometrisierung”), the innovative representation of consciousness and the unconscious mind, the original use of interior monologue and the attendant eroticism, and the purportedly overwrought humor that characterizes Joyce’s style. One passage reads:

Joyce ascribes to our unconscious erotic drives an intensity and primordially that he believes is intrinsic to our inner lives without subscribing to Freud’s interpretation of dreams. He cannot dismiss our erotic associations if he wants to give us the whole human being, and not just the human being purified by culture—if only on the surface. Joyce cannot escape reproach for allowing nature too much rein. What is natural is easily perceived as a deformity that hardly furthers our understanding of the human psyche and, when it descends into pure pornography as it occasionally does in *Ulysses*, degenerates into sham animality. . . . and I doubt whether certain perversions in Mrs. Bloom’s mind could ever occur in real life. The greatness of this book does not lie in these excesses. Whoever reads *Ulysses* because of them is no more ready for this book than the moralist who condemns it wholesale. . . . Accordingly, *Ulysses* balloons into the greatest joke book of the world. Its pranks are inspired by a rather nebulous value system. (Füger, *Kritisches Erbe*, 114)

Next to Fehr, Curtius is arguably the other most notable early academic voice. Indeed, he had already come to Joyce's attention and was cited by Joyce in a 1924 letter to Valery Larbaud as a potential translator of his novel into German (*Letters II*, 109). Joyce had been approached by the publisher Deutsche Verlagsanstalt Stuttgart, who hoped to produce a translation of *Ulysses* "under direction" of Curtius, but nothing came of this project. Curtius's earliest article on Joyce, evocatively entitled "The Forbidden Book: James Joyce's *Ulysses*" ("Das verbotene Buch: James Joyces *Ulysses*"), appeared in the first issue of *Die literarische Welt* (The Literary World), which had been newly founded by the publisher Ernst Rowohlt in 1925 (Füger, *Kritisches Erbe*, 106–8). Curtius concludes his review thus (invoking, possibly unwittingly, the sentiments expressed by T. S. Eliot in his 1919 essay "Tradition and the Individual Talent"): "Whatever view one takes of Joyce's work one has to admit that it is a monumental undertaking that by far outclasses the vain and rapid modernism of contemporary literature. It bears the unmistakable mark of greatness that arises only when decades of absorption in the grand traditions of the European spirit are coupled with true genius and persistent artistic labor" (Füger, *Kritisches Erbe*, 108). Curtius was also among the handful of Germans and Austrians whose name appeared under the communiqué—issued to the press on Joyce's birthday and published in April 1927 in *transition*—that was signed by 167 writers, artists, and scientists in protest against the unauthorized publication of bowdlerized installments of *Ulysses* in the American periodical *Two Worlds Monthly*, edited by Samuel Roth. The other German-language signatories were the scientist Albert Einstein and the writers Thomas Mann, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, Georg Kaiser, Graf Hermann Keyserling, Rudolf Binding, and Jakob Wassermann (Mitchell, *James Joyce and the German Novel*, 8).

The publication of Goyert's translation of *Ulysses* by the Rhein-Verlag in October 1927 occurred just one year after the publication of his translation of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, entitled *Jugendbildnis* in German, and was followed a year later by his translation of *Dubliners*, entitled *Dublin: Novellen*. Understandably, and inevitably, the reception of both was prone to be overshadowed by their more celebrated counterpart. Nonetheless, *A Portrait* received some twenty reviews spanning the years 1926 to 1929, but it is unsurprisingly viewed as a mere prelude, or "Auftakt" (Füger, *Kritisches Erbe*, 38), to Joyce's masterpiece; a number of reviewers actually believed it to be Joyce's autobiography, which was largely due to the fact that the title

Goyert had chosen for his German translation was *Jugendbildnis*, literally “adolescent image” or “portrait of a youth,” which, as Michele K. Troy observes, was “deceptive for several reasons”:

First, the German title omits the first article “A,” so that the book serves not as one of many possible portraits of the protagonist but as *the* definitive portrait. Second, reinforcing this impression, the word “*Jugendbildnis*” implies that the work represents the true-to-life adolescent image of a particular person, whereas the French word “*Portrait*”—which had long been integrated into German *parlance* as “*Porträt*”—would have suggested a more stylized or constructed image at a greater remove from everyday life. Finally, and most importantly, the title omits altogether any reference to “artist,” which, in the English, not only focuses the reader on a specific aspect of Stephen’s development but also adds the potential for ironic distance between Joyce and his character; . . . this conjecture is at least partly corroborated by Klaus Reichert’s 1976 translation of *A Portrait* for Suhrkamp Verlag, in which he opted for the word-for-word translation over Goyert’s earlier title. (“Two Very Different Portraits,” 40–41)

Opinions among early German reviewers of *A Portrait* were very mixed, ranging from “book of an exhibitionist unchained” (“Buch eines entfesselten Exhibitionisten”; Füger, *Kritisches Erbe*, 38), and “too artless and tedious . . . unsanitary [*kloakenhaft*] and foul . . . has nothing to do with art” (Füger, *Kritisches Erbe*, 39–41), and “artless . . . forced . . . it everywhere reeks of grossness” (“überall lechzt es nach Kraßheit”; Füger, *Kritisches Erbe*, 42) to “quite original . . . a poet with the power of elemental and independent imagery and vocabulary” (Füger, *Kritisches Erbe*, 45) and “a novel of childhood and adolescence, amazingly precise and candid in the way it reveals the workings of the soul and our emotions” (Füger, *Kritisches Erbe*, 46). Similarly, there were fewer than ten reviews devoted solely to *Dubliners* (plus some additional glosses in reviews and articles on *Ulysses*), most of which contrasted the unique “Expressionistic” appeal of *Ulysses* with the considerably more “naturalistic,” “realistic,” “veristic,” or “photographic” mien of Joyce’s tales of Dublin life.



If the years 1922 to 1926 saw a total of 18 reviews and articles devoted to Joyce's *Ulysses*, the publication of Goyert's translation in 1927 and its second substantially revised edition three years later made this number catapult to 173 for the following six-year period 1927 to 1932 (Füger, *Kritisches Erbe*, 8). While the German translation helped make *Ulysses* more accessible for a German-language audience, one should not forget that, like the original Shakespeare and Company version published in Paris, the first two German editions could be purchased on a subscription basis only. With the initial 1927 print run counting no more than 1,100 copies (100 of which were circulated to the press for review purposes) and the 1928 price tag being "hundert Mark"—one hundred German marks, a substantial sum at the time—a wide circulation was unattainable, and the first German edition did not go far to satisfy the demand. Goyert's translation had been produced rather hastily and without the benefit of knowing the structural plan of *Ulysses* that Joyce had already shared with Larbaud, Linati, and Benoist-Méchin; the translator and the Rhein-Verlag had wanted to get the book on the market as quickly as possible.¹ Joyce was not overly happy with the outcome and, as a consequence, seems to have aided Goyert in preparing the second edition, which was published in 1930 with an increased print run of 3,000 copies (see *Letters I*, 285, and Mitchell, *James Joyce and the German Novel*, 76). Unfortunately, it is not possible to establish the precise extent of this help, and some doubt remains as to how many of the changes were authorized by Joyce. Breon Mitchell counts a total of 6,306 alterations, 1,203 of which he considers "significant," quite considerably altering the meaning of the novel (*James Joyce and the German Novel*, 57). Ironically, the impact of *Ulysses* on the German-speaking world depended less on the much improved, if still unsatisfactory, translation of 1930 than on the initial 1927 version—as Mitchell contends,

those people most interested in *Ulysses*, if unable to read it in the original, were not likely to pass up the earliest opportunity to read it in their native language. It was unlikely that they would wait three years for the second edition. As a result, the critical reception of *Ulysses* in German-speaking countries centered largely upon the 1927 edition. (57)

Also ironically, the skewed complexity of Goyert's initial 1927 translation made no real difference anyway, since the absurdities introduced by Goyert seemed

only to confirm the reputation of *Ulysses* as an unfathomable and impenetrable text (see Heinrich Versteegen, *James Joyces "Ulysses" in vier deutschen Übersetzungen*, 228–30, and Patrick O'Neill, *Polyglot Joyce*, 56). This is borne out by a comment of Hermann Broch's to his publisher Daniel Brody of the Rhein-Verlag. In mid-1930 Broch expressed a certain concern about lumping ("verkuppeln" is his term) the advertisement campaign for his *Sleepwalkers*-trilogy together with advertisements for the second edition of Joyce's *Ulysses*. He writes:

You will be interested to hear that I was visiting with Braumüller today where Mr. Fischer, whose judgment is sometimes limited, as you know, implored me not to link the propaganda for my book with the propaganda for Joyce because book-dealers everywhere had been having difficulties with their customers over Joyce: if *Ulysses* had not been sold under subscription, nine-tenths of their customers would have returned the book as unreadable. Now he claims that positioning the *Sleepwalkers* parallel to *Ulysses* would automatically carry over to the trilogy the odium of unreadability. (*Hermann Broch / Daniel Brody: Briefwechsel 1930–1951*, column 36)

While Brody roundly rejects this assertion in his return letter of 25 July 1930, one could deduce from this exchange that the more serious reader had indeed already acquired his or her copy of *Ulysses*.²

The publication of the German *Ulysses* in 1927 was well orchestrated. In June 1927 the influential journal *Literarische Welt* devoted its entire front page to Joyce (Mitchell, 20). There was a lead article entitled "The Homer of Our Time" by the French-German writer Ivan (or Yvan) Goll, the Paris agent of the Rhein-Verlag and an acquaintance of Joyce who was later to assist Samuel Beckett, Alfred Péron, Eugene Jolas, Paul Léon, Adrienne Monnier, and Philippe Soupault in preparing the French translation of "Anna Livia Plurabelle." The lower half of the page reproduced sections from Goyert's translation of the "Hades" chapter, giving a sneak preview of the forthcoming German translation. The complete book was published in October in a three-volume subscription-only luxury edition. The conditions for subscription read as follows: "sale is permissible only to persons over twenty-five years of age, who can demonstrate a serious interest in literature, artists, doctors, and lawyers without age restriction" ("Zugelassen sind Personen über fünfundzwanzig Jahre, die sich über ernstes literarisches Interesse

ausweisen können, Künstler, Mediziner und Juristen jeden Alters"). Mitchell observes:

Fear of censorship and the inherent possible legal complications cast a slight pall over the proceedings, particularly since the book was to be largely exported [from Switzerland] to Germany, where some trouble with the authorities was to be expected. Contemporary German critics immediately recognized the point of the publisher's precautions. As one of them put it: "In order to avoid providing 'material' for the German prosecuting attorneys, the Rhein-Verlag has decided from the beginning in favor of a numbered private edition." The first edition was to appear without the printer's name. (4–5)

To bolster sales of the 1927 German *Ulysses*, Rhein-Verlag circulated a fourteen-page pamphlet for advertising purposes which was mailed to prospective buyers upon demand. Boldly entitled "A Report on the Greatest Prose Work of the Twentieth Century" ("Bericht über das größte Prosawerk des 20. Jahrhunderts") and subtitled "The Homer of Our Time: Germany Awaiting *Ulysses* by Joyce" ("Der Homer unserer Zeit: Deutschland in Erwartung des *Ulysses* von Joyce"), it comprised a number of positive critical appraisals, some with rather flamboyant sounding headings like "James Joyce: Ireland's Most Recent Literary Rebel" ("James Joyce: Irlands neuester Literaturrebell"), "James Joyce, Scourge of the Philistines" ("James Joyce, der Spießerschreck"), or Ivan Goll's much-quoted "The Homer of Our Time" ("Der Homer unserer Zeit"), from which the pamphlet's subtitle was culled. In addition, the pamphlet contained segments with such suggestive titles as "James Joyce and Erotic Literature" and "Attacks of Anglo-Saxon Puritans." Reproducing excerpts compiled from attacks on Joyce and his novel, these sections were aimed at refuting, at least on the surface, any assertion that Joyce's *Ulysses* was sexually outside the law while expediently raising expectations that it might just well be pornographic. Mitchell cites the story that the Rhein-Verlag received a spate of orders from Vienna after the book was offered there as plain pornography.³ Either way, the strategy was successful: the complete edition of 1,000 copies sold out within just three weeks (*Letters III*, 167). The 1930 second edition sold out nearly as quickly. The advertisement for the second edition reads in English translation and in a typographical approximation⁴:

**A Literary Sensation Of The First Order
The Greatest Prose Work Of Our Time
Another Subscription Opportunity**

James Joyce

ULYSSES

New Subscription: 2 volumes, printed on India paper, single-sided in block book style, bound in leather.

A Unicum for Bibliophiles!

Subscription price RM 54.–, subsequent store price RM 60.–

Conditions of Subscription: Sale permissible only to persons over twenty-five years of age who can demonstrate a serious interest in literature, artists, doctors and lawyers without age restriction. Knowledge of these subscription conditions is required for purchase. Price now: Two leather-bound volumes 1245 pages, 8°, RM 54.–. The publisher can terminate subscription at any time. Orders are binding following written confirmation by the publisher. Delivery can be arranged.

Why the Rhein Verlag can only publish this famous work under subscription needs an

Explanation

Ulysses is forbidden in England and America, in England because it contains a vilification of Queen Victoria, in America because the merciless candor of the author runs counter to American bigotry. Tainted with this odium, the work might come to the attention of public prosecutors in Germany, too. This work by Joyce, of whom serious critics say: "He knows that the ultimate spiritual decision is metaphysical-religious by nature," has nothing in the least to do with erotic literature. But what is absolutely new about Joyce is that he has given the interconnectedness and correspondence of our conscious and unconscious thinking the fullest artistic expression. In the process the last veil shrouding our natural instincts was dropped. For this reason the publisher must insist on compliance with the conditions of subscription.

Detailed subscription invitations sent free of charge

Rhein-Verlag, German branch office, Munich, Königsstr. 35a

The language of this announcement again illustrates the Rhein-Verlag's dual strategy, namely, simultaneously shielding itself from lawsuits while employing Joyce's fame and his novel's notoriety to secure a brisker sale for the book.

The impact of *Ulysses* on its German audience was stunning, eliciting responses like that of Ivan Goll:

Joyce has caused a revolution in literature as important as Lenin's in the political realm. . . . But what happens in this tome that is akin to the epic adventure novel of the old Greeks? Everything that a common person might do and encounter during a day among his common fellow beings in a common town like Dublin. . . . A Homeric laughter pervades the book. The faun smirks. *Ulysses* is the most enormous parody of God's and our creation that anyone has yet devised. . . . Joyce is no longer holy. I believe he enjoys parodying God the most. (Füger, *Kritisches Erbe*, 131–32)

A sobering counterbalance can be found in such comments as those by Walter Schmits, published on 3 November 1927 in the *Kölnische Zeitung*:

Protracted stretches of the book resemble the disjointed, incomprehensible, and awfully boring gibberish of a person who has lost his mind. . . . The central characters . . . are polluted and filthy souls. . . . [W]ith cold mockery [Joyce] makes human sexuality look like a disgusting machine. . . . The novel concludes with a higgledy-piggledy monologue of Mrs. Bloom who lays bare her life's experiences and opinions most drastically, revealing herself as a slut of no little proportion. (Füger, *Kritisches Erbe*, 138–39)

A similar negative attitude pervades perhaps the most remarkable reception document, namely the essay by the Swiss psychoanalyst Carl Gustav Jung (1875–1961). The piece was originally commissioned by the Rhein-Verlag in 1930 as a preface to the third edition of the German translation, but Brody and Joyce were so disturbed by its critical tenor that they decided not to use it. Ellmann describes the episode as follows:

Joyce read the preface and sent Brody a curt wire, "Niedrigerhängen," meaning "Ridicule it by making it public." His friends Ivan Goll and Valéry Larbaud wrote Brody privately, however, to urge him not to follow Joyce's instructions, and he decided to accept their advice. Joyce commented to Georg Goyert of Jung, "He seems to have read *Ulysses* from first to last without one smile. The only thing to do in such a case is to change one's drink." (*James Joyce*, 628)

Two years later Jung published a substantially revised version of his essay in the *Europäische Revue* (*European Review*) entitled "*Ulysses*: Ein Monolog"

("Ulysses: A Monologue"). On 27 September 1932 Jung sent Joyce a copy accompanied by a letter; he writes:

Küsnacht-Zürich
Seestrasse 228

James Joyce, esq.
Hotel Elite
Zürich

Dear Sir,

Your *Ulysses* has presented the world such an upsetting psychological problem, that repeatedly I have been called in as a supposed authority on psychological matters.

Ulysses proved to be an exceedingly hard nut and it has forced my mind not only to most unusual efforts, but also to rather extravagant peregrinations (speaking from the standpoint of a scientist). Your book as a whole has given me no end of trouble and I was brooding over it for about three years until I succeeded to put myself into it. But I must tell you that I'm profoundly grateful to yourself as well as to your gigantic opus, because I learned a great deal from it. I shall probably never be quite sure whether I did enjoy it, because it meant too much grinding of nerves and of grey matter. I also don't know whether you will enjoy what I have written about *Ulysses* because I couldn't help telling the world how much I was bored, how I grumbled, how I cursed and how I admired. The 40 pages of non stop run in the end is a string of veritable psychological peaches. I suppose the devil's grandmother knows so much about the real psychology of a woman, I didn't.

Well I just try to recommend my little essay to you, as an amusing attempt of a perfect stranger that went astray in the labyrinth of your *Ulysses* and happened to get out of it again by sheer luck. At all events you may gather from my article what *Ulysses* has done to a supposedly balanced psychologist.

With the expression of my deepest appreciation, I remain, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully
C. G. Jung

(James Joyce, 629)

There is perhaps a certain (Freudian?) irony in the fact that, some twenty years later, Jung had completely forgotten that he had ever written to Joyce. He

writes on 29 June 1955 to Patricia Graecen: "The question of the letter to Joyce is a puzzle. I am quite certain that I never wrote to him, but the observation about Molly's monologue is authentic enough, although I can't recall where I made this comment and to whom" (*Briefe*, 505).

As Jung himself indicates in the "forgotten" letter to Joyce, his 1932 essay describes *Ulysses* in strongly negative terms (although, as Ellmann informs us, it was considerably toned down from the original version written for Brody). He sees the novel as a "pitiless and uninterrupted stream" of "thoroughly hopeless emptiness" (7), "rubbing the noses of its contemporaries in the shadow-side of reality" (13). Reading the book produces a "monotonous and hypnotic effect" (8) and "an irritating sense of inferiority" (9); there is "nothing pleasing, nothing refreshing, nothing hopeful" (10); it "bores" and "annoys" him (10). "Even the layman," Jung continues, "should have no difficulty in tracing the analogies between *Ulysses* and the schizophrenic condition of mind." That said, Jung also states that "it would never occur to [him] to class *Ulysses* as a product of schizophrenia." *Ulysses* is emblematic rather of "the collective unconscious of the modern psyche" (11), it rests on "an archetypal groundwork," but it is not a symbolic book (15). "It seems to me now," Jung concludes,

that all that is negative in the Joycean work, all that is coldblooded, bizarre and banal, grotesque and devilish, are positive virtues for which it deserves praise. Joyce's inconceivably rich and many-faceted language, unfolded in passages that creep along in tapeworm fashion[,] is terribly boring and awfully monotonous, but this very boredom and monotony attains [*sic*] an epic grandeur that truly make [*sic*] of the book a *Mahabharata* of the insufficiencies of a hole-and-corner human world and of its crazy and devilish undercurrents. (18)

For those interested in Jungian psychoanalysis, and more specifically its relationship to the unconscious and literary archetypes, the essay has disappointingly little to offer, providing at best some cursory generalizations about the novel arising "from the collective unconscious of the modern psyche" (11), or one being able to "divine" behind Stephen and Bloom "an archetypal groundwork" underpinned by "the eternal figures of spiritual and carnal man" (15). Instead, much of it is given over to Jung's complaints about the difficulties of understanding the novel in the first place, and there is considerable vacillation in his attempts to evaluate Joyce's achievement, calling the novel and its author schizophrenic in one paragraph only to retract the statement in the next (11).

Just how quickly Jung's essay circulated is illustrated by an exchange between the philosopher Theodor W. Adorno and Walter Benjamin. In September 1933 the Nazis had annulled Adorno's *venia legendi*, his right to teach at German universities; he therefore left Germany in 1934 and entered Oxford University's Merton College as an "advanced student." On 5 December 1934 Adorno writes from there to Benjamin that an essay by Jung about *Ulysses* had come to his attention that was "not unimportant" ("nicht unwichtig"). In his return letter from San Remo, dated 7 January 1935, Benjamin asked whether Adorno could send him a copy (Adorno/Benjamin, *Briefwechsel*, 83 and 101). Benjamin was curious to know more about Jung's concept of the collective unconscious—indeed, Adorno himself had considerable interest in the field, having some seven years earlier written an unpublished study (Adorno's first and unsuccessful *Habilitationsschrift*) entitled *Der Begriff des Unbewußten in der transzendentalen Seelenlehre* (The Concept of the Unconscious in the Transcendental Theory of the Spirit).



At least as important as the critical and scholarly reactions to Joyce's *Ulysses* was the impact that it had on some of Germany's leading writers, whose preoccupation with *Ulysses* is documented in countless book reviews and essays. Among them are the Austrian writer and satirist Franz Blei; the German satirist Kurt Tucholsky; the writer and critic Klaus Mann (Thomas Mann's son, now remembered primarily for his novel *Mephisto*); the writer and essayist Stefan Zweig; the Expressionist poet and critic Albert Ehrenstein; the Expressionist writer and, decades later, poet laureate of the German Democratic Republic, Johannes R. Becher; the pacifist writer, biographer, and critic Annette Kolb (one of the few German women writers who had read *Ulysses*); the Austrian writer and satirist Alfred Polgar; the Marxist playwright and essayist Bertolt Brecht; and the Marxist philosophers and critics Ernst Bloch and Georg Lukács. (The far-reaching if unexpected relevance of Joyce for the Marxists Brecht, Bloch, and Lukács—Lukács was of course a Hungarian, but most of his theoretical and literary historical writings during this period were published in German—will be discussed in greater detail in Chapter 7.)

But the most prominent among them, and those who require a more extensive treatment, are the Austrian writer Hermann Broch and the German writers Hans Henny Jahn, Alfred Döblin, and Thomas Mann. Especially as regards Jahn, Broch, and Döblin, the first generation of German-language writers inspired by *Ulysses*, Joyce's novel had an instant and profound effect on

their style, transforming their literary sensibilities literally overnight. Breon Mitchell has carefully studied the extent of the revisions they made to their then works-in-progress; as Mitchell notes: "All three were working on novels when they first read *Ulysses* in German translation, and in each case this reading left clearly discernible marks upon both the original manuscripts and the final published versions of their works" (90). The most palpable influences on their writing derived, naturally, from Joyce's virtuoso handling of the stream-of-consciousness technique to reflect different forms of interior monologue, both male and female, conscious, half-conscious, and subconscious. While Edouard Dujardin had preceded Joyce in France and had influenced Joyce, as is well known, a major Austrian writer who had also followed in Dujardin's footsteps and who had experimented with interior monologue around the turn of the century was Arthur Schnitzler, whose candid depiction of Lieutenant Gustl's interior monologue in the story "Leutnant Gustl" of 1900 was so shocking for his contemporaries that Schnitzler was stripped of his officer's rank in the Austrian army within a year of the publication of the novella.

But as Kurt Tucholsky observed in his review of *Ulysses*, published in *Die Weltbühne* on 22 November 1927, a few weeks after the launch of Goyert's German translation in October, Schnitzler's treatment of interior monologue cannot compare with Joyce's: Joyce's "interior monologue is an achievement, an admirable achievement of mastery, artistic courage, and insight into the human soul," Tucholsky writes. "This symphony of thought has nothing to do with the puny experiments of Arthur Schnitzler and Carl Spitteler. Here everything, absolutely everything is said. . . . What can be done, Joyce has done" ("*Ulysses*," 603-4). But what distinguished Joyce's work was not just his innovative stream-of-consciousness technique; it was also his audacity in terms of content. As Robert Martin Adams has observed:

But these rather technical considerations were not what made *Ulysses* a test case of the stream method; no previous book, in English or on the Continent, had ever made use to the degree that *Ulysses* did of sex, digestion, and excretion as the matrices within which a character's meditations took place. *Ulysses* wasn't simply a "dirty" book, it was a "vulgar" book; it showed the "higher" activities of human beings as mixed with and growing out of the "squalid" ones, as if there were in fact no clearcut distinction between the two. (*Afterjoyce*, 67)

But Joyce's *Ulysses* was not the "perfect primer of artistic freedom" (Mitchell, 109) in regard to interior monologue alone. Just how profoundly Joyce transformed German literature is perhaps best exemplified by Joyce's German

modernist contemporary Hans Henny Jahnn (1894–1959). Jahnn had started writing his masterpiece *Perrudja*, a 700-page novel about a small Norwegian landowner who later finds himself heir to an immense fortune and political power, in 1922; but by July 1927 Jahnn had only managed to finish a first draft of Book One (Book Two, consisting of some 140 pages, remained fragmentary and unpublished during Jahnn's lifetime). Having heard about Joyce's achievement in *Ulysses*, Jahnn became so impatient to see Joyce's novel that he placed the following postscript under a 1927 letter to the Rhein-Verlag: "P.S. I see in the most recent issue of the *Literarische Welt* that the German edition [of *Ulysses*] probably won't appear until Autumn. Therefore please send me any English edition. Of course this doesn't mean that I cancel my copy of the German edition" (Mitchell, 114). Although it is unlikely that Jahnn ever received the requested English version, as soon as he had received and finished reading Goyert's translation of *Ulysses* he set out to substantially rethink the structure and style of his work in progress.

Based on a line-by-line and page-by-page comparison of first draft (completed 1927) and printed version (published in 1929), Mitchell summarizes as follows the effect of the Galilean revolution, as which Jahnn was later to describe Joyce's impact:

with the exception of four short, separate lines in the final chapter of the first draft, there is absolutely no use of inner monologue in the [first draft] manuscript. Lines of inner monologue in the printed version are either simply missing in the first draft (most commonly), or present in some other form. . . . The conclusion is inescapable. Jahnn wrote the draft of a full-length novel in more or less traditional narrative style. This draft he completed in 1927. He then rewrote large portions of the book utilizing inner monologue. (119)

Jahnn also introduced leitmotifs, language play, repetitive use of language, verbal catalogues, and montage; and he increased the number of explicit sexual allusions as well as making significant changes to the structure of the novel, in particular the end: "We have seen," Mitchell continues,

that the first draft originally ended with chapter 39 ("Abraham und Isaak"). But Jahnn changed his mind and added a final section devoted to the main female character of his book, giving for the first time an intimate glimpse into her mind through the use of inner monologue. The similarity of this closing section to Molly Bloom's final soliloquy strikes the reader immediately. (119–20)

What follows is an example of the female protagonist Signe's thoughts from the penultimate chapter of the novel:

Shake his hand, disgust. Further physical contact, punishment. Think of the inside of his body, shivers. Ugly, ugly. Stink is the name. Antipathy, aversion grows in touching him. Sympathy, pleasure grows when getting closer. O, Perrudja. Hand, lips, nose, nipples, belly button, spittle, sperm, urine, shit, burping in your innards. To be befouled by him. Is it possible the feeling of lust could fade? Was he not stupid? Sensitive? A little liar? Sometimes his hand seemed clumsy and dead. Like his eye. Sick from the inside. Thoughtless animal. Kiss, kiss. I am a sinner, I am a sinner. Perrudja. Spit at me, snot at me. The belly button, an ounce of rose essence, boxwood, ebony, nipples. The stallion found me ready for mounting. Perrudja, your hand, Perrudja, your breath, your breath, that reeks of your lungs and your spittle. You are no hero, Perrudja, you did not lay me on your bed, did not make me pregnant. Perrudja, you forgot the most important thing. Weakling! Cried, tears. His fist under my chin. Against my plump breasts. Tread on me! Stun me. Twenty thousand crowns. Buy the whore. I am a whore. Look at my thighs. He is crying like a child. Do I hate him? Do I hate him? He let me go. Do I hate him? Red ebony, yellow brown boxwood, his round small nipples. The wretch, the wretch. Beautiful man, magnificent man. . . . Perrudja, I hate you.⁵

Save for the punctuation marks, the tone is not far removed from Molly's soliloquy in the final chapter of *Ulysses*; thinking of Perrudja, Signe's thoughts revolve around both her desire and lust for her husband as well as her feelings of disappointment and disgust. If moments later Signe, like Molly, cannot fall asleep and has to use her chamber pot ("I have forgotten to spend a penny, I won't be able to sleep until I do. Light. Get up again. Relieve myself. Back to bed"),⁶ like Bloom, Perrudja in his stream of consciousness travels to foreign parts of the world, playing with concepts and words and fusing reality and legend, geography and imagination:

I want to travel. Leave. The world stands still. I move. That is how distance is created. The atlas makes me sick. I see names. Villages. Cities. With humans. I don't know them. No image. The rivers. Wiggly lines. Creases with brown peaks. The mountains. Three times higher than ours. Gojam, Sandjigum, Hadjabad, Galu Tesges, Nagenau, Ghanda Kuh, Awas, Tabbas. That's Persia. People. Men, Women, Children.

Beget, give birth, die. The land I don't know. Black desert. What I dream. A beautiful woman thirsting under the sun. Be with her. Carry her to an oasis. Offer her water. Bread. She smiles. Her naked upper body. Brown, oily skin. Fragrant.

Tshansih, Tachta, Sang, Lapis-Lazuli, Dahan-i-Scharschari, Kasch, Dila, Patai, Jachdan, Doschak. That's Afghanistan. Part of Asia. Nepal. Mountain ranges. A monument to the unknown. White glaciers. Mamillae of the holy rivers. No one knows your north. Unknown China. The gryphon still lives there. . . . Africa, revered, mother of humanity, unknown, black. Desert, lakes, naked people. Gods. Cities. Oceans. Negroes and Arabs have enormous organs. It is to Africa I want to go. To the south. To sleep in mud huts, on mats. Velvet skin compared to mine. Dark breasts. Drink.—It is already dawn. The atlas has one hundred and eighty-seven maps. Travel to all countries.⁷

Joyce's influence is palpable throughout.

Stephen's and Leopold and Molly Bloom's interior monologues are clearly Jahnn's model for the representation of his characters' stream of consciousness. Elsewhere he inserts musical scores into his text just as Joyce had done before him in "Scylla and Charybdis" and "Ithaca" (for instance, *Perrudja* 92, 523, 573, 621), and he catalogues items (for instance, 52, 63, 72) and enumerates names in long lists (for instance, 589), much like Joyce had done in "Cyclops" and various other chapters. Once Jahnn even lifts a name, Almidano Artifoni, directly from the "Wandering Rocks" episode, as if explicitly to pay homage to his precursor—of course, for Jahnn in 1929 Almidano Artifoni would have been a purely fictitious name, one he perhaps enjoyed for "its sonority and foreignness," as Mitchell surmises (113). Another such homage occurs in chapter 22 where, reading an unnamed book (namely *Ulysses*), Perrudja notes mentally "'Snotgreen sea.' A jewel. Say something sublime with old plain words." ("Rotzgrünes Meer.' Ein Edelstein. Erhabenes mit alten geringen Worten sagen," 311). "Das rotzgrüne Meer" is Goyert's rendition of Stephen's "snotgreen sea" (*Ulysses*, 1930, 6; U4.78), while "Say something sublime with old humble words" ("Erhabenes mit alten geringen Worten sagen") echoes Bloom's "Only big words for ordinary things on account of the sound" (U8.115), rendered in Goyert's translation as "Nur grosse Worte für gewöhnliche Dinge, des Klanges wegen" (247).

Another writer who (in Bertolt Brecht's words in this chapter's epigraph) recommended *Ulysses* as "an indispensable reference work for writers" was

Alfred Döblin (1878–1957), a Berlin psychiatrist and highly regarded and influential Expressionist essayist and novelist. When *Ulysses* first appeared in German in 1927, Döblin had just begun writing his big city novel *Berlin Alexanderplatz*. While Mitchell's comparison of the first draft and the published novel exposes significant changes that occurred between the writing of the early chapters of *Berlin Alexanderplatz*, those written before Döblin read *Ulysses*, and those written after the encounter with Joyce's novel, there is some debate as to how many of these changes should be ascribed to Joyce's influence. Joris Duytschaever alerts us to the fact that in some of his earlier works Döblin had already used, albeit much more sparingly and tentatively, some of the techniques attributed to Joyce, and that as a psychiatrist Döblin was well aware of Freud's findings about the unconscious (140 and 147). Duytschaever also notes that almost concurrently with Döblin's discovery of *Ulysses* he had begun reading Dos Passos's *Manhattan Transfer*, which too was published in a German translation in 1927. Dos Passos's novel, itself structurally much inspired by Joyce's treatment of the fragmented big city in the "Wandering Rocks" episode, became a second source of inspiration for German writers and critics during this period, as did Virginia Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway*, which appeared in German translation in 1928.

In 1928, a year before the publication of *Berlin Alexanderplatz*, Döblin published a book review of *Ulysses* in which he lauds the "radicality" ("Radikalität") of Joyce's novel, its "truth to life" ("Echtheit und Naturtreue") and scientific precision ("wissenschaftlich, exakt"), and the way it manages to capture the essence of the banality ingrained in modern everyday life; in particular he praises Joyce's "coarse humor" ("derben Humor") and "comic art of fabulation" ("Komik des Fabulierens"). The question Joyce is trying to answer is, according to Döblin, "how one can still create literature," and how one can overcome "today's crisis of the novel" in a time that is so devoid of Homeric heroism, when life seems all but falling apart and prone to fragmentation. This is the question Döblin himself is of course grappling with at this very moment, having just embarked on the writing of *Berlin Alexanderplatz*. He writes:

Part of the experience of people today are the streets, the ever-changing street scenes, the billboards, the traffic. What once was heroic, indeed the importance once attached to what was isolated and individual, has faded away and has become overshadowed by the factors of the state and political parties and economic entities. Some of this obtained in earlier times, too, but now a man is no larger than the wave that carries him. Part of the image of today is the disconnectedness of what we do, indeed of life

itself, its fleetingness and restlessness. The talent to fabulate, along with its structures, today seems naïve. (Füger, *Kritisches Erbe*, 212)

This is, of course, nothing less than a writer's reformulation of the fundamental opposition famously proposed by Georg Simmel in his highly influential essay of 1903, "Die Grosstädte und das Geistesleben" ("The Metropolis and Mental Life"), which was based on a differential analysis of the varying paces of life in modern cities and rural communities. A contemporary reader of *Ulysses* with knowledge of Simmel's essay could be forgiven for assuming that one of Joyce's main objectives in writing his novel was the representation of precisely "the swift and continuous shift of external and internal stimuli" (*Modernism: An Anthology*, 52) and the perpetual parataxis of sensation that Simmel regarded as foundational for and constitutive of a modern urban consciousness. Unsurprisingly too, many contemporary critics hostile to *Ulysses*—in particular Marxists—observed and disapproved of what they perceived as the "superficiality" of Joyce's (re)presentation of the interior monologue. Ironically, in doing so they failed to take into account that, if Joyce's characters were indeed lacking in "depths of personality," one could simply chalk it up to Joyce attempting realistically to produce a simulacrum of a Simmelian modern consciousness threatened by "the fluctuations and discontinuities of the external milieu," as Simmel phrases it (52). Lukács in particular, in my opinion, falls prey to this skewed logic when he praises Thomas Mann's depiction of Goethe's stream of consciousness in *Lotte in Weimar* as "dynamic and developmental" as opposed to Joyce's purportedly merely "static and sensational" and "aimless and directionless" portrayal of Bloom's interior monologue, which neglects "ideas and emotions." It seems rather ironic that the Marxist Lukács should favor the more aristocratic and high-brow personality of Goethe over the more pedestrian and down-to-earth mind of the *homme moyen sensuel* Leopold Bloom. For Döblin, by contrast, it is precisely the manner in which Joyce constructs "typical representatives" ("typische Gestalten") of modernity that makes *Ulysses* the gold standard to be emulated by fellow novelists.

Today, *Berlin Alexanderplatz* is considered Döblin's most acclaimed book and Germany's premier twentieth-century big-city novel. Within five years of its publication in 1929 the book had sold almost 50,000 copies. Mitchell notes that, with its many technical innovations, the work constituted a radical departure not only from the style of Döblin's previous works but also from the genre of the novel as Germans had known it—which goes some way to explain its huge success. However much Döblin later expressed disappointment with his reviewers who, he felt, were overrating Joyce's influence on his

book (and thus underestimating his own achievement), they were right to point out the obvious parallels, among them Döblin's widespread use of interior monologue, the pivotal role of the city in the novel, and his frequent use of montage (for instance the verbatim citation of contemporary commercial advertisements and legal language or the reproduction of company logos) and parody of styles. Ironically, Döblin's fellow writer Hans Henny Jahnn is among those who emphasize precisely these the parallels between *Berlin Alexanderplatz* and *Ulysses*; in his review of Döblin's novel he writes:

A year or two ago Alfred Döblin invited not just his fellow writers to "read the *Ulysses* of James Joyce!" I do not know how many followed him in his celebration of this most catholic, most untimorous, and maybe best new novel that truly represents a turning point of literary technique and an explosion in our means of expression. But we can see from Döblin's most recent book that he has drawn freely from Joyce's innovations. He has substantially transformed and rejuvenated his style, allows the unconscious and all that is lethargic and automatic to bubble up. . . . But he has not managed to describe Berlin or the Alexander Square anything like Joyce did the city of Dublin. (Füger, *Kritisches Erbe*, 235–36)

Mitchell reveals that, despite Döblin's misgivings about the perpetual comparison with Joyce, the German writer not just admired Joyce but at times even identified with him, equating criticism of Joyce with criticism of his own work (143). He nevertheless remained frustrated about the fact that, well into the 1950s (Döblin died 1957), the German reading public continued to value his novel mostly for its technical innovations—and hence Joycean qualities—rather than what Döblin saw as the deeper significance of his novel's social criticism.⁸

But regardless of the actual degree of any influence, what Döblin and his German fellow writers in the late 1920s and early 1930s would certainly have taken from a reading of Joyce's *Ulysses* was an increased sense of liberation from the strictures of the nineteenth-century realist (or naturalist) novel. Through Joyce, German novelists felt set free to experiment much more liberally and radically with literary form.

This becomes apparent also in the case of the Austrian novelist and essayist Hermann Broch (1886–1951), once called the "Austrian Joyce" by the Kafka-critic Heinz Politzer (Mitchell, 151). Broch had read Joyce in 1930 in the midst of his work on what would become the *Schlafwandler* trilogy (*The Sleepwalkers*). As Mitchell observes, "Broch began writing *Die Schlafwandler*

in 1928, and by early 1930 the novel was in what he then thought to be its final form. It consisted of the two sections 'Pasenow' and 'Esch' (of approximately equal length) and a short 'Epilog'" (155). At this point his work comes to a temporary standstill; in a letter to the writer Frank Thiess dated 6 April 1930 Broch confesses: "since reading *Ulysses* I hesitate to continue work on my second novel, which I had already mapped out, because I detected a parallelism in objectives but a colossal distance in the means how to realize them. That is of course only a projection. . . . First of all, I have to digest the Joyce phenomenon" (*Briefe I*, 84). What emerges during the next months and years—the third and final volume of *Die Schlafwandler*, entitled 1918—*Huguenau oder die Sachlichkeit* (1918—Huguenau, or Objectivity), was revised and substantially expanded between 1931 and 1932—may be less a case of "positive" influence, resulting in similarities of style and texture, than one of "negative" influence. While Broch appreciated the association with Joyce, whom he considered his "literary super-ego" ("schriftstellerisches Über-Ich," *Briefe I*, 85)—indeed, against his publisher's advice he opted to delete the opening passage of the *Huguenau* draft only because it alluded to Odysseus—stylistically he wanted to avoid any suggestion that his novel was under Joyce's sway. Mitchell sums up the revisions thus:

The various innovations introduced into the new *Huguenau* were clearly motivated by Broch's desire to unite form and content in a way similar to that which he praised in Joyce. The result, as we could expect from a writer of Broch's stature, is a novel which is both original and powerful. It would never occur to a contemporary reader to term it an "imitation" of Joyce, as critics did with Döblin and Jahn. (165)

The result of Broch's preoccupation with *Ulysses* is that this experience enables him to formulate more stringently his theory of the "epistemological novel" ("erkenntnistheoretischer Roman"), as opposed to Joyce's "psychological novel" ("psychologischer Roman") (*Briefe I*, 93). He also allows himself more latitude in creating an unconventional structure for his novel; his aim now is the "architectonic polyphony" ("architektonische Vielstimmigkeit") of what he calls the "polyhistorical novel" ("polyhistorischer Roman") (*Briefe I*, 194 and 151).

Broch is of course best known among Joyceans for his seminal essay "James Joyce and the Present Age" ("James Joyce und die Gegenwart"), a thirty-page semi-philosophical tour de force, delivered as a lecture in 1932 and published in 1936. This essay forms the centerpiece of a series of essays that Broch wrote

between 1932 and 1950, all of which prominently feature Joyce and his works. Others include “Das Weltbild des Romans” (The Worldview of the Novel, 1933), “Geist und Zeitgeist” (Spirit and the Spirit of the Time, 1934), “Die mythische Erbschaft der Dichtung” (The Mythical Legacy of Poetry, 1945), “Mythos und Altersstil” (Myth and the Style of Old Age, 1947), “Hofmannsthal und seine Zeit” (Hofmannsthal and His Time, 1947–48) and the second draft of “Hugo von Hofmannsthals Prosaschriften” (Hugo von Hofmannsthal’s Prose Writings, 1950). In the earliest and most important of these, “James Joyce and the Present Age,” Broch discusses the historical significance of Joyce’s literary innovations, in particular the symphonic *Gesamtkunstwerk* quality that *Ulysses* exudes, its mythical method and peculiar language, and its relationship to Freud’s psychoanalysis, Einstein’s theory of relativity, Picasso’s work, and contemporary music. According to Broch, *Ulysses* is one of the few works of literature that are predestined to become a veritable “mirror” of the *Zeitgeist* and to symbolically incarnate, in form and content, the “The World-Day of the Epoch” (“Welt-Alltag der Epoche,” 64), to cite that expression that has become almost proverbially connected with Joyce. The novel’s impenetrability (Broch uses the German term “Schwerverständlichkeit”) typifies the very structure of its time (66). It condenses all that the early twentieth century stands for, encompassing its “totality” (65) and epitomizing the “anonymous forces that define the era” around 1904 (64). Of course, Broch in his works, especially in his *Sleepwalkers* trilogy, attempts no less than Joyce to capture the “anonymous forces that define the era,” inspiring Hannah Arendt in her 1949 article “Hermann Broch und der moderne Roman” (Hermann Broch and the Modern Novel) to describe his works as no less indicative of the crisis of the modern novel than Proust’s and Joyce’s experiments; for her Broch is Joyce’s true German counterpart.

But Broch is not only positive in his estimation of *Ulysses*. In a letter to his publisher, Daniel Brody of the Rhein-Verlag, he observes:

Joyce was the first to recognize clearly that the time of the forest and meadow novel [*Wald- und Wiesenroman*] is over, that the changes that affect the world must also affect poetic writing—inasmuch as it is still permitted to exist—and that we are dealing with a very different kind of totality, one never experienced before. What Thomas Mann has just done with his *Jacob Trilogy*—even if it remains more closely related to traditional forms, appearing like their very apotheosis—seems motivated by the same sense of the new challenge we face, which seems based on a nearly religious totality. The claim to totality is surely the same for

both Joyce and Mann. Joyce's solution lies in an extreme Platonism and subjectivism; in this he is so radical that he has become asocial and is in danger of succumbing to a radical kind of unsociableness, i.e., madness. (Faber & Faber has just sent me his "Childers" [i.e., "Haveth Childers Everywhere," 1931—R.W.] which seems to corroborate this impression!) Thomas Mann by contrast is social, which is illustrated by his sales figures, and in this sociability quite a genius; the danger he faces is: to-have-reached-his-goal, in other words becoming dogmatic. This series of polarities could be extended, starting with Mann's costume historicism versus Joyce's timeless modernity, or the polarity of ethics and aesthetics, but there are also commonalities, such as their basic mind-sets and their symbolism; compare the parallelity between the wanderer Odysseus and the wanderer Jacob. (*Briefe I*, 299–300)

This letter—written in October 1934, one and a half years into Nazi rule in neighboring Germany—already displays Broch's growing despair that the age of literature is coming to an end, and that literature will not be able to withstand politics much longer ("poetic writing—inasmuch as it is still permitted to exist," he writes)—a sense that would increasingly be channeled into the aesthetics or "negative aesthetics," as Paul Michael Lützeler has called it ("1937," 540), harking back to Adorno's phrase, of Broch's new projects, among which was a short story entitled "The Return of Virgil" that would grow between 1937 and 1945 into the novel *The Death of Virgil*.

On 13 March 1938, two years after the publication of his essay "James Joyce and the Present Age," the Nazis marched into Austria. Broch was denounced by a local postal officer in Alt Aussee, the town where he lived at the time of the "Anschluss," allegedly because he subscribed to the "communist" journal *Das Wort* and, on the day of the Nazi takeover, was immediately imprisoned. As a Viennese Jew and anti-fascist intellectual, he feared the worst but was fortunate enough to be released on 31 March 1938. One of those who then helped him flee his home country and Nazi persecution was James Joyce, who assisted Broch in his attempt to obtain a visa for entry to England. Ellmann does not provide any detail, but Broch's biographer and editor of his works, Paul Michael Lützeler, does (Ellmann, *James Joyce*, 709, and Lützeler, *Hermann Broch*, 155–66; see also Broch, *Briefe I*, 506–7).⁹ He informs us that Broch had applied for a Danish, Swiss, French, British, and American visa. In London he was supported by his translators Edwin and Willa Muir, who managed to mobilize the writer Aldous Huxley and the art historian Herbert Read on his behalf, as well as the German writers Robert Neumann and Franz Werfel. Initially,

Joyce had tried through his acquaintance Benjamin Crémieux to help Broch obtain a four-month visa for France (purportedly for him to study at libraries in Paris) and wrote to Daniel Brody on 16 June 1938 of his success: "Glad also to be able to tell in an anniversary message [Joyce is referring to Bloomsday 1938] that last evening my friend in the French F[oreign] O[ffice] rang up to say that permission for H. Broch to enter France had been telegraphed to French C[onsul] G[eneral] in Vienna" (Joyce, *Letters III*, 424). But because Broch's passport was being held back at the passport office in Vienna, the visa expired before he could travel. By the time his passport was returned on 27 June 1938, France had changed its immigration policy and was no longer willing to grant Broch the coveted entry visa.

Another of those involved in helping Broch to obtain a French visa was Anna Herzog, who had left for Paris immediately after the Anschluss (due to her Czech citizenship she was able to cross the border without delay). In his Broch biography, Lützel reproduces a letter she wrote to him about her approaching Joyce on behalf of Broch in April 1938 and the lengths Joyce went to to secure a visa for his Austrian fellow writer. Herzog writes:

Very early in the morning I went to [Joyce's] flat, intending to leave a message with the maid. Instead of the maid [there was none {Lützel's note}] Mrs Joyce opened the door to me in her dressing-gown and slippers, and called her husband. . . . He was most unwelcoming: "Vous êtes de la presse." After I had succeeded with difficulty in allaying his suspicions somewhat he listened to me. . . . In the end he said he was sure Benjamin Crémieux would get Broch a visa, and about a week later informed me that the French Consulate in Vienna had instructions to issue Broch with a visa. It was the start of a terrible time—distressed and angry letters from Vienna, H.B. had queued for days outside the French Consulate only to find when he was finally admitted that they had no visa. (We learnt later that the consul had refused on principle to issue any more visas.) Of course, we didn't know that in Paris and were totally perplexed. Joyce pursued the matter with monomaniacal obsession. Hardly had I closed his door behind me but he would ring me up in my hotel, once, six, twenty times a day. The Foreign Ministry kept repeating that the visa had been approved and instructions to issue it sent to Vienna. . . . In the end we were forced to realize that something had gone very wrong and that we should give up all hope of it. We decided to try England, where our friends Edwin

and Willa Muir had already been doing all they could. (Lützel, *Hermann Broch: A Biography*, 163)

Joyce then recommended that Broch seek the aid of Stephen Hudson in London, who was indeed able to broker an entry permit for England, a visitor's permit for a three-month stay. Further complications (the British consulate thought Broch was already in Paris and had mistakenly sent the visa on to him there) led to Broch not being able to fly to London until 24 July 1938, where he was picked up by Hudson at Croydon airport. At long last he had escaped further Nazi persecution and certain death in the concentration camps. (Lützel reports that of the 70,000 mostly Austrian Jews who were interned in those first days after the Anschluss, 60,000 were to die in Nazi concentration camps; and whereas Broch belonged among the 10,000 survivors, his mother died in Theresienstadt.) Only weeks later, in September 1938, and with the assistance of Albert Einstein and Thomas Mann, both of whom provided affidavits, Broch was finally able to emigrate to the United States, where he lived until his death in 1951.

Of all Broch's literary works the novel that most immediately comes to mind as having been influenced by Joyce is, next to his *Sleepwalkers* trilogy, *Der Tod des Vergil* (*The Death of Virgil*), published in New York in 1945. In stylistic terms the novel resembles a gigantic "Penelope"-like stream of consciousness that has been amplified to 450 pages of stunningly beautiful lyrical language; Broch himself at one point calls the novel a "lyrical poem" (*Der Tod des Vergil*, 458). It is a night-book with four chapters structured around the four elements, "I Water—The Arrival," "II Fire—The Descent," "III Earth—The Expectation" and "IV Ether—The Homecoming" ("I Wasser—Die Ankunft"; "II Feuer—Der Abstieg"; "III Erde—Die Erwartung"; IV Äther—Die Heimkehr"). Embodying Virgil's swan song, the novel contains the narrative of Virgil's thoughts and perceptions during the last eighteen hours of his life. Centering on remarks about Joyce's use of language and form in "Penelope," Broch in his extensive self-commentaries on *Der Tod des Vergil* devises a system of rules for reading his novel whereby each sentence is envisaged as representing both a thought and a moment in time.¹⁰ With its organic four-chapter structure and musical quality the novel of course also resembles *Finnegans Wake*, a book that, as Broch once admitted to his translator Willa Muir, could stifle even the best writer's creativity:

The radical consequence that Joyce drew from this, that is, his absolute esotericism, is indeed admirable. (Nota bene: I have tried to find my

way through *Work in Progress*, but it was love's labor lost. . . . I only barely understood "Anna Livia Plurabelle," but what a wonderful chapter it is!) The most radical consequence that one could draw from this beyond Joyce: to stop writing altogether, even philosophy, and to retreat into the esotericism of mathematics instead. As a matter of fact, this is precisely what I feel like doing. (*Briefe I*, 182)

And indeed, to some degree this is precisely what Broch did, focusing more on his "scientific" psychological writings in the latter years of his life, particularly his *Massenwahntheorie* (Theory of Mass Delusion), which he now sees as "more important" than writing literature.¹¹ For Broch Joyce's work constituted the end of an epoch; he writes:

I believe that Joyce is the greatest prose artist of our era—when I read a page of his I am ashamed to even think I myself could write—but I nonetheless consider him an end and not a beginning. He is not just inimitable, he cannot be spun out; in short, he is precisely what he is, namely the end of an era of our culture. (*Briefe III*, 55)

Joyce has "exhausted" ("erschöpft") the possibilities of the novel form, Broch writes on 20 May 1951 to George Saiko (*Briefe III*, 544). This sense of an ending was reinforced by Broch's recognition that the nuclear bomb had radically changed for ever not just the face of our world, but also the responsibilities of artists and intellectuals towards society. One can no longer support artists withdrawing into their ivory towers, he feels. "But even more important for me was," he confesses in a letter to Ivan Goll, Joyce's old Paris acquaintance, on 2 September 1945, just weeks after the bombs had been dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki,

that I could not justify working on another isolated and esoteric work for another three to six years, if not more. That would have meant withdrawing into an ivory tower at a time when all around you the world is disintegrating. In 1945 the atom bomb has come into existence; in 1935 we were still living in the nineteenth century. (*Briefe III*, 16)

I should not end this section on the Joyce-Broch connection without relating that Broch also engaged himself, if only in a small way, as a translator of Joyce into German. In 1935, in the emigré journal *das silberboot*, edited by Ernst Schönwiese in Austria before the Nazi Anschluss, Broch published the follow-

ing “Nachdichtung,” which means “approximation” rather than translation, of Joyce’s poem “Alone”; his translation runs:¹²

ALLEIN

Goldgrauer Mond, der Schleier flicht
in jede Nacht
schlafspiegelnd kränzt das Uferlicht
den See goldregenhaf.

Ein Name weht durchs Uferried
o Gott, ihr Nam’!
und in der Seele Quellenlied
aufquillt entzückte Scham.

Unable to replicate Joyce’s rhyme scheme in German, Broch has been forced to give up some of the original’s rhythm and alliterations (e.g., “moon,” meshes,” “make” / “tendrils trail”); nonetheless, by giving the German translation its own unique rhythm and flow, and by using German neologisms (“schlafspiegelnd,” “Quellenlied”) to mirror Joyce’s compounds “greygolden” and “shorelamps,” Broch’s translation achieves a similar blend of wistful brooding and subdued eroticism.



The Nazis’ coming-to-power in Germany on 30 January 1933 led to an instantaneous rupture in the dynamics, both political and literary, of the German-speaking countries. Within days after the Nazi takeover, thousands of political opponents were arrested, many of whom soon found themselves shifted from prison into newly created detention camps. (The first concentration camp for political dissidents, the infamous Dachau, was created on 20 March 1933, just two months after the Nazis had seized power.) Those who were in a position to do so fled the country, like Thomas and Heinrich Mann, Bertolt Brecht, Alfred Döblin, and Lion Feuchtwanger. Others who had no sympathy for the Nazis but who were not blacklisted outright for political reasons and were not Jewish, and thus did not feel immediately threatened by the new regime, retreated into so-called inner exile, outwardly adapting to the new system. Some leading authors even sympathized with the Nazis, at least initially—most prominently among them Gottfried Benn.

With the *Gleichschaltung* that was enforced during their first months in power the Nazis banned all parties except their own, the NSDAP, or National Socialist German Workers' Party; all German regional parliaments were dissolved and replaced by Nazi-controlled governments and institutions; all Jewish and identifiably communist civil servants were dismissed; all scientists, artists, and writers came under the control of the Reichskulturkammer, which was responsible for the "decontamination" or "purification of German cultural life" ("Reinigung des deutschen Kulturlebens"), with about 15 percent of all university lecturers instantly losing their positions; the press was censored and critical journalists were forced out of their jobs. On 10 May 1933 many Jewish and left-wing German writers and intellectuals saw their books torched by Nazi students in an auto-da-fé, an "Aktion wider den undeutschen Geist" ("campaign against the un-German spirit"), in Berlin and other major cities; among those whose books were consigned to the flames were Karl Marx, Paul Tillich, Magnus Hirschfeld, Bertha von Suttner, Carl von Ossietzky, Arthur Schnitzler, Lion Feuchtwanger, Kurt Tucholsky, and Thomas Mann. This event was accompanied by the establishment of "blacklists" for Jewish and dissident writers, whose works were subsequently banned from libraries and bookstores. Among those whose "complete works" were forbidden are Ernst Bloch, Albert Einstein, Franz Kafka, Ludwig Marcuse, Robert Musil, Erwin Piscator, and Carl Zuckmayer. Austria suffered the same fate the moment it was incorporated into the Reich following the Anschluss of 1938, as the example of Hermann Broch amply illustrated. Only neutral Switzerland maintained its independence (but was of course hardly left unaffected) throughout the period; here a semblance of democratic normalcy was maintained even during the Second World War. Beyond Switzerland, German-language authors after 1938 could only publish their works in a limited fashion with exile publishing houses like Querido in Amsterdam (until the Netherlands was occupied by the Germans) or in exile journals like *Internationale Literatur* (International Literature) and *Das Wort* (The Word), published in Moscow, or *Maß und Wert* (Measure and Value), edited by Thomas Mann and Konrad Falke and published in neutral Switzerland.

As a result of the political upheaval following the Nazi takeover in Germany in 1933 we can distinguish three main strands of preoccupation with Joyce and his works in German-speaking countries. First, there is the reception of Joyce in the increasingly hostile environment of Nazi Germany itself. The second strand is represented by the continuing appreciation of Joyce, albeit with a much reduced volume, outside of Germany, first in Austria and

Switzerland until 1938, and following 1938 in neutral Switzerland and elsewhere in the world until 1945 (Thomas Mann, Bertolt Brecht, and Hermann Broch, for example, ultimately emigrated to the United States). Third, there is the unwitting participation of “Joyce” and “*Ulysses*”¹³ in the so-called formalism-Expressionism debate among German and Soviet Marxist theoreticians in the Soviet Union and outside of Germany wherever German Marxists managed to survive in exile (see Chapter 7).

Of course, all these strands overlap, creating a complex fabric of relationships, interactions, and cross-fertilizations, as in the case of the German Marxist critic-cum-philosopher Ernst Bloch (1885–1977), who published his *Erbschaft dieser Zeit* (*Heritage of Our Times*) while in exile in Zurich in 1935, who contributed to the Expressionism debate that raged in the German Marxist exile journal *Das Wort* (edited by Bertolt Brecht, Willi Bredel, and Lion Feuchtwanger and printed in Moscow), and who published an essay from his book in the non-Marxist journal *Maß und Wert* in Zurich, co-edited by Thomas Mann, who for his part was living in exile in the United States.

In Nazi Germany itself *Ulysses* was not immediately forbidden, as might have been expected—and as we have been led to believe for example by Goyert, who claimed that Joyce was banned as early as 1934 (see Füger, *Kritisches Erbe*, 11)—despite its hero being a considerate and compassionate Jew. (Having no such sympathetic Jew as their protagonist, Joyce’s other works could of course have been deemed much less “degenerate.”) This was in part due to the fact that the Reichsschrifttumskammer, the subdivision of the Reichskulturkammer that was responsible for literature, was first and foremost preoccupied with removing the works of initially only German Jews, socialists, and Marxists from archives, libraries, and bookstores because their works were more immediately accessible to a German-language audience. While German literature proper was soon “cleansed” (“gesäubert”) of these “undesirable” (“unerwünschte”) elements, foreign authors were banned only belatedly, probably so as not to offend the international community. (One should not forget that the Nazis were organizing the Olympic Games in Berlin in 1936 and were hence eager to maintain good ties with participating nations until then. After 1936 the situation deteriorated all the more rapidly, as we know from the Nazis’ treatment of the indigenous German-Jewish population.) Secondly, the German translations of Joyce’s works had appeared in Switzerland and thus lay outside the immediate jurisdiction of Goebbels’s propaganda ministry and its sway over the German book industry; the most that could be effected was a reduced circulation (though with the Rhein-Verlag’s policy of producing only

limited editions on a very restricted subscription basis, circulation of *Ulysses* was already at a minimum). Whereas, as Wilhelm Fügen notes correctly, *Ulysses* was not banned outright until 1942, Joyce's work would already have been removed some years earlier, since in 1938 Karl Arns,¹⁴ who had reviewed *Ulysses* in 1925, produced a first if only half-official "Index of Anglo-Jewish Literature"; this index listed not just undesirable works by Anglo-Jewish authors, but also works by non-Jewish authors who treated Jewish subjects—including Joyce's *Ulysses*.¹⁵

Leopold Bloom would of course have been the most obvious reason for the novel's blacklisting, but by no means the only one. In a 1938 essay symptomatically entitled "The End of the Decadent Bourgeois Psychological Novel: James Joyce and the Tasks of the New German Epic" ("Das Ende des psychologischen Romans der bürgerlichen Dekadenz: James Joyce und die Aufgaben der jungen deutschen Epik"—Fügen, *Kritisches Erbe*, 361–63), the Nazi critic Hans Franke argued that Joyce's "monstrous novel" had had a "devastating impact" on literature across the globe in that it lacked "any healthy ethnically racial ['volkhaft'] bond." It was the product of "a barren intellectualism that is," because of the Nazis' rise to power, now "in its death throes." Its substance was "derived from the kind of metaphysical nihilism to which a sick bourgeois society has all too willingly fallen prey." And of course, the novel was suspect because it "exhibits all the hallmarks of a Jewish-intellectual logic that has withdrawn completely into the dubious milieu ['Dunstkreis'] of Freudian psychoanalysis." Joyce is seen not just as a literary champion of Jews (Bloom) and psychoanalysis, but also of the notion that Odysseus, the great Greek hero, himself was a Jew (Franke explicitly cites Joyce's referencing of Victor Bérard's thesis in *Les Phéniciens et l'Odysée*).

Speaking even more explicitly of "the degenerate art ['entartete Kunst'] of James Joyce," another Nazi critic, Paul Meißner, provides other revealing samples of Nazi phraseology. Meißner sees novels like *Ulysses* as a merely "cerebral art" ("Gehirnkunst") which is "thoroughly detached from what is rooted in our soil" ("Loslösung vom Bodenständigen"). Scholasticism, Jesuitism, Theosophy, and psychoanalysis—how much worse can it get?—all combine in *Ulysses* to create "the corrosive influence of pure intellectualist art that lacks any bond with the people" ("ohne jede volkhafte Bindung") (Fügen, *Kritisches Erbe*, 364–65).

Arns's semi-official index notwithstanding, the official Nazi index of banned "English and American Writers" did not appear until during the war, in 1942; as "enemy authors" ("Feindautoren"), the works of virtually all contemporary

English and American authors were now forbidden, the notable exception being Irish writers whose works exhibited an anti-British sentiment. But despite his works conforming to this requirement, Joyce was treated as an exception to the exception: his complete works—like those of Yeats—were listed as “harmful” (“schädlich”).¹⁶ In reality this would not have made much difference, since it can be safely assumed that Arns’s earlier index would have already accomplished the desired effect of having Joyce’s *Ulysses*, if not all of his works, removed from school and university curricula, public libraries, and bookstores.

But not every book dealer followed the rules. The contemporary writer Gabriele Wohmann (born 1932) recalls her earliest Joyce-experience thus: “Regarding my James Joyce-syndrome, what also played a role was pride in my father, who resembled a kind of resistance fighter. At some point during the Nazi period, this foolishly fanatic and sequestered era so reduced to everything Germanic, my father acquired for his family Joyce’s book . . . through a partisan-like book dealer”—as she goes on to report he had managed to procure the three-volume first German translation of 1927 (“Schlüsselerlebnis,” 48–49).

With this in mind, it may strike a retrospective observer as odd that the Odyssey Press of the publishing house Christian Wegner Verlag, located in Hamburg, and perhaps best known to scholars of literature for its “Hamburger Ausgabe” of the works of Johann Wolfgang Goethe, continued to publish its English edition of *Ulysses* well into the late 1930s. The fourth and last impression was published in April 1939; on its back cover we read: “Not to be introduced into the British Empire or the USA.” Probably the copies were not meant for sale in Germany either, as the research into this edition by R. F. Roberts seems to indicate, who stated already in 1936:

The Odyssey Press edition no longer appears in the general catalogue of German publications, nor for that matter does the German translation of it. Apparently Mr. Bloom’s racial membership furnishes a new reason for suppression of his epic; to the moral ban on it in England, and the religious (and moral) in Ireland, is now joined the socio-political in Germany. I might add that Mirsky, in a critical capacity, has already condemned it in Russia as having no practical message for the worker, and I have no doubt that by this time some Spaniard has voiced objections to the portrait of Mrs. Bloom on the ground that it reflects unfavorably on the character of Spanish womanhood. (Roberts, “Bibliographical notes,” 576)¹⁷

This of course raises the question of where this edition was sold—presumably in the rest of Europe outside of Germany and Great Britain. Either way, the printing of *Ulysses* in Germany as late as 1939 underscores all the more what the Auschwitz survivor Ruth Klüger in another context has called the “commercial cynicism” of the Nazis (*weiter leben*, 49).

The year 1933 represents a major turning point in the German reception history of James Joyce not just because of Hitler’s rise to power, but also because of the appearance in print of the first German academic dissertation devoted exclusively to Joyce, Rudolf Hentze’s *Die proteische Wandlung im “Ulysses” von James Joyce und ihre Spiegelung im Stil* (Protean Transformation in James Joyce’s *Ulysses* and Its Representation in Style). Two further dissertations published in the same year contained sections on Joyce, Alfred Holder’s *Beiträge zur Ästhetik des Romans der ausgehenden viktorianischen und nachviktorianischen Periode* (Contributions to an Aesthetics of the Late Victorian and Post-Victorian Novel) and Günter Kulemeyer’s *Studien zur Psychologie im neueren englischen Roman: Dorothy Richardson und James Joyce* (Studies on the Use of Psychology in Recent English Novels: Dorothy Richardson and James Joyce). For 1934 Füger lists three further dissertations that relate to Joyce, Adelheid Obradovic’s *Die Behandlung der Räumlichkeit im späteren Werk des James Joyce: Versuch eines Querschnitts durch seine Weltanschauung* (The Treatment of Space in James Joyce’s Later Works: A Cross-Section of His Worldview), Reinald Hoops’s *Der Einfluß der Psychoanalyse auf die englische Literatur* (The Influence of Psychoanalysis on English Literature), and Leopold Sack’s *Die Psychoanalyse im modernen englischen Roman* (Psychoanalysis in the Modern English Novel), while Josef Baake’s study *Das Riesenscherzbuch “Ulysses”* (The Mammoth Joke Book *Ulysses*) appeared in 1937. With the exception of Sack’s study, which appeared in Switzerland, all of these dissertations were published in Nazi Germany.

With the outbreak of the Second World War in September 1939, the publication of *Finnegans Wake* in May 1939 was of course soon overshadowed by events in the global political arena; while *Work in Progress* had received 22 mentions or references in essays, reviews, books, and dissertations up to and including 1933 (including the only full-fledged article on the *Wake* by Carola Giedion-Welcker, published in 1929 in the journal *Neue Schweizer Rundschau* and reprinted in *In Memoriam James Joyce*), the remaining years up to 1945 saw only 9 further mentions of the novel, 3 of which stemmed from dissertations mentioned above, and only 2 of which might be classified as genuine, if short, reviews. Both of these are surprisingly objective, if not to say positive,

considering they were published in German journals as late as 1939, one year after Arns had put into circulation his list of “undesirable” Anglo-Jewish texts/authors. The second of these, the review by Karl Heinz Petersen in the 28 June 1939 issue of the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* in Berlin (Füger, *Kritisches Erbe*, 400–402), contains the following instruction:

To read Joyce’s last two novels demands sacrifices: lean back in your armchair and jettison all those daily inhibitions, coachings, and precautions with which you control your baser instincts. Second, you will require an ability for total recall of all forms of language, argots, dialects, idioms, slangs, thieves’ Latin, and officialese. It does no harm either to brush up on your Old Nordic, Icelandic, Polish, and Gaelic, should you ever have learnt these languages. Third: forget about notions of red threads, narrative development, denouement, predisposition, disposition, catastrophe, beginning, end, logic, non-logic, and dialectics. Next, close your eyes and meditate for five minutes about life in general. Now, and only now, take hold of your Joycean novel. (Füger, *Kritisches Erbe*, 401)

The second strand of Joyce criticism, encompassing articles and reviews written in German but published outside of Nazi Germany, commences with Hermann Broch’s 1936 essay “James Joyce und die Gegenwart,” discussed earlier. It also comprises the 1940 essay by Arno Schirokauer, “Bedeutungswandel des Romans” (Shifts of Meaning in the Novel), published in the Swiss exile journal *Maß und Wert*, in which Schirokauer specifically relates Thomas Mann’s novel *Lotte in Weimar* to Joyce’s *Ulysses*; Carola Giedion-Welcker’s various essays, in particular “James Joyce und die Sprache” (James Joyce and Language, 1938), and the volume she edited following Joyce’s death in 1941, *In Memoriam James Joyce* (which includes a “Totenrede,” a necrologue by Heinrich Straumann, a “Hail and Farewell” by Lord Derwent, the British minister to Switzerland, an obituary, a reprint of her own essay “Ein sprachliches Experiment von James Joyce,” and articles by Armin Kessler and Max Rychner); an obituary by the exiled Ivan Goll, living in New York, entitled “Odysseus Joyce” and published in New York in the German-Jewish journal *Aufbau* as well as in Shanghai in the *Shanghai Jewish Chronicle* (Füger, *Kritisches Erbe*, 407–8); and an article by Franz Goldstein in the Haifa-based German-language journal *Orient*.

As third strand of Joyce’s reception during the Nazi period, and as indicated above, Joyce’s *Ulysses* was used as a sounding board in the so-called

formalism-Expressionism debate from the late 1930s onwards; I shall relate this strand of the German Joyce-reception in detail in Chapter 7.



It would not do to close this chapter of the German Joyce-reception 1919 to 1945 without some discussion of the relationship, or, as one critic has it, “non-relationship”¹⁸ of James Joyce and Thomas Mann (1875–1955). Indeed, it is difficult to ascertain the precise extent of Joyce’s influence on Mann’s writings between the 1920s and 1940s. In 1972, Péter Egri published an extensive comparison of Joyce’s *Ulysses* and Mann’s novels *Der Zauberberg* (1924) and *Lotte in Weimar* (1939), only to find his results refuted in part by Michael Palencia-Roth (1976) and Steven Cerf (1990).¹⁹ Citing various letters written by Mann, Palencia-Roth for instance contends that Mann never seriously studied Joyce. A typical statement of this kind is contained in a letter to Bruno Walter (1 March 1945), where Mann, in comparing his own *Doktor Faustus* with Joyce’s writings, notes:

I will have to tell you more about my new novel and what I meant when I used this figure of an intellectual musician. The “new,” the “radical” music, even Schoenberg’s system, plays a role, dear friend; music as well as all the other arts—and not only the arts—are in a crisis which sometimes seems to threaten their very existence. In literature that crisis is sometimes concealed by an ironic traditionalism. But Joyce, for example, to whom I am closer in some ways than might appear, is quite as outrageous to the mind trained in the classical romantic, realistic traditions as Schoenberg and his followers. Incidentally, I can’t read Joyce either, if only because one has to be born into English culture to do so. (*Briefe 1937–1947*, 416)

Elsewhere, in an interview with C. Neider for the *New York Times* on 11 June 1950, he says:

As for Joyce, I have read about him but how can I have read him? He is too difficult for me . . . [because of] the linguistic barrier. . . . I know that he has been translated into German but he cannot really be translated. (Cerf, “Thomas Mann und die englische Literatur,” 238)

As to Mann’s personal copy of *Finnegans Wake*, Palencia-Roth observes:

But *Finnegans Wake* is completely unmarked and in perfect condition, almost as though it had not even been opened. Perhaps Thomas Mann

did what many native English speakers have done on first looking into *Finnegans Wake*: he closed it again, rather quickly. (579)

Regardless of his difficulty with reading Joyce's works in the original, Mann was, as we saw earlier in this chapter, already in 1927 one of the handful of German writers who signed the letter of protest at Roth's unauthorized reprinting of *Ulysses* and exhibited great interest in what he called Joyce's "eccentric avant-gardism" as opposed to his own "dull ['flau'] traditionalism" (*Die Entstehung des Doktor Faustus*, 736), considering Joyce "undoubtedly a brother" (cited in Vaget, "Mann, Joyce, Wagner," 167). He devoted considerable time to consulting Joyce-related secondary sources, as evidenced by his preoccupation with such titles as Harry Levin's *James Joyce* (1941) and Campbell and Robinson's *Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake* (1944) soon after their publication. Indeed, Mann would have been intrigued to read in Levin's study:

The most significant example of all, and—since Joyce's death—the unchallenged master of living novelists, is Thomas Mann. Mann is a more typical and explicit figure than Joyce, possibly because he has worked in a narrower and heavier tradition. He has been exiled by fascism, not by philistinism. . . . Mann's itinerary conforms so closely to Joyce's progression from naturalism to symbolism that it brings home to us the historical necessities that have moulded their widely separated careers, (149)

stressing elsewhere in his study that "Joyce's books, like Thomas Mann's, fit into the broadening dialectical pattern of *Künstler* versus *Bürger*" (52). About Campbell and Robinson's *Skeleton Key* Mann writes to Agnes Meyer in 1944:

Campbell's book has kept me even more preoccupied and has suggested to me that Joyce might well be the greatest literary genius of our time. To be sure, Mr. Campbell's study is admirable as an analytical and exegetical accomplishment. And what has been done here for the work of the Irishman does America credit. I am personally all the more grateful to the authors as my only access to Joyce is through the guidance of such knowledgeable books. I do not have the requisite receptive freedom and willingness to study him myself. I sense an affinity, but would prefer not to admit it since, if this were the case, Joyce had done everything better, more boldly, more elegantly. (*Briefe 1937–1947*, 382)

As Mann's comments remind us, no serious writer likes to be considered derivative, which is why the naming game of influence is so precarious and

damaging—at least until we reach postmodernism, when old-style influence becomes elevated, maybe too readily, to conscious and cunning citationism. Measuring influence and dependence, or non-influence and independence, always begs the question of what we gain from this kind of exercise. Indeed, as this chapter has demonstrated, even when people talk about Joyce, there is no guarantee that they have actually read his work—Karl Radek's speech at the Soviet Writers Congress is perhaps the most illuminating example (see Chapter 7 for a discussion of Radek's speech and its context). But even such misguided influence has an important role to play in reception history.

Whatever the influence vector may suggest in Mann's case, there are numerous points of convergence with Joyce's works, some in terms of content, others in terms of mood and style. Péter Egri for example has remarked upon the similarity between, on the one hand, the "Circe" episode of *Ulysses*, and on the other, both Hans Castorp's "Schleier-Phantasmagorie" (*Der Zauberberg*, 711), that is, his phantasmagorical delusions in the "Snow" chapter of Mann's *The Magic Mountain*, and Goethe's Walpurgisnacht sections in *Faust*. Gerald Gillespie has discussed that selfsame section of *The Magic Mountain* in the context of Joyce's and Mann's use of the "alchemical-hermetic" tradition, and sees Mann and Joyce using the metaphor of labyrinth to explore the "modernist sense of self."²⁰ Ernest Schonfield compares and contrasts Mann's and Joyce's various methods of "the dissemination of myth" in *Ulysses*, *Finnegans Wake*, the *Joseph* tetralogy, and *Doktor Faustus*. Indeed, as early as the 1930s Hermann Broch had reflected on Joyce's use of the Homeric myth in *Ulysses* and compared it with Mann's use of biblical myth in the *Joseph* novels, noting how both authors successfully adopt and adapt old myths, but with neither managing to achieve a genuine re-mythologizing of storytelling. He observes:

A myth is not created on command. . . . Neither the reformulation of the mythical wanderer Jacob by Thomas Mann, nor that of Ulysses by James Joyce, can be regarded as myth. Neither is a myth, regardless of how much Mann has managed to reduce the distance between psychological novel and myth, . . . and as great as Joyce's power of symbolization may be and however much he has dismantled the form of the traditional novel to reach beyond to a new form, neither has yet crossed this boundary. But not because this dismantling remained incomplete nor because Joyce continues to retain elements of the old form does Bloom fail to attain mythical stature—nor will he ever—but because he is flush with the religious nihilism and relativism of our age (and consciously represents it). ("Geist und Zeitgeist," 197–99)

In short, the paradox emerges that both Joyce's and Mann's novels represent, according to Broch, "the most vigorous appropriation of myth and simultaneously its most vigorous renunciation" ("ein stärkster Ansturm auf den Mythos und gleichzeitig der stärkste Verzicht auf ihn"; "Geist und Zeitgeist," 199). What Broch means, as he explains in the essay entitled "Die mythische Erbschaft der Dichtung," is that both novels may be "mythological," but neither is "mythical" (210). In his study *Mythology in the Modern Novel: A Study of Prefigurative Techniques*, John J. White explains the difference: "By using the word 'mythological' one can avoid the assumption which so readily presents itself: that a work containing substantial elements from old mythologies creates or is even necessarily intended to generate myth" (8). By the mid-1940s, and swayed by recent world historical events, the Second World War, the repercussions of Nazi terror, and the dropping of the atom bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Broch had come to the conclusion that the only kind of modern literature that would be able to generate genuinely mythical potential was a literature that was able to capture in its essence these very modern kinds of horror. There was only one kind of modern writing that came close to this objective, for Broch, and that was the oeuvre of Franz Kafka. In his 1947 study "Mythos und Altersstil," Broch observes:

And although this return to myth—anticipated already by Wagner—has nowhere been so skillfully handled as in Joyce's works it must nonetheless be regarded as a general trait of our contemporary literature: the rejuvenation of biblical themes, as in Thomas Mann's novels, is incontrovertible proof of the power with which myth is resurfacing in today's literature. But this is precisely that—a mere return to myth in its old forms (even when as modernized as in Joyce's case), and thus does not represent a genuine new myth in its own right, and certainly not *the* new myth. And yet, we can still assume that a first reembodyment of this new myth has already taken shape, namely in the writings of Franz Kafka. (229)

Prefiguring Adorno's famous dictum that after Auschwitz the writing of (old-style) poetry cannot but be barbaric, Broch writes in the shadow of Auschwitz and Hiroshima—and directed against Joyce and Mann as much as against his own oeuvre of old:

For what can those old problems that literature dealt with still mean to us today, love, marriage, deceit, and jealousy, when murder and rape, hardship and degradation threaten our very existence and nothing

remains but pain and sorrow. And which painter can expect his audience today to abandon itself to the enjoyment of art under trees in some idyllic landscape in a time when the landscapes of our globe have been transformed into landscapes of exile and persecution? (230)

The other and perhaps more palpable connection between Joyce and Mann—or confluence between them, as I will later call these kinds of links—is the 1939 novel *Lotte in Weimar*, and especially its “Seventh Chapter” (“Das siebente Kapitel”). This chapter is best known for Mann’s first extensive use of undiluted interior monologue (as opposed to free indirect speech, which is in evidence throughout *The Magic Mountain* and other works by Mann), derived probably as much from Arthur Schnitzler’s novellas “Leutnant Gustl” and “Fräulein Else” or Tucholsky’s satires (see his story “Konversation”) as from Joyce’s handling of the stream-of-consciousness technique in *Ulysses*. But in stark contrast to his precursors Schnitzler, Tucholsky, and Joyce, Mann chose to use interior monologue for the portrayal not of one or more fictitious characters, but for the representation of a historical persona, namely Johann Wolfgang Goethe. This presented a fundamentally different challenge for the writing process in that Mann’s depiction of the German Olympian needed to be verifiable with regard to historical fact—with Mann writing as much for a scholarly as for a non-scholarly audience. The author was thus less at liberty to invent his characters’ experiences and thought processes than with a comparable fictional character. This necessitated on Mann’s part a time-consuming preoccupation with Goethe’s biography and works, especially as regards Goethe’s relationship with Charlotte Kestner. Despite the need to attend to the minutiae of Goethe’s life and works, however, Mann could not resist adding his personal modernist slant, having his subject wake up from his dreams with an early-morning erection:

Alas, that it should vanish! That my bright vision of the depths must so soon be gone again—as though the whim of a genie gave it and as suddenly snatched it away—it fades into nothing, I emerge. So lovely it was! And now what? Where are we? Jena? Berka? Tennstädt? No, this is the Weimar bedspread, the silken one, and the familiar hangings, the bell-pull. . . . What, what? Here’s a brave showing, forsooth! Good for you, old man! Be not dismayed, gay old fellow that thou art! There was good cause, after all . . . (*Lotte in Weimar*, 1941, 212)²¹

Here the self-proclaimed “dull traditionalist” can hardly admit to being dull. Quite the contrary: even if Mann later claims not to have “read anything

by Joyce when I wrote the chapter in question" (letter to Alfred A. Knopf, 11 January 1950; *Thomas Mann: Dichter über ihre Dichtungen*, 526), clearly Joyce's oftentimes sexually explicit portrayal of his lead character Leopold Bloom has led, via any number of middlemen, named and unnamed, to Mann's now much less traditional and more permissive and provocative narrative technique.

But there are also distinct differences between them: not only is Mann's narrative style in *Lotte in Weimar* generally more "traditional" and less "eccentrically avant-gardist" than Joyce's, resorting to interior monologue predominantly, but not exclusively, in "The Seventh Chapter" of his novel, he also uses Goethe's interior monologue to comment anachronistically, more explicitly than Joyce ever did through the mouthpiece of Bloom, on current political affairs; published in 1939, the year in which Hitler was to unleash the Second World War on Europe and the world, Mann has his Goethe brood on "contemporary" Germans—as the voice of his own exiled self:

So they mistrust your German soul and you, they feel it an abuse, your fame is a source among them of hate and anguish. Sorry existence, spent wrestling and wrangling with my own blood—yet after all it is my blood, it bears me up. It must be so, I will not whine. That they hate clarity is not right. That they do not know the charm of truth, lamentable indeed. That they so love cloudy vapping and berserker excesses, repulsive; wretched that they abandon themselves credulously to every fanatic scoundrel who speaks to their baser qualities, confirms them in their vices, teaches them nationality means barbarism and isolation. To themselves they seem great and glorious only when they have gambled away all that they had worth having. Then they look with jaundiced eyes on those whom foreigners love and respect, seeing in them the true Germany. No, I will not appease them. They do not like me—. . . They think they are Germany—but I am. Let the rest perish root and branch, it will survive in me. (*Lotte in Weimar*, 1941, 249–50)

Mann's diatribe against his fellow countrymen was, of course, to be sadly prophetic. In his next novel, *Doktor Faustus*, published in 1947, Mann not only extends this line of criticism, as he does in his postwar essay "Deutschland und die Deutschen" (Germany and the Germans), but in the process paints a picture of the ultimate downfall and destruction of a country and people misled by its *Führer*. There is nothing remotely comparable either in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and *Ulysses* or in *Finnegans Wake*. Mann may be the

greater traditionalist, but he is also more openly political in both his essayistic work and literary oeuvre.



In discussing the German-language reception of James Joyce between 1919 and 1945 I have produced an interwoven narrative of his reception by critics and scholars on the one hand and professional colleagues on the other, writers such as Hermann Broch, Alfred Döblin, Hans Henny Jahnn, and Thomas Mann. The more these writers appropriated “Joyce,” whether in silence, exile, or cunning, and the more Joyce’s techniques had by and large been absorbed by and disseminated through the works of other English-language contemporaries such as Virginia Woolf, John Dos Passos, and William Faulkner, the more difficult it becomes to trace and pinpoint the direct lineage of Joyce’s influence on subsequent generations of German-language readers and writers. In the following chapter we will see some of the effects of this dispersal of lineage, but also how postwar writers and latecomers to the Joycean scene responded to this most invigorating yet also potentially most overwhelming and incapacitating of literary precursors in their emerging literary works; this will be complemented by a look at the developments in German-language Joyce scholarship after 1945.

“Joyce has made me a different reader: I am just glad I don’t have to understand him”

The Institutionalization of “Joyce” after 1945

Following the Second World War and the demise of Hitler’s regime of terror, war, and genocide in 1945, Germany as a nation was split into two separate states. Thus between 1949 and 1989 the German-speaking regions of Europe were shared between four countries, the Federal Republic of Germany (West Germany), the German Democratic Republic (East Germany), Austria, and Switzerland, with its German-speaking cantons. For obvious ideological reasons, the reception of Joyce in the communist-governed German Democratic Republic took a very different trajectory from that in the West; the GDR’s trajectory was covered comprehensively by Wolfgang Wicht in *The Reception of James Joyce in Europe*. On the other hand, because the three German-speaking nations in the West are so closely linked in terms of their publishing market and readership, it would make little sense not to treat them as one. Hence the first section of the following chapter will provide a brief outline of the literary reception of Joyce by select writers from West Germany, Austria, and Switzerland, while the second will survey the phases of Joyce’s institutionalization in German-language critical and academic circles in the West since 1945. The final section will then examine how Joyce’s oeuvre fared in German translation.



It took well into the early if not mid-1950s before life became normalized in West Germany and Austria. Especially during the last three years of the war, most major cities had been laid waste by Allied bombing campaigns. These cities needed to be rebuilt, food was scarce, the transport and communications infrastructures had collapsed, and large parts of the industry had come to a standstill or were being dismantled. In addition, millions of Germans had

fled their homes in the eastern provinces of Germany which had come under Soviet and Polish control, and many hundreds of thousands more had been ejected from other areas of Europe where ethnic Germans were no longer considered welcome. With Germans first having to be “denazified” and “re-educated” they were only slowly learning to appreciate the many freedoms of the freshly imposed democratic way of life. And they were also only slowly becoming acquainted with the developments in literature and the arts from which they had been cut off under Nazi rule. American popular culture in particular had a significant impact on postwar German culture and society; Hollywood films, American rock and roll, Bill Haley and Elvis Presley, and Ernest Hemingway were the craze as much there as anywhere else in the Western world. All the while, American and European modernism was making a slow comeback, with younger authors gradually catching up with trends abroad. However, at least into the early fifties, the harsh living conditions for German intellectuals, writers, and scholars were hardly amenable to the reception of an author as difficult and time-consuming as Joyce.

To gain a clearer understanding of the complexities of the postwar German reception of Joyce it is essential to distinguish between the different generations and subgroups of authors active after 1945. First there are the by now more established authors of the generation of writers influenced by Joyce in the 1920s and 1930s, such as Bertolt Brecht, Hermann Broch, Alfred Döblin, Hans Henny Jahnn, or Thomas Mann, whose attitudes toward Joyce were discussed in the previous chapter. Most had survived Nazi terror and the Second World War in exile (“survived” hardly expressing the severe anguish and despair that resulted from the existential dislocation and isolation that accompanied exile), were already acquainted with Joyce’s *Ulysses* and in some cases also *Finnegans Wake*, and continued to admire his literary genius long after having digested his influence. For this group of literary emigrés, Joyce had become part of their very constitution, and it showed in the technical virtuosity of many of their subsequent writings—without it necessarily being directly attributable to Joyce, such as for example Thomas Mann’s *Doktor Faustus*.

Although their backgrounds vary considerably, all authors named below—all of whom bear some literary relation to this first generation—exhibit some form of direct encounter with Joyce’s works documented through published essays, translations, letters, diaries, or their literary works. They have in common that they were born in 1914 or later and were not exposed to Joyce’s works until after the end of Nazi rule in 1945.

The eldest among them—constituting the second generation—received all or most of their secondary education before the Nazis came to power. These

include Arno Schmidt, born 1914, who left school with his *Abitur*, the German terminal high school degree, in 1933; Alfred Andersch, also born 1914, who was interned in the Dachau concentration camp for a short period because of his left-wing leanings; and Heinrich Böll, born 1917. Like many of those listed later, they were drafted into the German *Wehrmacht* during the Second World War. By contrast, Wolfgang Hildesheimer, a German-Jewish writer born 1916, was able to flee to Palestine in 1933 at the age of seventeen and worked for the British between 1939 and 1945.

Only a couple of years younger, authors belonging to the third generation—they were between six and twelve when the Nazis took over, and between eighteen and twenty-four at the end of the war—received a substantial part of their secondary education under Nazi rule; this group includes Helmut Heißenbüttel, born 1921; Walter Höllerer, born 1922; the Austrian poets Friederike Mayröcker, born 1924, and Ernst Jandl and Ingeborg Bachmann, born 1925; the German writer and critic Dieter Wellershoff, also born 1925; Franz Mon, born 1926; and Günter Grass, Martin Walser, and Oskar Pastior, born 1927.

The fourth group of authors was born either during the Nazi period itself or so close to 1933 that they received some or all of their secondary schooling after the end of the Second World War. Among these are Walter Kempowski, born 1929; Gerhard Rühm and the Austrian writer Friedrich Achleitner, born 1930; the Austrian playwright Thomas Bernhard, born 1931; Gabriele Wohmann and Jürgen Becker, born 1932; Uwe Johnson, born 1934; and Hubert Fichte, Dieter Kühn, and Hans Wollschläger, born 1935.

Any author born later, even if still under Nazi rule (such as Rolf Dieter Brinkmann, born 1940; Ginka Steinwachs, born 1942; Friedrich Christian Delius, born 1943; or Hans Christoph Buch, born 1944), would have remained unaffected by the Nazi education system, as were writers born after 1945 (such as Friederike Roth, born 1948; Reinhard Jirgl, born 1953; Peter Fladl-Martinez and Rainald Goetz, born 1954; Walter Grond, born 1957; and Marcel Beyer, born 1965). Likewise unaffected were Swiss authors who enjoyed Switzerland's independence and neutrality during the National Socialist years of terror, notably Max Frisch, Paul Nizon, and Peter Bichsel.

Those Germans and Austrians who lived through the Nazi period as young adults—represented here by and large by the second and third generations—were cut off in 1933 from virtually all major developments taking place in the realm of Western art and literature; during the period when one's literary sensibility starts to be fashioned, and when many literary careers begin, they had little or no access to the works of modernist writers such as Joyce, Virginia Woolf, T. S. Eliot, Gertrude Stein, Djuna Barnes, John Dos Passos,

André Gide, Alfred Döblin, Thomas Mann, or Franz Kafka, all of whom were banned for either political or racial reasons, or both. The misfortunes of these second- and third-generation writers were often compounded by their being forced to serve in the German army, as was the case with Andersch, Böll, Grass, Heißenbüttel, Höllerer, Jandl, and Schmidt. When these young men—some of whom later considered themselves inner emigrants (though not in all cases do we have full disclosure of what they experienced during the war years: one need think only of the controversy surrounding Günter Grass's revelation in his 2006 autobiography *Beim Häuten der Zwiebel/Peeling the Onion* that he had served in an SS military unit as a seventeen-year-old, a fact he had suppressed until then)—emerged as young writers after 1945, many took their models from the pre-1933 writings of German authors who were later exiled or otherwise silenced, for example Expressionist poets like Gottfried Benn or Johannes R. Becher, the Marxist dramatist Bertolt Brecht, or the novelists Thomas and Heinrich Mann and Alfred Döblin. Arno Schmidt, whose earliest writings clearly show their Expressionist descent, is a good case in point; he also bemoaned the fact how his literary career had been delayed by some ten to fifteen years: he was thirty-five when his first work, *Leviathan*, appeared.

Catching up thus became the catchphrase of the day. Heinrich Vormweg, who was later to emerge as a leading West German literary critic, recalled the situation as follows:

Add to that the widespread sense that one had to play catch-up with virtually everything. By and large the 1950s are characterized by various waves of catching up. What dominated for me around 1950 and in the following years were the writings of the inner and real emigrants. I was always on the lookout for others but never with any real certainty. Everything was *new*, so to say. . . . And in the public sphere at large, as far as I can see, something altogether different counted as new. It was still Thomas Mann, Hermann Hesse. Or Gottfried Benn. And T. S. Eliot. (Vormweg, "Das Neue in der Literatur," 10)

The German expression for *catching up* is the verb "nachholen," a related compound noun is "Nachholbedarf," the need to catch up. Using precisely this term, the German novelist and essayist Alfred Andersch, who was closely allied with the postwar experimental writers Helmut Heißenbüttel and Arno Schmidt, adds flesh to Vormweg's observation, with Joyce playing a key role; he writes:

In German cultural life, as it reawoke after the end of Hitler fascism, no concept played a larger role than that of the need to catch up

[“Nachholbedarf”]. Between 1933 and 1945 German literature had become disconnected from international literature, and the first duty we placed upon ourselves was of course to get to know what we had not been permitted to know for twelve long years. We experienced a veritable frenzy to catch up [“Rausch des Nachholens”]. *With what* did we catch up? Peculiarly, not at first the books of the German emigrants, which had been written in New York, Mexico, and Moscow: they came later, and some of them, especially those of the left wing of German emigration, have still not been properly taken note of. What we devoured were American, British, French, and Italian writers. Hemingway, Faulkner, and Vittorini. Eliot, Gide, and Sartre. Special attention was devoted to the literature of the avant-garde: Kafka, Proust, Joyce, and the new poetry in all its variations. (“Öffentlicher Brief,” 501–2)

Franz Mon, one of the leading German concrete poets of the 1950s and 1960s, and nineteen years old when the war ended, similarly observed:

The names of Kandinsky, Klee, Braque, Joyce, Arp, to name only a few of the modernist icons, never reached the 1940s generation of pupils. In 1945 therefore there was a distinct difference between the consciousness of those who lived through the Nazi period as pupils, and those whose memory reached farther back into the period before 1933. The generation of Eich, Huchel, Weyrauch, Krolow, Schwitzke . . . that came into their own in the 1950s may have experienced the suppression of modernism in Germany, and suffered from it, but at least they knew what had happened, and knew which authors, works, and trends had been suppressed. . . . My key reading experiences in those years were Hölderlin’s *Empedocles* and *Hyperion*, and Nietzsche’s *The Birth of Tragedy*. It was with this consciousness that this nineteen-year-old sat there in 1945 with twenty fellow sufferers, asquat on cardboard in a POW tent, writing with a pencil stub on gray toilet paper . . . melancholy-ideal stories of his interior world . . . (“Die 50er Jahre,” 37–38)

As much as Mon’s comments confirm that the postwar generation of younger German writers began their careers without any significant firsthand knowledge of non-German European modernism, it is worth noting that quite a few of them were less interested in avant-garde or hermetic modernism than might have been expected; their style was predicated instead on a new descriptive realism in the vein especially of Hemingway that allowed them to work through the horrors and resulting psychological trauma of recent German

history. Heinrich Böll's early short stories and novels are often considered the paradigm of this kind of reduced realism, which in German is frequently referred to as "Kahlschlagliteratur" ("clear-felling literature"), "Literatur der Stunde Null" ("zero-hour literature"), or—using a term coined by Böll himself—"Trümmerliteratur" ("rubble literature"); I have made the case in an earlier article of mine ("Böll and Joyce, Joyce on Böll") that Böll may have been influenced by Joyce in the 1950s, but tellingly not the Joyce of *Ulysses* or *Finnegans Wake*, or even *A Portrait of the Artist*, but rather the more naturalistic Joyce of *Dubliners*.

Many of these writers—including some who pursued a less traditional direction, such as Ingeborg Bachmann, Günter Grass, or Martin Walser—later came to be loosely organized in a group, founded in 1947, called the "Gruppe 47," comprising writers, critics, and publishers, and which eventually went on to become a veritable powerhouse of the German literary marketplace. By the mid- to late 1950s, economic reconstruction had at last brought Germany's paralysis to an end, the publishing industry was again in full swing, authors became more affluent, and many now found the time, and at long last had the means, to start reading the likes of Joyce, Beckett, Kafka, Stein, and other previously inaccessible or neglected modernists. Ernst Jandl, the Austrian concrete poet to whom we will return later in this chapter, observed retrospectively:

in austria a period of profuse lyrical production which had begun immediately following the war ended after nearly ten years. the memory of the war was spent, the experience of our subjective present was exhausted as a theme; now reliant on their imagination alone some found themselves thoroughly forlorn. it was only now that one realized, assuming one wanted to and was able to, that postwar poetry had produced little that was new, and certainly nothing that could serve as a point of departure. those who wanted to continue, or who wanted to start afresh, struggled to find new starting points. what one came across, here and there, on one's way, in passing, was of little use. thus we started exploiting for our work what was unfamiliar or those we had previously shunned: stramm, arp, schwitters, gertrude stein, joyce, andsoforth. (*Ernst Jandl für alle*, 220)

A prime example of the marked change in atmosphere and outlook that took hold in the 1950s is the German experimental writer Arno Schmidt (1914–1979), arguably Germany's leading experimental novelist of that period. Largely independent of modernist influences outside of German Expressionism, he had sought in his early stories and novels to create a unique type of

experimental realism that was coupled with his personal brand of interior monologue, derived more from Döblin than anyone else. Indeed, as I have shown in Chapter 2, and as Breon Mitchell rightly points out in his study *James Joyce and the German Novel 1922–1933*, “by the mid-thirties, for example, it would not be surprising to see a German writer mix inner monologue and third-person narrative in his novel without ever having read a word of Joyce—provided he had read *Berlin Alexanderplatz* or *Perrudja*” (177). This has major repercussions for any discussion of Joyce’s postwar literary reception since, again in Mitchell’s words, “after 1945 it becomes difficult to name a major novelist who does not owe a literary debt to Joyce. He has, quite simply, become a part of the intellectual climate of our age” (178). Patrick O’Neill has put it thus:

Ulysses gave a whole generation of German novelists the courage to strike out in new directions, and once the catalytic process was begun it quickly became self-perpetuating. In the process Joyce became as much of a German as Ossian had been in the late eighteenth century. (*Ireland and Germany*, 280)

In particular the interior monologue had become a part of the very fabric of contemporary writing, often without explicit acknowledgment of Joyce. How much so shows in a programmatic essay by the Austrian writer Peter Handke published in 1967 and entitled “I Am an Inhabitant of the Ivory Tower” (“Ich bin ein Bewohner des Elfenbeinturms”), in which he observes, with reference to Russian formalist vocabulary but without specific mention of Joyce:

We see how over time an artistic technique deteriorates due to its over-use, eventually becoming thoroughly automated as it enters the spheres of entertainment, arts, and crafts, and the advertising and communications media. Many serial novels today use interior monologue without further ado, hosts of writers use techniques derived from film montage. . . . All this is overly abstract, I realize. No examples, no numbers, no names. (*Ich bin ein Bewohner*, 21–22)

While Arno Schmidt’s rather idiosyncratic first-person narrative voice—in evidence in such early works as *Brand’s Haide* (1951), *Schwarze Spiegel* (1951), and *Aus dem Leben eines Fauns* (1953)—is in my opinion only vaguely suggestive of Joyce’s handling of the stream-of-consciousness technique in *Ulysses*, it nonetheless reminded many critics in the 1950s of Joyce’s novel, and they did not hesitate to say so. Indeed, to Schmidt’s surprise and growing chagrin, he found himself frequently belittled as a mere copycat imitator of Joyce—with

all the implications of imitation and unoriginality, if not outright plagiarism. In Schmidt's case a typical such deprecating statement read:

Schmidt is in other words an heir, not an "avant-gardist"; a successor like most young writers today in Germany (and not only Germany), except that the testator is in this case neither Rilke nor Eliot, neither Bert Brecht nor Valéry, but Joyce. Schmidt has filled a conspicuous gap, so to say, amidst our recent literature: the Joyce-succession was long overdue. And indeed: the appearance of his texts is deceptively like those of the [works of the] great Irishman and his American pupils. . . . But in contrast to the famous Americans who creatively adapted the technique of *Ulysses* to suit their own original purposes, Schmidt contents himself with a mere mannerism. (Holthusen, "Bärendienst für Arno Schmidt," 19–20)

The paradox is that, while this commentary was published in 1951, it was not until the mid-1950s—all indications point to 1956 as the actual year—that Schmidt began to read Joyce's works for the first time. Indeed, his initial reading of *Ulysses* was probably prompted precisely by Schmidt's urge to find out more about this numinous "Joyce" and putative literary precursor. Or to phrase it differently: Arno Schmidt came to be influenced by Joyce precisely because critics claimed Joyce had influenced him. He immediately embarked on a close reading of *Ulysses*, even taking time out to compare the German translation with the English original. The outcome was a scathing critique of Goyert's translation published in the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* in 1957. While Goyert contested Schmidt's findings in his published response, claiming that his translation had been completed with Joyce's full sanction and under the author's direct supervision, the merits of the translation had been tarnished once and for all. It was ultimately this critique (and the fact that Schmidt was, by and large, in the right) that led Suhrkamp Verlag in the late 1960s to commission, as part of the complete works of Joyce in German then in preparation, a new translation by the writer Hans Wollschläger, himself a student of Schmidt's.

Schmidt was quick to follow up his reading of *Ulysses* with an examination of the *Wake*, the autobiographical interpretation of which became an obsession of his. In three connected essays published in *Die Zeit* in 1960, Schmidt undertook to "expose" *Finnegans Wake* as a lampoon that James Joyce had directed against his brother Stanislaus. According to Schmidt, James Joyce believed his brother had cuckolded him with Nora in Trieste during one of James's trips to Ireland, and *Finnegans Wake* was his form of revenge. Joyce's last and most enigmatic novel, Schmidt thus claimed, had no deeper function than to serve

as a prolonged and vicious fratricidal pasquinade (see my books of 1982 and 1984 for an extended discussion of Schmidt's theory). In his 1966 essay "Das Buch Jedermann," published on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Joyce's death, Schmidt determined that *Finnegans Wake* was written in what Schmidt called "etym," recurrent morphemes, word roots, and catch phrases that carry sexual overtones and thus represent a vehicle of psycholinguistic ambiguity and innuendo. "Etym" constitute the means by which osmosis takes place between the unconscious and the language of our consciousness. Schmidt, of course, lifted the word "etym" from *Finnegans Wake* (FW353.22).

Soon after his readings of *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* Schmidt began adopting stylistic traits reminiscent of Joyce—certainly more reminiscent than any of Schmidt's earlier works had been that were so frequently linked to Joyce. The closest any of his works come to resembling Joyce's *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* is unquestionably the 1963 story "Caliban über Setebos" ("Caliban upon Setebos"), a *Ulysses*-like retelling of the Orpheus myth in a style analogous to that of the *Wake* but not quite as dense and obscure. Here are the story's title, motto, and first lines in John Woods's fine translation:

CALIBAN UPON SETEBOS

GEORG DÜSTERHENN *entertaynd ze Myoosuz—
(tscheeper Bey ze Lump)—eetsch Wonn of zemm
re=worded him for hiss horsepitellittie wiz Sam
Bladdy mad=Teariels.*

CLIO

: just get off ! (End of the road just ahead—after all, I had properly=proffered my obolus.)—

Halt !; here, make a note of the departure schedule. / Beneath the ocher=moon of the bus stop (the wan green <H>-ellipsed by its face); its typewritten placard irksomely neck=high, aptly circumtinned, a cellofeign mug: and here they were again, the 4 womenfolk circling me ! (The huntresses, that is, from the bus) : All in coquette=hiheeled jackboots of patent leather; plus breeches; jerkins of yellow, yellow, brown, musturd-brown shamey (Velveton; guaranteed at 10 yards to look like suede, <escapade>); topped by skimpy wide-awake hats, billiard green—their chatterboxing had got on my nerves the whole way. More their shrill fourfold fidgety splutter behind me, than the anecdoting themselves; 'm always glad to lend an ear, often a source of useful stuff. Sure, mostly tidbitty tattle=tonguing bacchanded=jobs on girlfriends. Specially the youngest, with her pale, puffy face, kept harping, unflagging & jealous, at a <Rosel>, who had allegedly got herself balled by a cola de caballo driver in the scullery—hat=trick ? ; I didn't catch it all; ah luvsweetluv. ("Caliban upon Setebos," 251)

Around the same time, Schmidt also translated Stanislaus Joyce's biographical sketches *My Brother's Keeper* (*Meines Bruders Hüter*, 1960) and *The Dublin Diary of Stanislaus Joyce* (*Das Dubliner Tagebuch des Stanislaus Joyce*, 1964), and attempted some trial translations of *Finnegans Wake* (some twenty pages in all, published posthumously in 1984).

Psychologically most telling, however, was Schmidt's attempt to compete with and outdo Joyce with the 1330 oversize pages of his *Zettels Traum* (Zettel's Dream), the 1970 novel that describes one day in the life of four people in a village setting in rural Lower Saxony. As one of the countless subplots within it, Schmidt deployed Joyce as his prime source and witness for the "Vierte Instanz," a "fourth instance" complementing Freud's three psychological functions of ego, id, and superego. As some critics have held, *Zettels Traum* had a compensatory and cathartic function for Schmidt, releasing him at last from the stifling "anxiety of influence" of this literary superfather that lasted roughly one decade from 1959 to 1969. *Zettels Traum* represents, to use Harold Bloom's term, Schmidt's "clinamen," "which implies that the precursor [novel] went accurately up to a certain point, but then should have swerved, precisely in the direction that the new [novel] moves" (*Anxiety of Influence*, 14). As Schmidt professed to one interlocutor in an interview given in advance of the publication of *Zettels Traum*:

Joyce in *Finnegans Wake*, for instance, which in principle is also a multi-column book ["MehrspaltenBuch"], made it easy for himself by printing everything indiscriminately anyway he liked. He clearly enjoyed mysterymongering ["Geheimnistuerei"]. My approach is quite different. I don't deliberately make it difficult for my reader. And for that reason I separated the three main text columns ["die 3 großen TextStränge"] – – so that the reader always knows exactly where he is. (*Vorläufiges zu Zettels Traum*, 3)

Only after exorcising Joyce's oppressive yet nonetheless productive influence through the weighty exorbitance of *Zettels Traum* does Schmidt again come into his own, writing three wonderfully capricious and carnivalesque typescript novels, rich both in intertextual allusion and erotic diversion, *Die Schule der Atheisten* (The School of Atheists) (1972), *Abend mit Goldrand* (Evening Edged in Gold) (1975), and *Julia, oder die Gemälde* (Julia, or The Pictures, a fragment published posthumously in 1983). To date Arno Schmidt remains the postwar German author most heavily indebted to James Joyce; it is not surprising, therefore, that this relationship has been the focus of a considerable amount of scholarship.¹

Also much inspired by Joyce was the German-Jewish writer Wolfgang Hildesheimer (1916–1991), the German translator of Djuna Barnes's *Nightwood*, who was, until his death in 1991, one of the trustees of the Zurich James Joyce Foundation. Hildesheimer was born in 1916, emigrated to England in 1933, and served in the British army as intelligence officer in Palestine from 1943 to 1945 and as a translator at the Nuremberg trials between 1946 and 1949. On account of his exile in the English-speaking world he acquainted himself earlier with Joyce than other Germans of his generation, and after the war he was the first German writer to publish on Joyce, namely a short article entitled "On James Joyce," published in *Radio Week* in Jerusalem in 1946. Hildesheimer kept on reading and studying Joyce throughout his life. In 1969 he published an article on translating *Finnegans Wake*, "Übersetzung und Interpretation einer Passage aus *Finnegans Wake* von James Joyce" (Translation and Interpretation of a Passage from James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake*). His German adaptation of the first two pages of "Anna Livia Plurabelle," published in that article, served as a pilot translation for the complete rendition of Chapter I.8 published in a Suhrkamp Verlag volume edited by Klaus Reichert in 1970; this volume also contains a translation into German of "Anna Livia Plurabelle" by Hans Wollschläger and an appendix that reprints the (partial) "Basic English" version by C. K. Ogden, the earlier German translation by Georg Goyert and the (partial) French translation by Samuel Beckett, Philippe Soupault, and others. In a letter to Alfred Andersch, however, Hildesheimer explicitly referred to his "translation" as a "vertical adaptation" ("vertikale Nachdichtung") rather than a direct word-for-word translation, stressing that one is sometimes "forced to find equivalents instead of translating literally" ("aber man muß manchmal anstatt wörtlich zu übersetzen Äquivalente finden"; *Briefe*, 166).

The 1975 lecture "The End of Fiction" frequently refers to Joyce and his work, in particular *Finnegans Wake*, which he calls a "masterpiece," "unequaled in 'passionate imagination'"; in it Joyce "speculates upon life in a more profound, a more intense and more sovereign manner than any work by any writer writing about himself" (127). In 1979 Hildesheimer was solicited to write the entry on *Ulysses* for the series "Zeit 100 Bücher" ("The *Zeit's* 100 Books") for the German weekly *Die Zeit*. And in 1984 Hildesheimer was invited by the director of the Ninth International James Joyce Symposium in Frankfurt, Klaus Reichert, to give the Bloomsday "Frankforall Address"; the lecture was published in the same year in a bilingual English/German edition entitled *The Jewishness of Mr. Bloom / Das Jüdische an Mr. Bloom*.

According to the author of Hildesheimer's *Werkbiographie* (literally the

biography of his oeuvre), Hildesheimer was reputed to have said that the German literary scene was split into two camps, those who considered Joyce the greatest author of the twentieth century, and those who considered Thomas Mann the greatest author—and who understood nothing about literature (Jehle, 407). The ridicule is of course leveled at Georg Lukács, among others, who always championed Thomas Mann over Joyce.

Interestingly, both Arno Schmidt and Hildesheimer lavished much more attention on *Finnegans Wake* than *Ulysses*. In a December 1983 letter Hildesheimer confessed to his Swiss writer colleague Urs Widmer: “I am reading nearly only Joyce, or about Joyce” (*Briefe*, 288); in February 1984 he wrote to another correspondent: “Occupation with Joyce—especially *Finnegans Wake* is my favorite occupation, apart from making things (drawings collages etc., eating drinking sleeping—sorry to be such a materialist)” (*Briefe*, 305).

Of course, his own fiction did not remain unaffected by this prolonged and intense preoccupation with Joyce. As Maren Jäger details in her recent comparative reading of the German and Irish writers’ novels, Hildesheimer’s *Tynset* (1965) and *Masante* (1973) display numerous affinities with Joycean techniques (*Die Joyce-Rezeption*, 307–410). Jäger’s “working hypothesis” (“Arbeitshypothese”) is that Hildesheimer was so familiar with Joyce’s *Ulysses* that “the novel had become seamlessly fused with his own literary tools” (318). But as even Hildesheimer himself points out, such affinities and influences may derive equally well from other modernist and postmodernist writers, in particular Barnes and Beckett, whose works Hildesheimer was equally familiar with (for a detailed critique of Jäger, see Rathjen, “*Ulysses* als Schmidts Kriegslektüre,” 22). In a 1957 letter Hildesheimer himself stressed: “My influences are neither Audiberti, whose work I don’t know, nor Ionesco, whose *The Chairs* I know and like. But Beckett, who showed me how far you can go, and Ilse Aichinger, who taught me how to write dialogues, and Joyce, where I learnt to associate in language and, last but not least, psychoanalysis” (*Briefe*, 74). And, counter to suggestions that the technique of his “monologic novels” *Tynset* and *Masante* is derived from Joyce’s *Ulysses* and in particular its eighteenth chapter, Hildesheimer in an interview with Manfred Durzak published in 1976 is quick to reject any such all-too-direct pedigree, stating:

I don’t believe that the monologic [principle] in *Masante* and in particular *Tynset* has anything to do with the monologic [principle] in Joyce . . . In my opinion, the influence of Joyce—in as far as I can judge—is not strong. A wonderful reading experience and an expansion of horizons, a making conscious, to be sure, but I don’t believe that

either *Tynset* or *Masante* show any signs of any influence, and not in their structure either. (Durzak, *Gespräche*, 275)

The third German writer to invest much of his professional energy in James Joyce was Hans Wollschläger (1935–2007). Born in 1935 and thus belonging to a younger generation, Wollschläger was influenced as much by Arno Schmidt as he was by Joyce. Together with Schmidt he translated large portions of the complete works of Edgar Allan Poe into German. In the Joyce context, Wollschläger is chiefly known for his superb translations of “Anna Livia Plurabelle” (1970) and *Ulysses* (1975), his “Nacht-Stücke” (“Night-Pieces”) of 1974, short prose études in the vein of *Finnegans Wake*, and his novel *Herzgewächse oder Der Fall Adams* (Heartgalls, or The Fall/Case of Adam), of which the first volume was published in 1982 (the second was never published, and presumably was never written, since Wollschläger was rumored to have given up this project). Highly reminiscent of the end of “Anna Livia Plurabelle,” the last vignette of “Nacht-Stücke” reads (in my approximation):

Time : flowing thin : running out draining : off–(and that
 little bell again, behind the hill : in dotardy limping clattertact : after
 burn after : firebrands : great con flagration : –was war–? : nothing is
 to be seen no longer – white : too little –: six : in the wind, moving
 diluvially leeward – too little : seven : fade ing away – to)
 : nothing ness–to N
 (– only the margins still – just barely un –)
 darkened : silen–’ts
 twi light–so ’ts
 (ringing . . . as st ill
 as ’ts)
 eight . . . soon now . . .

Two other pieces that evolved from Joyce’s *Finnegans Wake*, specifically its “Anna Livia Plurabelle” chapter, are *fa:m’ ahniesgwow* by the writer and composer Hans G. Helms (born 1932) and *Fünf Variationen über die Nacht* (Five Variations on the Night), an experimental novel from 1977 by the writer Peter Fladl-Martinez (born 1954), the opening “Nachtfalter”-paragraph of which runs in my English approximation:

Hey, you! tell me what you saw and heard! twelve times the bell's peal
rang midnight and fog. tell, tell of Jo Rooster with thousandgossipy
tongue all! once upon a time, what happened I want to hear how it came,
did he come this night, or is it not all true?

Don't make such a fuss, stretch out halfwithered arm and stir supple
leaves in rustling words 'cos I am rubbing my legs and scrubbing my
ears. will I hear of it, will I pass it on in pitchdarkness from bud to lamp.
the virginous flowers I taste bow their heads to me in speechless amaze-
ment. tell all close in funneling ear shame as you are.

All! begin! begin!²

Helms's John Cage–like *fa:m' ahniesgwow*, published in 1959, is a spatio-visual oratorio in language, spread out over a three-foot-wide page with 8 columns and 48 lines; the top two lines of the published “Synchronisationsplan zur Struktur I,1” (Synchronization Plan of the Structure I.1) read:

Line 1:

Oleum desit, yebut water there is . . . [column E]

Line 2:

bar	[column A]
-----	------------

S'mitaell	[column C]
-----------	------------

s—	[column D]
----	------------

lei sonn:	[column E]
-----------	------------

csatullgánymedley	[column F]
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Another author with a Joycean lineage, albeit one with a very different approach to writing, was the concrete poet Ernst Jandl (1925–2000), whom I briefly cited earlier. Jandl, who was close to the group of Austrian writers called the Wiener Schule, the Viennese School of concrete and dialect poetry, became famous for his witty and playful linguistic experiments. Over and over again Jandl cites Joyce alongside the German Dadaists and Expressionists as one of his prime sources of inspiration, as in the following typical statement of 1970:

one must also know literary tradition in order to locate the best point of departure for one's own work. these points of departure are points

with an open end, points where something has started but was not continued or not fully completed, points from where one can move forward. . . . that expressionism and dadaism, stramm, schwitters, arp, gertrude stein, ezra pound, james joyce and cummings—to name only a few—were discovered as points of departure for our work on poems and prose today suggests an orientation in line with tradition. (*Ernst Jandl für alle*, 247)

Ernst Jandl's poem "wien : heldenplatz" (vienna : heroes' square), composed in 1962, is the most obvious example of a concrete poem written under the auspices of Joyce, and more particularly *Finnegans Wake*:

wien : heldenplatz

der glanze heldenplatz zirka
versaggerte in maschenhaftem männchenmeere
drunter auch frauen die ans maskelknie
zu heften heftig sich versuchten, hoffensdick.
und brüllzten wesentlich.

verwogener stirnscheitelunterschwang
nach nöten nördlich, kechelte
mit zu-nummernder aufs bluten feilzer stimme
hinsensend sämmertliche eigenwäscher.

pirsch!
döppelte der gottelbock von Sa-Atz zu Sa-Atz
mit hünig sprenkem stimmstummel.
balzerig würmelte es im männechensee
und den weibern ward so pfingstig ums heil
zumahn: wenn ein knie-ender sie hirschelte.

(*Ernst Jandl für alle*, 224)

A cross between *Finnegans Wake* and Lewis Carroll's "Jabberwocky," the untranslatable poem encapsulates Jandl's recollection of standing in a crowd close to the Heldenplatz square in Vienna where Hitler was giving a speech on 18 March 1938, just days after Austria's *Anschluss*, or annexation, and its incorporation into the Third Reich on 13 March 1938. Jandl creates a *Wake*-like language—although he himself traces its origins primarily to German

Expressionism (see *Ernst Jandl für alle*, 225)—consisting of neologisms and portmanteau words which are used to evoke the atmosphere of quasi-religious adoration of and unconscious animal attraction to the Führer and his discourse. Jandl writes that “in the center of this situation, engulfed in primitive emotions and impulses, stands Hitler, albeit unnamed” (*Ernst Jandl für alle*, 225). The language captures the feeling of primordial domination exuded by the Nazi leader. There is talk of being “hoffensdick,” or pregnant with hope, “versaggern,” which sounds like being engulfed in something horrific, “brüllzeten,” which contains “brüllen” (to shout, to cry out), “hinsensend” (to cut everything or everyone down like the scythe-wielding Grim Reaper). Hitler himself is alluded to more specifically with the words and phrases “verwogener stirnscheitelunterschwang,” “nördlich,” and “aufs bluten feilzer stimme,” which are composed of the German words “verwegen” and “wogen” (“reckless/rakish” and “surge”); “Stirn,” “Scheitel,” “unter,” and “Schwang” (“forehead,” “parted hair,” “underneath” or perhaps here “subliminal,” and “to be in fashion”); Nordic; with “aufs bluten feilzer stimme” translating very roughly as “a voice that is filed to bleed,” reminding us of the harsh rasping of Hitler’s voice when speaking. The word “pirsch” in the final stanza relates to the German verb *pirschen* (to stalk), “gottelbock” combines God (“Gott”), a strand of shaggy hair (“Zottel”) and a ram or (roe) buck (“Bock”), whereas the phrase “den weibern ward so pfingstig ums heil” suggests that the women in the crowd felt “pentecostal” about their “Heil,” the Nazi slogan or greeting “hail,” with its undercurrent of religious adoration and ideological salvation. Through his speech Hitler is shown performing a beastly yet highly effective quasi-religious mating ritual in his propagandistic attempt to subliminally ensnare the “ocean of masses of men” (“maschenhaften männchenmeere”). Jandl writes about this poem that it “belongs among the latest in my volume *laut und luise*, most of which were written between 1956 and 1958. at that time my work was informed by expressionism, dada, and gertrude stein, I had just read joyce’s *ulysses* and discovered gomringer’s *constellations* . . .” (*Ernst Jandl für alle*, 225).

However, I should also add a cautionary note: “wien : heldenplatz” is not typical of Jandl’s poetic practice overall. Indeed, it is the only poem of his that I know in which the author uses this degree of Wakean wordplay. Nor is it particularly characteristic of concrete poetry, which tends towards linguistic reductionism, minimalism, and serialism. The poem “ode III” below much better fits that bill. An homage to Zurich (its opening lines read “ode in hundert zeichen an züri”/“ode to zuri[ch] in one hundred characters”), Jandl

uses the 25 four-character lines to pay tribute to various people and things that we associate with the Swiss city where Joyce lived and died, such as Zwingli, Füssli, C. G. Jung, *Föhn* (the foehn weather), and Dada. Naturally, Joyce has a role to play too. We read ("ode III," in Gomringer, *konkrete poesie*, 62):

o d e i
 n h u n
 d e r t
 z e i c
 h e n a
 n z ü r
 i z w i
 n g l i
 f ü s s
 l i g o
 e t h e
 j u n g
 y o g a
 j o y c
 e f o e
 h n u t
 o t o k
 y o h ö
 n g g d
 a d a o
 d e o n
 r ä m i
 s t r .
 b a u r
 a u l a

It would of course be as impractical as pointless to even attempt to (re)produce an exhaustive list of the textual appropriation of Joyce by German-language writers; I have spotlighted here only some instances that struck me as either particularly illuminating or worthy of introduction to a Joycean audience. In many other cases, even where allusions, citations, and references

may suggest some degree of acquaintance with Joyce's works, the writers' literary oeuvres often lack sufficient specific signals of "influence" to take an analysis beyond the study of mere—and oftentimes superficial—echoes and analogies, a risk we have to take when comparing Joyce with the works of authors such as Heinrich Böll, Thomas Bernhard, Uwe Johnson, Hubert Fichte, or Uwe Timm, to name only a few. Such references can reach from little cameos such as the—somewhat ironic—salute to Joyce by the narrator of Thomas Bernhard's novel *Holzfällen*, "nachdem ich sie offensichtlich mit meinen Joyce- und Valéryvorlesungen gelangweilt gehabt hatte" ("after I obviously seem to have bored her stiff with my lectures on Joyce and Valéry," 214), or Hubert Fichte's homage to Joyce in his novel *Versuch über die Pubertät*, "Joyce kommt von Ibsen. Pozzi von Joyce" ("Joyce derives from Ibsen. Pozzi from Joyce," 196—Pozzi here being the literary embodiment of Hans Henny Jahnn), to such essayistic vignettes as the following by Günter Grass:

Well into our century this kind of total storytelling [that of Cervantes, Sterne, Goncharov, and *Simplicissimus*] has set a precedent; who would fail to recognize that, with *Ulysses*, James Joyce wrote the first and simultaneously most important modern novel, and yet with his restless exceptional hero Leopold Bloom Joyce has given us the Picaro of yore in a new costume. No proclamation of the death of literature can undo that. (*Essays und Reden III*, 350)

Regardless of whether Joyce prompted merely a more cursory kind of head nod, as when the narrator of Böll's novel *Gruppenbild mit Dame* suggests that Leni Gruyten, the book's central character, would have become a reader of Proust rather than Joyce due to the latter's "frivolity" (1974, 64), but leaving little other trace on Böll's writing (see my article "Böll and Joyce, Joyce on Böll"), or whether he provoked a writer to substantively transform his or her style and technique, as was the case with Arno Schmidt in the late 1950s (see my book *Arno Schmidts Joyce-Rezeption 1957–1970*), *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* have served German writers throughout as veritable inspiration machines and text generators. Clearly, without Joyce German literary history from the 1930s to the present would exhibit a very different trajectory, and would have taken on a very different appearance. *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* have instigated nothing less than what might be called a (literary) chain reaction. There is a distinct trajectory, for instance, as I hope to have shown across the last two chapters, from James Joyce to Döblin and Jahnn, then from Döblin and Jahnn to Schmidt, and finally from Schmidt to

younger generations of authors such as Hans Wollschläger, Uwe Timm (witness his most recent novel *Freitisch*, 2011), or Reinhard Jirgl (whose work I have not discussed here but which is worthy of further study). The span of relationships reaches, as I also outlined, from the occasional reference or aside to whole books that seem—via their title, their content, their characters, or their style—paratextually derived from or triggered by Joyce, such as Wolfgang Koeppen's *Tauben im Gras* (see my article "Days of Our Lives: The One-Day Novel as Homage à Joyce"); or the Swiss writer Peter Bichsel's *Eigentlich möchte Frau Blum den Milchmann kennenlernen* (1966, translated by Michael Hamburger in 1968 as *And Really Frau Blum Would Very Much Like to Meet the Milkman*), a collection of Joyce-inspired short stories; or Ludwig Harig's *Wie kommt Leopold Bloom auf die Bleibtreustraße?* (How Did Leopold Bloom Come to Be on Bleibtreustraße?); or F. C. Delius's *Die Birnen von Ribbeck* (The Pears of Ribbeck) and *Bildnis der Mutter als junge Frau* (A Portrait of the Mother as a Young Woman, a title that alludes to Joyce's *A Portrait*), both of which use a "Penelope"-like narrative voice; or the Austrian writer Walter Grond's *Absolut Homer* (Absolutely Homer), a "novel" that assembles twenty texts by twenty authors who—stimulated by Joyce—ruminate on the Phoenician background to the *Odyssey*; or the German writer Walter Kempowski's homage to Joyce, *Bloomsday '97*, a book-length compilation of quotations and snippets taken from television programs on 16 June 1997 between 8 a.m. and 3 a.m. the following morning, with each hour's session introduced by a headnote relating what is happening at this moment in time in Joyce's *Ulysses*.

Suffice it to say that Joyce's works have served as a major springboard and catalyst for many a postwar and contemporary German-language writer. *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* of course more so than Joyce's other works came to function as a kind of compass, not just of directions to take, but also of directions to avoid and what not to do. Barring outright rejection, authors' attitudes towards Joyce have ranged from productive albeit anxiety-ridden competition (Schmidt), and a more or less inspired creative appropriation of Joycean techniques (the examples discussed here were Hildesheimer, Helms, Jandl, Wollschläger, and Fladl-Martinez) and subject matter (Harig, Bichsel, Kempowski), to near-dismissal of Joyce, as for example with Heinrich Böll, who cites Joyce sporadically, shows a keen interest in Joyce's short stories, and indeed in Irish literature in general, but does not seem to have appreciated the immense richness and complexity of Joyce's later works. But clearly Joyce was not appropriated by writers alone; his influence reached into music (Maren

Jäger cites, next to Hans G. Helms, Bernd Aloys Zimmermann's "Requiem für einen jungen Dichter," 455), film (Werner Nekes's 1982 *Uliisses* and Alexander Kluge's recent *Nachrichten aus der ideologischen Antike*), and art (most prominently of course Joseph Beuys, whose relationship and life-long preoccupation with Joyce has been comprehensively explored by Christa-Maria Lerm Hayes). In addition, Joyce has become an academic and cultural icon of sorts, with considerable literary criticism, conference, and publishing activity devoted to the man and his oeuvre—not to mention the many annual celebratory birthday and Bloomsday activities that are nearly as widespread in German-speaking countries as they are in the Anglophone world. It is this "story" to which I now turn.



After a slow start in the 1950s the academic reception of James Joyce in German-speaking countries reached a first peak around 1960 and a second one around 1970. Among the notable events between 1945 and 1960 are the publication in 1956 of the one-volume special edition of Goyert's translation of *Ulysses*, which greatly increased the novel's circulation and for the first time made it accessible to a broader audience. Whereas it had sold a mere 30,000 copies between 1927 and 1956, averaging 1,000 a year, this edition sold an average 7,500 a year between 1956 and 1967 for a total of 76,000. The success of this edition was dampened, however, one year later in 1957 when Arno Schmidt launched his all-out attack on Goyert's translation (which in its own way, however, may have temporarily boosted sales).

While the 1950s were fairly uneventful in terms of academic German Joyce-criticism (I count one short book, three dissertations, and ten articles or chapters in literary histories), two "episodes" on the sidelines of Joyce-criticism are worth mentioning. In a seminal article of 1954, Wolfgang Kayser, one of the leading West German literary scholars of the time, designated Joyce and Virginia Woolf the fomenters of a "crisis of the novel," a judgment that was to pre-occupy scholars for a decade or more; Kayser summed up the situation in the words: "The death of the narrator is the death of the novel" ("Die Anfänge," 445). Germany's leading philosopher of the time, Theodor W. Adorno, seconded Kayser's characterization by calling Joyce's "epic cryptograms" ("Form und Gehalt," 70) the final word in storytelling (or "the last word in stolentelling," as *Finnegans Wake* itself more aptly puts it); the genre of the novel was felt to have become no longer viable, if not altogether defunct.³ Clearly, with the publication of *Finnegans Wake* and Samuel Beckett's early novels (*Murphy* was

published in 1938, *Watt* in 1953) the novel seemed to have reached an impasse. Perhaps it is no coincidence that Leslie Fiedler backdates the emergence of a postmodern consciousness to this very instant; he states in his famous essay “Cross the Border—Close the Gap” of 1970: “We are living, have been living for two decades—and have become acutely conscious of the fact since 1955—through the death throes of Modernism and the birth pangs of Post-Modernism” (270).

However, while I have the distinct impression that Kayser did not perceive Joyce’s role as a laudable one, Adorno always championed Joyce as a master of the avant-garde, and his works are cited time and again as illustration of Adorno’s negative aesthetics. For those unfamiliar with Adorno’s philosophy, “negative aesthetics” is a thoroughly positive concept, the basic maxim of which is: “The unresolved antagonisms of reality repeat themselves in works of art as the immanent problems of their form” (*Ästhetische Theorie*, 16). In short, a reality full of antagonisms and contradictions will engender works of literature, art, and music that are themselves shot through with antagonisms and contradictions. Kafka’s and Joyce’s works form, for Adorno, the very epitome of this tendency of modern life and art; this becomes especially apparent in Adorno’s famous diatribe against Lukács in the article “Erpreßte Versöhnung” (“Extorted Reconciliation”) of 1958, which was written in reaction to Lukács’s earlier critique of Joyce and other avant-garde modernists in the 1957 lecture *The Meaning of Contemporary Realism*. From Adorno’s perspective Joyce’s *Ulysses* is a prime instance of negative aesthetics in that its literary form, not its content, aesthetically makes manifest the contradictions inherent in our time.

The aforementioned peak in Joyce-criticism in and around 1960 sets in with a flurry of German translations of English and French Joyce-criticism. The year 1960 saw a reissue of Stuart Gilbert’s *Das Rätsel Ulysses* (*James Joyce’s “Ulysses,”* first German edition 1932) and the publication of Stanislaus Joyce’s *Meines Bruders Hüter* (*My Brother’s Keeper*, translated by Arno Schmidt) and Jean Paris’s *James Joyce in Selbstzeugnissen und Bilddokumenten* (a translation of *James Joyce par lui-même*, 1957). This was complemented in 1961 by Richard Ellmann’s monumental Joyce-biography (edited by Fritz Senn and translated by Albert Hess, Klaus Reichert, and Karl Reichert). In 1960 Arno Schmidt published his multi-part extended essay on *Finnegans Wake* in *Die Zeit*, and in 1961 he broadcast two additional radio pieces on Joyce and his work. Also in 1960 the writer Hans Magnus Enzensberger produced the radio program “Ulysses in Nighttown,” while in 1961 Heinz

Decker, Walter Höllerer, Helmut Viebrock, and Theodore Ziolkowski published important scholarly articles on Joyce's stream-of-consciousness technique and his concept of the epiphany, among other things. Together with a contribution by Richard Ellmann and a brief biographical sketch by Helmuth Stark, one of Joyce's pupils in Trieste in 1915, the three essays by Decker, Höllerer, and Viebrock were contained in a special issue devoted to Joyce of the most important German literary magazine of the period, *Akzente* (Accents). The finishing touch was provided on 1 November 1961 by a twenty-five-column lead article (with Joyce pictured on the front cover) in *Der Spiegel*, the highly influential and widely circulated German weekly news magazine.

The 1960s and early 1970s saw the publication of Armin Arnold's biased survey, entitled *James Joyce* (1963);⁴ an enduringly useful chronology of Joyce's life and works by Daniel von Recklinghausen (1968); and essays or book chapters by Eudo C. Mason (1963 and 1971), Heinrich Straumann (1964), Klaus Reichert (1965 and 1972), Willi Erzgräber (1965), Manfred Durzak (1966), O. K. Werckmeister (1966), Erich Köhler (1967), Arno Esch (1967 and 1970), and Fritz Senn (1968), among others. In 1967 Wolfgang Iser published his first article on Joyce, "Historische Stilformen in Joyces *Ulysses*: Zur Interpretation des Kapitels 'Oxen of the Sun'" (Historical Forms of Style in Joyce's *Ulysses*: On the Interpretation of "Oxen of the Sun"). This and his 1971 article "Der Archetyp als Leerform: Erzählschablonen und Kommunikation in Joyces *Ulysses*" (The Archetype as Empty Form: Narrative Templates and Communication in Joyce's *Ulysses*) form a substantial portion of Iser's first theory volume *Der implizite Leser* (*The Implied Reader*, 1972).

Iser's *Implied Reader* already belongs to the second peak in scholarship around 1970, the core of which is formed by the "Frankfurter Ausgabe," James Joyce's complete works in German translation (except *Finnegans Wake*), edited by Klaus Reichert and Fritz Senn. The nine volumes of the Frankfurt edition appeared between 1969 and 1981; Reichert and Senn commissioned new translations of all of Joyce's works, including those never before translated into German, namely, *Stephen Hero*, Joyce's essays, and his letters (see this volume's "Bibliography" for a full listing of the Frankfurt edition's volumes).

Among the other volumes published around 1970 are *Materialien zu James Joyces "Dubliner"* (Materials on James Joyce's *Dubliners*, 1969), a source-book edited by Klaus Reichert, Fritz Senn, and Dieter Zimmer; Eberhard Kreutzer's important monograph *Sprache und Spiel im "Ulysses" von James*

Joyce (Language and Play in James Joyce's *Ulysses*); the 1970 volume *Anna Livia Plurabelle*, edited by Klaus Reichert and discussed above; monographs by Rosemarie Franke (*James Joyce und der deutsche Sprachbereich: Übersetzung, Verbreitung, und Kritik in der Zeit von 1919–1967* / James Joyce in the German-Speaking World: Translation, Circulation, and Criticism, 1919–1967), Arno Esch (*James Joyce und sein "Ulysses"* / James Joyce and His *Ulysses*), Ulrich Schneider (*Die Funktion der Zitate im "Ulysses" von James Joyce* / The Function of Quotations in James Joyce's *Ulysses*), and Viktor Link (*Bau und Funktion der "Circe"-Episode im "Ulysses" von James Joyce* / Construction and Function of the "Circe"-Episode in James Joyce's *Ulysses*); a collection of scholarly essays on *A Portrait* edited by Wilhelm Füger; and Fritz Senn's first volume of essays on Joyce (a second collection was to follow in 1999; see also his volume *Zerinnerungen* of 2007).

Noteworthy publications and events of the later 1970s and early 1980s include a sourcebook on *A Portrait* (*Materialien zu James Joyces "Ein Porträt des Künstlers als junger Mann,"* 1975), edited by Klaus Reichert and Fritz Senn; a collection of scholarly essays on *Ulysses* edited by Therese Fischer-Seidel in 1977; monographs by Eckhard Lobsien (*Der Alltag des "Ulysses": Die Vermittlung von ästhetischer und lebensweltlicher Erfahrung* / The Everyday of *Ulysses*: The Mediation of Aesthetic and Real-Life Experience), Christoph Schöneich (*Epos und Roman: James Joyces "Ulysses": Beitrag zu einer historisierenden Gattungspoetik* / Epic and Novel: James Joyce's *Ulysses*: A Contribution to a Historicizing Poetics of Literary Genres), Ulrich Schneider (*James Joyce: "Dubliners"*); and a reading of *Ulysses* at Berlin's Academy of Arts on the occasion of Joyce's hundredth birthday anniversary in 1982 with the writers Jürgen Becker, Walter Höllerer, Uwe Johnson, and Gabriele Wohmann.

In terms of retranslations of Joyce's works, the major milestone of this period was of course Hans Wollschläger's much acclaimed 1975 new translation of *Ulysses* as part of the Frankfurt edition. Translated with the assistance of the two leading German-language Joyce scholars Klaus Reichert and Fritz Senn, Wollschläger's translation was immediately hailed as one of the most remarkable feats of translation in recent history. In tone and density it differs considerably from Goyert's earlier translation, preserving many more symbolical layers, leitmotifs, and resonances than its predecessor, not to mention its greater linguistic accuracy (see in particular Patrick O'Neill's study *Polyglot Joyce* for an extended discussion of both translations' flaws and merits). I will cite just one sample to illustrate the different approaches. In the "Sirens" chapter we read in the original:

Tenderness it welled: slow, swelling, full it throbbed. That's the chat. Ha, give! Take! Throb, a throb, a pulsing proud erect.

Words? Music? No: it's what's behind.

Bloom looped, unlooped, noded, disnoded.

Bloom. Flood of warm jamjam lickitup secretness flowed to flow in music out, in desire, dark to lick flow invading. Tipping her tep-ping her tapping her topping her. Tup. Pores to dilate dilating. Tup. The joy the feel the warm the. Tup. To pour o'er sluices pouring gushes. Flood, gush, flow, joygush, tupthrob. Now! Language of love. (U11.701-9)

In Goyert's translation (second edition) this passage runs:

Zärtlichkeit strömte es langsam, schwellend. Voll erbebt es. So ist's recht. Ha! geben! Nehmen! Klopfen, ein Beben, Pulsieren stolz aufrecht.

Worte? Musik? Nein: was dahinter ist.

Bloom schnürte, entschnürte, knotete und entknotete.

Bloom. Flut warmer njamnjam Heimlichkeit strömte in Musik zu strömen in Begehrlichkeit, dunkel zu geniessen eindringlich. Sie fühlen, fassen, greifen, auf ihr liegen. So! Poren erweitern sich. So! Der Genuss das Gefühl die Wärme der. Ja! Über Schleusen strömende Ergüsse ergiessen. Flut, Ergussflut, Froherguss, bebendes Aufhirliegen. Jetzt! Liebessprache. (*Ulysses*, 1930, 1: 447)

Wollschläger's more musical version reads:

Zärtlichkeit wellte darin: langsam und schwellend. Es pochte voll. Da liegt der Hase im Pfeffer. Ha, geben! Nehmen! Pochen, ein Pochen, ein Pulsen, stolz erekt.

Worte? Musik? Nein: was dahinter ist, das ists.

Bloom schnürte, entschnürte, knotete, entknotete.

Bloom. Flut warmer njmmnjmm leckesauf Sekretlichkeit floß in Musik auszufließen, in Lustverlangen, dunkel zu leckendem Fluß, eindringend. Wippen sie, schleppen sie, kippen sie, kloppen sie. Flapp. Poren, dehnend zu dehnen. Flapp. Die Lust, das Gefühl, die Wärme, das. Flapp. Fließende Ergüsse über Schleusen zu ergießen. Flut, Erguß, Fluß, Lusterguß: Poppflapp. Jetzt! Sprache der Liebe. (*Ulysses*, 1975, 1: 380)

Even those of my readers who do not know German might notice that some of the repetitions and alliterations of the English original are missing in Goyert's translation. Thus "Tup" is twice translated by Goyert as "So!" (So!), and once as "Ja!" (Yes!), where Wollschläger uses "Flopp" on all three occasions, a neologism with a proximity to "flöppen" (slang for to copulate) created to resemble the English "Tup." Goyert overlooked, or perhaps consciously suppressed as too vulgar, Joyce's compound neologism "lickitup," which Wollschläger's translation approximates with the invented German compound "leckesauf" (literally "lick it up" compacted into one word). Goyert translates "joygush, tupthrob" into "bebendes Aufhihrliegen," whereby "bebendes" is a "normal" adjective derived from a present participle of the German verb "beben" (to throb, to pulse), and "Aufhihrliegen" a compound noun meaning "to lie on her." Wollschläger by contrast attempts to reproduce the "vocovisual" effect of "joygush, tupthrob" by translating more or less directly, if creatively, into German: "Lusterguß" is a compound noun composed of "Lust" (joy, desire, pleasure) and "Erguß" (discharge, gush, ejaculation); "Poppflapp" is a compound made up of two acoustic neologisms, "popp" and "flapp." Peculiarly though, Wollschläger adds a colon between the two neologisms as if he wants to underline the feeling, already very pronounced in this passage, of the processuality and climax of the sexual act as imagined by Bloom and performed by Boylan.

When I first wrote this now much expanded chapter some ten years ago in June 2001, Rainer Vollmar of the Suhrkamp Verlag, the German rights holder for Joyce's works, informed me that the German *Ulysses* in Hans Wollschläger's translation had reached sales of close to 363,000 copies in the various Suhrkamp editions: at that time the *edition suhrkamp* pocket book edition had reached its thirteenth impression, with 199,000 copies; the *suhrkamp taschenbuch* pocket book edition had sold 73,900, the hardcover version 77,000; and the bound *Werkausgabe* (Complete Works) edition of *Ulysses*, then in its third edition, 13,000 copies. Today (2012), factoring in the figures for Goyert's translation and some of the more recent Suhrkamp reprints of Wollschläger's translation, such as the 2004 annotated edition discussed below and the 2010 one-volume edition of Joyce's works, *James Joyce: Prosa*, the German *Ulysses* boasts an impressive half million copies sold over roughly eight decades!

The most notable of the more recent German imprints of *Ulysses* in German translation is, arguably, the 2004 Suhrkamp "kommentierte Ausgabe," a

centenary annotated edition put together by Dirk Vanderbeke, Dirk Schulze, Friedrich Reinmuth, and Sigrid Altdorf. Its aim was not just to provide the German reader with yet another reprint of Wollschläger's translation, but rather to wrap it together with a German version of Gifford's and Seidman's (and various others') annotations, all packaged into one handy, albeit heavy, volume. However, as Friedhelm Rathjen has pointed out, as well-intentioned as it may be, the commentary—some 8,000 annotations arranged around the text in three margins—in many ways defeats its purpose: "Especially for newcomers to the novel ["Erstleser"] the annotated edition is the worst of its kind," Rathjen writes,

because most of what is annotated only serves to spoil the experience—indeed, for a reader's first understanding it is dispensable, if not an impediment. . . . Even worse is the fact that the annotations give away things that the reader is meant to find out much later in the novel; in *Ulysses*, not knowing, and receiving misleading information, and experiencing misunderstanding, belong to the game in which author, book, and reader are engaged, and anyone who spills the beans is a spoilsport. (*Flußgefleße*, 140)

The third and last incision point in Joyce's critical reception in German-speaking countries is marked by the year 1984 and its two major "events." First, Frankfurt University hosted the Ninth International James Joyce Symposium with Klaus Reichert, Professor of English Literature at Frankfurt University, as symposium director and Berni Benstock as academic program co-coordinator. The Frankfurt symposium remains memorable perhaps less for the fact that it was the first to be held in a city in which Joyce had not lived (up to 1982 all symposia had been held either in Dublin, Paris, Trieste, or Zurich) than for the keynote speeches by the French theoreticians Jacques Derrida ("Ulysse Grammophone/L'oui-dire de Joyce") and Julia Kristeva ("Eros et Agape dans Ulysse"), complemented by talks by the German philosopher Albrecht Wellmer ("Dialectics of Modernism and Postmodernism"), the German writer Wolfgang Hildesheimer ("The Jewishness of Mr. Bloom"), and the Joyce scholars Hugh Kenner ("How on Earth Have We *Ever* Read Joyce?") and Fritz Senn ("Outis: A Metempsychotic Ramble about Kyklopiian Naming"). German-specific academic foci of the conference were Joyce and German reception theory, Joyce and German thought, and Joyce and German fiction. The panel "Deutsche Autoren sprechen über Joyce" (German Authors Speak about Joyce) included Peter Bichsel, Hans Christoph Buch, Walter

Höllerer, Dieter Kühn, and Paul Nizon (sadly, Jürgen Becker, Wolfgang Koeppe, and Friederike Roth had to cancel their participation). In addition, the film director Werner Nekes discussed his film *Uliisses*, which had premiered in Dublin in 1982, and John Cage's multi-hour *Muoyce* was played at the Old Opera House (not that all in attendance stuck it out to the end).

The second extraordinary "event" of 1984 was presented to the public on the last day of the Frankfurt symposium. With the support of a substantial grant from the *Deutsche Forschungsgemeinschaft*, the principal German government research grant provider, Hans Walter Gabler, Professor of English at Munich University and specialist in editorial theory, had employed the newest computer technology to produce a "Critical and Synoptic Edition" of *Ulysses*. Published in 1984 by Garland Press after seven years of research and editorial labor,⁵ the three volumes of the synoptic edition, which includes an extensive critical apparatus, was the first edition of any of Joyce's works to be "established on critical principles of scholarly editing." It corrects "well over 5000 departures from the author's own text as established from the documents of composition" (Gabler in *Ulysses: A Critical and Synoptic Edition*, vii). This three-volume synoptic edition of *Ulysses* was soon followed by a more affordable and user-friendly one-volume reader's edition without the critical apparatus, which has since become the standard text of *Ulysses*. To make this edition even more accessible, it was complemented in 1986 by a useful word index, the *Handlist to James Joyce's "Ulysses": A Complete Alphabetical Index to the Critical Reading Text*, prepared by Wolfhard Steppe and Hans Walter Gabler. As most of my readers will know, Gabler's *Ulysses* edition soon became the subject of a major editorial "War over *Ulysses*," as David Remnick put it in the *Washington Post* of 2 April 1985, after John Kidd challenged many of Gabler's editorial decisions. As a consequence, the late 1980s and early 1990s saw a spate of (English-language) books and articles in which Gabler's editorial procedures were exhaustively assessed and debated.

Also in 1985, the leading German-language Joycean Fritz Senn had his personal library, the largest European collection of Joyceana in private hands, including first editions, illustrated editions, and translations of Joyce's works into more than forty languages, transformed into the Zurich James Joyce Foundation. Since then the holdings have been substantially expanded to form one of the best research libraries for the study of Joyce in the world. Moreover, the Zurich Joyce Foundation hosts regular guest lectures (among them by Derek Attridge, Shari and Bernard Benstock, Lucia Boldrini, Richard Brown, Jörg Drews, Michael Gillespie, Brenda Maddox, Michael O'Shea,

Marilyn Reizbaum, and Bonnie Kime Scott) and its renowned August workshops, bringing together scholars from across the world to discuss Joyce's works; topics have included, in selection, "Oxen of the Sun" (1985), "1.6 of *Finnegans Wake*" (1986), "Songs in Joyce's Works" (1987), "Synaesthesia" (1988), "Eumaeus" (1990), "Homer behind Joyce behind Homer" (1995), "Dreaming" (1992), "Chance/Coincidence" (1997), "Annotation" (1999), "Performative Joyce" (2001), "Material Joyce" (2003), "Joycean Naming" (2004), "Cinematographic Joyce" (2006), and, most recently, "Musicillogical Joyce" (2009), "Nurturing Joyce" (2010), and "Pierced butnot Punctured" (2011).

The past two and a half decades have seen a steady stream of Joyce scholarship—academic dissertations, books, and essays—and newspaper coverage in the German-speaking countries. However, with the exception of Fritz Senn's work (1984 and 1995) and Hildesheimer's keynote lecture, most has not been translated into English. A highly selective list of notable German-language publications during that period must include Klaus Reichert's *Viel-facher Schriftsinn* (The Multiple Meaning of Writing, 1989) and *Welt-Alltag der Epoche* (World-Everyday of the Epoch, 2004), two collections of superb essays mostly on *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*; the special issue of the Viennese literary journal *Protokolle* (Protocols, 1985) that contained essays by Jörg Drews, Fritz Mader, Fritz Senn, Manfred Smuda, Claus Melchior, and others, as well as trial translations from *Finnegans Wake* by Christian Enzensberger et al., Erich Fried, Uwe Herms, and myself; Wilhelm Füger's excellent introduction to Joyce for German readers, *James Joyce: Epoche–Werk–Wirkung* (James Joyce: Era–Work–Impact, 1994) and his equally indispensable comprehensive anthology of the early critical reception of Joyce in the German-speaking world, 1919 to 1945, *Kritisches Erbe: Dokumente zur Rezeption von James Joyce im deutschen Sprachbereich zu Lebzeiten des Autors: Ein Lesebuch* (Critical Heritage: Documents of Joyce's Reception in the German-Speaking World during the Author's Lifetime: A Reader, 2000); and, finally, Maren Jäger's recent *Die Joyce-Rezeption in der deutschsprachigen Erzählliteratur nach 1945* (The Joyce-Reception in German Narrative Prose after 1945, 2009), a study of Joyce's impact on four German-language writers, Wolfgang Koeppen, Arno Schmidt, Uwe Johnson, and Wolfgang Hildesheimer.⁶



When the Frankfurt edition of Joyce's works in German translation was completed in 1981 with volume 4.2, *Gesammelte Gedichte* (Collected Poems),

only *Finnegans Wake* remained untranslated, except of course for Chapter I.8, “Anna Livia Plurabelle,” the 1970 multiple translation of which was discussed in various contexts above. Following the publication of that volume in 1970 a number of other scholars and writers also tried their hand at translating various sections and chapters of *Finnegans Wake*. In 1989 Klaus Reichert and Fritz Senn assembled most of these partial translations in a volume entitled *James Joyce: “Finnegans Wake” Deutsch* (James Joyce: *Finnegans Wake* German). Due to the unique linguistic nature of *Finnegans Wake* and its fundamental untranslatability, Reichert and Senn wisely opted for “Gesammelte Annäherungen” (Collected Approximations) as the subtitle for their volume. The thirty-two approximations of fourteen different passages total some 178 pages of *Finnegans Wake*, representing somewhat less than a quarter of Joyce’s novel. It was not until 1993 that Dieter H. Stündel, an independent scholar and translator, published a first complete German translation of the *Wake* under the title *Finnegans Wehg: Kainnäh ÜbelSätzZung des Wehrkeß fun Schämes Scheuß*. Presented as a bilingual edition, the verso pages contained a copy of Joyce’s original text reduced in size and surrounded by typed marginal glosses, the recto pages Stündel’s translation. Stündel produced his translation between 1974 and 1991, coincidentally or by design matching the seventeen years Joyce needed to write the book. Originally published with the Jürgen Häusser Verlag in 1993 at a price close to \$450, it was more recently reprinted in a less expensive format by Zweitausendeins in Frankfurt. The translation, however, which I personally consider the weakest of all German translations, was heavily criticized by its reviewers for reducing the level of complexity and allusiveness; more particularly, Jörg Drews (“Nur für deutsche Zungen”) found it devoid of humor, whereas Fritz Senn (“Wehg zu Finnegan?”) missed the original’s rhythm and musicality, calling Stündel’s translation—in an untranslatable *Wake*-like pun—a “Querdeutschung” rather than a “Verdeutschung,” a “slanglation” rather than a translation. Nonetheless, as various critics have pointed out (Drews, “Anything goes,” 434–35; Patrick O’Neill, *Polyglot Joyce*, 59), its deficiencies are redeemed by the fact that it remains the only complete translation of *Finnegans Wake* into German to date.

To impart a flavor of *Finnegans Wake* in German, I will conclude this chapter with two of the five available translations, or better approximations, of the book’s opening lines (*FW*_{3.1–14}) by Harald Beck and Dieter Stündel, but will refrain from providing an analytical commentary of their achievements.⁷ First, Beck’s translation runs:

flußlauf, vorbei an Ev' und Adams, vom küstennick zum bug der bucht, bringt uns auf kommodem vicus zirkel wieder zurück zu Howth Castells Engrer umgebung.

Herr Tristram, harpfunier d'amores, räuber über rauhe see, war passencore zurückgekommen aus Nord-Armorica auf diese seite des klüftigen isthmus von Klein-Europa, um seinen penisolaten krieg wieder auszufechten: noch hatten sich topsawyers felsen am Oconeeßflüßchen nicht hochgestapelt zu Laurens-Lands georgiosem dubling seine schmarotzahl all die weil: noch fauchte kein stimm fern aus dem feuer mischmisch zu tauftauf dubistpeatrick: noch nicht, aber nur ein böckchen später hatte ein kitztropf einem blindmütigen isaak den rest gegeben: noch nicht, aber alles heiligt vanestas, war das doppelte schwestherchen zornig auf zweinen nathandjoe. Kein peck von papas malz hatten Jhem oder Shen bei archuslicht verbraut unds taurote end vom regenbrowgen konnt man ringsam sehn auf dem aquaface. (*Finnegans Wake Deutsch*, 1989, 27)

And Stündel's:

... Flußlaufs, vorbei an Adam und Eva, von KüstenKurven zur Bucht-Biegung, führt uns durch einen kommodien Ouikuß der Rezierkuhlation zurück nach Haus Castell und Emcgebung.

Sör Tristram, der LeibesGeiger, von jenseits der kurzen Seh, war noch nicht wieder aus Nord Armorika zu der dunnen Landenge von Klein Europa zurückgekehrt, um wieder den Krampf in seinem Peinisolatten Kriech aufzunehmen: noch hatten sich die Top-Saweiherischen Felsen nicht am Strom des Oconee aufgehäuft zu Laurens Land, obgleich sie ihre Anzoll die ganze Zeit über verdublnt hatten: keine Stümme brölete aus dem Foier Moische Moische zu tauftauf DubistPehtricks: noch nicht, obgleich nach dem WildBret hatte ein ZickleinTrick den blünden ollen Isaak gelaimt: noch nicht, obwohl alles fährt mit Vanässi ist, wahren soßische Schwustern mit zweins Nathanjöl geschrüben. Einen verrotteten Haufen von Pas Malz hatten Jhem oder Shem bei Bogen-Licht gebraut und das rohrle Ende des ReckenBockens zeigte sich ringsum auf dem SchnappsGesicht. (*Finnegans Wehg*, 1993, 3)

Understandably, *Finnegans Wake* has had a much harder time reaching a German-language audience than *Ulysses*. While that may hold true for an English-language audience also, at least *Finnegans Wake* has been accessible

to its readers in the English-speaking world since 1939. The English edition is cheap and copies abound—dog-ears prove how far one got (or, more frequently, did not get). Despite its reputation as one of the most important and challenging experimental novels of the past century (if we choose to call it a novel at all), *Finnegans Wake* has only recently become accessible to a German audience in its entirety (if accessible is the right word). In contrast to *Ulysses* where, as difficult as it may be, German readers who know no English can at least acquaint themselves with the novel's basic action, characters, style, and "content" in translation (whether successfully or not is another matter), with *Finnegans Wake* there is a strong sense that little is to be gleaned from reading the whole book in German since so many layers of allusion are inevitably lost in translation. Accordingly (and not unexpectedly) sales have been sluggish. And unsurprisingly, reading the *Wake* in German has remained an academic exercise mostly for a small group of specialists like myself who know the English original. Personally, I doubt whether many scholars exist who have read the German translation from first to last page. Lacking a true function as translation, the German *Finnegans Wake* will in all probability survive as a mere collector's piece, not least because those who seek only a rudimentary grasp of the *Wake* can obtain this more readily through Reichert's less costly edition of the "Anna Livia Plurabelle" translations (by well-known and seasoned writer-translators), or through my 1984 German commentary of one 7-page section, the "Mookse and The Gripes" fable, which also included a German approximation, whereas to seriously study *Finnegans Wake* will always require near-native proficiency in English, thus arguably rendering any full translation of the work into any other language rather pointless.

In short, Joyce's fame in German-speaking countries has always rested, and in all likelihood will always rest, more on *Ulysses* than on either *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* or *Finnegans Wake*, not to mention Joyce's other works. As I related earlier, *Ulysses* alone has sold roughly half a million copies in German translation; regardless of whether these volumes have been read in full, were abandoned somewhere in the middle, have been merely perused superficially, or have never been opened at all, this number indicates that James Joyce has become a literary institution of the highest order. Not only is he recognized well beyond the confines of academia and literary professionals, one frequently gets a sense that, among German-speaking audiences no less than among English-speaking ones, the hallmark of the most sophisticated reader today is that she or he has "read" *Ulysses* (that is, as much of it as could be digested) and has at least attempted to tackle

Finnegans Wake—even if this ultimately only meant thumbing through a few odd pages.

While we have come to the end of the first part of this study, no survey of this kind can ever be complete. Not only is the German reception history of Joyce by virtue of its open-endedness a “neverending story” and a perpetual “work in progress,” it is a tale that can be told in many different ways and from many different perspectives. To be sure, other tellers of this tale might prefer to focus on other events than the ones I have selected here, other incision points, other actors, other texts, other traces. But what our stories would nonetheless probably have in common is their chronological orientation, their progression from what comes earliest to what comes later, constituting the “Nacheinander” that is not just referred to in this part’s title, but also constitutive of reception history as a genre. But as I will relay at the outset in my next chapter, introducing Part II with its focus on “intertextual echoes” and literary historical “confluences,” and as Joyce himself was very much aware, the nightmare of history is premised as much on simultaneity, and on synchronicity, as it is on succession and diachronicity. In the following chapters I aim to focus precisely on this “other” side of textuality, a simultaneity and “Nebeneinander” that can be historical in nature (see Chapters 5, 6, and 7), but can equally well transcend the presumed linearity of history (see Chapter 4), bringing about the surprisingly fertile phenomenon of what I shall later call literary historical parallax.

PART II

The Nebeneinander: Intertextual Echoes

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“A Great Poet on a Great Brother Poet”

A Parallactic Reading of Goethe and Joyce

In memoriam Jörg Drews,
the most Goethean of all Joyceans
the most Joycean of all Goetheans

In surveying the German reception of Joyce's works in the previous chapters my focus has been largely on the “Nacheinander,” the temporal succession or sequencing, of what the French School of Comparative Literature has come to call *rappports de fait*, the documentable relationships that obtain between authors and their texts. *Rappports de fait* have been at the heart of traditional studies of influence, typically conceived of as resulting from the reading of one author (author A) by another (author B) and effecting some form of genetic link. Influence and *rappports de fait* are thus usually premised on traces and residues, be it that an author B mentions reading an author A's works in a letter (think of Joyce reporting to his brother Stanislaus on 9 October 1906 that he had just finished reading Hauptmann's play *Rosa Bernd*), diary (think of Virginia Woolf commenting on her reading of Joyce's *Ulysses* in her diaries¹), notebooks (think of Joyce's observations on Aristotle and Aquinas in his Paris and Pola notebooks, or the myriads of entries in his notebooks for *Finnegans Wake*), conversations (think of Joyce talking about Homer, Dante, and Goethe in conversation with Frank Budgen), book reviews (think of H. G. Wells's 1917 review of Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* in the *New Republic*), or critical essays (think of Joyce writing about Ibsen in his early essay “Ibsen's New Drama” or T. S. Eliot writing about *Ulysses* in “*Ulysses*, Order, and Myth”). Or that author B's writings betray some degree of stylistic affinity, similarity, or parallelism with author A's works. Whole theories have grown up around the

notion of influence, most notably those by the Harvard comparatist Claudio Guillén and the Yale critic Harold Bloom. The latter's studies *The Anxiety of Influence* of 1973 and *Map of Misreading* of 1975 relate in largely Freudian terms how strong (male) poets grapple with the works of their (male) precursors, and suffer the anxiety inspired by those works, in order to avoid becoming, and henceforth being seen by others as, derivative. Whereas weak poets exhaust themselves by repeating their precursor in contentual and/or stylistic terms, strong poets are able to deviate or "swerve" away from their strong precursor via various ratios of revisionary misprision in order to create their own "strong" or "authentic" works of original genius; thus, in Bloom's own words,

poetic influence—when it involves two strong, authentic poets—always proceeds by a misreading of the prior poet, an act of creative correction that is actually and necessarily a misinterpretation. The history of fruitful poetic influence, which is to say the main tradition of Western poetry since the Renaissance, is a history of anxiety and self-saving caricature, of distortion, of perverse, wilful revisionism without which modern poetry as such could not exist. (*The Anxiety of Influence*, 30)

Even if they differ in their approaches, Bloom being more psychoanalytic, Guillén more formalistic, for both Bloom and Guillén influence is about psychology and aesthetics, and in particular aesthetics as a psychological process. In his 1971 essay "The Aesthetics of Literary Influence" Guillén observed that "the value of an influence is not aesthetic, but psychological" in that "an influence need not assume the recognizable form of a parallelism, just as every parallelism does not proceed from an influence" (39). He goes on to note:

An influence study, when pursued to the full, contains two very different phases, just as it bridges the gap between the origin of the creative process and the poem itself. The first step consists . . . in interpreting genetic phenomena. It deals with the influence as such, or *impact*. The second step is textual and comparative, but entirely dependent on the first for its existence and value. It deals with *parallelisms* or *echoes*. Thus our method would first ascertain that an influence has been operative; and then evaluate the relevance or *genetic function* of that effect. Then one would consider the objective result which may have been a product of the influence, and define the latter's *textual function*. (35 and 39)

Clearly, both Bloom and Guillén posit that an influence requires some form of psychological contact or interaction between agents to become operative.

There is an underlying assumption that, in whatever shade and to whatever degree, author B is, first, in some way cognizant of one or more of author A's works and hence, second, indebted to his or her precursor. Equally importantly perhaps is the sense that influence, as soon as it enters literary historical discourse, always becomes transmogrified into some form of sequential tale; in his review of Harold Bloom's seminal study *Anxiety of Influence*, Paul de Man accordingly once described the term influence as "a metaphor that dramatizes a linguistic structure into a diachronic narrative" ("Review of Harold Bloom's *Anxiety of Influence*," 276).

In the wake of the poststructuralist and deconstructionist revolution of the 1960s and 1970s the works of theorists like Julia Kristeva and Roland Barthes contributed to traditional influence studies being demoted and sidelined, if not altogether ousted, from literary critical studies, to be replaced by the notion of intertextuality. Both Kristeva and Barthes, as founders of the new intertextual paradigm, resist the "myth of filiation," as Barthes put it; they preferred to regard texts as mosaics of "quotations without inverted commas," as non-causal networks that are "anonymous and untraceable" ("From Work to Text," 159).² The privileging of sources and origins is rejected, as the following typical statement of a literary critic following in their footsteps (this one by Susan Stanford Friedman) shows:

Influence suggests a principle of causality in which one person (or thing) changes as a result of the action of an other, prior, more powerful force. It presumes a source, an origin, an agency that flows into or acts upon another. At work in the concept of influence is a hierarchical, subject-object binary in which one is the actor, while the other is acted upon. Agency belongs to the originator; passive reception and transformation to the other. ("Weavings," 152)

It is perhaps telling that, long before Friedman produced these comments, both Guillén and Bloom had already dispelled the notion that author B, the one supposedly acted upon, is a mere passive and subservient recipient in this transaction. Indeed, for them it is precisely the receiving author who is—certainly in psychological and creative terms—the active agent, the person doing something, and it is the precursor's text unto which that something is done. Although Bloom has no interest in this aspect—his focus is on "strong" authors only—his model would hypothetically also allow the precursor to be weak and passive, an inactive actor, as it were, who becomes fodder for the strong author to consume; or, as Paul Valéry phrased it, reversing Friedman's

evaluative approbation of the precursor and concomitant denigration of the successor: “Le lion est fait de mouton assimilé,” the lion is made of assimilated mutton (*Oeuvres*, vol. 2, 478).

Attitudes have changed significantly over the past ten to fifteen years, and this kind of rigid exclusionary practice and anathematizing of influence has by and large become obsolete in literary theory and criticism, although maybe less so in terms of what the Germans designate *Literaturkritik*, the practice of book reviewing. Here the naming game of influence remains as intimidating, injurious, and damaging to authors as ever—even in our current condition of postmodernity in which what once might have constituted an embarrassing and stigmatizing influence is now oftentimes elevated to, or conflated with, consciously cunning citationism. There are of course also other ways of looking at this. T. S. Eliot for example, with disarming candor, once declared: “immature poets imitate, mature poets steal” (*Selected Essays*, 182). Bloom for his part even redeems imitation when he writes, in *A Map of Misreading*:

Let me reduce my argument to the hopelessly simplistic; poems, I am saying, are neither about “subjects” nor about “themselves.” They are necessarily about *other poems*; a poem is a response to a poem, as a poet is a response to a poet, or a person to his parent. . . . Poets need not *look* like their fathers, and the anxiety of influence more frequently than not is quite distinct from the anxiety of style. Since poetic influence is necessarily misprision, a taking or doing amiss of one’s burden, it is to be expected that such a process of malformation and misinterpretation will, at the very least, produce deviations in style between strong poets. . . . What happens if one tries to write, or to teach, or to think, or even to read without the sense of a tradition? Why, nothing at all happens, just nothing. You cannot write or teach or think or even read without imitation, and what you imitate is what another person has done, that person’s writing or teaching or thinking or reading. Your relation to what informs that person *is* tradition, for tradition is influence that extends past one generation, a carrying-over of influence. (18, 20, and 32)

Notwithstanding this rehabilitation of influence, and alongside it of imitation—if ever they needed rehabilitating³—the advantage of the term *intertextuality* would of course seem to be that it does not restrict the literary critic and literary historian to textual relationships that are based solely on actual contact. Perhaps somewhat ironically, in his book *Palimpsestes: La littérature au second degré*, Gérard Genette himself, a prime architect of the theoretical

edifice of intertextuality, identifies intertextuality as “the effective presence of one text in another” (“la présence d’un texte dans un autre,” 8), as evidenced above all through citation, plagiarism, and allusion, all of which in earlier decades passed for precisely what defined influence. Genette then goes on to subsume intertextuality under the larger term of “transtextuality,” which in turn encompasses, besides intertextuality itself, the concepts of metatextuality, architextuality, paratextuality, and hyper- and hypotextuality. But long before the advent of intertextuality and, later, Genette’s expansion of terms, comparatists had theorized that there were textual relationships worthy of study beyond those based on contact. Already in the mid-1950s, in an essay entitled “The Problem of Influence in Literary History,” Ihab Hassan had distinguished influence from “affinity,” a point taken up more methodically in the late 1960s and early 1970s by the Czech comparatist Dionýz Ďurišin, who in his book *Vergleichende Literaturforschung* (this the German translation that I used) distinguished two fields of comparative study, “genetic relationships,” those based on contact, and non-contactual “typological relationships” that allow us to study non-causal textual analogies deriving from societal, psychological, and/or literary parallelism, with the resulting literary analogues subdivided into movements, genres, and themes.

While the kind of intertextual relationships where no direct or causal *rapports de fait* are found to exist may indeed be less tangible than those where contact between authors can be proven, these non-causal relationships are often no less illuminating and worthwhile to pursue. And they are not mono-directional.

Indeed, in terms of interpretive practice the pathways and movements of (literary) history point in more than one direction: the vectors of intertextuality are many, and they are as psychologically a-temporal as they are directionally diverse. They can point forward from Joyce’s many precursors to the man himself and his works, which constitutes the rich domain of genetic studies in Joyce scholarship today. They can point forward from Joyce to later authors, as in the case of his influence on German authors, the primary subject of this study. They can point sideways as well, allowing us to look laterally at co-temporal “confluences,” as I call them, as with the Dadaists and Rilke, as I will elaborate in Chapters 5 and 6. But they can allow us also to position Joyce in a kind of a-temporal continuum of writers from different eras and epochs, coexisting creatively in time and space, with the interpreter’s perspective roaming freely and non-teleologically, if you will, backwards and forwards and sideways on any number of vectors.

This brings to mind another seminal essay of T. S. Eliot's, "Tradition and the Individual Talent," published in 1919 between Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and *Ulysses*, and Eliot's definition of literary "tradition" contained therein. He writes: tradition

cannot be inherited, and if you want it you must obtain it by great labour. It involves, in the first place, the historical sense, which we may call nearly indispensable to anyone who would continue to be a poet beyond his twenty-fifth year; and the historical sense involves a perception not only of the pastness of the past, but of its presence. ("Tradition and the Individual Talent," 38)

But Eliot also goes on to say, in a more psychologizing manner:

the historical sense compels a man to write not merely with his own generation in his bones, but with a feeling that the whole of the literature of Europe from Homer and within it the whole of the literature of his own country has a *simultaneous existence* and composes a *simultaneous order*. (my emphasis)

Disregarding for the moment the fact that readers of "our generation" may find this statement excessively Eurocentric and gender-biased, the crucial point here is that literary history does not exist independently of our mind, and that the sequence in which we read and experience literature is never the sequence of historical chronology, nor the vector of influence. One person might read Homer's *Odyssey* before he or she reads Joyce's *Ulysses*, but another reader may equally well read Homer's *Odyssey* only because he or she was inspired to do so by reading Joyce's *Ulysses*. The outcome is fundamentally different in terms of where these texts are positioned in the time-space continuum of our mind and how they relate to one another in our non-historical mental literary time-cube,⁴ not to mention the fact that there are readers in the world, even our confined European world with its ostensibly "simultaneous order," that have read neither Homer's *Odyssey* nor Joyce's *Ulysses*, nor much else for that matter. The textual world of our mental time-space continuum, with all its continuities and discontinuities, and lapses and lacunae, is a very different species from the staid and controlled quasi-linear sequence that we encounter in traditional literary histories, and from which such postmodern literary histories as the *New History of German Literature* (2004), cited in my introduction, have been trying to liberate themselves. As Wellbery notes in his introduction,

three elements are presupposed here. The first is what might be termed *the archival simultaneity* of German literature: works that originated in different historical contexts are co-present—today, in the age of the Internet more than ever—in the various media of reproduction, storage, and distribution. . . . The second element is the book's readers, a group held together by no national tradition, no disciplinary training, no particular profession. The third term in our equation is a range of curiosities rooted in serendipitous encounters, individual biographies, historical circumstances, particular passions and interests, chosen or inherited obligations. (xxii, my emphasis)

This “archival simultaneity” permits all kinds of inter-readings. Indeed, in their “Duologue” on Homer and Joyce, one of the highlights of the 1979 Zurich Symposium, Hugh Kenner and Fritz Senn reminded us that it is virtually impossible for Joyceans not to read Homer's *Odyssey* with a distinctly Ulyssean bias, allowing us, as Senn says elsewhere, inverting the influence vector, not just to find out “how Joyce adapted [the classics] for himself,” but also “to figure out (or to feign) how Joyce influenced *them*” (Senn, “Remodelling Homer,” 112).

1

In the following chapter I want to use the notion of the “archival” or “cubist” simultaneity of literary history to explore the intricate interrelationship between Joyce's *Ulysses* and Johann Wolfgang Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister* novels. In quantitative terms, both Goethe and Joyce are literary Olympians, as the MLA Bibliography will confirm. Entering Goethe as a keyword into its online search function on 20 May 2009 yielded a bounteous 10,564 publications. Most other suspects to canonical fame came up with barely half that number, even if Milton, the sole exception, came close at 9,022. The next contenders, lagging far behind, were Franz Kafka with 4,192, Bertolt Brecht with 4,138, Thomas Mann with 4,080, and Proust with 4,061. At 3,237 Schiller, Goethe's Weimarian double partner, managed only one-third of the No. 1 seed, as did Flaubert with 3,076. Joyce aficionados will be glad to hear that, at 9,449 entries, the Irish writer came in only slightly behind his German counterpart. Neither Goethe nor Joyce, however, can hold their own against the obvious frontrunner, William Shakespeare, who came in Zeus-like with a sheer life-exhausting 37,808 entries.⁵ But even 10,000 publications, give or take a little, are quantities that are no longer manageable by individual scholars. And if we

can no longer expect to master all the secondary sources available to us, with “Weltliteratur” expanding at an ever-increasing rate, neither can we expect to read all the “great works” of world literature in one lifetime.

Thus, just as many Joyceans will not have read *Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre*, and fewer still Goethe’s *Wanderjahre*, not all Goetheans will be familiar with Joyce’s *Ulysses*, and fewer still with *Finnegans Wake*. So it was that when I first presented this chapter as a talk to an audience composed primarily of British Goetheans, I started out by explaining where my title quotation originated. The sixth wandering of our Irish Odysseus, Leopold Bloom, will locate him naturally in the National Library of Ireland in the early afternoon of 16 June 1904—a day of course now known as “Bloomsday”; it is the ninth episode of *Ulysses*, the “Scylla and Charybdis” episode, at the opening of which Stephen Dedalus, the aspiring young poet and symbolic Telemachus, is engaged in conversation in the office of the library’s director:

* Urbane, to comfort them, the quaker librarian purred:

—And we have, have we not, those priceless pages of *Wilhelm Meister*. A great poet on a great brother poet. A hesitating soul taking arms against a sea of troubles, torn by conflicting doubts, as one sees in real life.

He came a step a sinkapace forward on neatsleather creaking and a step backward a sinkapace on the solemn floor.

A noiseless attendant setting open the door but slightly made him a noiseless beck.

—Directly, said he, creaking to go, albeit lingering. The beautiful ineffectual dreamer who comes to grief against hard facts. One always feels that Goethe’s judgments are so true. True in the larger analysis. (U9.1–11)

The words “a great poet on a great brother poet” are spoken not by Stephen Dedalus, but rather by the “quaker” librarian Thomas William Lyster, the librarian of the National Library from 1895 to 1920. The passage in *Wilhelm Meister* that he is alluding to can be traced back to Book IV, Chapter 13. I will give here a section of the relevant passage in Thomas Carlyle’s translation, which is the version Joyce would have known:

To me it is clear that Shakespeare meant, in the present case [i.e., in *Hamlet*], to represent the effects of a great action laid upon a soul unfit for the performance of it. . . . A lovely, pure, noble, and most moral nature, without the strength of nerve which forms a hero, sinks beneath a burden which it cannot bear and must not cast away.⁶

We know, of course, that, ironically, the passage cited here from *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship* is as much a description of Hamlet's quandary as Wilhelm's own. Wilhelm too is finding it difficult to find his true vocation, and to decide between stage-acting and the theatre on the one hand, and a "useful occupation" ("eine zweckmäßige Tätigkeit," FA I, IX, 884; elsewhere also "tätiges Leben") on the other. He will, at long last, decide in *Wilhelm Meister's Journeyman Years* to become a "Wundarzt," a surgeon, the signals for which are set already in the later books of *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship* with the repeated appearance of two doctors, father and son, and their "peculiar instrument case" ("merkwürdige Instrumententasche," FA I, IX, 926). Coincidentally, Stephen, too, is at various points in *Ulysses* shown hanging out with students of medicine. His trajectory will be the opposite of Wilhelm's, however: faced with a similar alternative—priesthood, a "useful occupation," or the pursuit of art—at the end of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* we see Stephen turning to art, as did his historical creator James Joyce.

Like *Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre*, *Ulysses* is a book of many ironic twists and turns. A first irony here is that Lyster's words, chosen from Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, with Wilhelm describing Hamlet while his words apply equally to himself, pertain likewise to Stephen, who too is, in the "Scylla and Charybdis" episode, holding forth on Hamlet, with his words too applying equally to himself. A second irony is that the passage "a hesitating soul taking arms against a sea of troubles, torn by conflicting doubts, as one sees in real life," applies not just to Hamlet, Wilhelm, and Stephen, but also to Leopold Bloom, our symbolic Odysseus adrift in his "sea of troubles," the real hero of the book, if ever *Ulysses* has one. "A hesitating soul taking arms against a sea of troubles," or tellingly not taking arms, Bloom is torn by conflicting emotions as to how to respond to his wife's planned afternoon tryst with the impresario Blazes Boylan, whether he should return home to keep the lovers from coming together, or whether Odysseus-like to continue to roam the streets of Dublin for the remainder of the day. Coincidence wills it that, in Chapter 11, the "Sirens" episode of *Ulysses*, just moments before the clock strikes four when Boylan is to meet Molly, Bloom must encounter his rival on his way to the rendezvous, stopping off in his outsider at the Ormond Hotel bar for a drink. Observing him, Bloom reflects, thinking of the penny novel *Sweets of Sin* that he had paged through and bought for his wife in the previous episode, a novel brimful with "opulent curves" (U10.612), "heaving embonpoint" (U10.616), and the "wondrous gowns and costliest frillies" (U10.609) that the female protagonist wears for her lover Raoul:

For some man. For Raoul. He eyed and saw afar on Essex bridge a gay hat riding on a jaunting car. It is. Again. Third time. Coincidence.

Jingling on supple rubbers it jaunted from the bridge to Ormond quay. Follow. Risk it. Go quick. At four. Near now. Out.

—Twopence, sir, the shopgirl dared to say.

—Aha . . . I was forgetting . . . Excuse . . .

—And four.

At four she. . . . Think you're the only pebble on the beach? Does that to all. For men. (*U*11.301–11)

Ironically, in his role as Odysseus Bloom has no choice but to stay away from home—we are in the “Sirens” chapter after all, and nowhere near his *nostos*, his homecoming; hence, for the remainder of this episode he must listen spellbound to the Sirens’ “oceansong” (*U*11.378), sung—another ironic twist so typical of Joyce—not by the two sexy mermaids Miss Douce and Miss Kennedy, but by Dublin men, the tenors Ben Dollard and Simon Dedalus, Stephen’s father. As Goethe’s narrator comments pithily, befitting of both Wilhelm as well as Hamlet and Stephen, but in the “Sirens” episode also of Leopold Bloom: “There are few who at once have Thought and the capacity of Action” (*I*, 129).⁷ Indeed, “Goethe’s judgments are so true,” as Lyster observed.

2

What do we know about Joyce’s relationship with Goethe, the “Gouty” of *Finnegans Wake*, where alongside Dante and Shakespeare he forms the prime poetical Trinity? We read: “I should tell you that honestly, on my honour of a Nearwicked, I always think in a wordworth’s of that primed favourite continental poet, Daunty, Gouty and Shopkeeper, A. G., whom the generality admoyers in this that is and that this is to come” (*FW*539.4–8). The “admiring generality” here may actually have some foundation in Joyce’s biography in that it could refer, mockingly as so often with Joyce, to Joyce’s own younger brother Stanislaus, who, in his *Dublin Diary*—frequently read by James and used as a quarry for his works—discusses *Faust*, *Wilhelm Meister*, and *Werther* and elevates Goethe virtually to a new Messiah:

I admire Goethe and I flatter myself that I have a good understanding of his character though I have read very little of what he has written. There are many things in him which lead me to expect that his attitude towards life will supplant in the future that one which Jesus took and the western

world has imitated for so many centuries. If he fails to master our world as Jesus and his school did, it will be, I think, because he failed to master himself as they did. His life was chaotic and without order like his work (his lyrics excepted), like his *Faust* and his *Wilhelm Meister*. (*The Dublin Diary*, 89)

James Joyce's many references to Goethe's *Faust* in letters and conversations and the numerous allusions to Goethe in his works, from *Stephen Hero* to *Finnegans Wake*, make it abundantly clear that, like his brother, he too had studied some of Goethe's major works most likely during his college years, although I have found it impossible to verify precisely which texts and editions he consulted. His later Trieste library, representing what was in Joyce's possession in 1920 when he left that city to return to Paris, contains merely one edition of works by Goethe, a 1911 volume of his *Novels and Tales*, translated by J. A. Froude and R. D. Boylan, which comprises only Goethe's *Elective Affinities*, *The Sorrows of Werther*, and *German Emigrants*, but neither of the *Meister* novels. While the young Joyce owned few books—the family was simply too poor for major book purchases—he was always an avid user of public libraries, in particular Dublin's National Library, where we find Stephen in the "Scylla and Charybdis" episode, and, during his sojourn in Paris 1902–3, the Bibliothèque Nationale and Bibliothèque Sainte-Geneviève, where we know Joyce read Aristotle's *Poetics*, and from where, in a letter to Lady Gregory, he quotes the opening lines of Goethe's poem "Der König von Thule" (*Selected Letters*, 11). But still there is no indication when and where he first perused Goethe, or which of his works he had read. Lyster's remarks in *Ulysses* would seem to signal that Joyce had read *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*, but for all we know he may have only looked at those portions of the novel relating to "Hamlet," in particular Book IV, Chapter 13—maybe as part of the preparatory reading he did when conceptualizing and writing the library episode of *Ulysses* in late 1918 and early 1919. *Ulysses* contains numerous allusions to and quotes from Goethe's *Faust*, in particular the *Walpurgisnacht* section in the phantasmagorical "Circe" episode of *Ulysses*. In conversation with Stanislaus, Joyce even referred to *Ulysses* as an Irish *Faust*, as Richard Ellmann relates (*James Joyce*, 265). Ellmann also repeatedly casts Stephen's counterpart Buck Mulligan not just in the role of the usurper of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, but also in the role of the "denying spirit" Mephistopheles in Goethe's *Faust* (*James Joyce*, 265; *Ulysses on the Liffey*, 11 and 164). Ellmann goes on to recount how Joyce wrote to his friend Frank Budgen "that Molly's soliloquy might be epitomized, 'Ich bin das Fleisch das stets bejaht.'" "Since Molly occupies the end of

the book,” Ellmann continues, “it would follow that someone at the start must say, with Goethe’s Mephistopheles, ‘*Ich bin der Geist der stets verneint*.’ This role was clearly apposite for Mulligan, even if he does not declare himself openly” (*Ulysses on the Liffey*, 8). But we also know from Joyce’s conversations with Budgen in 1918, at a time when the chapters of *Ulysses* had just begun to appear in the *Little Review*, that Joyce had possibly considered but discarded the figure of Faust as the symbolic “complete all-round character” that he needed as both exceptional and ordinary everyman for his novel. Budgen reports:

Joyce spoke again more briskly: “You seem to have read a lot, Mr. Budgen. Do you know of any complete all-round character presented by any writer?” With quick interest I summoned up a whole population of invented persons. Of the fiction writers Balzac, perhaps, might supply him? No. Flaubert? No. Dostoevsky or Tolstoy then? Their people are exciting, wonderful, but not complete. Shakespeare surely. But no again. . . . I came to rest on Goethe. “What about Faust?” I said. And then, as a second shot “Or Hamlet?” “Faust!” said Joyce. “Far from being a complete man, he isn’t a man at all. Is he an old man or a young man? Where are his home and family? We don’t know. And he can’t be complete because he’s never alone. Mephistopheles is always hanging round him at his side or heels. We see a lot of him, that’s all.” It was easy to see the answer in Joyce’s mind to his own question. “Your complete man in literature is, I suppose, Ulysses?” “Yes,” said Joyce. “No-age Faust isn’t a man. But you mentioned Hamlet. Hamlet is a human being, but he is a son only. Ulysses is son to Laertes, but he is father to Telemachus, husband to Penelope, lover of Calypso, companion in arms of the Greek warriors around Troy and King of Ithaca. He was subjected to many trials, but with wisdom and courage came through them all.” (*James Joyce and the Making of “Ulysses,”* 15–16)⁸

We can deduce from all this that *Faust* was a text Joyce probably knew fairly well. Indeed, if Joyce read Goethe after 1900 we cannot exclude the possibility that he read his works, or parts of them, in the original, since Joyce had learnt some German in 1900 in order to read, and even translate, Gerhart Hauptmann, one of whose dramas exists in Joyce’s draft translation from this period. Moreover, from 1904 onwards Joyce lived on and off in Zurich, a German-speaking city, and later in Trieste and Pola, which then, still under Austro-Hungarian rule, had significant German-speaking minorities and government institutions. In Zurich around 1915, a friend, Ottocaro Weiss, tried to introduce Joyce to the works of Gottfried Keller—unsuccessfully, according

to Ellmann, although Joyce later went on to translate Keller's cycle of poems "Lebendig Begraben" (see also Sebastian Knowles, *The Dublin Helix*, 38–70); Ellmann comments: "For the moment . . . literature in German did not attract him, and he scoffed even at Goethe as 'un noioso funzionario' (a boring civil servant)" (*James Joyce*, 394). Yet later in life, in 1928, with *Ulysses* behind him and *Finnegans Wake* in the making, Goethe was important enough for Joyce to take the time to visit Goethe's Frankfurt birthplace (*James Joyce*, 581). Later still, in the years leading up to his death, around 1940, he read *Goethe's Conversations with Eckermann* (*James Joyce*, 731).

The earliest references to Goethe that I have been able to trace stem from Joyce's early essays and notebooks and his draft of *Stephen Hero*, which—as Goethe was to rewrite his draft of *Wilhelm Meisters Theatralische Sendung* (*Wilhelm Meister's Theatrical Calling*) into the mature *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*—was later rewritten and transformed into the novel *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. In his 1902 essay on the Irish writer James Clarence Mangan, Joyce observes: "The philosophic mind inclines always to an elaborate life—the life of Goethe or of Leonardo da Vinci; but the life of the poet is intense—the life of Blake or of Dante—taking into its centre the life that surrounds it and flinging it abroad again amid planetary music" (*Critical Writings*, 82). If this sounds as if Joyce did not consider Goethe a poet, or more of a philosopher than a poet, one of the epiphanies collected in his epiphany notebook between 1900 and 1903 seems to suggest quite the opposite. This epiphany is a short while later transformed and integrated into Section XVI of *Stephen Hero*, written around early 1904, in which we find Stephen Daedalus visiting the Daniel family in Donnybrook and observing the daughters and their friends engaged in games:

[Stephen] could see seriousness developing on the shrewd features of a young man who had to put a certain question to one of the daughters:

—I suppose it's my turn now . . . Well . . . let me see . . . (and here he became as serious as a young man, who has been laughing very much for a full five minutes, can become) . . . Who is your favourite poet, Annie?

Annie thought for a few moments: there was a pause. Annie and the young man were "doing" the same course.

— . . . German?

— . . . Yes.

Annie thought for another few moments while the table waited to be edified.

—I think . . . Goethe. (44)⁹

Obviously, this need not signal that Joyce agrees with Annie, who may simply be rehearsing the stock response that she thinks is expected of her: a great poet cannot but be German—"German, ultraprofound," as Donovan puts it in *A Portrait* (211)—and the greatest of them all cannot but be Goethe, hence her answer. What Robert Scholes and Richard Kain have called "the ridiculous safeness of the choice" (*Workshop of Daedalus*, 22, note) is yet another instance of Joycean irony at work. Another early mention of Goethe relates to the scene, a short while earlier in *Stephen Hero*, when we read that Stephen had started occupying himself with Ibsen, who is described thus in Joyce's rather exalted early style, although one again steeped in irony:

It must be said simply and at once that at this time Stephen suffered the most enduring influence of his life. . . . the minds of the old Norse poet and of the perturbed young Celt met in a moment of radiant simultaneity. Stephen was captivated first by the evident excellence of the art: he was not long before he began to affirm, out of a sufficiently scanty knowledge of the tract, of course, that Ibsen was the first among the dramatists of the world. . . . one could scarcely advance the dignity of the human attitude a step beyond this answer. Here and not in Shakespeare or Goethe was the successor to the first poet of the Europeans (41–42),

referring of course to Dante, who is mentioned in the following line.

One of the perennial questions surrounding Stephen as a figure in *Stephen Hero*, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, and even in *Ulysses* is the degree to which he mirrors Joyce, serving as an autobiographical mirror image, and the degree to which Joyce has applied irony in the representation of this oftentimes peculiarly immature and perhaps merely aspiring young artist. It is all about the degree of *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, poetry and truth, fiction and fact, so the title of Goethe's autobiography, in Joyce's work. What Hellmut Ammerlahn has said about Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister* could apply equally to *A Portrait*:

From a literary critical perspective we must regard *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship* as a *Künstlerroman*, a novel of an artist, as "*Bildungsroman* of the thinking imaginative poet," indeed even as the "personal biography" of its author. Goethe incorporated within this novel—albeit ironically veiled—a mysteriously revealing ["geheimnisvoll-offenbaren"] poetological metatext about his own development and the evolution of his imagination. (*Imagination und Wahrheit*, 38; my translation)

Much the same has been said about the relationship between Joyce and Stephen.

Not merely because of the Library episode of *Ulysses* in which Stephen so famously holds forth about Shakespeare's Hamlet, as does Wilhelm Meister in Goethe's novel, are these two works and their young and artistically inclined male protagonists so intimately related, but also because of their progressional homology. Joyce discarded and rewrote a first draft of the novel *Stephen Hero*, shaping it into a much more elaborately textured and richly symbolic final product, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, which in turn extends into the author's literary tour de force of modernist experimentalism, *Ulysses*, mirroring in manifold ways the trajectory of the Wilhelm Meister project from the youthful *Wilhelm Meister's Theatrical Calling* via the mature *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship* to the experimental and enigmatic *Wilhelm Meister's Journeyman Years*.¹⁰ Of course, one could also devise an alternative homology, one in which *A Portrait of the Artist* parallels the *Theatrical Calling*, *Ulysses* *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*, and *Finnegans Wake* *Wilhelm Meister's Journeyman Years*, the last pair standing for two of the most enigmatic works of maturity, *Alterswerke*, of European literature.¹¹

What further underscores the significance of these homologies is the symbolic significance that both authors attached to the names they gave their heroes. At first glance Wilhelm Meister's name does not stand out in any particular way, with both Wilhelm and Meister being not uncommon in German; however, their particular significance soon emerges from the storyline: Wilhelm is the German form of William, Shakespeare's first name, and it is Shakespeare who becomes Wilhelm's symbolic father figure—and indeed Goethe's, as we know from his writings on Shakespeare. In his early Storm-and-Stress essay "Zum Shakespeares-Tag" of 1771 Goethe, at age twenty-two, calls him "Shakespeare, my friend" (226); many years later, in *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, the mature Goethe elevates him to "our father and teacher Shakespeare," "unser Vater und Lehrer Shakespeare" (*Aus meinem Leben*, 582). The German word "Meister," master, calls up the suggestion of mastery, both in generic terms as well as in the more specific senses of craftsmanship ("Handwerksmeister") and artistry ("klassische Meister," "alte Meister"), this of course being both ironical and in earnest, for is it not in Wilhelm's progress towards mastery that we witness all the pitfalls and mistakes he has to suffer through to achieve it, if ever he does achieve it in *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*? In possibly the last use of the term "Meister" in *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship* in Book 8, Chapter 7, it is the Italian marquis who remarks:

whoever follows the employment, tries to pass at once for artist, master and professor: by which pretensions, he acknowledges at least that it is not sufficient merely to lay hold of some transmitted excellency, or to acquire by practice some dexterity; but that a man who aims at art, should have the power to think of what he does, to lay down principles, and make apparent to himself and others how and wherefore he proceeds in this way or in that, [*WMAT* II, 151]

a skill that Wilhelm, by the end of the novel, has barely yet mastered.

Likewise Stephen Daedalus, still with the classical “ae” spelling in *Stephen Hero*—another speaking name like “Meister”—and later transformed into Dedalus, with a simple “e,” in *A Portrait*: who on earth, or rather who in Ireland, has ever heard of such a name for a thoroughbred, poverty-stricken Catholic Irish family? Dedalus! The obvious allusion behind Joyce’s ironic choice of this outlandish and eccentric surname is to the legendary Daedalus of classical Greek mythology, the “archetypal personification of the inventor-sculptor-architect” figure (Gifford, *Joyce Annotated*, 131). Daedalus is, of course, the fabled artificer of his own wings, devised in order to flee from King Minos’s palace, “a building with many tangled paths” (“ein Gebäude mit vielen Irrgängen”), as an 1860 German encyclopedia of classical mythology informs us, whereby the German word “Irrgang” literally means “wrong paths” (*Reallexikon*, 226). As befits his father’s surname, Stephen is clearly to be read as Icarus, the son of the mythological architect, and as the young man who flew too close to the sun and tumbled from the skies when the wax of his artificial wings melted away. Indeed, as if wanting to be goaded by his father into self-destruction, Stephen in the “Proteus” episode of *Ulysses* imagines his “consubstantial father’s voice” saying to his siblings: “Did you see anything of your artist brother Stephen lately? No? Sure he’s not down in Strasburg terrace with his aunt Sally? Couldn’t he fly a bit higher than that, eh?” (*U*3.61–64).

Stephen’s “Christian” name, too, resonates with meaning. It goes back to the first Christian martyr, who was stoned to death outside the walls of Jerusalem around A.D. 34; a Jew educated in Greek—not unlike Bloom in this respect, who is a Jew who knows a smattering of Greek and plays the role of a Greek hero—Stephen’s namesake was the dominant figure in Christianity before the conversion of Paul (Gifford, *Joyce Annotated*, 135). Joyce’s character Stephen resembles the Christian martyr in that he, too, feels persecuted by his peers and, like Daedalus, is attempting to use artifice to escape the institutions of his imprisonment, the Catholic Church, his family, and Irish nationalism—whether he will succeed, or whether he, like Icarus, is destined to founder,

remains notoriously unresolved by the end of either of Joyce's Stephen-novels, *A Portrait of the Artist* and *Ulysses*.

3

We will return to some of these details later when I attempt to counter-read intertextually the figures of Stephen and Wilhelm and the novels in which they appear. However, to some degree this has already been done—this reflecting the sad predicament of the scholarly latecomer like myself to a field already so saturated with precursors. In an article published in 1992, Gerald Gillespie exposed the “process of literary parasitism” underlying Joyce’s treatment of the “Hamletic condition of the Western mind” in the “Scylla and Charybdis” episode, seeing Stephen replicating Wilhelm’s mission “to raise the dismal level of German cultural life by founding a national theater” by his own attempt “to forge in the smithy of [his] soul the uncreated conscience of [his] race” (“Afterthoughts of Hamlet,” 290). Via a discussion of “the theme of reconciliation” (293) and the role and relevance of “the Ghost” for both novels (298), amongst other things, Gillespie observes how “Goethe’s Wilhelm decides to abandon art permanently for a more suitable profession. He becomes a useful bourgeois. It is as if he foreshadows the crossing over from being a Stephen to being a Bloom” (293), and concludes that “the important modernist departure is that Joyce, by such means as Stephen’s theorizing, more insistently potentiates the Oedipal theme of ‘incest’ into that of ‘palimpsest’” (292). Gregory Castle more recently has studied *Stephen Hero*, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, and *Ulysses* in the light of the tradition of the German *Bildungsroman*, shedding considerable light on the ways in which “Joyce’s modernist Bildungsroman” deviates from its generic model to stage a “challenge to the hegemony that the form enjoyed throughout the nineteenth century”—a challenge, Castle is quick to add, that “fails *necessarily* as part of an immanent critique of the genre and of its dominant theme of *Bildung*” (163). He notes that “whereas classical *Bildung* envisions a dialectical harmony of self and society, a process of productive and rewarding intersubjectivity,” modernist Bildungs-novels like those of Joyce programmatically attempt to invert that dialectic; in the specific case of Joyce’s *Portrait* and *Ulysses*, in which we encounter (at least) two such inverted Bildungs-heroes, namely Stephen Dedalus and Gerty MacDowell, “colonial *Bildung* isolates and splits the subject, pits it against itself” (162), “pointing up the inadequacy of normative models of self-development and education” (191). Castle concludes:

Like so many other early modernist Bildungsromane *Portrait* manages to retain and even emulate the formal structures of a genre whose conceptual foundations and thematic concerns are at the same time subjected to critique and revision. Joyce does this not primarily by altering the structure of the Bildung plot in some subversive way but by narrating new norms of development, new scenes of acculturation and education, that test the limits and critique the various components of the classical Bildungsroman.

Rather than try palimpsestically to extend Gillespie's and Castle's already exhaustive coverage of the Hamlet correspondence and the Bildungsroman connection, I want to turn our attention here to two aspects of this figural and generical palimpsestuality/palimptextuality that have remained underexposed in the essays and chapters by Gillespie and Castle as well as others covering the Goethe-Joyce relationship.¹² These are the roles attributed to coincidence and paternity within the symbolic frameworks and mythological substrata of the two groupings of novels, *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship* with its roots in the *Theatrical Calling* and extension into the *Journeyman Years* on the one hand, and Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and *Ulysses* on the other. A good place to start is the theme of coincidence which I already intoned when I discussed Bloom's response to seeing Blazes Boylan on this fateful day, 16 June 1904. Indeed, it is through the very opposition of fate and chance, *Schicksal* and *Zufall*, that Goethe incorporates this concept into the plot of *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*.

Upon entering, or rather being pushed by Jarno into, the "Tower Room," the *Turmsaal*, in Book VII, Chapter 9, and hearing and seeing the first of the Tower/*Turm* members, Wilhelm ponders: "Strange! . . . Can chance occurrences have a connexion? Is what we call Destiny [*Schicksal*] but Chance [*Zufall*]?" (*WMAT* II, 74). It was, not coincidentally, this first member of the "Society of the Tower," the *Turmgesellschaft*, whom Wilhelm had encountered in Book I, who cautions him: "It gives me pain to hear this word destiny in the mouth of a young person, just at the age when men are commonly accustomed to ascribe their own violent inclinations to the will of higher natures" (*WMAT* I, 100). Wilhelm responds surprised: "Do you, then, believe in no destiny? No power that rules over us, and directs all for our ultimate advantage?" The stranger replies:

The fabric of our life is formed of necessity and chance; the reason of man takes its station between them, and may rule them both: it treats

the necessary as the groundwork of its being; the accidental it can direct and guide and employ for its own purposes; and only while this principle of reason stands firm and inexpugnable, does man deserve to be named the god of this lower world. But woe to him who, from his youth, has used himself to search in necessity for something of arbitrary will; to ascribe to chance a sort of reason . . . ! (WMAT I, 100)

This is a crucial lesson for Wilhelm, but one he, in his youthful immaturity and naïveté, does not yet fully comprehend. Indeed, it is one that, even by the time he enters the Tower Society, he still does not fully understand.

Let us look at some of the major occurrences of chance and coincidence in *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*: for example, was it not mere chance that it was Wilhelm's traveling party rather than Natalie and her escort that was attacked on the road in Book IV, providing the first opportunity for Wilhelm to meet Natalie, "the beautiful amazon" ("die schöne Amazone")? Unlike many other things, this was certainly not prearranged or coordinated by any of the members of the Tower Society and yet comes, as Hellmut Ammerlahn has shown, precisely at the midpoint of the novel, in the forty-ninth chapter, with a further forty-nine chapters to follow (*Imagination und Wahrheit*, 42). And is it not a coincidence that Aurelie's lover should be Lothario, the very paragon of an "active life" ("tätiges Leben") as it emerges in Books VII and VIII, even if his vexed relationship with Aurelie might not have set the perfect example? Is it not a coincidence that Philine's youthful lover must be Friedrich, who will turn out to be none other than the brother of Natalie, Lothario, and the Countess? Also, is it not chance that it is Wilhelm who disguises himself as the Count only to find out later that the Countess is Natalie's sister? And, perhaps most importantly, is it not coincidence that Wilhelm happens upon Mignon, around whom so much narrative energy circulates in this novel, and who turns out to be none other than the niece of the Italian marquis who just happens to visit Lothario's castle in Book VIII shortly after Mignon's death?

Before we speculate on the relevance of coincidence here, let us take a quick look at some occurrences of the term in Joyce's *Ulysses* where Bloom, in the "Sirens" episode, considers it a coincidence that he seems continually to encounter Blazes Boylan on the very day that Boylan is to rendezvous with Molly. It is an ironic coincidence, too, that at the very moment in the "Sirens" episode when he hears the song "Come Thou Lost One" being sung from Flotow's opera *Martha*, he realizes that he was just about to write a letter to his secret pen pal Martha Clifford: "*Martha* it is. Coincidence. Just going to write. Lionel's song. Lovely name you have. Can't write. Accept my little pres. Play

on her heartstrings pursestrings too. She's a. I called you naughty boy. Still the name: Martha. How strange! Today" (*U11.713*). Another such chance incident occurs earlier that day; in the "Lestrygonians" episode, just moments after Bloom had been reflecting upon Charles Stewart Parnell and Home Rule, we read:

The sun freed itself slowly and lit glints of light among the silverware opposite in Walter Sexton's window by which John Howard Parnell passed, unseeing. There he is: the brother. Image of him. Haunting face. Now that's a coincidence. Course hundreds of times you think of a person and don't meet him. (*U8.499–504*)

But of course, the irony is that Bloom, as he himself half realizes, is not seeing Charles Stewart Parnell, the famous but disgraced politician, now long deceased, but merely his brother. And just a couple of lines later, seeing the poet A. E. Russell cycle by, Bloom reflects: "And there he is too. Now that's really a coincidence: second time," only to add the portentous observation: "Coming events cast their shadows before" (*U8.525–26*). My final example—skipping various further occurrences of the word—is taken from the "Eumaeus" episode; well beyond midnight, a tired Bloom converses with a drunken Stephen, stating:

Coincidence I just happened to be in the Kildare street museum today, shortly prior to our meeting if I can so call it, and I was just looking at those antique statues there. The splendid proportions of hips, bosom. You simply don't knock against those kind of women here. An exception here and there. (*U16.890–94*)

The more obvious irony here of course is that one of these few exceptions is his own wife, about whom he had just spoken to Stephen, extolling her character and good looks. But the less obvious irony is that it was no mere coincidence that Bloom was ogling at Molly Bloom—like antique goddesses in the Kildare Street National Museum; it was to avoid meeting with Blazes Boylan in their first encounter that day. The passage reads:

Mr Bloom came to Kildare street. First I must. Library.
Straw hat in sunlight. Tan shoes. Turnedup trousers. It is. It is.
His heart quopped softly. To the right. Museum. Goddesses. He swerved to the right.
Is it? Almost certain. Won't look. . . . Not see. Get on.
. . . Quick. Cold statues: quiet there. Safe in a minute.

No. Didn't see me. After two. Just at the gate.

My heart!

His eyes beating looked steadfastly at cream curves of stone. (U8.1167–80).

Ironies here abound, not least of which is the fact that rather undivine intervention leads Bloom directly to the divinities of old—albeit in mere statu-
esque shape. Klaus Reichert writes poignantly: “Joyce loved coincidences. He considered them a counter-order to ‘life,’ everyday life, a system beyond logic, causality, and sense [Sinnzusammenhängen]. One can read the whole of *Ulysses* as a densely spun web of coincidences” (*Welt-Alltag der Epoche*, 7). But he also goes on to make another, perhaps even more crucial, observation:

And yet: behind these coincidences we might find a “hidden hand” that is controlling these chance events. In *Ulysses* it is the characters and episodes of the Homeric *Odyssey*: there is no passage that Bloom takes through the ocean of Dublin's houses, no encounter, no sequence of events that is not structured by Homer's texts or those of his interpreters . . . , of course without Bloom or any of the other characters ever becoming aware of this fact. They all think their actions are free, and yet they hang on unknown threads, repeating things that have occurred elsewhere. Joyce used the Homeric scheme to give narrative shape to his sundry coincidental materials. One might even call this novel a “story about giving meaning to what has no meaning.” (*Welt-Alltag der Epoche*, 8)

In that light let us read that passage from the “Lestrygonians” episode once more, this time in a slightly extended version: “And there he is too. Now that's really a coincidence: second time. Coming events cast their shadows before. With the approval of the eminent poet, Mr Geo. Russell. . . . A.E.: what does that mean?” (U8.525–28). There are two things worth pointing out here. First, the less obvious point for those unfamiliar with Joyce's works and their literary historical context: A.E. is the pen name of the Irish writer George Russell; in Don Gifford's *Ulysses Annotated* we are told:

Russell himself tells the story of its choice and meaning: he had attempted a picture of “the apparition in the Divine Mind of the Heavenly Man,” and the title for it was mysteriously supplied by a disembodied whisper—“Call it the birth of Aeon.” Some time later, in the National Library, his eye caught the word *aeon* in a book left open on a counter. He took this as a sign that his pen name had been chosen for him; but

when he used it for the first time, the compositor misread it as *AE*, and with this final sign from the Divine Mind the revelation of the pen name was complete. (173)

That is to say, George Russell's pen name results from what he considers fate, but what others would at best consider coincidence. And second, and maybe more obvious, are we not meant to read the phrase *with the approval of the eminent poet* and think *with the approval of James Joyce*?

That is to say, the characters are by design not at the mercy of "Fate," with a capital "F," or of higher beings like the Three Fates, or even the hands of Gods or Goddesses, but at the mercy of the "artist," who, in Joyce's much-quoted lines from *A Portrait*, remains "like the God of the creation, . . . within or behind or beyond or above his handiwork, invisible, refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails" (215). We easily forget that it is neither fate nor any other supernatural force or phenomenon that controls our *Heros'* and *Meisters'* destiny, but the hands of the artists Goethe and Joyce, who, through the means of narrative plot, leitmotifs, and structural parallax, create fictitious life stories ever so rich in symbolism, irony, and ambiguity. In this regard though, one must disagree with Reichert. The characters in *Ulysses* are not limited to repeating, or duplicating, or parroting in modern guise merely what has gone before, but revisit and retell, and, in revisiting and retelling, revive and reinvigorate what has gone before. Their life stories diverge from those of their precursors in a revisionary movement reminiscent of what Harold Bloom described as the two ratios of "Clinamen" and "Kenosis," a swerving away in irony from the pre-text and their proto-characters (*Anxiety of Influence*, 119 and *passim*).

Thus unlike Penelope, Molly has sex with her suitor Blazes Boylan, and, unlike Odysseus, Molly's husband Leopold knows about this, all the while refraining from returning home to slaughter his competitor in flagrante. Is it the Homeric determinism and dictate that keeps Bloom from going home, or is it his own choice and volition? We do not know for sure, and Joyce certainly has a hand in that. And while Joyce's Odysseus and Telemachus Leopold Bloom and Stephen Dedalus—the symbolic father and son—at last come together in the "Oxen of the Sun," "Circe," "Eumaeus," and "Ithaca" episodes, we find that they hardly know what to do with one another. As William Schutte has noted perceptively: "The fact that they have certain interests in common—music, religion, medicine, and so on—only underlines their inability to communicate. . . . In the end the only genuine sympathy between the two is a sympathy of the bladder—and that is universal" (*Joyce and Shakespeare*, 15).

If Joyce turns Homer's blood relations into mere bladder relations, this is as much a commentary on the fluidity of the subject concept of modernity as it is an ironic reflection on the whole notion of epic gravitas, not to mention paternity and (literary) succession.

So whatever role we attribute to fate and chance or coincidence in *Ulysses* and *Wilhelm Meister*, the fact remains that both novels have been fashioned by their authors, that their plots and characters—fates and coincidences inclusive—have been creatively designed *with the approval of the eminent poets*. While there is something distinctly Odyssean and epic about Wilhelm's wanderings, his "aimless meandering,"¹³ his being guided Athena-like by the Tower Society,¹⁴ and his succession of failed relationships with women, only at long last to find his true love in Natalie and his son in Felix, much as Odysseus returns to his wife Penelope and his son Telemachus, it is not this Odyssean subtext to Goethe's novel that I want to focus on next. Rather, Wilhelm, as a son to a father and as an aspiring artist who seems doomed to fail, is the avatar of two other mythological figures, one of which in particular, namely Icarus, allows us more closely to equate him with Stephen, Joyce's embodiment of the young artist character. Easily overlooked, Wilhelm too is frequently equated with Icarus as a bird-like figure on the brink of ruin. In the very first chapter of the novel, in Book I, Chapter 1, the old hag Barbara describes Wilhelm as "the young, soft-hearted, callow ["unbefiederten," *FA* I, IX, 361] merchant's son." But while Wilhelm indeed does not yet possess the financial means to support Mariane, which is what Barbara is referring to here, the two young lovers are so in love that they are literally "beflügelt," that is, their love gives them wings. Thus we read of Mariane: "We need not describe the vivacity with which she flew to him."¹⁵ It is this very vivacity, "Lebhaftigkeit," that is ascribed to Wilhelm when he falls, Icarus-like, from the heights of passion into the lover's torment of doubt and despondency at the beginning of Book II, where we read:

To awaken these again within him, he would recall to memory the scenes of his bygone happiness. He would paint them to his fancy in the liveliest colours, transport himself again into the days when they were real; and when standing on the highest elevation he could reach, when the sunshine of past times again seemed to animate his limbs and heave his bosom, he would look back into the fearful chasm, would feast his eyes on its dismembering depth, then plunge down into its horrors, and thus force from nature the bitterest pains. With such repeated cruelty did he tear himself in pieces. (*WMAT* I, 107)

Later, in Book II, Chapter 2, in conversation with Werner, Wilhelm exclaims: "And thus the poet is at once a teacher, a prophet, a friend of gods and men. How! thou wouldst have him descend from his height to some paltry occupation? He who is fashioned like the bird to hover round the world, to nestle on the lofty summits" (*WMAT* I, 113). Of course, like Stephen, who has to overcome his damnation to hell following Father Arnall's sermon (of Chapter III.2 of *A Portrait*) in order to arise anew to the height of artistry, Wilhelm must learn to pick up the pieces of his life and move on to reach new heights in Books VII and VIII. Thus Wilhelm overcomes two such falls from heaven, the first of love, the second of (failed) stage-acting and authorship.

All this of course parallels the "beautiful soul" of Book VI, who describes her feelings as follows when she discovers Jesus as her lover: "'This is faith!' said I; and started up as if half frightened. I now endeavoured to get certain of my feeling, of my view; and shortly I became convinced that my soul had acquired a power of soaring upwards, which was altogether new to it," only to continue shortly thereafter: "But now, since that great moment, I had as it were got wings. I could mount aloft above what used to threaten me; as the bird can fly singing and with ease across the fiercest stream," and further: "Often too our spirit seizes one or other of these spiritual images, and mounts with it a little way upwards; like a young bird fluttering from twig to twig" (*WMAT* I, 434–35).

Stephen Dedalus too has inherited something of the "Zinzendorfic mode of thought and speech" that employs such a "bold flight of the imagination" ("Zinzendorfische Art . . . des kühnen Flug[s] der Einbildungskraft," *FA* I, IX, 769), as Goethe puts it, Count Nikolaus Zinzendorf being the founder of the mid-eighteenth-century Herrnhuth community of pietists, on some of whose writings Goethe had modeled his "beautiful soul." Like this "beautiful soul," Stephen too experiences an inner anguish about religion and the soul, and the beauty of the sacred versus the beauty of the profane. For Stephen, this battle is decided when he encounters, as his symbolic mate, the girl on the beach at the end of Chapter IV of *A Portrait*, who is described as "a strange and beautiful seabird" and a "wonder of mortal beauty" (171): "Heavenly God! cried Stephen's soul, in an outburst of profane joy. . . . Her image had passed into his soul for ever and no word had broken the holy silence of his ecstasy" (171). This quasi-religious encounter follows the scene where Stephen reflects on "his strange name," which "seemed to him a prophecy," whereupon he sees "a winged form flying" (168–69). "What did it mean?" we read in a form of free indirect speech;

[w]as it a quaint device opening a page of some medieval book of prophecies and symbols, a hawklike man flying sunwards above the sea, a prophecy of the end he had been born to serve and had been following through the mists of childhood and boyhood, a symbol of the artist forging anew in his workshop out of the sluggish matter of the earth a new soaring impalpable imperishable being. (169)

There is considerable irony in the fact that the first actual piece of art we see Stephen creating, immediately after his propounding to his friends an elevated theory of artistic radiance premised on the Aquinian notions of *integritas*, *consonantia*, and *claritas*, is a rather clichéd and obscure poem that was inspired by nothing more mundane than the “dewy wetness” of a “wet dream,” as Hugh Kenner contends (“The *Portrait* in Perspective,” 428), or double masturbation, as Robert Adams Day speculates (“The Villanelle Perplex”). In short, Stephen vacillates between the roles of Daedalus father and Daedalus son, and occasionally seems to be unaware of the fact that, as Daedalus son, he has no option but to be doomed to failure.

Wilhelm by contrast may come to nought as an artist, but through his failure eventually manages to change the course of his life and, in the sequel *Wilhelm Meister's Journeyman Years*, will go on to train as a surgeon, a “Wundarzt,” putting himself in a position to save his son’s life. His early indecisiveness and “aimless meandering” cast him not just in the role of Hamlet and Odysseus but also, within—in the words of Philine—“this *fourtimes* complicated tale,” “diesem *vierfach* verschlungenen Romane” (*WMAT* I, 285 and *FA* I, IX, 612, my emphasis), as Theseus seeking to escape from the labyrinth of Minos, his third mythological role and fourth symbolic one. In Book IV, Chapter 3, Wilhelm admits to his fellow players that, in trying to grasp Shakespeare’s *Hamlet*,

I farther conceived that I was penetrating quite into the spirit of the character, while I endeavoured as it were to take upon myself the load of deep melancholy under which my prototype was labouring, and in this humour to pursue him through the strange labyrinths of his caprices and his singularities. Thus learning, thus practising, I doubted not but I should by and by become one person with my hero. (*WMAT* I, 252)

But, this quote continues: “In such devious paths I toiled, and wandered long in vain; till at length a hope arose that I might reach my aim in quite a new way.” The crucial moment occurs when Wilhelm realizes that he is not Hamlet after all:

“We must not take the matter up so strictly,” said our friend. “For my share, I am certain, that the wish to act the character of Hamlet has led me exceedingly astray, throughout my study of the piece. And now the more I look into the part, the more clearly do I see, that in my whole form and physiognomy, there is not one feature such as Shakespeare meant for Hamlet.” (WMAT I, 343)

Indeed, Stephen too, already in the opening pages of *Ulysses*, which are played out south of Dublin on the Martello tower at Sandycove, sets up the parallel with Hamlet by seeing his mother’s ghost appear before his inner eye; yet he cannot know that the part he is playing is that of Telemachus, the hidden “title” of this first episode of Joyce’s novel. After all, the paratextual title, used by Joyce only in his letters, not in the published work itself, is as much beyond Stephen’s ken as it is beyond the ken of the intended reader of the first edition of Joyce’s novel.

Wilhelm too has obviously confused the model; as he gradually learns to realize, the model, or *Urbild*, for Wilhelm’s actions is not Hamlet, but rather Icarus and Theseus, incarnations of his symbolic life that he grasps as little as Stephen does his. Yet he does come to the realization that something peculiar is going on in his life; as Wilhelm concedes, talking about himself in talking about Hamlet:

But our countrymen have erred, in my opinion, with regard to the second class of objects, which may be observed in this tragedy; I allude to the external relations of the persons, whereby they are brought from place to place, or combined in various ways by certain accidental incidents. These they have looked upon as very unimportant; have spoken of them only in passing, or left them out altogether. Now, indeed, it must be owned, these threads are slack and slender; yet they run through the entire piece, and bind together much that would otherwise fall asunder, and does actually fall asunder, when you cut them off, and imagine you have done enough and more, if you have left the ends hanging. (WMAT I, 333)

The “slack and slender threads” that he himself will later recognize are those of the Tower Society, but we as readers can see more dimensions to his “four-times complicated” life than he himself is capable of seeing. The maxim of the “fourfold complication” is of course as applicable to Goethe’s *Wilhelm Meister’s Apprenticeship* as it is to Joyce’s *A Portrait of the Artist* and *Ulysses*, as is amply illustrated in the case of *Ulysses* by Joyce’s so-called Linati and Gilbert

schemes. For the “Scylla and Charybdis” episode, the “Library” section in which Stephen expounds his theory of Shakespeare and Hamlet while Bloom, nearly unnoticed, wordlessly passes by as the “wandering jew” (U9.1197, 9.1203, and 9.1209), the Linati schema lists as symbolic levels and layers: Hamlet, Shakespeare, Christ, Socrates, London and Stratford, Scholasticism and Mysticism, Plato and Aristotle, Youth and Maturity (Ellmann, *Ulysses on the Liffey*, 188–97, [unpaginated]).

4

It is surely no coincidence that the “Library” episode of *Ulysses*, concluding the first half of the novel in terms of chapter count, is also the episode in which the issue of paternity is most prominently addressed. It is this aspect of the two texts with which I wish to conclude my intertextual counter-reading of Joyce’s *Ulysses* and Goethe’s *Wilhelm Meister’s Apprenticeship*. The fatherhood issue is one of the central dimensions of Joyce’s *Ulysses* and one that has been as much discussed in Joyce scholarship as it is referred to by the characters within the novel itself. Woven into the fabric of *Ulysses* in numerous episodes, talk of the “consubstantial father” (U3.50 and 62; U9.481) who is also an “unsubstantial father” (U9.553) crescendos into passages such as the two following ones. First, and much quoted, in the opening pages of the novel in Chapter 1, the “Telemachus” episode, Buck Mulligan says about Stephen:

He proves by algebra that Hamlet’s grandson is Shakespeare’s grandfather and that he himself is the ghost of his own father.

—What? Haines said. . . .

—O, shade of kinch the elder! Japhet in search of a father!” (U1.555–61)

Whereupon the Englishman Haines rejoins: “I read a theological interpretation of it somewhere, he said bemused. The Father and the Son idea. The son striving to be atoned with the Father” (U1.577–78). Second, in the “Library” episode, eight chapters later, we hear Stephen declaiming:

—A father . . . is a necessary evil. . . . Fatherhood, in the sense of conscious begetting, is unknown to man. It is a mystical estate, an apostolic succession, from only begetter to only begotten. On that mystery . . . the church is founded and founded irremovably because founded, like the world, macro and microcosm, upon the void. Upon incertitude, upon unlikelihood. *Amor matris*, subjective and objective genitive, may be

the only true thing in life. Paternity may be a legal fiction. (U9.828 and 9.837–44)

As arcane as these words sound, no wonder someone retorts: “What the hell are you driving at?” (U9.846). But Stephen is only echoing what Telemachus says to the goddess Athena at the opening of Homer’s *Odyssey*: “I will tell you truly stranger: in fact, my mother says I am his [that is, Odysseus’] son, but I for my part do not know, for no one yet has known his father on his own” (1.214–16). In Goethe’s *Wilhelm Meister*, too, there is one character who expresses the selfsame sentiment and knows exactly what Stephen and Telemachus are driving at, but it is not Wilhelm, as one might expect, although he is the person most directly affected, but rather Friedrich, Natalie’s brother. At the conclusion of the novel and having just revealed Philine’s pregnancy to Wilhelm, he proclaims: “Fatherhood at any rate depends entirely upon conviction: I am convinced, and so I am a father” (WMAT II, 139; “Die Vaterschaft beruht überhaupt nur auf der Überzeugung, ich bin überzeugt und also bin ich Vater,” FA I, IX, 940). Does this not sum up in a nutshell Wilhelm’s predicament throughout his “Lehrjahre,” his apprenticeship years? First he does not know, then he does not believe that he is the father of Felix.¹⁶ To adopt Stephen’s words: fatherhood, in the sense of conscious begetting, is unknown to Wilhelm. Wilhelm’s years of apprenticeship are as much about his personal development as about a father unconsciously in search of a son, but also a son unconsciously in search of a father. And it is at the very moment, in Book VII, Chapter 9, when Wilhelm is handed his “Indenture” (“Lehrbrief”) that he also receives confirmation from the Abbé that Felix is his son.¹⁷ If we hold true the sentence, passing through the mind of Leopold Bloom in the “Oxen of the Sun” episode, that “The wise father knows his own child” (U14.1063), then Wilhelm has clearly up to this point been lacking in wisdom. But Wilhelm has nearly as little relationship with his son as with his father. Does Wilhelm ever genuinely grieve his father’s death? No wonder then that he is stunned when, just moments before he receives his indenture, he thinks he hears in the voice of one of the senior Tower Society members the voice of his own father:

The curtain went asunder; and in full armour stood the old King of Denmark in the space. “I am thy father’s spirit,” said the figure, “and I depart in comfort, since my wishes for thee are accomplished, in a higher sense than I myself contemplated. . . . Farewell, and think of me, when thou enjoyest what I have provided for thee.” (WMAT II, 75)

This scene with father, son, and unholy ghost brings us full circle not just back to *Hamlet*, with its father-son latticework, but also to *Ulysses* and the symbolic pairing of Leopold Bloom and Stephen Dedalus. During this one day, 16 June 1904, Bloom sees visions, if not to say ghosts, of both his father and his deceased son Rudy, while Stephen sees a ghost-like vision of his mother. Bloom has lost a son and, for this one day, seems to have adopted a son in Stephen, if only symbolically. But the feelings are not mutual. As Schutte astutely observes:

Although Stephen is much concerned with the problem of paternity, as his gratuitous discussion of the subject in the National Library indicates, there is never the slightest suggestion that he thinks of Bloom as his spiritual father or that he feels drawn to him in any way. Indeed, Joyce makes a point of emphasizing that Stephen is disconcerted and repelled by the “strange kind of flesh” with which he has come into contact. . . . There can be no denying that Bloom has fatherly feelings for Stephen, that in his semipractical, sentimental way he would like to become a foster-father to the younger man. (*Joyce and Shakespeare*, 12–13)

Similarly, Wilhelm becomes the foster-father to Mignon, but this bond too will be only short-lived. Mignon, the child-*Ersatz*—at times we don’t know whether she is more daughter or son, her androgynous ambiguity being of course more pronounced in the *Theatrical Calling*—is no longer needed once Wilhelm has found his genuine male offspring.

5

If living up to—or failing to live up to—the promise contained in their names—Hero, Stephen, and D(a)edalus on the one hand, Wilhelm and Meister on the other—is crucial for the two young male protagonists of Goethe’s and Joyce’s novels, so for the reader it is crucial to recognize the interpretive ramifications not only of these names, and the roles inscribed into them, but also of their mythological and literary prototypes. Whereas the characters—and here I once again include Leopold Bloom—may feel that they are at the mercy of fate and coincidence, and above all the fateful coincidence of their given names, we as readers know that it is not a god’s or goddess’s hand, or a mythological plot outline, that controls their destinies: it is the author who directs our attention, supplies the textual signals, inscribes the various mythological allusions, and superimposes the symbolic planes of meaning,

all of which is beyond the characters' knowledge and control. Bloom is happily unaware that he is Odysseus—who knows how he might have responded to the day's challenges if he *had* known. While Stephen has greater cause to regard himself as Icarus—after all, he is the son of D(a)edalus—he prefers to cast himself as Hamlet; all the while the role *we* as readers see him playing is that of Telemachus. Wilhelm for his part would like to be Hamlet, but is oblivious to the fact that he is simultaneously also Odysseus, Icarus, and Theseus, all of whom are trying to escape from the labyrinths of fate, something that in *Wilhelm Meister's Journeyman Years* is tellingly called “the labyrinths of human attitudes and fortunes” (“die Labyrinthe menschlicher Gesinnungen und Schicksale,” *FA* I, X, 674, my translation). And yet, even within these frames of reference, not all is fixed: we find the characters perpetually shifting ground, moving in and out of their assumed roles and guises, perpetually in “con-fusion” about who they are, both fusing and confusing their many symbolic roles and attributes, making any final interpretive assignation impossible. Joyce's *Ulysses* will strike any reader as particularly vexing in this regard, but many of Goethe's contemporaries found *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship* equally confusing and enigmatic; thus even Schiller noted, in a letter sent to Goethe on 9 July 1796:

As far as content goes, everything must be contained in the work that is needed to explain it; and, as far as form goes, it must *necessarily* be so. All will result from the inner connections—but how firmly or loosely so, this will be determined by your [Goethe's] personal nature. For the reader it would be more convenient, of course, if you told him plainly and straightforwardly which elements are important, so that he can take it straight from you. But clearly it will bind him more to the book, and lead him back to it more often, if he is forced to help himself. If you have thus made sure to provide him with all that he needs in order to find if he seeks, with resolve and an attentive eye, then do not spare him that search. The result must always be the reader's own and free, but never accidental production; it must be a kind of reward that only the deserving reader will receive, and that is withheld from those undeserving. (*Briefwechsel zwischen Schiller und Goethe*, 179; my translation)

Indeed, in hindsight, some thirty years after the first publication of the novel, Goethe himself admits to Eckermann (18 January 1825):

In [Schiller's] letters to me, there are most important views and opinions with respect to *Wilhelm Meister*. But this work is one of the most

incalculable productions; I myself scarcely have the key to it. People seek a central point; that is hard, and not even right. . . . But if anything of the sort is insisted upon, it will perhaps be found in the words Frederic at the end addresses to the hero: "Thou seem'st to me like Saul, the son of Kish, who went out to seek his father's asses, and found a kingdom." Keep to this, for in fact, the whole work seems to say nothing more than that man, despite all his follies and errors, being led by a higher hand, reaches some happy goal at last. (Eckermann, *Conversations with Goethe*, 84)

This "higher hand," or "hand of Fate" with a capital "F," is of course, as we noted earlier, the artist's, who stands "within [and] above his handiwork," "paring his fingernails," "like the God of the creation, . . . invisible, refined out of existence, [and] indifferent."

But what makes a comparative reading of Goethe's and Joyce's novels particularly compelling and apposite—beyond what Roland Barthes, taking Schiller's cue, would have called these novels' "writerly" nature—is the fact that both authors have decided to exploit the very same mythological and literary historical subplots and pre-texts (specifically the fable of Daedalus and Icarus, Homer's *Odyssey*, and Shakespeare's *Hamlet*), making them, in this one regard at least, brothers in spirit wrestling with the same elective father figures. This "stereoscopic vision" (Senn, "Remodelling Homer," 116) of Goethe and Joyce providing two perspectives on the same ghosts of the past creates what I would like to call the effect of literary historical parallax. A conveniently brief definition of parallax—as per *The Reader's Digest Great Encyclopedic Dictionary*—runs: "The apparent displacement, especially of a star or other heavenly body, when it is viewed successively from two points not in the same line of sight" (977). Parallax is thus premised on a triadic or triangular structure, one thing being observed from two distinct vantage points. And it is, of course, precisely this concept of parallax that, translated into an aesthetic principle, governs the structure of *Ulysses*. The prime example of this kind of heavenly body seen from a double perspective is less Molly, as one might expect, the "Gea-Tellus" of the "Ithaca" episode (*U*17.2313), than that little "matutinal cloud (perceived by both [Stephen and Bloom] from two different points of observation)" (*U*17.40), which is described with precisely the same words in the first and fourth episodes; it is seen by Stephen in the early morning from the parapet of the Martello tower at Sandycove, and then by Bloom in central Dublin at precisely the same time in the morning, walking along Upper Dorset Street on his way home (*U*1.248 and *U*4.218): "A cloud," we read in both instances, "began to cover the sun slowly, wholly."

As used by Joyce, parallax is both a poetical stratagem and a metapoetical rationale, encapsulating the novel's method at the same time as it is expressly reflected upon by the main character who appears in it. Leopold Bloom, in the "Lestrygonians" episode, mulls over the possibly Greek provenance of the term, registering in his stream of consciousness:

Fascinating little book that is of sir Robert Ball's. Parallax. I never exactly understood. There's a priest. Could ask him. Par it's Greek: parallel, parallax. Met him pike hoses she called it till I told her about the transmigration. O rocks! Mr Bloom smiled O rocks at the windows of the ballastoffice. She's right after all. Only big words for ordinary things on account of the sound. (U8.110–15)

Of course, this wonderful passage contains another of Bloom's misreadings, "par" being not Greek, but Latin, meaning, as adjective, similar, of equal size, or appropriate, among other things, whereas "para," the word he should have identified, is Greek, as the Greek wanderer and exile Odysseus should have known, the word meaning "beyond," with "parallax" stemming from "parallas sein," meaning to vary, decline, or wander. Inasmuch as Joyce's *Ulysses* is built around the use of "big words for ordinary things," which are presented to us over and again "from different points of observation," the novel is clearly intended as an extended exercise in literary parallax. But there are two distinct kinds or layers of such parallax: first, we have *internal* parallax—our perpetually being presented with people, things, and events within the novel from two or more perspectives; this is complemented, second, by various kinds of *external* parallax—for example, our ability as readers to compare and contrast characters, things, and events in the novel with their mythological avatars and literary historical counterparts, in effect creating the ever-shifting quicksands of interpretability that I alluded to earlier.

Perhaps not just per happenstance, this kind of contrast and double perspective is what underpins most definitions of irony, and certainly the definition of dramatic irony, which goes some way to explain why both Goethe's and Joyce's novels are considered paradigms of the ironic genre. As defined in *The Princeton Encyclopedia of Poetry and Poetics*, "Dramatic irony is a plot device according to which (a) the spectators know more than the protagonist; (b) the character reacts in a way contrary to that which is appropriate or wise; (c) characters or situations are compared or contrasted for ironic effects, such as parody; (d) there is a marked contrast between what the character understands about his acts and what the play demonstrates about them" (407). All of this applies programmatically to both novels under discussion.

Literary historical parallax, the novelistic stratagem that both Goethe and Joyce have harnessed by alluding, at times overtly, but more often covertly, to their characters' various pre-texts and proto-types, contributes not just to an increase in dramatic irony but also to the proliferation of interpretive meaning. In *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, and *Ulysses*—and the same might be said for *Wilhelm Meister's Journeyman Years* and *Finnegans Wake*—both Goethe and Joyce deploy literary historical parallax in order to amplify situational and interpretive irony, in the process opening up a veritable exegetical *mise en abyme*. Thus Goethe casts Wilhelm as an Icarus-like figure revisioning Shakespeare's Hamlet as a cautionary tale of his own predicament, that of “a prince whose father unexpectedly dies” (“eine[s] Prinzen . . . dessen Vater unvermutet stirbt,” *FA* I, IX, 607). Joyce in turn deploys Goethe's novel and its central protagonist in order to cast his Icarus-like figure Stephen as yet another young and aspiring artist revisioning the story of Shakespeare's Hamlet in his own likeness, with the possible implication that he too is all but fated to fail. Both Wilhelm and Stephen failed to heed what the narrator of *Wilhelm Meister's Journeyman Years*, a Goethe in novelistic disguise, imparts to us: “For budding talents Shakespeare is dangerous to read; he compels them to reproduce him, and they imagine they are producing themselves” (“Shakespear [*sic*] ist für aufkeimende Talente gefährlich zu lesen; er nötigt sie, ihn zu reproduzieren, und sie bilden sich ein, sich selbst zu produzieren,” *FA* I, X, 569, my translation). But there is no certainty about any of this: we know not whether Stephen will succeed to become another James Joyce, or indeed whether Joyce saw his career as a success in the first place. Nor do we know exactly what becomes of Wilhelm, after his newly adopted career as surgeon, or *Wundarzt*, in the later novel.

To return parallactically in closing to the sentence presented to us at the beginning of the “Scylla and Charybdis” episode, “a great poet on a great brother poet,” we can now appreciate another layer of that telltale pronouncement. Literary historical parallax allows us to see beyond Joyce, who through his character Lyster equates Shakespeare and Goethe as great brother poets. But if Shakespeare and Goethe are indeed to be taken for brother poets, who then is the father? Homer is surely the most obvious contender, being in 1784 Goethe's “Lieblingsdichter,” his favorite poet (*Goethes Gespräche*, 85). Literary history unfortunately has no DNA test for us to make sure. At any rate, as Stephen Dedalus maintains and Friedrich in *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship* confirms, “fatherhood, in the sense of conscious begetting, is unknown to man. It is a mystical estate, an apostolic succession. . . . On that mystery,” and that is “upon incertitude,” we might now modify his statement, not only the

Church “is founded,” but also *literary history*. And inasmuch as Goethe in his autobiography *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, *Poetry and Truth*, elects Shakespeare to serve as his father figure, Goethe declares himself, counter to Lyster’s contention, to be not Shakespeare’s brother but his son. Thus if we were to reread the equation in *Ulysses* “a great poet on a great brother poet” as referring to Joyce commenting on Goethe, which is clearly what is also implied by this clause, Joyce and Goethe “naturally” emerge as sons to the same father, but maybe, in another manifestation of parallax, a double father figure, namely Shakespeare and Homer. The moral, if you will, is that whereas in everyday reality fathers create their sons, and whereas in the novels by Goethe and Joyce fathers and sons seem to create one another, in literary history sons create their fathers: here “conscious begetting” is not only possible, but is indeed the rule. But of course, with all this “incertitude” about “fatherhood” and “succession,” “paternity” in this parallax perspective may be little more than “a literary historical fiction,” or is that again perhaps just misappropriating, in Leopold Bloom’s formulation, “big words for ordinary things on account of the sound”?

Joyce, DADA & Co.

Modernist ConInfluences

The opposite of (literary historical) genealogy—in the sense of a traceable and causal line of descent—is simultaneity, here understood as a form of non-causal co-incidentalness. An often-cited example of literary historical simultaneity, illustrating, as it were, some form of common *Zeitgeist*, or spirit of the age, is Joyce writing his revolutionary *Ulysses* in Zurich during the heyday of the equally revolutionary anti-institutional art movement Dadaism, with Lenin living all the while literally just down the street, anticipating his Bolshevik version of a political revolution. This kind of *Zeitgeist* view is taken by Richard Ellmann in his biography of Joyce, notably in the passage I have highlighted in italics:

Although Joyce and Nora disliked the muggy Zurich climate, they could scarcely help finding Zurich interesting. It was crowded with refugees, some of them speculators in currency or goods, others political exiles, others artists. *The atmosphere of literary experimentation braced Joyce for “Ulysses.”* In 1915 at the Café Voltaire in the old city, the surrealist movement was fomented by Tristan Tzara, Hans Arp, and others, and this group, with which Joyce was sometimes mistakenly identified, was to move on like him to Paris after the war. There was political excitement, too. In the Café Odéon, where Joyce frequently went, Lenin was a constant customer, and on one occasion, it is said, they met. (*James Joyce*, 409)

Aside from the two minor infelicities, namely that no “Café Voltaire” existed in Zurich (the Café Voltaire being a Paris institution in the Fifth Arrondissement), but rather a “Cabaret Voltaire” that Hugo Ball had installed in the bar Die Meierei in Zurich’s Spiegelgasse no. 1 (just across the road from no. 14, where Lenin was tenant in 1917), and that the date for this “event” was not 1915, when Joyce

moved to Zurich from Trieste, but rather 1916—early February 1916, to be precise¹—the vignette is strangely telling in its want of detail. Here the biographer clearly found himself on thin ice. Not unlike the notion of “influence” in literary criticism, the biographical genre is premised by and large on *rapports de fait* and the biographer’s ability to factually verify and document all contacts between the person whose biography is being related and the people who surrounded him or her at any given moment in time (viz., the high frequency of such documentary footnotes in Ellmann’s biography). But we know of no material that documents either that the Dadaists were aware of Joyce’s grand undertaking, nor of Joyce remarking on the Dadaists’ even grander—at least in their perspective—undertaking. Thus no mention is made of Hugo Ball, one of the founders of the Dadaist movement, nor of his wife Emmy Hemmings, nor Marcel Janco or Richard Huelsenbeck, in Joyce’s letters or conversations during this period, or later for that matter. Nor does Joyce discuss Tristan Tzara, Dadaism’s co-founder, or Hans (Jean) Arp; both are referenced here by Ellmann largely, I suspect, because like Joyce they later moved on to Paris to join the burgeoning surrealist movement. (There is one exception, however, namely Joyce’s much later allusion to one of Hans/Jean Arp’s publications in *Finnegans Wake*;² but this is not until the 1930s, by which time Arp was an established artist whose poems and works were appearing, among other things, alongside Joyce’s “Work in Progress” in *transition*.) Thus, as the ever-scrupulous biographer that he is, rather than resort to speculation about this “confluence” of factors, Ellmann prefers to show cautious restraint when he allows himself merely this terse token reference—“braced Joyce for”—to their *Zeitgeist* affinity.

The predicament of the literary biographer who dares not venture where tangible *rapports de fait* are felt to be lacking creates all the more latitude for the unfettered fabricator of fictitious encounters. Thus the playwright Tom Stoppard, in his 1975 play *Travesties*, a delightfully farcical drama about this unique historical gathering of minds in 1917 Zurich, has James Joyce, Lenin, and the Dadaist poet Tristan Tzara, all of them revolutionaries living in exile, voluntary or enforced, come together in various locations in Zurich, tellingly without taking each other too seriously. In one scene Stoppard has Joyce comment in limerick form on his perception of the Dadaist poet Tzara as follows:

JOYCE: A Rumanian rhymet I met
 used a system he based on roulette.
 His reliance on chance
 was a def’nite advance
 and yet . . . and yet . . . and yet . . . (35)

The “chance” that Stoppard has Joyce refer to here was, of course, a central tenet of early Dadaism. Hans Richter recalls the day when Arp came, by sheer accident, upon the potential of chance for the creation of works of art:

Dissatisfied with a drawing he had been working on for some time, Arp finally tore it up, and let the pieces flutter to the floor of his studio on the Zeltweg. Some time later he happened to notice these same scraps of paper as they lay on the floor, and was struck by the pattern they formed. It had all the expressive power that he had tried in vain to achieve. How meaningful! How telling! . . . He accepted this challenge from chance as a decision of fate and carefully pasted the scraps down in the pattern which chance had determined. . . . The conclusion that Dada drew from all this was that chance must be recognized as a new stimulus to artistic creation. This may well be regarded as the central experience of Dada, that which marks it off from all preceding artistic movements. (*Dada: art and anti-art*, 50–51)

Around this time, Tzara wrote one of his most celebrated poems, one precisely about writing poems by chance. This very non-coincidental poem, entitled “Pour fair un poème dadaïste,” reads:

Take a newspaper. / Take a pair of scissors. / Choose an article as long as you are planning to make your poem. / Cut out the article. / Then cut out each of the words that make up this article and put them in a bag. / Shake it gently. / Then take out the scraps one after the other in the order in which they left the bag. / Copy conscientiously. / The poem will be like you. / And here you are a writer, infinitely original and endowed with a sensibility that is charming though beyond the understanding of the vulgar.³

In his play, Stoppard alludes tongue-in-cheek to this very dimension of Dadaism when, at one point, he has Tzara cut up a Shakespeare sonnet and mistakenly drop the words into Joyce’s hat. We read:

(*The main door opens again and JOYCE re-enters. . . . He is covered from head to breast in little bits of white paper, each bit bearing one of the words of Shakespeare’s eighteenth sonnet, i.e. TZARA was using Joyce’s hat. The effect must be immediate and self-evident. . . .*)

JOYCE: What is the meaning of this?

TZARA: It has no meaning. It is without meaning as Nature is. It is Dada.

JOYCE: Give further examples of Dada.

TZARA: The Zoological Gardens after closing time. The logical gardenia. The bankrupt gambler. [. . .]

JOYCE: Are you the inventor of this sport or pastime?

TZARA: I am not.

JOYCE: What is the name of the inventor?

TZARA: Arp.

This ironic and highly comical take on Joyce's "Ithaca" episode continues for a couple pages, with Joyce at one point continuing his interrogation thus:

JOYCE: From whom did he [Arp] receive encouragement and friendship?

TZARA: From Hugo Ball.

JOYCE: Describe Ball by epithet.

TZARA: Unspherical. Tall, thin, sacerdotal, German.

JOYCE: Describe him by enumeration of his occupations and pre-occupations.

TZARA: Novelist, journalist, philosopher, poet, artist, mystic, pacifist, founder of the Cabaret Voltaire at the Meierei Bar, number one Spiegelgasse. (56–58)

A playwright engaging in the creation of fictitious encounters is, clearly, in a much better position than any biographer, for Stoppard can permit himself to take liberties with the historical materials where the biographer cannot, as Stoppard's highly comical scenes aptly illustrate. But I would not have dwelt on Stoppard's play for so long if it were not for the fact that it perfectly pinpoints not just the ironies of this chance confluence of historical circumstance but also the differential between Joyce and Dadaism. Up to *Ulysses*, I think, Joyce shows only a marginal interest in chance and nonsense as viable aesthetic principles⁴—as opposed to chance's role as a defining principle of everyday life (viz., Leopold Bloom's frequent musings over the role of coincidence, not to mention the countless chance incidents that underlie the plot of *Ulysses*, some of which were touched upon in the previous chapter). In *Ulysses*, Joyce employs chance as a form of motivated coincidence, a form fraught with meaning, whereas the Dadaists use chance as an unmotivated form, something that resists meaningful interpretation. Stoppard sees this very clearly and hence shows Joyce puzzling over the meaning of the scraps of paper covering him haphazardly; the author of *Ulysses* cannot seem to conceive that even his own body, covered in paper, might constitute a work of art like Hugo Ball, the "preacher of the 'nonsensical'" in Lazlo Moholy-Nagy's

words ("Literature," 104), presenting himself on stage at the Cabaret Voltaire in mid-1916 clothed in cardboard and reciting, amongst other things, his famous poem "Karawane" (see Figures 5.1 and 5.2). His diary entry for 23 June 1916 describes it thus:

I have invented a new genre of poems, "Verse ohne Worte" [poems without words] or "Lautgedichte" [sound poems], in which the balance of the vowels is weighed and distributed solely according to the values of the beginning sequence. I gave a reading of the first one of these poems this evening. I had made myself a special costume for it. My legs were in a cylinder of shiny blue cardboard, which came up to my hips so that I looked like an obelisk. . . . On all three sides of the stage I had set up music stands facing the audience, and I put my red-pencilled manuscript on them; I officiated at one stand after another. (*Flight Out of Time*, 70)



KARAWANE

jolifanto bambla ô falli bambla
 grossiga m'pfa habla horem
égiga goramen
 higo bloiko russula huju
 hollaka hollala
anlogo bung
 blago bung
 blago bung
bossso fataka
 ü üü ü
 schampa wulla wussa ólobo
hej tatta gôrem
 eschige zunbada
wulubu ssubudu uluw ssubudu
tumba ba- umf
kusagauma
ba - umf

Hkiwtg"7030"Jwiq'Dcnn'tgekvkpi"jku'uqwpf'r'qgou'kp"
 3;38"*rjqvqitcrj"d["Gvkgppg"Dgtvtcpf+o

Hkiwtg"7040"Jwiq'Dcnn."ËMctcycpgË"*htqo"
 Tkejctf'Jwgnugpdgem."Dada"Almanach.3;42+o

But even where its musicality and associative potential cannot be denied—the evocative title of Ball’s poem is “Karawane,” “caravan,” suggesting camels (or elephants⁵) crossing a desert as rhythmically as the words on the page—the neologistic nonsensicality of the language of this poem stands in stark contrast to Joyce’s method of writing. Even when Joyce’s contemporaneous attempts in *Ulysses* to poeticize the flow and tone of his prose can tend to make his sentences appear overly convoluted, they always retain more than a modicum of meaning within the realistic, symbolic, and mythological frameworks of his novel.

Take a “simple” example like the one retold by Frank Budgen in *James Joyce and the Making of Ulysses*: “I enquired about *Ulysses*,” he relates, recalling a conversation with Joyce in 1918 where he asks his interlocutor,

was it progressing? “I have been working hard on it all day,” said Joyce. “Does that mean that you have written a great deal?” I said. “Two sentences,” said Joyce. I looked sideways but Joyce was not smiling. I thought of Flaubert. “You have been seeking the *mot juste*?” I said. “No,” said Joyce. “I have the words already. What I am seeking is the perfect order of words in the sentence. There is an order in every way appropriate. I think I have it.” “What are the words?” I asked. “I believe I told you,” said Joyce, “that my book is a modern *Odyssey*. Every episode in it corresponds to an adventure of Ulysses. I am now writing the *Lestrygonians* episode, which corresponds to the adventure of Ulysses with the cannibals. My hero is going to lunch. But there is a seduction motive in the *Odyssey*, the cannibal king’s daughter. Seduction appears in my book as women’s silk petticoats hanging in a shop window. The words through which I express the effect of it on my hungry hero are: ‘Perfume of embraces all him assailed. With hungered flesh obscurely, he mutely craved to adore.’ You can see for yourself in how many different ways they might be arranged.” (20)

And we can see for ourselves just how economically Joyce goes about employing his language to serve the stated purpose. His prose is motivated by his larger poetological concern, namely to tell the story of his triad of Dublin characters, and their many auxiliaries, on this one June day in 1904. Even where the novel’s meaning escapes us, there is no question here of Joyce trying to create nonsense, or programmatically staging a breakdown of communication, as do the Dadaists. To be sure, Joyce makes reading difficult, and his novel’s language and style are not always easy to make sense of. But that is a far cry from *Ulysses* being, or containing, or enacting “nonsense.” There can be no doubt, both the Dadaists and Joyce are engaged in the problematization of our means of (literary)

communication and the questioning of the abstract and illusionistic qualities inherent in our "normal" everyday (and literary) use of language. But Joyce remains, certainly up to *Ulysses*, firmly within the pale of a commonsensical, albeit highly sophisticated, use of language (even if not all his contemporaries were able to appreciate this), whereas the Dadaists, with their idiosyncratic mélange of anti-bourgeois rhetoric, revolutionary pathos, and experimental zeal, are bent on moving beyond commonsensicality into the realm of nonsensicality.

But despite the fundamental differences between the Dadaists and Joyce—the former programmatically setting out to destroy the genres and institution(s) of art, Joyce setting out to transform them and test their limits—their works do exhibit some rather baffling similarities, or “confluences,” as I am calling them.⁶ Take the notorious Dadaist invention of the “bruitist” poem, which Richard Huelsenbeck describes as follows:

The BRUITIST Poem

describes a tram as it is, the essence of a tram with its yawning of Mr Schulze the pensioner and the screeching of brakes.⁷

A fine example, albeit in dramatic form, is Hugo Ball's nativity play "Ein Krippenspiel: Bruitistisch" ("Concert bruitiste"⁸), performed in early June 1916, an excerpt of which reads (in my translation):

I. Silent Night.

The Wind: f f f f f f f f f f f f f f f t t

The Sound of the

Silent Night: hmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm

The Shepherds: He hollah, he hollal, he hollah.
Foghorns. Ocarina.—crescendo. (They climb onto a mountain)
Whips crack, hoofs.

The Wind: f f f f f f f f f f f f f f f f f f t.

II. The Stable.

A Donkey: ia, ia, ia, ia, ia, ia, ia, ia, ia, ia, ia, ia, ia,

Little calves: muh muh muh muh muhm muh muh muh muh muh muh muh muh

...

Joseph and Maria (praying): ramba, ramba, ramba, ramba, ramba—m-bara, m-bara,
m-bara, -bara- ramba bamba, bamba, rambababababa

...

Sudden Silence: -----

Huelsenbeck's description and Ball's nativity play will not fail to remind Joyce's reader both of those passages in the "Circe" episode, where we encounter speaking inanimate objects, and the conclusion of the "Sirens" episode, where Bloom uses the noise of the passing tram to mask the sounds of his flatulence:

Seabloom, greaseabloom viewed last words. Softly. *When my country takes her place among.*

Prrrrr.

Must be the bur.

Fff! Oo. Rrpr.

Nations of the earth. No-one behind. She's passed. *Then and not till then.* Tram kran kran kran. Good oppor. Coming. Krandrkrankran. I'm sure it's the burgund. Yes. One, two. *Let my epitaph be.* Kraaaaaa. *Written. I have.*

Prrrpfrrppffff.

Done. (U11.1284–94)

If Joyce's roguish take on the "bruitist" method—representing "real-life" sound within a literary artifact through its onomatopoeic transcription—strikes us as less iconoclastic and more all-too-human than Huelsenbeck's and Ball's, the same would seem to apply to Joyce's interest in simultaneity and the incorporation of it into *Ulysses* in particular.⁹

There are countless instances of simultaneity in *Ulysses*, foremost among them and most famously, to be sure, the parallel timing of the first three and second three chapters, and the parallelism between the "overture" of the "Sirens" episode and the main textual body of that episode. Less noticeable, perhaps, is the overlap between various segments in the "Wandering Rocks" episode, in particular those relating to Molly and Leopold Bloom.¹⁰ In the second segment of that episode Corny Kelleher in O'Neill's funeral establishment is juxtaposed with Molly in her Eccles Street home ("Corny Kelleher sped a silent jet of hayjuice arching from his mouth while a generous white arm from a window in Eccles street flung forth a coin," U10.221–23), whereas two sentences in segments five and nine show the anonymized figure of Bloom captured at the same moment in time within two different narrative contexts ("A darkbacked figure under Merchants' arch scanned books on the hawker's cart," U10.315 / "They went up the steps and under Merchants' arch. A darkbacked figure scanned books in the hawker's cart," U10.520). An hour

later, once more in the “Sirens” episode, we encounter Bloom dining in the Ormond Hotel bar while the inserted leitmotifs of Boylan’s jaunting jingle and the symbolically fraught and gradually crescendoing “Tap” of the blind stripling’s tapping cane remind us of the rencontre between Molly and Boylan taking place at that very moment in time.¹¹

The first to recognize and think through the implications of this conceptual simultaneity of Joyce’s *Ulysses*, and maybe even more so of *Finnegans Wake*, was perhaps the Austrian writer Hermann Broch, whose novel *The Death of Virgil* was on one level an attempt to surpass Joyce in his endeavor to capture simultaneity. On 3 December 1948 Broch writes to the German author Elisabeth Langgässer about this “problem of simultaneity.” “What is supernatural and a part of eternity is also (and even mathematically speaking) ‘timeless’ and logically simultaneous,” he observes, and continues:

And if we feel a connection with that other side, we always refer to our inner unity, our own inner simultaneity which is also the basic structure of our dreams. Music with its suspension of time is the epitome of artistic simultaneity, the lyrical poem is meant to present the totality of a single second, the novel the totality of (at least one) human life. . . . The more the novel aspires to musical artistry (perhaps unjustifiably so), the more it will stagnate, seeking to represent simultaneity through musical architectonics and an interlacing of themes, and using an (equally musical) Raccourci of symbols which ultimately moves it away from discursive language, in the end making it purely subjective. All this is Joyce: not explicitly stated of course, but worked through masterfully—possibly the end of the novel, at least as we know it. (*Briefe III*, 280)

Simultaneity was, of course, already becoming a fashionable catchword of sorts among literati and artists by the time Joyce got to completing the first drafts of the “Telemachiad” chapters around late 1917 or early 1918. Already in the early teens, German Expressionist poets like Jakob van Hoddis (with his poem “Weltende,” 1911), Alfred Lichtenstein (in “Die Dämmerung,” “Das Konzert,” and “Die Nacht,” all written in 1911), Georg Trakl (with “Musik im Mirabell,” 1909), and Gottfried Benn (with “Nachtcafé,” 1912) had experimented with poetry composed in a paratactic literary form approaching simultaneity, a form called “Reihungsstil” or “Zeilenstil.”¹² Lichtenstein’s “Die Dämmerung” (“Twilight”) is a prime example:

Die Dämmerung

Ein dicker Junge spielt mit einem Teich.
 Der Wind hat sich in einem Baum gefangen.
 Der Himmel sieht verbummelt aus und bleich,
 Als wäre ihm die Schminke ausgegangen.

Auf lange Krücken schief herabgebückt
 Und schwatzend kriechen auf dem Feld zwei Lahme.
 Ein blonder Dichter wird vielleicht verrückt.
 Ein Pferdchen stolpert über eine Dame.

An einem Fenster klebt ein fatter Mann.
 Ein Jüngling will ein weiches Weib besuchen.
 Ein grauer Clown zieht sich die Stiefel an.
 Ein Kinderwagen schreit und Hunde fluchen.¹³

The time—twilight—is indicated by the title; various anonymized people (the repetition of the indefinite article “ein” (“a”) underscores their de-individualization and typification) are shown grotesquely engaged in what can only be taken to represent their unrelated albeit simultaneous activities

In France and Italy too artists and writers were experimenting in similar ways with simultaneity. In the early teens, Robert Delaunay and the Italian futurists, and among them in particular Umberto Boccioni, were attempting to create a visual sensation of simultaneity in painting.¹⁴ In an early manifesto, Boccioni defines simultaneity as

one of the essential elements of the new futurist sensibility (modern machinism [machinisme], telegraphy, the rapid simultaneity of communications, the new sense of tourism, the new sense of sports, electricity and nocturnal life, and the simultaneous intensity of business). (Anz, *Literatur des Expressionismus*, 173; my translation)

A few years later, the French writer Pierre Albert-Birot introduced “Nowism” or “Nunism” while Blaise Cendrars propagated what he called “Presentism.”¹⁵ One of Albert-Birot’s Nunist poems, published in his journal *SIC* in May 1916, reads:

A Poem: Youth¹⁶

Youth curveproud
 Greengreengreen

Imperialascensional strength	
Autocracyearthrightangled	
Yellowredgreen	Shocksblowsreversals
Freneticmotor	Tearscriessongs
Wavesofeternity	Center of gravity
Smell of life	Waveofeternity

In 1919, just as Joyce was approaching the midpoint of *Ulysses*, Blaise Cendrars would write:

The “simultaneous” is a technique. The technique shapes primary matter, the world. Poetry is mind into matter. Sounds, colors, voices, passions, mineral, vegetable, animal, textiles, butchery, chemistry, physics, civilization, offspring, father, mother, paintings, dresses . . . , this whistle, are the technique, the craft. Simultaneous contrast is depth perceived. Reality. Form. Construction. Representation. (“Simultaneous Contrast,” 156)

Cendrars’s catalogue is a reminder that, in an unstated yet quasi-programmatic sort of way, Joyce’s Linati and Gilbert schemes with their catalogue of times, persons, techniques, sciences and arts, organs, colors, and symbols function as an index of the conceptual simultaneity that obtains within each chapter as well as within the novel’s overall compositional structure.

All the while in Joyce’s immediate geographical proximity, and just when he was conceptualizing his double triad of opening chapters, the Zurich Dadaists too were experimenting with simultaneity. The Dadaists’ most notorious examples of simultaneism are arguably their co-productions “L’amiral cherche une maison à louer” and “Dialogue entre un cocher et une alouette,” both of which were performed in the spring of 1916. The former, spoken by Richard Huelsenbeck, Marcel Janco, and Tristan Tzara, looks in print-form as follows on the next page (I reproduce here only the verso side), but it is in fact an acoustic poem in three simultaneous voices.¹⁷ The footnote “for the bourgeois” states explicitly that the inspiration for this kind of simultaneous poem stemmed from paintings by Picasso, Braque, Duchamp, Villon, and Delaunay.

Another example is Kurt Schwitters’s poem “kaa gee dee” with its combination of nonsense words and recognizable vocabulary such as “Kathedrale” (cathedral) and “oowenduumir” (o wenn du mir/O when you me).

L'amiral cherche

Poème simultan par R. Huelsenbeck, M. Janko, Tr. Tzara

HUELSENBECK Ahoi ahoi Des Admirals gwirktes Beinkleid schnell
JANKO, chant Where the honny suckle wine twines itself
TZARA Boum boum boum Il déshabilla sa chair quand les grenouilles

HUELSENBECK und der Conciergenbäuche Klapperschlangengrün sind milde ach
JANKO, chant can hear the weopour will arround arround the hill
TZARA serpent à Bucarest on dépendra mes amis dorénavant et

HUELSENBECK prrrza chrrrza prrrza Wer suchet dem wird
JANKO, chant mine admirably confortably Grandmother
TZARA Dimanche: deux éléphants

Intermède rythmique

HUELSENBECK	hihi	Yabomm	hihi	Yabomm	hihi	hihi	hihihihi
	<i>ff</i>		<i>p</i>	<i>cresc</i>	<i>ff</i>		<i>ff f</i>
TZARA	rouge	bleu	rouge	bleu	rouge	bleu	rouge bleu
	<i>p</i>			<i>f</i>	<i>cresc</i>	<i>ff</i>	<i>cresc fff</i>
SIFFLET (Janko)	<i>p</i> <i>cresc</i> <i>f</i> <i>ff</i> <i>fff</i>						
CLIQUETTE (TZ)	<i>f f f f f f f f f f</i>	<i>f f f f f f f f f f</i>	<i>f f f f f f f f f f</i>	<i>f f f f f f f f f f</i>	<i>f f f f f f f f f f</i>	<i>f f f f f f f f f f</i>	<i>f f f f f f f f f f</i>
	<i>f decsc</i>	<i>f</i>	<i>cresc</i>		<i>ff</i>	<i>uniform</i>	<i>f f f f f f f f f f</i>
GROSSE CAISE (Huels.)	O O O	O O O O	O O O O	O O O O	O O O O	O O O O	O O
	<i>ff</i>	<i>p</i>	<i>f</i>		<i>fif</i>		<i>p</i>

HUELSENBECK im Kloset zumeistens was er nötig hätt ahoi iuché ahoi iuché
JANKO (chant) I love the ladies I love to be among the girls
TZARA la concierge qui m'a trompé elle a vendu l'appartement que j'avais loué

HUELSENBECK hätt' O süß gequollnes Steldichein des Admirals im Abendschein uru uru
JANKO (chant) o'clock and tea is set I like to have my tea with some brunet shai shai
TZARA Le train traîne la fumée comme la fuite de l'animal blessé aux

HUELSENBECK Der Affe brüllt die Seekuh bellt im Lindenbaum der Schräg zerschellt tara-
JANKO (chant) doing it doing it see that ragtime couple over there see
TZARA Autour du phare tourne l'auréole des oiseaux bleuillis en moitiés de lumière vis-

HUELSENBECK Peitschen um die Lenden Im Schlafsack gröhlt der
JANKO (chant) oh yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes
TZARA cher c'est si difficile La rue s'enfuit avec mon bagage à traves la ville Un métro mèle

NOTE POUR LES BOURGEOIS Les essais sur la transmutation des objets et des couleurs des premiers peintres cubistes (1917) Picasso, Braque, Picabia, Duchamp-Villon, Delaunay, suscitaient l'envie d'appliquer en poésie les mêmes principes simultanés.

Villiers de l'Isle Adam eût des intentions pareilles dans le théâtre, où l'on remarque les tendances vers un simultanisme schématique; Mallarmé essaya une réforme typographique dans son poème: Un coup de dés n'abolira jamais le hazard; Marinetti qui popularisa cette subordination par ses „Paroles en liberté”; les intentions de Blaise Cendrars et de Jules Romains, dernièrement, amenèrent Mr Apollinaire aux idées qu'il développa en 1912 au „Sturm” dans une conférence.

Mais l'idée première, en son essence, fut exteriorisée par Mr H. Barzun dans un livre théorique „Voix, Rythmes et chants Simultanés” où il cherchait une relation plus étroite entre la symphonie polirhythmique et le poème. Il opposait aux principes succésifs de la poésie lyrique une idée vaste et parallèle. Mais les intentions de compliquer en profondeur cette technique (avec le Drame Universel) en exagérant sa valeur au point de lui donner une idéologie nouvelle et de la cloîtrer dans l'exclusivisme d'une école, — échouèrent.

Hkiwtg7050Nghv/jcpf'rcig'qh'Tkejctf'Jwgnugpdgem.'OctegnLcpeq.'cpf'Vtkuvcp'V|ctc.ËNÎCoktcn"
ejgtejg'wpg'ockuqp'«'nqwgte'»*:38+0

kaa gee dee	takepak	tapekek
katedraale	take	tape
draale	takepak	kek ke
kaa tee dee	takepak	tapekek
kateedraale	take	tape
draale	takepak	kek kek
(alle:)	oowenduumiir	
kaa tee dee	diimaan	tapeke
katedraale	diimaan	tape
draale	diimaan	kek kek
didiimann	-----	didiimaan
	diimaan	
(alle:)	aawanduumiir	

Elsewhere Richard Huelsenbeck abbreviates the simultaneistic method thus:

The SIMULTANEISTIC Poem

teaches the meaning of everything being mixed up; while Mr Schulze reads the Balkan express is crossing the bridge at Niš and a pig is wailing in butcher Nuttke's basement.¹⁸

But the comparison between the practices of Joyce and the Dadaists also puts into stark relief what Joyce is doing differently. An axiom used by Tzara in his famous 1918 *Dada Manifesto*, "Dada is the mark of abstraction," provides a pointer. The advent of Dadaism in 1916 and Joyce's embarking on the writing of *Ulysses* tentatively in 1914–15 and then without further interruption from 1917 on coincide with the move of art and literature into abstraction. In tandem with Cézanne, the painter Wassily Kandinsky is credited as being the first modern artist to pioneer this shift from concreteness and figural representation to abstraction and pure form around 1910–11. Kandinsky's paintings of the period 1910 to 1913 frequently still figure, if often only in vague schematic outline, roads, mountains, trees, and buildings such as churches, which is often reflected in the titles he gives his increasingly abstract compositions, such as *Landscape with Church* of 1913 (Essen, Museum Folkwang). But similar paintings, in which residues of a schematized reality are still just barely

recognizable, already carry abstract titles such as *Composition IV* of 1911.¹⁹ His watercolor painting of 1910 in the Nina Kandinsky Collection, Neuilly-sur-Seine, is considered the earliest truly abstract painting, although there is some uncertainty about the exact dating of its painting; the blobs of color and the shapes and squiggles scattered seemingly at random across the canvas no longer conjure up any concrete objects.²⁰ During his extensive travels between 1904 and 1908 Kandinsky had made contact with the French Fauves, among others, before returning to Munich and Murnau. In 1909 he founded the Neue Künstlervereinigung München (New Artists' Society, Munich), and was soon joined by Paul Klee, August Macke, and Franz Marc. Around 1911 that group dispersed, only for some of its members to form, in 1912, the famous Blaue Reiter (Blue Rider) group, which came to constitute the second major German Expressionist formation after Die Brücke, the earlier Dresden artists' group around Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, Karl Schmitt-Rottluff, and Erich Heckel. A significant confluence between these groups is their mutual interest in so-called primitive art, of either African or Oceanic/Pacific provenance.

This interest in and shift towards "primitive" abstraction initially emerged in the early years of the twentieth century in Picasso's work, whose famous painting *Les Femmes d'Alger* (O.J. version O) of 1907 (MOMA, New York)²¹ exhibits faces stylized in the shape of African masks. But it was the German art historian Wilhelm Worringer's 1906 dissertation *Abstraktion und Empathie*, published in Munich in 1908, that provided the theoretical underpinning for modern art's move into abstraction. Following on from the art historian Alois Riegl's coinage of the term "Kunstwollen" ("artistic volition" or "will-to-form") in his 1901 study *Die spätromische Kunst-Industrie nach den Funden in Österreich-Ungarn* (The Late Roman Art Industry, Based on Finds in Austria-Hungary), Worringer argues in essence that formalized, simplistic, or "primitive" art forms are not the result of an artist's inability to produce more realistic shapes and forms, as was hitherto believed to be the case, but rather that they are premised on the artist's *wanting*, or volition ("Wollen"), to produce stylized symbolic forms rather than more naturalistic ones. "The primal artistic impulse," he argues, "has nothing to do with the rendering of nature. It seeks after pure abstraction as the only possibility of repose within the confusion and obscurity of the world-picture" (*Abstraktion und Empathie*, 44). But starting already in the classical period, European artists had gradually come to regard "truth to nature and art . . . as inseparable concepts. [And] once this fallacious inference had been drawn it was a short step from regarding the real as the aim of art, to looking upon imitation of the real as art" (29). Opposing the notion

of “Wollen” (volition) to that of “Können” (skill or mastery), Worringer recognizes that not all art aspires to a realistic, or empathetic, representation of reality in which a naturalistic mastery of the material dominates. Hence the opposition of “Empathy” and “Abstraction” in the title of his book. He writes programmatically: “We regard as this counterpole an aesthetics which proceeds not from man’s urge to empathy, but from his urge to abstraction. Just as the urge to empathy as a pre-assumption of aesthetic experience finds its gratification in the beauty of the organic, so the urge to abstraction finds its beauty in the life-denying inorganic, in the crystalline or, in general terms, in all abstract law and necessity” (4).

In theorizing the “abstract turn” in modern twentieth-century art, both of Kandinsky’s major treatises, the 1912 study *Über das Geistige in der Kunst* (*On the Spiritual in Art*), printed by the Munich publisher of Worringer’s study, the Piper Verlag, and the 1926 volume *Punkt und Linie zu Fläche* (*Point and Line to Plane*), descend in direct lineage from Worringer’s work and represent this quintessential modern artist’s theoretical appropriation of Worringer’s art historical theorems. Indeed, in his highly influential *On the Spiritual in Art* Kandinsky speaks precisely of the Scylla and Charybdis of “pure realism” and “pure abstraction,” between which the contemporary artist must negotiate his path—and, between the two, “unlimited freedom, depth, breadth, a wealth of possibilities” (207). In some ways like Joyce, when he moved from *Dubliners* and *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* via *Ulysses* to *Finnegans Wake*, that is, progressively away from the realistic paradigm of depicting reality towards a literary form that might be seen to approach Worringer’s notion of abstraction, Kandinsky had embarked on a similar trajectory that would take him from Impressionism via Expressionism to full-fledged abstraction and the free-play with the elementary materials of his art, colors, lines, shapes, and patterns. In *On the Spiritual in Art*, Kandinsky starts off with a kind of rhetorical question: “Today we are still firmly bound to the outward appearance of nature and must draw our forms from it. The question is, how are we to do it?—i.e., how far does our freedom extend to alter these forms, and with which colors should they be connected?” only to answer, first, that “this freedom extends as far as the sensibility of the artist can reach” and, second, that “the elements of construction of the picture are no longer to be sought in terms of external, but rather of internal necessity” (199–200 and 201). Joyce too, one might argue, is on such a journey towards internal necessity.

While I can detect no direct link—no *rapport de fait*—between the two artists in these years, and while their materials and hence modes of expression

are quite distinct (literary language versus painterly form and color), I can't stop myself from reading the final oversize period at the end of Joyce's "Ithaca" episode as his prescient commentary on Kandinsky's theory of the "geometric point." In *Point and Line to Plane*, published only a handful of years after *Ulysses*, Kandinsky sums up the significance of this point thus:

Hidden in this zero, however, are various attributes which are "human" in nature. We think of this zero—the geometric point—in relation to the greatest possible brevity, i.e., to the highest degree of restraint which, nevertheless, speaks. Thus we look upon the geometric point as the ultimate and most singular *union of silence and speech* [emphasis in original]. The geometric point has, therefore, been given its material form, in the first instance, in writing. It belongs to language and signifies silence. In the flow of speech, the point symbolizes interruption, non-existence (negative element), and at the same time it forms a bridge from one existence to another (positive element). (25)

Of course, in Joyce's *Ulysses*, the gigantesque period (mistakenly left out of some editions, creating a semiotic silence and non-existence all its own) indeed forms a kind of spatial bridge—Gerald Gillespie calls it "the virtual zero point of entrance and exit, qualitative infinity at the core" (*Proust, Mann, Joyce*, 244)—between Leopold Bloom's physical and mental wanderings and Molly's purely mental peregrinations . . .

•

This more coincidental "con-fluence" between Kandinsky and Joyce's "points" aside, I have brought us to this "point" in my essay for a reason, this being the importance of the opposition between abstraction and empathy. It is my contention that not one, but rather two kinds of abstraction were developed during the early decades of the twentieth century. The first is Woringer's and Kandinsky's. Their concept of abstraction takes the deployment of abstract materials in the production of art seriously, investing these materials with new kinds of significance. Their notion instigates a tradition of abstract art that reaches, with varying emphases and motivations, from Kandinsky and the late Cézanne via Pablo Picasso, Franz Marc, Paul Klee, Max Ernst, Joan Miró, Kasimir Malevich, Piet Mondrian, and perhaps even Wyndham Lewis—creator of *BLAST* and author of *Time and Western Man* and Joyce's "temporising" archrival—among others to Jackson Pollock, Joseph Beuys, Anselm Kiefer, and beyond. The second kind of abstraction is that of Dadaism. It involves abstraction to generate a revolt for revolt's sake by consciously

creating a programmatically nihilistic and aggressively iconoclastic anti-art that is intended to lampoon the institution of art and celebrate what the Dadaists see as the absurdity and senselessness of being.²²

Hence, for all their similarities, there are distinct differences between what Joyce and the Dadaists were trying to achieve. To underscore this differential once more, allow me to contextualize that earlier brief quotation from Tzara's 1918 *Dada Manifesto*; he proclaims:

Every page should explode, either because of its profound gravity, or its vortex, vertigo, newness, eternity, or because of its staggering absurdity, the enthusiasm of its principles, or its typography. . . . DADA is the mark of abstraction; publicity and business are also poetic elements.

I destroy the drawers of the brain, and those of social organisation: . . .

If I shout:

Ideal, Ideal, Ideal

Knowledge, Knowledge, Knowledge,

Boomboom, Boomboom, Boomboom

I have recorded fairly accurately Progress, Law, Morals, and all the other magnificent qualities that various very intelligent people have discussed in so many books in order, finally, to say that even so everyone has danced according to his own personal boomboom, and that he's right about his boomboom. (*Modernism: An Anthology*, 277)

Sense here becomes non-sense, what was lucid is made ludic, form becomes farce, all morals are declared to be amoral. (One would like to imagine that both the ending of "Nausicaa," drafted in early 1920, with its repeated allusive invocation "Cuckoo / Cuckoo / Cuckoo" (U13.1289–91/1296–98 and 1304–6) and the beginning of the "Oxen of the Sun" episode, drafted in mid- to late 1919, with its evocative incantation "Deshil Holles Eamus. Deshil Holles Eamus. Deshil Holles Eamus. . . . Hoopsa boyaboy hoopsa! Hoopsa boyaboy hoopsa! Hoopsa boyaboy hoopsa!" (14.01–6), might have been intended as Joyce's ironic counterpoint manifesto on the sly to Tzara's *Dada Manifesto*.)

The first kind of abstraction, that of Woringer and Kandinsky and Co., breaks down traditional form only to reinvest its materials and building blocks with new meaning, new truths, and new gravitas. The second, the Dadaist brand of abstraction, programmatically and provocatively eschews the reinvesting of such building blocks with any kind of meaning. This is precisely what Hugo Ball had in mind when he created his sound poem "Karawane": emptied of all semantic meaning it retains at best a residue of associative

meaning—indeed, the poem's neologisms “mean” as little in German as they do in English, with the sole word “jolifanto” carrying an associative reflex of “elephant” in both languages. As J. C. Middleton aptly notes as regards Hugo Ball's sound poems in his 1971 article “The Rise of Primitivism and Its Relevance to the Poetry of Expressionism and Dada”: “Abstraction here [has] eliminated lexicality almost entirely. Only sound-patterns are there, and in four of the poems the sounds are from African languages, notably Bantu and Swahili. Ball put an African mask on the European lyric” (198). Resorting to the primitivist vein of abstraction, as outlined by Worringer, Ball breaks down traditional form in order to divest it of any meaning whatsoever, in contrast, I believe, to what Worringer had in mind when he described the origins and functions of abstraction. Middleton similarly observes how in Jakob van Hoddis's poem “Weltende” and Lichtenstein's poem “Die Dämmerung,” the latter cited above, simultaneity “results in a flattening of time-perspective” (198); this strikes me as just the opposite of what Joyce achieves in *Ulysses* when he introduces his various brands of narrative simultaneity.

It is for similar reasons, I suspect, that George Steiner, in his highly instructive essay “On Difficulty,” excludes Dadaism (and Surrealism) from his category of “ontological difficulty.” Steiner distinguishes four kinds of difficulty in poetic language: “contingent,” “modal,” “tactical,” and “ontological.” “Contingent” difficulty refers to “a word, a phrase or a reference which I will have to look up” (27). “Modal difficulty” lies with “the beholder” and occurs when “we cannot coerce our own sensibility into the relevant frame of perception” (33). “Tactical difficulty” is where a “poet may choose to be obscure in order to achieve certain specific stylistic effects”; it forces us “to reach out towards more delicate orderings of perception. It is, simultaneously, a subversion and energizing of rhetoric drawing attention” (33 and 40). “Ontological” difficulties, by contrast, “confront us with blank questions about the nature of human speech, about the status of significance, about the necessity and purpose of the construct which we have, with more or less rough and ready consensus, come to perceive as a poem” (41). While Steiner relates these terms to poetry as the most compact of all literary genres, they transfer equally to twentieth-century drama and prose, with their heightened degrees of complexity and, at times, obscurity or hermeticism. In my opinion, however, Joyce's “Odyssey of Style” in *Ulysses*—as Karen Lawrence has phrased it—remains squarely within the realm of Steiner's first three kinds of difficulty; among them, *Ulysses* strikes me as first and foremost subsumable under the categories of “contingent” and “tactical difficulty.” That said, I doubt whether even *Finnegans Wake*

might be genuinely classified as falling under the rubric of “ontological difficulty,” which is reserved, for Steiner, for only the most hermetic of modern poets; Steiner writes:

“Ontological difficulties, certainly in the modern vein, . . . are the object of theoretical argument and stylistic manipulation in the hermetic movement that relates certain elements in Rimbaud, the poetics of Mallarmé, the esoteric programme of Stefan George, Russian Formalism and Futurism, and the dependent impulses which have come after. . . . [it] seems to point to a hypostasis of language such as we find, precisely, in the philosophy of Heidegger. It is not so much the poet who speaks, but the language itself: *die Sprache spricht*.” (41–46)

Steiner’s prime examples are Hölderlin, Celan, and, to some degree, Rilke in his *Duino Elegies*. In Joyce’s works I don’t see language as “speaking” in this metaphysically Heideggerian vein. (Others may want to disagree.) Interestingly, as I indicated, Steiner explicitly excludes the Dadaists from his “ontological” category. For the Dadaists’ experiments with language Steiner is at a loss to provide a category of their own; instead, he stresses as regards his “ontological” category: “We do know that we are not looking at nonsense or at planned obfuscation, as in the case of certain Dada and surrealist collages” (46). I suppose one could create terms like “non-communicative,” “obstructive,” “obfuscatory,” or “apostate” difficulty to encapsulate their conscious sabotage of any means of making sense. Or, indeed, one might call it “irrational” difficulty, based on comments by Hans Arp; as Rudolf Kuenzli explains

for Arp, destruction of conventional meaning was always *ipso facto* construction of a new, irrational order. He therefore vigorously defended even the most chaotic Dada bruitism against accusations of nihilism (such as were levelled against the movement from its earliest days . . .). . . . In his poetry, Arp attempted, by breaking culturally engendered linguistic codes, to subvert faith in the logical structure and traditional meanings of words as truth. (“Hans Arp’s Poetics,” 49)

For Celan or Rilke, poetry is not about “subverting faith” in “meanings of words as truth”—quite the contrary: for them poetry is all about establishing faith in new kinds of truth that are to be found in, behind, and beyond language. In short, looked at from Steiner’s perspective, this kind of poetry is not dealing in abstraction at all, but rather a particularly thick kind of poetic density.

Ironically, of course, the Dadaists' challenge to the institution of art did not succeed for long, as became apparent as soon as their works started being purchased and exhibited by art collectors and museums around the globe, the very institutions of art that the Dadaists had declared war on. The "aura" of the work of art—to use Walter Benjamin's term—was quickly returned to the very works that had been intended as quintessentially and programmatically anti-auratic. Joyce's works, and in particular *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*, by contrast, strike me as programmatically auratic. In distinguishing these two kinds of, and two distinctly different sides to, abstraction, the auratic and anti-auratic, the meaningful and the meaningless, it becomes clear that Joyce, despite his contemporaneity with and geographical proximity to the Zurich Dadaists, embarked on a very different trajectory to theirs in terms of artistic volition (*Kunstwollen*) and outlook. Some observations by the British art historian Herbert Read, who himself was deeply influenced by Worringer's art theory, will help to bring this point into sharper relief: "The explanation which has prevailed, and which I have myself accepted," Read notes,

sees in realism an expression of confidence in, and sympathy for, the organic process of life. In other words, realism is an affirmative mode of expression, by which we do not necessarily mean the expression of an optimistic mood—there is such a thing as an affirmation of the tragic element in life. But abstraction is the reaction of man confronted with the abyss of nothingness, the expression of an *Angst* which distrusts or renounces the organic principle, and affirms the creative freedom of the human mind in such a situation. ("Realism and Abstraction in Modern Art," 93)

I am not sure I agree with Read. Abstraction need not necessarily be an expression of existential *Angst*. Readers will surely agree with me that Read's negative kind of abstraction is not Joyce's, certainly not in *Ulysses*, and arguably not even in *Finnegans Wake*. While Joyce unquestionably "affirms the creative freedom of the human mind," I see neither *Ulysses* nor *Finnegans Wake* as expressions of any kind of *Angst*, or of a profound existential insecurity and apprehension. One only needs to place *Finnegans Wake* side by side with Franz Kafka's novels *Der Prozeß* (*The Trial*) and *Das Schloß* (*The Castle*) to fully appreciate the difference.

In resorting to various means of formal abstraction in the later chapters of *Ulysses*—Lawrence sees the "narrative contract" with the reader broken starting with the "bizarre narrative behavior" (*The Odyssey of Style*, 55) of the

“Aeolus” episode—Joyce clearly moves in the direction of abstraction, making rather effective use of some of the stylistic devices being bandied about by Dadaists and other early modernist-isms, not least Italian Futurism and German Expressionism, but he never goes so far as to sacrifice the realistic substratum of his novel and cause his reader to jettison the all-important empathy with his fictional characters. Only recently has Declan Kiberd stressed the “deep sense of involvement with Bloom which most people feel,” which makes so many of Joyce’s readers want to re-enact his (and not only his) day in the life of Dublin city every time Bloomsday comes around.²³ *Ulysses*, in this light, strikes me as a thoroughly organicist and affirmative work of literature. Indeed, Molly’s reiterated “yes” at the end of the “Penelope” episode would seem to underscore precisely this affirmative attitude and outlook. In *Finnegans Wake*, by contrast, while not resorting to non-sense in true Dadaist fashion, Joyce seems no longer to want to permit us to empathize with his central characters, ALP, HCE, Shem, Shaun and Issy, who appear more as synthetic figures than characters full of life and blood—Joyce himself being the first to admit that *Finnegans Wake* had no characters (see Ellmann, *James Joyce*, 696). Clearly, we cannot speculate about HCE’s and ALP’s motivations in the same way that we can about why Leopold Bloom does not return home that afternoon or why Molly Bloom menstruates (indeed, we now even have an essay entitled “Why Leopold Bloom Menstruates”).²⁴ If *Ulysses* retains more than just a modicum of organicity and life-likeness, allowing us to read its protagonists as real-life menstruating Dubliners—or at least as fictional simulacra thereof—and follow their every Bloomsday footstep, dressing up like them and talking about them as if they were real, *Finnegans Wake* exhibits more of the inorganic crystalline characteristics that Worringner cites as the hallmark of artistic abstraction.

I say this, however, with the benefit of hindsight and from a historical distance that allows us to read (and reread) Joyce’s works, and both their internal trajectory and external contexts, in the light of nearly one century of criticism. Hostile early critics even of *Ulysses*, not to mention *Finnegans Wake*, equated the novel with mere “Dadaist stammering” and “literary bluff.”²⁵ Even as acute and “explicitly sympathetic” (“ausdrücklich bejahend”) a contemporary reviewer as Carola Giedion-Welcker (“James Joyce,” 269), who was one of the first German critics to appreciate the significance of the Homeric substratum,²⁶ stresses Joyce’s affinity with Futurism, Dadaism, and Surrealism in her 1928 review of the 1927 German translation of *Ulysses*. A couple of years later, on the occasion of Joyce’s fiftieth birthday and inspired by Eugene Jolas’s

journal *transition*, with its positioning of Joyce's *Work in Progress* squarely and prominently within the context of contemporary abstract art and avant-garde literature, Giedion-Welcker once more correlates Joyce's achievements and the contemporary art movements when she writes:

In summing up developments today, the following strikes us as the Irish writer's crucial intellectual achievement: to work on a new and vital poetic language that combines past and present, to develop a poetic form that is true to its material and allows the author to best express his worldview. This process is analogous to what is happening in today's abstract art movement, which, since the advent of Cubism, once again uses only [basic] painterly means to achieve its visual worldview. The intentional move away from literary, concrete, but also purely sensualistic "Peinture-Aestheticism," the ever-increasing rapprochement of spiritual idea and material expression, the new dynamism, supplanting the static, should be the common ground. Joyce's most recent work, published thus far only in fragmentary form under the suggestive title *Work in Progress*, embodies a completely novel and intensified fusion of content and form, a fusion that seems to frustrate any attempt to access it. The crucial point seems to be, however, that Joyce has, in this work, broken with the "fixed" convention of language; in returning to the well-spring of our vocabulary he uses its elementary power to activate a new and visual kind of kinetics of the word. . . . If we consider that the beginnings of *Ulysses* reach as far back as 1914 we come to realize just how much Joyce was ahead of his time in literary terms; only now are writers starting to experiment with the tools he introduced. The Futurist (1914) and Dadaist (1917) movements, the "unofficial art movements" of their day, come close to Joyce's literary [literally, "linguistic"] intentions in many ways. ("James Joyce," 269–70)

This quote goes to show that even the informed and "explicitly sympathetic" contemporary observer was not easily able to distinguish between the kind of abstraction propounded by the Dadaists and the kind employed by Joyce.

In fact, one wonders whether Joyce himself would have aligned himself at all with any brand of abstraction, despite the fact that the segments of *Work in Progress* published in *transition* were frequently juxtaposed with the most abstract of artworks. Formalism is possibly a more appropriate denomination. It is perhaps more than mere coincidence that it is precisely in the year in which the Russian Formalist Victor Shklovsky published his seminal essay on "Art

as Technique" (1917), which coins that ever so useful notion of "roughened form," that Joyce embarked on his own Odyssey of ever-changing "roughened form" (22). For Shklovsky "art exists that one may recover the sensation of life; it exists to make one feel things, to make the stone *stony*"; he continues:

The purpose of art is to impart the sensation of things as they are perceived and not as they are known. The technique of art is to make objects "unfamiliar," to make forms difficult, to increase difficulty and length of perception because the process of perception is an aesthetic end in itself and must be prolonged. *Art is a way of experiencing the artfulness of an object.* (12)

With its eighteen chapters in, arguably, at least twelve different styles,²⁷ we find Joyce creating ever new forms of roughened form, incessantly casting his reader back into states of ever-renewed unfamiliarity.

Regardless of whether abstraction or formalism better fit the bill, there is no denying that where the Dadaists advocate the outright destruction of meaning, and in its wake proclaim the destruction of the institution of art, Joyce holds on to the creation and conveyance of aesthetic meaning, however difficult he may make it for his reader, and thereby wittingly or unwittingly perpetuates the institution of art. Joyce's art, with its patient deliberateness, carefully crafted structures and resonances, and elaborate formalism, is fundamentally at loggerheads with Dadaism's impulsiveness, explosiveness, anarchy, and—in Tzara's own words—"staggering absurdity." Where Joyce resorts to the elemental, in *Ulysses* the "times," "colors," "techniques," "sciences," "senses," "organs," and "symbols" of the Linati and Gilbert schemata, it is ultimately to embed these basic forms of expression and vital materials of the artist's craft not within the volitionally "primitive," as did the Expressionists and Dadaists, nor within the uncontrolled *écriture automatique* of the unconscious, as did the Surrealists, albeit unsuccessfully, but within the classical Greek structure that represented the very epitome and origin of the Western tradition—the Homeric epic *The Odyssey*.

But even if in *Ulysses* the foundations Joyce resorts to are elemental, the surface can still be read *cum grano salis* as realistic. More crucially, perhaps, even where Joyce moves *Ulysses* towards abstraction in the later episodes, the realistic and hence empathy-building opening chapters of the novel permit the more abstract portions to function equally empathetically. We read "Cyclops," "Oxen of the Sun," "Circe," "Ithaca," and "Eumaeus" the way we do—meaning empathetically—because, by the time we reach these chapters, we

have already established a sense of character, and it is this preexisting sense of character that they serve to embellish, regardless of how abstract they would appear if they were read as stand-alone chapters. Conversely, because the more experimental and abstract episodes are embedded within this realistic-empathetic framework, they do not appear as abstract as they might otherwise do. Imagine reading “Oxen of the Sun” or “Penelope” without what goes ahead. We would have little sense of character and character development, and many passages would strike us as confusing if not incomprehensible. In *Ulysses*, abstraction is inseparably coupled with and linked to empathy.

In *Finnegans Wake* Joyce goes the next step to dissolve the differential between surface and structure, fusing them indistinguishably into such elemental functions as circularity, repetition, dualism, threefolds and fourfolds, tree and stone, mountain and river, snake, and primordial family structures, which he even identifies with a set of abstract sigla, arguably effecting for literary language the very “fundamental anthropological legitimation of the abstract” (“fundamental-anthropologische Legitimation der Abstraktion”) that one critic claims was at the heart of Wilhelm Worringer’s project in *Abstraction and Empathy* (see Öhlschläger, “... dieses Ausfallen des Gegenstandes,” 245). The modern artist who theorizes this appropriation of the fundamentals of mind, matter, and materials most eloquently, next to Kandinsky himself, the creator of modern abstract art and author of *Point and Line to Plane*, is arguably Paul Klee, who wrote:

Abstract? To be abstract as a painter means not just to abstract from comparable natural objects, but—independently of them—to engage in the identification of pure relationships. . . . Painterly pure relationships: bright and dark, color to bright and dark, color to color, long to short, wide to narrow, sharp to blunt, left right—top bottom—front back, circle to square to triangle. (Quoted from Susanna Partsch, *Paul Klee 1979–1940*, 27)

Granted, one can argue about the degree to which Joyce intended *Work in Progress* as a move into abstraction, but there can be no question—and even for a contemporary witness like Giedion-Welcker this seemed blatantly obvious—that *Finnegans Wake* represented for Joyce a distinct move away from the empathy that defined traditional realism, including the kind of realism that was one of the hallmarks of his own novels *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and *Ulysses*.²⁸ And yet, *Finnegans Wake* will hardly strike today’s reader as the author’s attempt to tear down the institution of literature and celebrate

nonsense for nonsense's sake in the way it was proclaimed and practised by the Dadaists. In its anthropological essentiality—overlaid with a quintessential musicality—Joyce's *Finnegans Wake* seems distinctly symphonic as opposed to the Dadaist's celebration of artistic cacophony. Indeed, in claiming that he hoped he would be able to keep his critics busy for three centuries (see Ellmann, *James Joyce*, 703), would Joyce not seem to be declaring himself something of a stalwart of the institution of literature, and the tradition of literary criticism, rather than its nemesis? In short, Joyce's revolution of the word, as Eugene Jolas was later to term it in *transition*, which moves from *Dubliners* via *A Portrait* and *Ulysses* to *Finnegans Wake*, might seem to some less a complement to than the very antithesis of Dadaism's intentionally rebellious but ultimately self-defeating venture.

The Epitome of the Epiphany

Stephen and Malte, Joyce and Rilke

If Joyce's relationship, or non-relationship, with Dadaism allows us to position Joyce more precisely vis-à-vis the early-twentieth-century trend toward abstraction, another relationship from which similar correlational insight can be derived is the connection, or ostensible non-connection, between Joyce and the Prague-born German-language writer Rainer Maria Rilke (1875–1926).¹ Before investigating this relationship in more detail, however, we need to backtrack for one moment to Joyce's biography. On 1 December 1902, a twenty-year-old James Joyce leaves Dublin for Paris. It is his first trip abroad. Like many a poor young student separated from home for the first time, he initially cannot bear to stay longer than three weeks, heading home to spend Christmas with his parents on 22 December. Ellmann records: "The prospect of going home, even if he was seasick on the way, was delightful" (*James Joyce*, 119). Joyce returns to the French capital on 17 January 1903, where he remains until 11 April, when his mother's failing health forces him to return home once again. "By the third week in February," Ellmann reports, "hunger had become Joyce's principal theme in his letters home. Scarcity was succeeded by famine, famine after a brief splurge, by scarcity and famine again, diminuendos of stomach twinges followed by crescendos of starvation" (126). Living in the Hotel Corneille, 5 Rue Corneille, the aspiring young artist meets with little success; his articles, with which he was hoping to improve his dire financial situation, are either not accepted or their publication is delayed. Already in December he had given up on his planned medical studies, so he now immerses himself in literature and philosophy in the Bibliothèque Nationale and the Bibliothèque Sainte-Geneviève instead—he is "up to his eyes in Aristotle's psychology," Joyce writes to his brother Stanislaus on 8 February. With

his regular nourishment being more intellectual than alimentary—"My next meal will be at 11 a.m. tomorrow (Monday): my last meal was 7 pm last (Saturday) night. So I have another fast of 40 hours," he admits to his father around 8 March—his health soon begins to deteriorate. "Damnably cold here," he complains the next day to Stannie, maybe summarizing not only the weather but also the social and intellectual climate he encountered in Paris.

At about the same time and a couple of streets further down, in the Rue Toullier, another aspiring young writer had taken up residence in the Latin Quarter. He too had come from afar, from Denmark, originally of noble stock, but now, not unlike Joyce, impoverished and hungry. This young artist has no acquaintances worth mentioning; he traverses the city, observing, reflecting, taking notes; he jots in his notebook:

How ridiculous. I sit here in my little room, I . . . who am twenty-eight years old and completely unknown. I sit here and am nothing. And yet this nothing begins to think and thinks, five flights up, on a gray Paris afternoon, these thoughts: Is it possible, it thinks, that we have not yet seen, known, or said anything real and important? Is it possible that we have had thousands of years to look, meditate, and record, and that we have let these thousands of years slip away like a recess at school. . . .

"I have taken action against fear," he notes elsewhere. "I sat up all night and wrote." His writing is his only elixir, and it is through it that he is learning to read the reality of the city around him:

I think I should begin to do some work, now that I am learning to see. I am twenty-eight years old, and I have done practically nothing. To sum it up: I have written a study of Carpaccio, which is bad; a play entitled "Marriage," which tries to demonstrate a false thesis by equivocal means; and some poems.

Are we not immediately reminded of James Joyce, who at this point in time has written a mere handful of essays on such subjects as Ibsen, Mangan, and "Drama and Life," a drama entitled *A Brilliant Career* (written and destroyed in 1901, perhaps because it too attempted "to demonstrate a false thesis by equivocal means"), and a smattering of largely mediocre verse? In Paris in early 1903 he seems also to have been writing a comedy. But this, too, like *A Brilliant Career*, has not survived. And how frustrated must Joyce have been to receive the following lines from William Butler Yeats:

I think the poem that you have sent me has a charming rhythm in the second stanza, but I think it is not one of the best of your lyrics as a whole. I think that the thought is a little thin. Perhaps I will make you angry when I say that it is the poetry of a young man who is practising his instrument, taking pleasure in the mere handling of the stops. (*James Joyce*, 118)

Joyce's counterpart in the above example, the twenty-eight-year-old Danish artist, is, as some may already suspect, not a real author. Rather, he is the fictional character Malte Laurids Brigge,² created by Rilke at the very moment when Joyce was composing *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, namely the years 1903 to 1910. We know from Rilke's biography that Malte Laurids Brigge's experiences in Paris are modeled on the author's own experiences in the French capital. Rilke was about to turn twenty-seven when he arrived there on 28 August 1902, only three months before Joyce. Like Joyce, he did not stay long. Rilke found Paris too unwelcoming and oppressive. He wrote to his close friend and occasional companion Lou Andreas-Salomé (better known to many in the Anglophone world for her close ties with the philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche) on 18 July 1903:

I want to tell you, dear Lou, that Paris was the same sort of experience for me as the Military School; just as then a great fearful astonishment seized me, so once again I was attacked by all the terror of what, in some unspeakable confusion, is called life. (*Selected Letters 1902–1926*, 24)

In contrast to Joyce, Rilke had already established himself as a writer at this point in time (he was of course seven years ahead of Joyce in age)—he had published a number of respectable volumes of poetry, in particular parts of his *Book of Hours* (*Stunden-Buch*) and, in 1902, *The Book of Images* (*Das Buch der Bilder*)—but had little international renown; his most famous volumes of poems were still to come, the *New Poems* (*Neue Gedichte*) of 1907 (Volume 1) and 1908 (Volume 2, entitled *Neue Gedichte anderer Teil*), his *Sonnets to Orpheus* (*Sonette an Orpheus*), published in 1923, and his supreme achievement, the *Duino Elegies* (*Duineser Elegien*), also published in 1923, just one year after Joyce's *Ulysses* and Eliot's *The Waste Land*. And, of course, Rilke was not yet the author of *The Notebooks of Malte Laurids Brigge* (*Die Aufzeichnungen des Malte Laurids Brigge*), the 1910 novel that was to become one of the earliest showpieces of German modernism and one of its defining moments. All the while Joyce was still an *inconnu*. Understandably, the two men—both of whom would come to rank among the greatest writers in their respective literary traditions—never met. And why should they have?

And yet, even beyond the mere biographical coincidence, or “co-incidence,” of their living in more or less the same place at more or less the same time, there are links between these two literary heavyweights that seem to take us beyond the realm of mere literary parallelism. The following quote sets the stage, I believe, for one of the most remarkable accidental, that is non-causal, intertextual linkages in early-twentieth-century modernism: “Ah, but poems amount to so little,” Malte speculates,

when you write them too early in your life. You ought to wait and gather sense and sweetness for a whole lifetime, and a long one if possible, and then, at the very end, you might perhaps be able to write ten good lines. For poems are not, as people think, simply emotions (one has emotions early enough)—they are experiences. For the sake of a single poem, you must see many cities, many people and Things, you must understand animals, must feel how birds fly, and know the gesture which small flowers make when they open in the morning. You must be able to think back to streets in unknown neighborhoods, to unexpected encounters, and to partings you had long seen coming; . . . to childhood illnesses that began so strangely with so many profound and difficult transformations . . . , memories of women screaming in labor. . . . But you must also have been beside the dying, must have sat beside the dead in the room with the open window. (19–20)

While Rilke wrote more than ten good lines in his lifetime, it is amazing to note in hindsight just how clairvoyantly he is predicting in 1910 his own future and the culmination point of his career in the early 1920s. Yet, in some ways, Malte is also describing James Joyce’s literary trajectory (setting aside for the moment the generical argument about poetry). But more importantly, Malte is formulating a literary program that comes close to a number of Joyce’s central aesthetic concerns during those early years of the twentieth century. First, here as elsewhere from about 1905 onward Rilke directs his attention to what seems insignificant and ugly rather than grand and beautiful, a poetics derived from Baudelaire. Rilke writes to his patron Karl von der Heydt on 21 February 1907 on the threshold between the two volumes of his *New Poems*:

I do not proceed from “great things and thoughts,” but towards the point where everything, even things that are inconspicuous or ugly, or things from which one tends normally to turn away, speaks to me as if it were great and everlasting, making indescribable demands.³

To Stefan Zweig he writes on 8 September 1908:

The last books, in particular my *New Poems* and *New Poems: Second Part*, which is scheduled to appear this year, have been a *school* for me: I have to learn to appropriate things that by their very nature are not close to me. I have to know that I can grasp the world, in whatever shape and form. (KA 1, 902)

Prompted by his Paris experiences, new topics begin to emerge, starting in 1903 in Book Three of *The Book of Hours*, composed between 13 and 20 April 1903 in Viareggio at the very moment that he is preparing the ground for the new poetics of his *New Poems*. Here, in “The Book of Poverty and of Death” (“Das Buch von der Armut und vom Tode”) of *The Book of Hours*, big cities appear infested with the anxiety of “big” and “small” deaths (“kleiner” and “großer Tod”; KA 1, 236), the senselessness of “unlived lives” (“ungelebte Leben”; KA 1, 234), and the diseases and leprosy of the “Fortgeworfenen,” those discarded by a brutal and uncaring society (we read: “you are the leprous outcast”; *The Book of Hours*, 189—“du bist der fortgeworfene Leprose”; KA 1, 244)—themes that will be reiterated and intensified soon after in particular in the Paris sections of *The Notebooks of Malte Laurids Brigge*. Rilke reveals to Karl von der Heydt on 21 February 1907: “For me Paris is . . . an inestimable education because it lays before my eyes [“Blick”] and emotions [“Gefühl”] the most remote, extreme, and even most intangible facts and facets of our souls, condensed such that they become uniquely transparent (transparent even from a great distance) [“bis zu beispielloser Sichtbarkeit (ja, Weithinsichtbarkeit) verdichtet”]” (KA 1, 902).

But not only Paris is a watershed for Rilke, much as it is for Joyce, the inception of whose equally novel aesthetics must be dated to the same period around 1902–03. It is also the encounter with the sculptor Auguste Rodin and his art and working methods. It was to meet Rodin and study his work that Rilke went to Paris in 1902 in the first place, and the product of this first visit was a slender volume on Rodin whose first part was written during the very period when Joyce arrived in Paris, namely mid-November to 16 December 1902. It is the Rodin-encounter that sparked Rilke’s new aesthetics of the “Thing” (German *Ding*) that will define the poetics of his next two volumes of poetry, the *New Poems*, the word “new” signaling the author’s clear realization of the change of direction that his work was taking. The translator of the long passage from *Malte Laurids Brigge* cited above has highlighted the relevance of this word for the English-language reader by setting it in upper case.

In the two volumes of *New Poems* Rilke creates and gives form, in poetic

language rather than critical discourse, to a uniquely modern theory of the apperception of “Things.” These poems subsequently became known in German as Rilke’s *Dinggedichte* (“Thing” poems) and they represent one of German literature’s preeminent contributions to the history of twentieth-century poetry. Rilke’s poetological program was less to describe things in poetry than to *make* them; “to create things” (“Dinge zu machen”), he writes to Lou Andreas-Salomé, “not solid [but] written things—realities that spring from my craft” (*Rainer Maria Rilke / Lou Andreas-Salomé: Briefwechsel*, 97).⁴ Through poetry, things both become reality and create reality. As one critic noted, Rilke’s *Dinggedichte* aim to craft, as do Rodin’s sculptures that served as Rilke’s model, “static situations and visions of situations, in which a slice of our emotional life presents itself, without clamor and without a sigh, like a thing” (Holthusen, *Rilke*, 86).

One of the earliest of these “Thing Poems” is also one of Rilke’s most famous. “Der Panther” was composed, as much as we know, either in late 1902 or early 1903, at the precise time when we encounter young Malte on the opening pages of *The Notebooks* and when Joyce and Rilke are living parallel lives in Paris. It reads:

The Panther

Jardin des Plantes, Paris

The bars which pass and strike across his gaze
Have stunned his sight: the eyes have lost their hold.
To him it seems there are a thousand bars,
A thousand bars and nothing else. No World.

And pacing out that mean, constricted ground,
So quiet, supple, powerful, his stride
Is like a ritual dance performed around
The centre where his baffled will survives.

The silent shutter of his eye sometimes
Slides open to admit some thing outside;
An image runs through each expectant limb
And penetrates his heart, and dies.⁵

We see the panther who does not see us. His world is not ours. Vision, the vision of what is internal, unsayable, ungraspable, is what this poem is about. It is about the power of images, but also about how human language only ever

scratches the surface of things—the thing here being the benumbed instinctual animal, a powerful creature, yet one whose power has been reduced to turning endless circles in a world confined by bars, the reality beyond which has ceased to exist. Seemingly unbeknownst to him, for the panther the “real” world lies ungraspably beyond the bars, just as for the poet an ungraspable world resides in what lies beyond the bars of our language. The poem’s “image,” its “Bild,” thus serves not just as a conduit for the inexpressible that the poet is trying to express (the “some thing outside”), but it reminds us too that the animal and the poet share a restricted vision—just as the panther cannot see beyond his cage, the poet cannot see beyond the prison-house of language. In one of his late poems Rilke echoes this sentiment—and the poet’s quandary—in the lines:

We say purity, and we say rose
and echo all that happens all around;
behind this though the nameless flows
which forms our true design and ground. (my translation)⁶

All a poet’s singing of purity and of roses—from the medieval *Roman de la rose* through Goethe’s “Rose on a Heath” (“Röslein auf der Heide”) to Rilke’s “The Heart of the Rose” (“Das Rosen-Innere”) and Gertrude Stein’s “a rose is a rose is a rose is a rose”—cannot conceal the fact that the true essence of things lies well beyond: it is this the poet is charged with to capture.

For Rilke, part of the poet’s mission is thus not just the “saying” and “seeing” of things like “purity” and “roses,” but their “saying and seeing anew,” their re-framing and re-visioning through language. This is also the context for Malte Laurids Brigge’s persistent attempt to formulate an aesthetics that would carry *his* poetry beyond its current impasse. In one of the earliest sections of Malte’s notebooks, Rilke has him reflect: “I am learning to see. I don’t know why it is, but everything enters me more deeply and doesn’t stop where it once used to. I have an interior that I never knew of” (*Notebooks*, 5). Shortly thereafter he notes:

Have I said it before? I am learning to see. Yes, I am beginning. It’s still going badly. But I intend to make the most of my time. For example, it never occurred to me before how many faces there are. There are multitudes of people, but there are many more faces, because each person has several of them.” (6)

This new aesthetics of seeing is, as I indicated earlier, linked to Rilke’s encounter with Rodin; as Manfred Engel observes:

It was Rodin who made the necessity of concentrated *seeing* clear to Rilke, and it was the sculptor's example that helped Rilke develop his new notion of "Thing" and the idea of a "Thing of Art" ["Kunst-Ding"]. It is through concentrated penetrating *seeing* that the thing perceived becomes the "Thing of Art," which contains a more amplified kind of reality than the thing perceived and is [in Rilke's own words] an "island, disconnected in every way from the continent of uncertainty." (Engel, *Rilke Handbuch*, 297–98)

This new sensation of seeing things for the first time, and of seeing them more clearly and intensely than ever before, is encapsulated most vividly in the following passage, a passage, however, that belongs not to the final version of *The Notebooks of Malte Laurids Brigge* but to an earlier draft (and has hence not appeared in English translation):

These clarities ["Klarheiten"] are so peculiar; one never expects them. They hit you when you are getting into a bus, or when you are sitting in a restaurant with the menu in your hand, while the waitress is standing close by—: suddenly you are unable to see what is printed on the menu, you can no longer imagine eating: because a clarity has hit you, just now, while you were looking at the menu, reading the names of dishes, sauces, or vegetables, just at that moment it hits you as if your soul had no notion that you might be preoccupied with other things. Today this kind of clarity came to me on the Boulevard des Capucines when I was crossing the wet road weaving through the heavy traffic trying to get to the Rue Richelieu, there, right in the middle, it lit up within me and for a second was so bright that I could see not just a very distant memory but also some rather peculiar relationships which connected an early and seemingly irrelevant event to my life.⁷

Composed during a visit to Rome during the winter of 1903–04, this posthumously published segment of an early draft of the novel's first pages predates the publication of Proust's *Du côté de chez Swann*, the first volume of *A la recherche du temps perdu*, by some ten years and was composed roughly at the same time (namely February 1904, as far as we know) that James Joyce was beginning to write *Stephen Hero*, the first chapter of which was drafted in January and February 1904.

In other words, at the very moment when Joyce is collecting epiphanies and formulating out a theory of the epiphany in his Paris notebooks in early 1903, Rilke has his protagonist Malte Laurids Brigge draft a similar aesthetics

in his Paris notebook. And just when Joyce is incorporating his theory of the epiphany into Chapter 25 of *Stephen Hero* around the second half of 1905, Rilke has just drafted the first pages of a novel, to be entitled *The Notebooks of Malte Laurids Brigge*, that contain a comparable theory of the “sudden spiritual manifestation” of objects or situations.

Stephen’s (and hence of course Joyce’s) definition of epiphany runs as follows:

he meant a sudden spiritual manifestation, whether in the vulgarity of speech or of gesture or in a memorable phase of the mind itself. . . . First we recognize that the object is *one* integral thing, then we recognize that it is an organized composite structure, a *thing* in fact: finally, when the relation of the parts is exquisite, when the parts are adjusted to the special point, we recognize that it is *that* thing which it is. Its soul, its whatness, leaps to us from the vestment of its appearance. The soul of the commonest object, the structure of which is so adjusted, seems to us radiant. The object achieves its epiphany. (*Stephen Hero*, 188)

The narrator continues:

He believed that it was for the man of letters to record these epiphanies with extreme care, seeing that they themselves are the most delicate and evanescent of moments. He told Cranly that the clock of the Ballast Office was capable of an epiphany. (*Stephen Hero*, 188)

Not only is *Malte Laurids Brigge* replete with such epiphanies, many of which might have been lifted directly out of Joyce’s own collection of such epiphanic “visions,” but most of Rilke’s *Dinggedichte*, Thing poems, might rightly be characterized as poetic epitomes of such Ballast Office manifestations of “whatness.”⁸ What Joyce says about an epiphany Rilke sees as encapsulated in Rodin’s art—what Rilke calls, in his Rodin monograph, a “compact effigy” (“kleine Plastik”):

Rodin himself once said that he would have to speak for a year in order to explain [literally: “to repeat”] in words one of his works. All one can say is that these small images, which are contained in plaster, bronze, and marble, just like some of those small animal figurines of antiquity, make the impression of really large things. In Rodin’s studio you will find the cast of a Greek panther that is hardly the size of your palm . . . ; if you look through its four supple powerful paws [note: these are also

the terms used in the poem “The Panther”—R.W.] into the space they embrace you can just imagine yourself looking into the depths of some rock-hewn temple in India. Thus this work grows and expands to the measure of its proportions. The same holds true for Rodin’s compact effigies. By giving them many facets, innumerable many, perfected and discrete surfaces, he gives them volume.⁹

Poring over the spaces of Rilke’s “The Panther,” the circles drawn by both panther and the language of the poem, we find ourselves pondering the “volume” of space and time.

But, as Morris Beja has noted in the most thorough study of Joyce’s and other modernists’ use of epiphanies to date, for his part Joyce conceives of them as “produced much less frequently by concrete objects than by events, people, snatches of talk, gestures, dreams, phases of the mind” (*Epiphany in the Modern Novel*, 80).¹⁰ Throughout much of *Malte Laurids Brigge* Rilke, too, seems to focus epiphanically largely on people and their memories (in particular of Malte’s childhood) and experiences such as death and illness, ghosts and masks, complementing the more “objective” epiphanies connected to the sites and sights of Paris, its houses and walls, streets and shops, hospitals and institutions. At times we even encounter epiphanies of reading, for instance Malte’s comments on Baudelaire’s poem “Une Charogne” (72) or his meditations on the “reading” of such medieval tapestries as *La Dame à la Licorne* (127–31). Sections XI and XIII of *Malte Laurids Brigge* provide particularly instructive examples of how Rilke weaves such epiphanic tableaux or short poems in prose that revolve around objects, persons, and everyday events into the tapestry of his novel:

XI: Today we had a beautiful autumn morning. I walked through the Tuileries. Everything that lay toward the East, before the sun, dazzled; was hung with mist as if with a gray curtain of light. Gray in the gray, the statues sunned themselves in the not yet unveiled garden. Single flowers in the long parterres stood up to say: Red, with a frightened voice. Then a very tall, thin man came around the corner from the Champs-Élysées. He was carrying a crutch, but it was no longer thrust into his shoulder-pit: he was holding it out in front of him, lightly, and from time to time he hit the ground with it, firmly and loudly, as if it were a herald’s staff. He couldn’t repress a joyful smile, and smiled, past everything, at the sun, the trees. His step was as bashful as a child’s, but extraordinarily light, filled with memories of an earlier walking. (17–18)¹¹

XIII: In the street below there is the following group: a small wheelbarrow, pushed by a woman; lengthwise across the front of it, a barrel-organ. Behind that, a small crib in which a baby is standing on firm legs, chuckling with delight under its bonnet, not wanting to be sat down. From time to time the woman turns the organ handle. Then the baby immediately stands up again, stamping in its crib, and a little girl in a green Sunday dress dances and beats a tambourine lifted up toward the windows. (18–19)¹²

As Theodore Ziolkowski has acutely observed, the epiphany in Rilke and Joyce—as opposed for example to the epiphanic kind of memory recall in Proust’s *A la recherche du temps perdu* or the ecstatic kind of spiritual illumination envisioned by the German Expressionists—is not about self-discovery or self-enlightenment. The Expressionists’ ecstasy is the exact opposite of Rilke’s and Joyce’s “sobriety” (“Nüchternheit”).¹³ He notes that “in the epiphany the human observer experiences the independence of the object. . . . what is peculiar to the epiphany is that the observing subject recognizes the essence of the object *objectively* whereby the autonomy of both subject and object is preserved” (“James Joyces Epiphanie,” 603).

But Rilke’s Thing poems, “Dinggedichte,” are not exclusively about “objects,” animate or inanimate, such as the panther above or flamingos, cats, or children’s carousels, or those now-famous archaic torsos (“Early Apollo”/“Früher Apollo” and “Archaic Torso of Apollo”/“Archaischer Torso Apollos”). In the two volumes of his *New Poems* we find poems about bullfighters, Buddhas, Don Juan, sisters and old ladies, beggars and madmen. One of my personal favorites is the poem “Lady on a Balcony,” written in Paris in August 1907, which revolves around the poet “seeing” a lady on a balcony, visualizing her essence through her separateness from the world that surrounds her:

Lady on a Balcony

Sheathed in cool wind she steps like someone drawn,
bright in the brightness, out into the open;
leaving the image of the room behind,
fitting the doorway as if shaped and ground

and shining darkly like a cameo
at edges where a little light breaks through.
Surely the night has only now begun
now, as she comes to lay her hands upon

the coolness of the balcony's stone coping,
 prepared to leave behind all heaviness;
 offered to heaven, high above the houses,
 to float there and to drift with everything.¹⁴

In the German original (Stephen Cohn's translation sadly has failed to capture this "moment") one is struck by the suddenness of the vision and the immediacy of the epiphanic insight that comes with it,¹⁵ being articulated, unusually for Rilke, in the very first line ("Suddenly she steps . . ."/"Plötzlich tritt sie . . ."). Usually in Rilke's poetry of this period this is reserved for later sections of his poems (as for instance in "Black Cat"/"Schwarze Katze," "Corrida"/"Corrida," "Piano Practice"/"Übung am Klavier," where it comes midway through), if not the last couplet or triplet (as in "The Flamingos"/"Die Flamingos" or "Townscape"/"Landschaft"), setting off the "Umschlag," or sudden reversal, that is so typical of Rilke's mature poetry. The same effect can be observed in the two prose passages from *The Notebooks* cited above, where the epiphany is intensified at the moment of the "then," as it is at the moment of temporal transition embodied in such turns of language as "sometimes" ("nur manchmal")¹⁶ in "The Panther" or "just now" in the early-draft opening of *Malte Laurids Brigge*. We are also struck in this poem by the brilliance of the woman's appearance ("bright in the brightness"/"Licht in Lichte"), which is set against and magnified by the darkness of the background, the appearance being likened to the representation of a person in a "cameo." Both of these elements, the "sudden[ness of the] spiritual manifestation" and the resulting "radiance" of the object's soul, are of course as much a quintessential part of Rilke's "clarities," or "Klarheiten," as they are of Joyce's definition of an epiphany. Toward the end of Chapter V.1 of *A Portrait*, Joyce puts the following words into Stephen's mouth:

The instant wherein that supreme quality of beauty, the clear radiance of the aesthetic image, is apprehended luminously by the mind which has been arrested by its wholeness and fascinated by its harmony is the luminous silent stasis of aesthetic pleasure, a spiritual state very like to that cardiac condition which the Italian physiologist Luigi Galvani, using a phrase almost as beautiful as Shelley's, called the enchantment of the heart. (213)

The woman in Rilke's "Lady on a Balcony" with her luminosity and "silent stasis" is the perfect illustration of what Joyce describes.

For my part, I must confess, I often find it easier to detect radiance of this

kind in Rilke's poetry than in Joyce's epiphanies, but this may be the result of the latter being rendered in prose, since the same can be said of those sections of Rilke's *Malte Laurids Brigge* which can be likened to epiphanic prose poems. Poetry, due to its very nature as the most dense and compact of literary genres, can more easily achieve the effect of intensification and resulting momentary revelation that is so constitutive of the epiphanic mode. But what Rilke's poetry especially of the *New Poems* and Joyce's and Rilke's prose epiphanies have in common—and indeed what they have in common with Rodin's sculptures—is the attempt to freeze a revelatory moment of time and perception into the language of one's art, whether this be words or marble. In a way they are all aspiring to what Lawrence Ryan has said about Rodin, namely to “endow the incompleteness of living, transient being with the eternity of form” (“*Neue Gedichte*—New Poems,” 131). This is precisely Rilke's view of Rodin's art; he writes to Lou Andreas-Salomé on 8 August 1903:

There is nothing indefinite for him about an object that serves him as a model: thousands of little planes have here been fitted into space, and when he makes a work of art accordingly, his task is to implant the thing into the surrounding space more passionately, more firmly, and a thousand times better than before, so that it does not move when you shake it. The *thing* is definite, the *art-thing* must be still more definite; removed from all accident, reft away from all obscurity, withdrawn from time and given over to space, it has become enduring, capable of eternity. The model *seems*, the art-thing *is*.¹⁷

In a similar fashion we find Joyce talking through the voice of Stephen of “transmuting the daily bread of experience into the radiant body of everlasting life” (*A Portrait*, 221). A leading Rilke critic, Manfred Engel, calls this “transformation as epiphany” (“*Verwandlung als Epiphanie*”) and notes that “the transformations that are represented in these [i.e., Rilke's] poems as moments of intensified perception are [not just] epiphanies [but also] characteristic of aesthetic modernism” (*Rilke Handbuch*, 305), a “confluence” that Theodore Ziolkowski and Morris Beja have likewise observed. Engel goes on to note that Rilke's poetry of this period exhibits a decided affinity with the poetry of Anglo-American Imagism, both of which were heavily influenced by visual art (297). (Interestingly, it bears pointing out that one of Joyce's poems, “I Hear an Army,” was published in 1930 in Richard Aldington's *Imagist Anthology*.)

Here then are two of Joyce's own epiphanies, one as it occurs in *A Portrait*, the second as it appears in the author's notebooks:

The quick light shower had drawn off, tarrying in clusters of diamonds among the shrubs of the quadrangle where an exhalation was breathed forth by the blackened earth. Their trim boots prattled as they stood on the steps of the colonnade, talking quietly and gaily, glancing at the clouds, holding their umbrellas at cunning angles against the few last raindrops, closing them again, holding their skirts demurely.

And if he had judged her harshly? If her life were a simple rosary of hours, her life simple and strange as a bird's life, gay in the morning, restless all day, tired at sundown? Her heart simple and wilful as a bird's heart? (216)

The children who have stayed latest are getting on their things to go home for the party is over. This is the last tram. The lank brown horses know it and shake their bells to the clear night, in admonition. The conductor talks to the driver; both nod often in the green light of the lamp. There is nobody near[.] We seem to listen, I on the upper step and she on the lower. She comes up to my step many times and goes down again, between our phrases, and once or twice remains beside me, forgetting to go down, and then goes down. . . . Let be; let be. . . . And now she does not urge her vanities,—her fine dress and sash and long black stockings,—for now (wisdom of children) we seem to know that this end will please us better than any end we have laboured for. (268)

Clearly, one must be cautious not to expect too direct a correlation between the actual contents of Stephen's/Joyce's epiphanies and Malte's/Rilke's visions; the resemblance lies more in the atmospherics and the resonance of a given situation and the relevance, as well as *objective* revelation, ascribed to a particular motif within its narrative or poetic context. Both Rilke and Joyce are providing a distinctive tonal perspective on a seemingly immaterial scene or object, lifting them out of their insignificance and bestowing them with a symbolic latitude that they otherwise lack. But while both Joyce and Rilke look at these epiphanies or visions as revelatory in nature, and while both are concerned with a "seeing" that is simultaneously an unveiling of the nature or essence of an event or a thing, they seem to present divergent models of how such a sudden spiritual experience comes about. In terms of sequencing, Joyce begins with the object or event which induces in the beholder a sudden manifestation of its "whatness." Rilke's Malte, by contrast, seems to be struck by the sudden spiritual manifestations as a consequence or extension of a preexisting inner disposition: "Because you were a revealer, a timelessly

tragic poet," Malte says, referring as much to Ibsen (as critics assume)¹⁸ as to his own creator,

you had to transform this capillary action all at once into the most convincing gestures, into the most available forms. So you began that unprecedented act of violence in your work, which, more and more impatiently, desperately, sought equivalents in the visible world for what you had seen inside. There was a rabbit there, an attic, a room where someone was pacing back and forth; there was a clatter of glass in a nearby bedroom, a fire outside the windows; there was the sun. . . . But this wasn't enough: finally towers had to come in and whole mountain ranges; and the avalanches that bury landscapes spilled onto a stage overwhelmed with what is tangible, for the sake of what cannot be grasped.¹⁹

Regardless of the vector of perception, however, as Ziolkowski has convincingly argued, the epiphanic mode as created by Joyce and Rilke is used as one of modernism's most successful means to overcome the very crisis of language that had become the bugbear of so many writers and philosophers of that generation, a condition perhaps best exemplified by Hugo von Hofmannsthal's "Brief des Lord Chandos an Francis Bacon," the famous "Chandos"-letter of 1902. Joyce and Rilke are, of course, as Beja's study amply illustrates, only the proverbial tip of the (epiphanic) iceberg. Beja at one point notes: "this book . . . attempts to show that, even if Joyce had never lived and Stephen had never roamed the streets of Dublin, what they both called 'epiphany' would still have been a profoundly important presence in the contemporary novel" (*Epiphany in the Modern Novel*, 14)—not to mention poetry. Indeed, what could better corroborate this claim than Rilke's oeuvre from 1902–03 onwards? The fact remains, nonetheless, that it was Joyce and not Rilke who provided literary scholars with this most convenient and suggestive of tag words to discursively link and classify the fascinating array of versions and adaptations of "a sudden spiritual manifestation" in twentieth-century literature, although in some ways, as I hope to have shown, neither Joyce's *Stephen Hero* nor *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* nor *Ulysses*, but rather Rilke's poetry and his *Notebooks of Malte Laurids Brigge* might be said to constitute the ultimate epitome of the epiphany.

However we look at it, (re)reading Joyce against the background of Rilke and (re)reading Rilke against the backdrop of Joyce helps us not just to understand better the affinities between their works, but also to define better this major biographical, poetological, and aesthetic "confluence," or "co-incidence,"

that was to spawn one of the definitive vectors of European modernism. In our final chapter, we will be looking at a further such vector of modernism that was defined by yet another striking “confluence” of ideas and practices, one in which Joyce unwittingly became a major albeit passive player, namely the so-called German Expressionism debate. Here, although Joyce clearly once more functions as an “influence” in the traditional sense outlined earlier in this study, he finds himself transformed from “person” into “persona,” a discursive function in the Foucauldian sense, just as his novel *Ulysses* finds itself transformed from “text” into “text-function”—in this Marxist hall of mirrors “Joyce” and “*Ulysses*,” both now in inverted commas, become semblances and vanishing points around which ideologies, both literary and political, are spun.

“‘Concordances’ of Utter Chaos Post Rem”

A Portrait of James Joyce as a Chapter in German (Marxist)
Literary History

During the past decades, the relationship between *Ulysses* and Marxist literary criticism has received much critical attention. The starting point of many of these studies is typically Karl Radek's scathing indictment of Joyce's novel in "Contemporary World Literature and the Task of Proletarian Art," a speech he delivered at the First All-Union Congress of Soviet Writers in 1934.¹ In two past treatments of the subject, Jeremy Hawthorn ("*Ulysses*, Modernism, and Marxist Criticism") and Trevor Williams (*Reading Joyce Politically*) speculate, probably rightly, that this earliest of Marxist critics was judging mostly from hearsay. Only this postulation would explain how Radek could call *Ulysses* "a book of eight hundred pages, without any stops and without any commas" ("Contemporary World Literature," 151). Williams concludes his detailed discussion of Radek and the early Marxist reception of *Ulysses* by commenting that for "all practical purposes, Joyce was abandoned by the left" in the decades between the 1930s and the 1970s, "the few exceptions" being Alick West and Arnold Kettle (*Reading Joyce Politically*, 18), whose works he goes on to analyze. Later in his book, Williams focuses his attention on the renewed interest in a political Joyce that emerged in the 1970s and was attributable largely to the advent of neo-Marxist and poststructuralist literary theory. Specific mention is made here of Colin MacCabe, Philippe Sollers, Terry Eagleton, and Fredric Jameson (among others) but also more mainstream Joyceans like Richard Ellmann.

With Williams's perspective being, by and large, Anglo-American (with frequent digressions into French theory) it was not to be expected that, beyond Radek and the occasional reference to the critic-philosopher Georg Lukács,

much attention would be paid to other German-language Marxist writers and literary critics.² Not to mention the fact that many German Marxist sources from this period are not readily available even to scholars of German literature. Indeed, as a professor of German with a long-standing interest in the field of Comparative Literature and as someone who had been studying and teaching Joyce for more than two decades, even I was surprised, upon starting to research a related project, to come across an unexpectedly large number of references to Joyce in the works of early-twentieth-century German Marxists (“early” here meaning primarily the years in the wake of the Soviet Writers’ Congress in the 1930s). Some articles, like the famous diatribe “Erpreßte Versöhnung: Zu Georg Lukács: *Wider den mißverstandenen Realismus*” (“Extorted Reconciliation: On Georg Lukács’ *Realism in Our Time*”) published by Theodor W. Adorno in reaction to an earlier article by Lukács, I had known about for many years but had neither consciously registered the Joyce-related subtext nor its relevance within the larger context I intend to explore below. This is due in large part to the fact that the references to Joyce and *Ulysses* are deceptively tucked away in articles not explicitly devoted to the Irish writer or his work. Yet in them, Joyce looms large, and more than any other modernist writer he is singled out as a testing ground for larger arguments about realism that defined the course of German Marxist literary criticism for decades to come. Thus, what I will review here constitutes a remarkable Marxist literary historical trajectory within German literary history from the 1930s to the 1950s, a trajectory studded with the names of internationally renowned German writers, critics, and philosophers, yet one little known outside of the field of German literature.



In the beginning was an article by Georg Lukács, the doctrinaire doyen of European Marxist literary orthodoxy. Originally published in Moscow in 1934 in the German-language party-line Marxist journal *Internationale Literatur* (the same journal and volume, incidentally, that contained the German translation of Radek’s 1934 invective against Joyce), Lukács set out in “‘Größe und Verfall’ des Expressionismus” (“Expressionism: Its Significance and Decline”) to dismantle the aura surrounding German literary Expressionism. He faults German Expressionism first and foremost for its adherence to a “subjective-idealistic” epistemology that resulted either in “pure illusion (as in the Husserl school)” or in a “mystically exaggerated philosophy of intuition” (83) as in the schools of Henri Bergson, Georg Simmel, and Wilhelm Dilthey. In criticizing

another representative of a modernist philosophy of art, Wilhelm Worringer, Lukács contends:

Three points need to be made. Firstly, that reality is conceived right from the start as “chaos,” i.e. as something unknowable, ungraspable, which exists without laws; secondly, that the method needed to grasp the “essence” (here called the “thing”) must be isolation, tearing apart, the destruction of all connections, the lawless tangle of which is precisely what makes up the “chaos”; and thirdly, that the “method” used for grasping the “essence” in this way is passion, something that is presented right from the start as irrational, and counterpoised rigidly and exclusively to reason and understanding. (102–3)³

Lukács is convinced that any Expressionist attempt to capture the “essence” cannot but result in “the ‘non-objective’ art of absolute caprice” (109). He believes that one formal characteristic of this kind of arbitrary art is “Simultaneism,” which substitutes “an external juxtaposition of words grouped by association” for “the missing internal all-round context” of things (109). The outcome is “a tinny ‘monumentality’” that replaces material content by a “hysterical excess of unconnected images and comparisons” that are all jumbled together (110). For many an early Marxist critic, Joyce’s *Ulysses* superbly fits the bill, and it is precisely this impression that incurred Radek’s wrath.

Lukács’s article set the stage for the ensuing literary critical imbroglio soon to be called the “Expressionismus-Debatte,” the Expressionism debate. Inspired by Lukács and Radek and three years after their attacks on modernism, the Marxist critic Alfred Kurella launched his own all-out assault on German Expressionism, tellingly entitled “Now That This Tradition Has Come to an End . . .” (“Nun ist dies Erbe zuende . . .”), in another exile journal published in Moscow, *Das Wort*. This article triggered a debate that was to carry on for two years, 1937 and 1938, in seven issues of that left-wing journal. Kurella’s main thesis was that German Expressionism, through its irrationality and apocalyptic mysticism, had intellectually prepared the way for German fascism. While Lukács had already made a similar point in 1934, he had cited no names (see “Expressionism: Its Significance and Decline,” 87).⁴ Kurella, by contrast, immediately set his sights upon Gottfried Benn as the prime villain, as did Klaus Mann, Thomas Mann’s son, whose essay “Gottfried Benn: Die Geschichte einer Verirrung” (“Gottfried Benn: The History of an Aberration”) preceded Kurella’s in the same issue of *Das Wort*. Indeed, Benn had published a number

of essays in 1933 in the vain hope of shoring up fascist support for an Expressionist aesthetics.

Kurella's attack, in turn, provoked other Marxist critics to defend not just Expressionism as an aesthetic movement but also to vindicate their own roots in that very movement, most notably Herwarth Walden, Ernst Bloch, and Bertolt Brecht (Brecht himself being one of the three editors of *Das Wort* alongside Willi Bredel and Lion Feuchtwanger). Simply because an author like Benn had shown fascist sympathies, the argument went, one could not generalize and condemn the movement as a whole, lest one wished to imply that Marxists like Bloch, Brecht, Walden, and Johannes R. Becher (who later became the leading poet and first Minister of Culture in the German Democratic Republic) had also lent a hand in bringing fascism to power. Although no mention is made specifically of Joyce in either Lukács's or Kurella's essays, many of their arguments against Expressionism will be mustered later, either to support or to censure *Ulysses*.

We now turn back for a moment to the year 1934 to isolate a second strand of our literary critical trajectory. At about the same time that Radek and Lukács were launching their attacks on Joyce and German Expressionism from the Soviet Union, their Marxist colleague, the philosopher-critic Ernst Bloch, was putting the finishing touches to his book *Erbschaft dieser Zeit* (*Heritage of Our Times*) in Zurich. Composed in the 1920s and early 1930s, the first edition of *Heritage of Our Times* was published in 1935, appearing in a complete English translation only as recently as 1990. Having emigrated from Germany to Zurich in March 1933, Bloch was presumably not immediately aware of Radek's nearly contemporaneous invectives against Joyce; it is also probable that Bloch only became more closely acquainted with Joyce's works after his arrival in Zurich. Whatever the precise timing, the first edition of *Heritage of Our Times* contains two essays in which Bloch explicitly addresses the work of Joyce, and in particular *Ulysses*. Yet again, neither of these essays refers to Joyce or his work in its title, a circumstance that might explain why Joyce critics have overlooked this connection. The first, entitled "Übergang: Berlin, Funktionen im Hohlraum" ("Transition: Berlin, Functions in Hollow Space," *HoOT*, 195–208), discusses the effects of twentieth-century "late capitalism" on contemporary modes of perception (*HoOT*, 195). One outcome of the entrenchment of capitalism is, according to Bloch, the "Neue Sachlichkeit," the new objectivity in literary style, another, the technique (and mental framework) of montage (196). With the advent of late capitalism, Bloch proposes,

[p]arts no longer fit together, have become soluble, can be mounted in a new way. . . . In *technical* and *cultural* montage, however, the context of the old surface is decomposed, a new one is formed. It can be formed as a new one because the old context increasingly reveals itself as illusory, brittle, as one of surface. If Objectivity distracted with shining veneer, much montage makes the confusion behind it attractive or boldly intertwined. Objectivity served as the highest form of diversion, montage appears culturally as the highest form of eerie intermittence above diversion, indeed possibly as a *contemporaneous* form of intoxication and irrationality. (*HoOT*, 202–3)

The prime examples of “montage” that Bloch cites are jazz, the musical revue, the philosophy of the Husserl school—and Joyce’s *Ulysses*.

In a subsequent section of the same essay, he goes on to interpret Joyce as a surrealist, Surrealism for him representing the final stage(s) of Expressionism.⁵ I will quote one passage at length, in part because Bloch here comes closest to Lukács’s and Radek’s positions, and in part because it highlights the fusion and confusion of Expressionism and Surrealism in Marxist German critical parlance of the time—thereby providing one possible explanation as to why Joyce came to figure so prominently in the German Expressionism debate in the first place. Lukács himself will later pick up on precisely the wording of this passage to rephrase and amplify Bloch’s critique, ironically spurring Bloch to defend Joyce against Lukács’s attack. “The so-called surrealists provided,” Bloch writes,

the last “Expressionism”; only a small group, but again avant-garde is to be found in them, and Surrealism is most certainly—montage. In *Joyce*, as the monument of the “surrealists,” montage is directly the key to all strangeness, it is the description of the confusion of experienced reality with collapsed spheres and caesuras. The language here attains nothing but beginnings, wild beginnings of tinkling sound and combined again within it; the plot runs between inner dialogue (which says everything that is going through the character’s mind), underworld, crossworld and overworld (which again stand in the closest bodily contact). The space and theme of the plot in *Ulysses* is a day of insignificant characters (which however seeks to be more than a thousand and one days, in fact an *Omnia ubique* in the nut). Dirty joke, chronicle, claptrap, scholasticism, magazine, slang, Freud, Bergson, Egypt, tree, man, economy, cloud pass in and out in this flow of images, mingle, permeate each other

in a disorder that is of course seeking its model in Proteus, in the confusion of fermenting nature, no longer in Prometheus, in the expressively fermenting subject. As final book-magic Proteus himself is even tinged with his opposite, namely with asserted symmetry, indeed thorough correspondence of all parts; in such a way that not only leitmotifs wind their way through, but every chapter—in the *cathedral* of relativism—attempts to correspond to parts of the body, colours, minerals and the like, with restlessly concealed concordance. The dissected violin of Picasso has thus, in inscrutable broad imposture, become verbal kinetics. (*HoOT*, 205)⁶

If Bloch here seems aware of Stuart Gilbert's critical study of *Ulysses*, James Joyce's "*Ulysses*," published in 1930, he is certainly aware of the new direction that Joyce was taking with "*Work in Progress*," which is cited in the second essay on Joyce in *Heritage of Our Times*, "Novels of Strangeness and Theatre of Montage" (*HoOT*, 221–28). To be sure, the allusion to "joke, chronicle, claptrap, scholasticism, magazine, slang, Freud, Bergson, Egypt, tree, man, economy, cloud" and many of his other remarks work as well for *Ulysses* as they do for *Work in Progress*, and it is not always clear which text he is describing. What is clear, however, is just how negatively Bloch views Joyce's work at this early point in time, an evaluation that is very soon to change due to Lukács's intervention.

The second essay focuses initially on three bourgeois writers, Julien Green, Marcel Proust, and Joyce, all of whose works Bloch considers "seismographically" indicative "of an *object*-dream," each representing an aspect of the problematic "fracture-lines of poetic balance" within modernity (222). In the second half of this essay he then goes on to contrast them with Brecht's theatre of montage, which Bloch parades as a model for Marxist writers. To Bloch, Green is "an ego which dreams tormentingly," forcing his characters to be "exhausted . . . to death" (222). Proust is an "ego which sees its own and external life melting away"; here "the Faubourg St-Germain of a declining world has remembered and pervaded itself . . . , has condensed into the no longer Euclidian mosaics of Proust's and its own hour of death" (223). And Joyce, finally, is likened to "a mouth without ego," whose language "totally emulates this decay" (223). Of these three "ego-modernists" of death and decay, Joyce's work is dealt with at greatest length (taking up two and a half pages as compared to the half page each devoted to Green and Proust). Again, it is not always clear how much Bloch's descriptions of *Ulysses* are tainted by his knowledge of "*Work in Progress*" which is alluded to in this essay as follows:

Thus in *Ulysses* there is already “work in progress,” both workshop and literature, but a workshop which equally suffers, gets dusty, decays, levels itself to the undergrowth. The language barely follows grammatical rules, hardly ever logical ones (of today); its source is supposed to be primary sound-pictorial relationship, its sense the unleashing and grasping of subconscious life; through this it is woken to life again, the words are given back their prelogical value. (223)⁷

At times, Bloch provides a marvelously perceptive and enlightened, if not always correct, Marxist critique of *Ulysses*, referring to the world of “Mrs Bloom” and “Mr Bloom,” “Nausicaa,” and the “one-eyed nationalist” as one that “goes crazily downwards just as it throws itself crossways and upwards; it goes downwards in that the three girls on the beach speak the boarding-house language of 1900, the marmalade style by the ocean, in that Bloom himself, the advertising Odysseus, is a hulking great Irish loud-mouth” (225). Yet immediately after this passage, he lapses into a phraseology that again blurs the boundary between *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*, although the reference to “book chapters” indicates that he is indeed describing *Ulysses*:

crossways and upwards, however, extends the boundless association of the flattest experienced reality—as far as the god Ptah in the teacup, the water-gleaming palaces of Old India in the break in the conversation. The cross-relation of “correspondence” which attempts as it were to break through the people, mountains and islands, after they have moved from their places, indeed which is keen to make even the individual book-chapters into “ruling jewels and planets,” into “concordances” of utter chaos post rem: this astrological system still does not fix the cracked world, mixed world. Instead astrology between the shreds of experienced reality, scholasticism in a Last-Book-Judgement shows the anarchic subject only all the more clearly, the concrete endlessness of all intervening subjects (and their marriage) only all the more helplessly. (225)⁸

Bloch concludes the section on Joyce with the following—in German, almost expressionistically lyrical—observations, and again we have to assume that he is referring to *Ulysses* and not to the published portions of “Work in Progress”:

A dead loss and the most incredible sell-out at the same time; a randomness of mere scrunched-up slips of paper, ape-chatter, eel-knots, fragments of nothing, and at the same time the attempt to ground

scholasticism in chaos; a *dies irae* randomly torn from the middle, without judgment, without God, without end, filled with dream-decoction, with the decoction of a sunken consciousness, with fermentingly new dream-essence at the same time. This is the most hollow and the most overcrowded, the most unrestrained and the most productive grotesque, grotesque-montage of the late bourgeoisie; high, broad, deep, cross imposture from lost homeland; without paths, with nothing but paths, without goals, with nothing but goals. Montage can now do a lot, previously only thoughts lived easily alongside each other, now things do too, at least in the flood area, in the fantastic primeval forest of the void. (225)⁹

By contrast, Bloch contends that Brecht, who also utilizes montage, but for more overtly political purposes, “does not choose beautiful words, especially ‘peculiar’ ones”; he “actively intervenes instead” and “rehearses in advance real actions in scenes” (225). Brecht is thus, in Bloch’s view, the better writer inasmuch as he employs montage to improve the world or, put differently, to provide a glimpse of a future better world. At this point in his essay, the philosopher seems to be making the writer anticipate his own utopian notion of *The Principle of Hope* (*Prinzip Hoffnung*), Bloch’s most important philosophical treatise, written between 1938 and 1947 and published in the 1950s, but whose fundamentals were being conceived precisely around this time. “This ultimately,” Bloch sums up in *Heritage of Our Times*, “still makes his theatre into a refunctioning, into an experimentally mounted one; echo and intersection of symbols connect Brecht as much with Jean Cocteau, Franz Kafka, even Joyce, as aimed practice separates him from the kaleidoscope and experiment from literary reflex” (227–28). Marxist practice is opposed to modernist “kaleidoscope” and “reflex,” activity to passivity, “aimed” (political) action to aimless (apolitical) inertia—this last distinction echoing Dmitri Mirsky’s 1933 orthodox Marxist critique of *Ulysses* as unsocialistically aimless, subjectivistic, and static, and prefiguring both Lukács’s 1950s and Péter Egri’s 1970s equally Party-line critiques of the novel.¹⁰

Before moving to Georg Lukács’s influential essay of 1938, “Es geht um den Realismus” (“It’s Realism That’s at Stake”), in which the orthodox Marxist critic expressly picks up and elaborates on Ernst Bloch’s comments about *Ulysses*, the actual chronology of events is somewhat more complex. Indeed, to understand fully the sequencing and nuances of argument and counter-argument, we need to turn first to two essays by Bloch, one written in collaboration with Hanns Eisler, the famous composer of musical scores for Brecht’s

plays and operas, and another article by Lukács, published in early 1938. Only the first of these, Bloch's essay "Diskussionen über Expressionismus" ("Discussions of Expressionism"), was published as part of the debate on Expressionism in *Das Wort* in 1938, immediately preceding Lukács's article on realism in the same issue. While Bloch does not mention Joyce on this occasion, he does refer to Lukács's earlier essay of 1934, acknowledging the Hungarian Marxist as the real instigator of the Expressionism debate but recognizing also, as Bloch concedes, that Lukács had voiced his critique of Expressionism considerably more cautiously and less acridly than Kurella had in 1937. Nevertheless, Bloch laments the fact that Lukács, in drawing the parallel between Expressionism and fascism, neither mentions the many Expressionist authors who never would have allied themselves intellectually with fascism, like Georg Trakl, Georg Heym, Else Lasker-Schüler, Franz Werfel, or Johannes R. Becher, nor discusses any Expressionist painters or composers, many if not most of whom had by this point in time been blacklisted by the Nazis. Bloch cites Franz Marc, Paul Klee, Oskar Kokoschka, Emil Nolde, Georg Groß, and Otto Dix as examples, all of whose paintings were at that very time on display in the infamous "Entartete Kunst" exhibit that the Nazis had opened in Munich in 1937. Bloch explicitly savors the irony—he calls it the "chronological accident" (242)—that both Marxists and fascists were simultaneously condemning Expressionism as degenerate, retrograde, and decadent.¹¹

In Bloch's view, Lukács develops a distinct—and distinctly false and misleading—hierarchy of values, classical literature standing for what is healthy, Romanticism for what is sick, with Expressionism representing the "sickest thing of all" (*HoOT*, 246). Hand in hand with his critique of Lukács, Bloch seems to be reassessing his own earlier and considerably more critical stance toward the avant-garde. The 1938 essay shows a shift to a more positive evaluation both of the avant-garde in general and of such modernist techniques as montage and interior monologue in particular.¹² A crucial passage thus now runs as follows:

Here let us only say this much: Lukács presupposes everywhere a closed coherent reality, and one in which the subjective factor of idealism admittedly has no place, but instead the uninterrupted "totality" which has flourished best in idealistic systems, and thus also in those of classical German philosophy. Whether this is Reality is open to question; if it is, then of course the Expressionist experiments with intermission and montage, are empty games. But perhaps Lukács's reality, that of the endlessly mediated totality-coherence, is not so—objective at all; perhaps

Lukács's concept of Reality itself still contains classical-systematic features; perhaps genuine reality is also—interruption. Because Lukács has an objectivistically-closed concept of Reality, he therefore opposes, apropos of Expressionism, every artistic attempt to chop to pieces a world-picture (even if that world-picture is that of capitalism). He therefore sees in an art which utilizes *real* underminings of the surface-coherence and attempts to discover something new in the hollow spaces, only subjectivistic undermining itself; he therefore equates the experiment of chopping to pieces with the condition of decline. (*HoOT*, 246–47)

Present here *in nuce* are some of the most basic tenets of Marxist literary theory—and its fundamental crux. What is reality and how is it “reflected” in art (*Widerspiegelung*)? Can we know objectively what reality is (in its totality) or only subjectively (as fragmented, dissected, or discontinuous)? And if we can only know reality subjectively, how can we portray it objectively in its essence or totality (assuming, of course, that this is possible and desirable in the first place)? More concretely, is montage an objective representation (Bloch would probably avoid the term “objective” altogether—in the quotation above he is summarizing Lukács's argument) or a subjective representation of reality's fragmentation and its discontinuities? Bloch would claim that it is objective (again, if he were to choose that term at all), while Lukács would say it is subjective and hence empty or retrograde. In other words, while Bloch by 1938 might claim that montage is a representation of reality as it is, Lukács would undoubtedly continue to maintain that, if montage were indeed a representation of reality as it *appears* (*scheinen*), it is certainly not a representation of the true essence of reality (*das Wesen der Realität*), which is the object of any “genuine” realism.

There can be no doubt that Bloch was, at this point in time, a more independent thinker than Lukács; an undogmatic Marxist, he was struggling to detect, and then to make use of in his own aesthetic theory, the undeniable revolutionary force behind such works as Joyce's *Ulysses*, despite any ideological misgivings that he might harbor. Lukács, by contrast, was firmly entrenched on the side of the Party, positioning himself squarely on what Adorno would later, in “Extorted Reconciliation: On Lukács,” call “the dismal level of Soviet pseudo-intellectual production” (216).

Generally speaking, Lukács's essays of the 1930s appear very much in line with the concept of Socialist Realism as formulated by the Soviet ideologues at the First Soviet Writers' Congress in 1934. In the bylaws of the Soviet Writers' Union, which were endorsed by the participants of the Writers' Congress

(and not coincidentally published in German in the same volume, albeit an earlier issue, of *Internationale Literatur*, as was Radek's speech at the Congress), we read,

Socialist Realism, being the basic method of Soviet literature and literary criticism, demands from the artist the truthful, historically concrete depiction of reality in its revolutionary development. At the same time, truthfulness and historical concreteness of the artistic depiction of reality must be combined with the task of ideologically remolding and educating the working people in the spirit of socialism. (*Handbook of Russian Literature*, entry "Socialist Realism," 430)

If how to write in "the spirit of socialism"—and that meant in the spirit of the Party—was one of the main subjects of discussion at the First Soviet Writers' Congress, a second issue was Socialist Realism's relationship to the literary tradition(s) of the past, in particular the tradition of realism in literature and art. In his writings after 1934, Lukács, as the representative voice of the more orthodox line of Marxist thought, could be seen harking back to early-nineteenth-century classics of realism as his models: Johann Wolfgang Goethe, Honoré de Balzac, Heinrich Heine, and the like. Bloch, like Brecht after him, correctly points to the surprising affinity between Lukács's Marxist aesthetic program, purportedly materialistic and objective, and subjective German idealistic philosophy. Indeed, throughout Lukács's career and despite much moderating of his orthodoxy in his later writings, he never gave up this penchant for what he saw as the "Great Tradition" of nineteenth-century literature and philosophy, a tradition that, in his opinion, was now being eroded by the avant-garde. In his essay "Marx and the Problem of Ideological Decay," published in *Internationale Literatur* in early 1938, Lukács complains: "Great realism, therefore, perishes in the era of decay. And besides the overly apologetic anti-realism and pseudo-realism of the literature promoted by the reactionary bourgeoisie, we have a long chain of tendencies that try in a very 'radical' and 'avant-garde' fashion to liquidate the very foundations of realism" (166). Joyce is one of these tendencies, as Lukács makes clear elsewhere in this essay:

If decadent literature takes ever greater pains to eliminate plot and story from the literary aesthetic as "obsolete," this is precisely a self-defence of the decadent tendencies. For the portrayal of a story, a real plot, leads inevitably to testing feelings and experiences against the external world, weighing the living interaction with social reality and finding this light or heavy, genuine or false, whereas the psychological or

surrealistic introspection of the decadents (whether in the manner of Bourget or Joyce) simply offers the superficial internal life a completely unrestricted field, entirely free from any criticism. The danger that arises from this false subjectivism, the uninhibited living-out of the writer's internality, is that he stands facing a world of free experiment in which he can mingle uninhibitedly as he will. (145)

Clearly, what was lacking in the kind of "anti-realism and pseudo-realism" that Joyce—this member of the "reactionary bourgeoisie"—promulgated was less the reflection of reality *per se* than the reflection of reality as Lukács, or the Party, would like to see it reflected. Within an orthodox Marxist trajectory of literary history such as this, Joyce's *Ulysses* can serve only as a negative model and mold.

It is to this, as they see it, warped evaluation of literary and art history that Bloch and Hanns Eisler respond in their article in *Die neue Weltbühne*, published also in early 1938; head-on at the outset, they too tackle the problem of tradition versus modernity and experiment, but come to a very different conclusion:

The debates about tradition [more literally, what we inherit] make apparent how the socialist movement has been trying to solve cultural problems more responsibly and more actively than ever before. . . . But we often find our delight over the process of inheriting spoilt. While we may draw advantage from a great past there lurks there, too, the danger that our perspective on contemporary art might be obstructed, that we might abstractedly undervalue new directions in art. I [i.e., Bloch] recall having read in Lukács how the very latest machine is always the best, while the very latest work of art merely expresses the decay of capitalistic society all the more vainly. If, as the argument goes, the great days [literally, great deeds] of bourgeois culture have indeed come to an end with Goethe's death, I then ask, where are we to house our modern artists? ("Die Kunst zu erben," 258)

In this constructed dialogue between K., the so-called "Kunstfreund" or lover of art (Bloch), and P., the producer of art (Eisler), Eisler responds in direct allusion to the unnamed Lukács:

Movies, records, radio programs and, in general, the transformation of the social pattern of presentation have generated new problems of production that cannot be solved by reference alone to the greatness of

Beethoven or the decay of monopolistic capitalism. Likewise, the oh-so-popular “beautiful melody,” the harmony of the 19th century, is not a static phenomenon; quite to the contrary, it is a historical one that even a classicist approach cannot keep alive. That is why the theoretician [i.e., Lukács] who likes to pose as a schoolmaster should be more cautious about his recommendations to modern artists. Formalism will not be vanquished by academism, but rather by new subjects that require their own appropriate form, one determined by their new contents. The great artists of old did no differently. The freshness, boldness and authenticity, this concrete relationship to the present, to the here and now, is what we must learn from them. Only then can we understand and develop their forms. This is the only way that we can productively assume our cultural inheritance. (260–61)

What Bloch adds about Arnold Schönberg could just as easily apply to Joyce: “Let’s do acknowledge,” he remarks, “that Schönberg is not so much a product of decay, but that in fighting for forty years to acquire a new style he has become an exemplary historical personality” (261).

It is precisely at this juncture and after many a “commodious vicus of recirculation” that Joyce reenters the ongoing debate on Expressionism. In his 1938 essay “Es geht um den Realismus” (“It’s Realism That’s at Stake”), published in *Das Wort*, Lukács responds directly to Bloch’s and Eisler’s challenge. However, rather than choose a German novel as the subject for censure—in particular German literature’s prime example of a modernist text based on literary montage, Alfred Döblin’s famous 1929 novel *Berlin Alexanderplatz*, could have been used fruitfully by Lukács to muster his arguments—he opts for James Joyce’s *Ulysses*. In his correspondence about the Expressionism debate and Socialist Realism with Anna Seghers, one of the great German representatives of that tradition, Lukács later confesses that he “used Joyce and Dos Passos only because Bloch had chosen them to represent the epitome of modern avant-garde literature” (“A Correspondence with Anna Seghers,” 176). But there was an additional incentive: Joyce and Dos Passos had also been the prime examples cited by Radek and other discussants at the 1934 Congress of Soviet Writers.

Lukács begins this essay by distinguishing three main movements within contemporary German literature: first, the anti-realists and pseudo-realists, who support the “system” apologetically (it is unclear whether Lukács here means fascism or late capitalism or both); second, the “so-called avant-garde”

from naturalism to Surrealism, which “distances” itself from realism to the point where it is “liquidated” altogether (this is where Joyce is positioned, as we already saw in “Marx and the Problem of Ideological Decay”); and third, what he calls “important realists,” represented primarily by Thomas and Heinrich Mann (193–94). It is this third group of socially engaged realist writers that Lukács endorses, much as Radek, in his speech to the Congress of Soviet Writers, had previously endorsed the likes of Balzac and Tolstoy as models for contemporary Socialist Realism (179 and 182). Making reference to the section of Bloch’s essay “Discussions of Expressionism” cited earlier (246–47), Lukács concurs with Bloch that to grasp and define what is truly subjective and objective one would have to address the whole gamut of problems posed by the dialectical-materialistic theory of representation (195). Rather than traversing that slippery terrain, he picks up on comments and claims made by Bloch in *Heritage of Our Times* in order to sum up the two crucial issues from his perspective: “The debate is not about classicism versus modernity, but rather which writer, which literary movement represents the side of *progress* in today’s literature? It is all about *realism*” (“Es geht um den Realismus,” 194). “For the crucial question is,” he adds, “much more basic: does the ‘closed context,’ the ‘totality’ of the capitalistic system, of bourgeois society in its processual unity of economy and ideology [i.e., the material base and superstructure] exist objectively, independently of our consciousness, and does it form a whole within reality?” (195–96)—Lukács, following Karl Marx, believes this is, indeed, the case. Lukács also grants that, especially in times of crisis, the “surface” (“Oberfläche”) of capitalism might appear ruptured, causing people to perceive and writers to represent it as such (197). But it is this very crisis of capitalism itself which, while making things *appear* to fall apart, constitutes the hidden unity within the larger historical process. “As every Marxist knows,” Lukács reminds us in the schoolmasterly tone for which Bloch and Eisler had admonished him, “the basic economic factors of capitalism are always represented inversely in the minds of people” (197). The implication is, of course, that Marxist writers must represent not what is subjectively real in the minds of people, as a mere surface of things, but rather what is objectively real below that surface; this Lukács defines as the “true dialectical unity of appearance and essence” (“der richtigen dialektischen Einheit von Erscheinung und Wesen,” 199).

In Lukács’s opinion, *Ulysses* neither represents the totality of the system in an objective literary manner, flaunting merely a subjective surface, nor does its ungroomed “surrealism” compare well with what he calls the “well-groomed

bourgeoisness" ("soignierte Bürgerlichkeit," 199) of Thomas Mann. Following a lengthy treatise on the recommended kind of realism, Lukács returns to Joyce, arguing the following:

Precisely because this kind of literature lacks reality, because it lacks life, it thrusts upon its reader (in a politically sectarian manner) a narrow and subjectivistic notion of life. Through its crafted richness, on the other hand, realism provides the reader with the answers to his questions—answers life itself would give to the questions it poses! By contrast, to try to comprehend the art of the "avantgarde" is a drudgery that produces at best such a subjectivistic, distorted, and deformed sensation of reality that it will be impossible for the man on the street to translate this back into the language of his personal experience. (228)

It is apparent that, for Lukács, a main issue, if not *the* main issue beyond the directly ideological definition of realism, is the readability and accessibility of the literary text for the common reader. This is what in German came to be termed (untranslatably) the issue of "Volkstümlichkeit" (a combination of *popular* and *folksiness*), a term, ironically, that was mustered as much by National Socialist theoreticians of literature as by their Marxist counterparts.¹³ What cannot be translated into the everyday language of the commoner (Zhdanov would say workers and peasants) must be regarded as "subjectivistic, distorted, and deformed"—again language that might as easily have appeared in a Nazi invective against "degenerate art," "entartete Kunst," as in Marxist descriptions of decadent bourgeois art. The "raggedness of surface" ("Zerrissenheit der Oberfläche," 201) that characterizes Joyce disqualifies him as a "true realist" and progressive writer—as represented, for instance, by Thomas Mann despite his bourgeois background. "Of course," Lukács adds,

these principles are never carried through consistently one hundred percent, not even by Joyce. A one hundred percent chaos exists only in the mind of the madman, as Schopenhauer observed, who also said rightly that a one hundred percent solipsism could only be found in a lunatic asylum. But since chaos constitutes the ideological premise of the avant-garde, all connecting principles must stem from materials foreign to its contents. Whence its mounted ["montiert"] commentaries, whence its simultaneism and so forth. All this cannot but be a surrogate which illustrates all the more the one-directionality of this art. (212)

It is quite understandable that a communist like Brecht, a writer who himself made frequent use of montage and occasional use of interior monologue,

would feel snubbed by sentences like these. Indeed, in a notebook entry in 1938 Brecht declared, “Do not sanctify with an air of infallibility the one and only manner in which to describe a room, don’t excommunicate montage, don’t put the interior monologue on the index!”¹⁴ In another entry, “Glossen zu einer formalistischen Realismustheorie” (“Glosses on a Formalistic Theory of Realism”), he observes:

Those who [. . .] define realism purely formalistically (as the kind of realism that characterized the bourgeois novel of the 1890s) can take exception to montage, interior monologue, or the alienation effect in many ways, but not from the perspective of realism. Of course there is a kind of interior monologue that might be called formalistic, but also one that is realistic; likewise with montage you can depict the world correctly or crookedly.¹⁵

Here “montage” and “interior monologue,” the techniques that Brecht and Joyce employ, as well as Brecht’s own alienation effect, are viewed as essential components of a successful “Realism” with a capital “R.” In shrewdly turning the tables on Lukács, it is the orthodox theoretician who has now metamorphosed into a formalist—note the title of one of Brecht’s notebook entries directed against Lukács, “Über den formalistischen Charakter der Realismustheorie,” that is, “On the Formalistic Character of the Theory of Realism”!

Around 1938, Brecht wrote no fewer than ten such entries relating to the Expressionism debate. The discussions in *Das Wort* and, in particular, Lukács’s provocative essay on realism had prompted him to formulate and refine his own ideas on literary tradition and literary inheritance (“Erbe”), realism and Expressionism, realism and formalism, Marxist representation and montage, and the writer’s relationship to his or her audience (here compressed into the term “Volkstümlichkeit”). Published only posthumously in the mid-1960s, they contain a veritable compendium of Brecht’s Marxist-modernist creed, yet were, of course, unavailable at the time to the participants of the Expressionism debate itself. In many of these notebook and diary entries, Joyce came to play a central role. It is Joyce who is constantly referred to as the prototype of a contemporary avant-gardist/realist who uses formalism, here meaning experimental literary technique, to enhance rather than to destroy the realistic effect. And it is *Ulysses* that is cited as the exemplary text. For instance, in the 1938 entry mentioned above, “Practical Comments on the Expressionism Debate,” Brecht engages Joyce at the very outset to rebut Lukács’s claim that Thomas Mann is superior to Joyce as a realist based on the criteria of readability and accessibility:

And is Mann's *Joseph*-novel really written in so much more of a popular vein [*volkstümlicher*] than *Ulysses*? I have heard Joyce's novel praised by intelligent readers for its realism. Not that they praised him for his style as such (some even used the term mannerism), but they felt it somehow conveyed a realistic content. They would probably call me a compromiser if I were to admit that *Ulysses* nearly made me laugh as much as did *Schwejk*, and yet only realistic satires ever succeed in this. (305)

Brecht sees clearly that the Expressionism debate had degenerated into a controversy over formalism or decadence versus realism, the former being judged negatively by dogmatic Marxists, the latter positively. As someone favorably inclined toward experimentation, Brecht obviously felt under pressure to take up the cudgels for such ostracized compatriots in style as Joyce and Dos Passos, even if they were not Marxist writers. In a diary entry of September 1938, he observes laconically: "in literary articles in journals edited by marxists the concept of *decadence* is appearing more and more frequently of late. I discover that decadence includes me. This is naturally of great interest to me" (*Bertolt Brecht Journals*, 16). On another occasion, he notes:

Realism is not a question of form. You can't abstract form from one realist alone (or even a small sampling of realists) and call it the one-and-only realistic form. That is unrealistic. . . . Yet on the other hand, works that do not spotlight some new aspect of reality can hardly be called great works of realism: No realist confines himself to repeating what you already know. ("Praktisches zur Expressionismusdebatte," 307)

In more practical terms, he contends in "On the Formalistic Character of the Theory of Realism":

In Joyce's great satirical novel, *Ulysses*, there is—besides the use of various styles of writing and other unusual features—the so-called interior monologue. A petit bourgeois woman lies in the bed in the morning and meditates. Her thoughts are reproduced disconnectedly, criss-crossing, flowing through each other. This chapter could hardly have been written but for Freud. The reproaches which it drew upon its author were the same as Freud in his day suffered. He was pelted with: pornography, morbid pleasure in filth, overemphasizing events below the navel, immorality, and so on. Astonishingly, some Marxists associated themselves with this nonsense and in their revulsion added the epithet of petit bourgeois. As a technical method the interior monologue was equally

rejected; it was said to be *formalistic*. I have never understood the reason. The fact that Tolstoy would have done it differently is no reason to reject Joyce's method. The criticisms were so superficially formulated. ("Über den formalistischen Charakter der Realismustheorie," 313)

On yet another occasion and again reacting against critical remarks promulgated by Lukács, Brecht defends, first, Dos Passos and his method of deploying montage and then alludes, it appears, to Joyce's choice of characters for *Ulysses*: "For us, individuals take on life through the representation of the activities of human society, whether these be 'small' or 'large.' It is simply wrong to say: Take a great individual and let him act and react" ("Bemerkungen zu einem Aufsatz," 319).

Lukács, however, had implied precisely that when he reproached "surrealist" writers like Joyce it was because their characters (supposedly) lacked the requisite "prophetic" dimension, meaning an anticipation of the future greatness and harmony of (socialist) humanity ("Es geht um den Realismus," 215). Lukács's remarks echo many of Andrey Zhdanov's and Radek's comments and recommendations at the First Soviet Writers' Congress. In 1934 Zhdanov had proclaimed:

In our country the main heroes of works of literature are the active builders of a new life—working men and women, men and women collective farmers, Party members, business managers, engineers, members of the Young Communist League, Pioneers. Such are the chief types and the chief heroes of our Soviet literature. Our literature is impregnated with enthusiasm and the spirit of heroic deeds. It is optimistic. . . . Characteristic of the decadence and decay of bourgeois culture are the orgies of mysticism and superstition, the passion for pornography. ("Soviet Literature," 20 and 19)

If this did not suffice to disqualify the petit bourgeois Leopold and Molly Bloom (not to mention the petit bourgeois aesthete Stephen Dedalus), Radek, in "Contemporary World Literature and the Task of Proletarian Art," adds the final blow: "We say to the would-be aesthetic writers, who are unacquainted with great deeds and are therefore unacquainted with really great human beings, that in the capitalist world they cannot find people to compare with the statues of ancient times" (159). That Bloom cannot compare to Odysseus is, of course, the whole point of Joyce's narrative—and yet he does measure up to his predecessor of old in many subtle ways. But this objection would hardly have satisfied Radek, who maintains that

Joyce's specific character, his historical role is not to be sought for in any irrational invention of literary technique. Joyce's form is in keeping with his content, and the content of Joyce is a reflection of that which is most reactionary in the petty bourgeoisie. Joyce can curse at god and curse at imperialist England, but he does not lead artists the right way. Joyce does not choose as the object of his observations the whole world with its mighty contradictions. (180)

This last point echoes Lukács's main line of attack against Joyce.

Compared with Radek's and Lukács's aggressive orthodox one-sidedness, Brecht's take on Joyce appears positively balanced and self-consciously critical. He doubts that one can improve the world and create a great realistic novel simply by choosing to rid one's characters of all their human flaws and capitalistic blemishes: "The writer who judges people merely 'differently' than capitalists and who portrays them as 'round,' 'harmonious,' or 'spiritually rich,'" he contends, "would only be producing round characters on paper and would be a horrible formalist" ("Bemerkungen zum Formalismus," 324). What Brecht says about Dos Passos applies equally well to Joyce:

In reality the decline of the bourgeoisie is made apparent by the terrible erosion of its literature, one that only formally remains realistic; despite the destruction of realistic forms, or maybe precisely because of the destruction of realistic forms that they exhibit, works like those by Dos Passos testify to the emergence of a new realism. (325)

As a practitioner of literature who recognized the value of technical innovation, Brecht remained skeptical of the orthodox take on Joyce. In a postscript to the Expressionism debate and as yet another rejoinder to the orthodox line of thought represented by Radek and Lukács, Brecht observed in 1940 in "Notizen über realistische Schreibweise" ("Notes on the Style of Realism"):

The techniques used by Joyce and Döblin are not just the products of decline; if you eliminate their influence instead of modifying it, all you get is the influence of the dry-as-dust Hemingway and Co. The works by Joyce and Döblin illustrate in a remarkable way the historical contradiction into which the means and conditions of production have gotten us. To a certain degree these works do represent the means of production. Hence, socialist writers in particular can derive from these documents of hopelessness some highly developed technical principles—interior

monologue (Joyce), the variation of style (Joyce), the dissociation of elements (Döblin, Dos Passos), the associative style (Joyce, Döblin), the montage of current materials (Dos Passos), alienation (Kafka). You see what I mean. We need many models; we learn the most through comparison. (188–89)

“Contradiction,” and how to deal with it in literature, is obviously the crucial issue here, as it is in Marx’s politico-economic theory. It is, from any truly Marxist point of view, the driving force behind world history; it is the central principle underlying dialectical materialism, as well as Hegelian philosophy.

Unrelated to the Expressionism debate but written around that time (probably 1938), the entry “Dialektik und Verfremdung” (“Dialectics and Alienation”) in his notebooks also records the following brief but immensely illuminating equations: “1) Alienation as understanding (understanding—not understanding—understanding), negation of negation. 2) Accumulation of incomprehensibilities, until communication occurs (sudden shift from quantity to quality)” (401).¹⁶ Here the avant-gardist Brecht fuses in aesthetic terms the Hegelian dialectical principle of the negation of negation with Marx’s subsidiary notion of an accumulation in contradiction; this accumulation in contradiction ultimately causes the shift (or in terms of dialectical materialism, the revolution) from quantity to quality to occur. The merged principles allow the practitioner Brecht to formulate a Marxist aesthetics that can productively account for modernist literary experimentation, an aesthetics, incidentally, that presages Adorno’s negative aesthetics to which we will return momentarily. While Brecht is alluding first and foremost to his own theory of the alienation effect (“Verfremdungseffekt”), these comments apply just as readily to interpretations of other modernists’ writings, in particular *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*.

Whether we view Joyce as a formalist, a realist, or a unique combination of both, we must agree with what Brecht wrote in 1928, that is, long before the German Expressionism debate and the Marxist controversy over the literary avant-garde came to a head. Responding to a questionnaire regarding the best book of the year, Brecht replied: “The novel *Ulysses* by James Joyce, because—according to Döblin—it has changed the status of the novel; as a compendium of various approaches to representation (introduction of the interior monologue and so forth), it forms an indispensable reference work for writers.”¹⁷

While the Expressionism debate, for all intents and purposes, came to a

close in 1938, the central issues did not evaporate, nor were they ever resolved. Nearly twenty years later, in 1957, yet as a direct extension of the earlier debate, Lukács gave a lecture entitled “The Meaning of Contemporary Realism.” Published in German under two titles, *Die Gegenwartsbedeutung des kritischen Realismus* and *Wider den mißverstandenen Realismus*, this treatise revealed his continuing preoccupation with the ideological opposition and resulting aesthetic conflict between the avant-garde and realism, form and content, surface and essence. Remaining true to his positive ideologization of realism, he proclaims the following as the primary agenda for his book: “Our starting-point, then, is really the point of convergence of two antitheses: the antithesis between realism and Modernism and the antithesis between peace and war” (“The Meaning,” 15). While modernism is equated with “anti-realism” (17) and war, one of the greatest dangers facing modernist art theory and criticism is “the exaggerated concern with formal criteria, with questions of style and literary technique” (17). His own stated goal is, by contrast, to “chart the possibilities of a bourgeois realism” that defines itself—or, rather, is defined by Lukács—as a continuation of the “humanist revolt against imperialism,” its leading representatives being Anatole France, Romain Rolland, George Bernard Shaw, Theodore Dreiser, Heinrich Mann, and Thomas Mann (16).

Again Joyce and *Ulysses* are the favored targets of Lukács’s derogatory comments on modernism, and again Joyce is framed as the great antagonist in opposition to Thomas Mann. At one point Lukács zeros in on Joyce’s use of interior monologue; “compare, for instance,” he prods,

Bloom’s monologue in the lavatory or Molly’s monologue in bed, at the beginning and at the end of *Ulysses*, with Goethe’s early-morning monologue as conceived by Thomas Mann in his *Lotte in Weimar* [Lukács is referring to the passage I cited in Chapter 2]. Plainly, the same stylistic technique is being employed. And certain of Thomas Mann’s remarks about Joyce and his methods would appear to confirm this. Yet it is not easy to think of any two novels more basically dissimilar than *Ulysses* and *Lotte in Weimar*. This is true even of the superficially rather similar scenes I have indicated. (17–18)

Lukács then goes on to explain this difference in exhaustive detail. I cite extensively from these paragraphs in order to illustrate how he comes to disqualify certain traits of Joyce’s bourgeois modernism while maintaining his positive evaluation of Thomas Mann’s equally bourgeois realism. First, this is how Lukács summarizes Thomas Mann’s aesthetic achievement:

With Thomas Mann . . . the *monologue intérieur* is simply a technical device, allowing the author to explore aspects of Goethe's world which would not have been otherwise available. Goethe's experience is not presented as confined to momentary sense-impressions. The artist reaches down to the core of Goethe's personality, to the complexity of his relations with his own past, present, and even future experience. The stream of association is only apparently free. The monologue is composed with the utmost artistic rigour: it is a carefully plotted sequence gradually piercing to the core of Goethe's personality. Every person or event, emerging momentarily from the stream and vanishing again, is given a specific weight, a definite position, in the pattern of the whole. However unconventional the presentation, the compositional principle is that of the traditional epic; in the way the pace is controlled, and the transitions and climaxes are organized, the ancient rules of epic narration are faithfully observed. (18)

And this is how he describes Joyce's method and purportedly latent intention:

I refer to the fact that with Joyce the stream-of-consciousness technique is no mere stylistic device; it is itself the formative principle governing the narrative pattern and the presentation of character. Technique here is something absolute; it is part and parcel of the aesthetic ambition informing *Ulysses*. . . . It would be absurd, in view of Joyce's artistic ambitions and his manifest abilities, to qualify the exaggerated attention he gives to the detailed recording of sense-data, and his comparative neglect of ideas and emotions, as artistic failure. All this was in conformity with Joyce's artistic intentions; and, by use of such techniques, he may be said to have achieved them satisfactorily. But between Joyce's intentions and those of Thomas Mann there is a total opposition. The perpetually oscillating patterns of sense- and memory-data, their powerfully charged—but aimless and directionless—fields of force, give rise to an epic structure which is *static*, reflecting a belief in the basically static character of events. (18)

Thomas Mann's *rigour*, *careful plotting*, and *control* stand in implacable opposition to Joyce's *exaggeration*, *neglect*, and *aimlessness*. Terms used elsewhere to characterize the avant-garde include "sensational" (19), "abstract schematism" (24), "glorification of the abnormal," "perversity" and "anti-humanism" (32), "lack of perspective" (34), and "disintegration of personality" (39). Lukács sums it up thus:

If we combine what we have up to now discussed separately we arrive at a consistent pattern. We see that Modernism leads not only to the destruction of traditional literary forms; it leads to the destruction of literature as such. And this is true not only of Joyce, or of the literature of Expressionism and Surrealism. . . . Modernism means not the enrichment, but the negation of art. (45–46)

It is not my intention to quibble with Lukács—any reader of these comments will have as many bones to pick with him as I. But, of course, we have the advantage of hindsight. We have seen the rise and decline of the Soviet empire and, in its wake, the rise and decline of Socialist Realism. And in all fairness one has to acknowledge that, for Lukács writing around 1957, the central issue was one of defining the future, not of a bland and aesthetically uninspiring orthodox Socialist Realism that was at least as “static” as modernism, but a realism that Lukács regarded as both “dynamic and developmental” (19), “*individual and typical*” (43). It had become clear to him by that time that such literary devices as interior monologue or the inclusion of “sense-data” or even the depiction of a man in a lavatory were not inherently decadent, nor devoid of reality per se. In other words, he was coming closer to Brecht’s position whereby formal innovation and literary technique were considered, on their own merit, as neither realistic nor anti-realistic—whence the introduction of the notion of authorial intent and *Weltanschauung*: “It is the view of the world, the ideology or *Weltanschauung* underlying a writer’s work, that counts,” Lukács now argues, “and it is the writer’s attempt to reproduce this view of the world which constitutes his ‘intention’ and is the formative principle underlying the style of a given piece of writing” (19). That is to say, all this is played out not in the work at hand, in its formal or stylistic characteristics, but rather in the author’s mind, in the underlying ideology of a given writer—and who would be a better judge of that than Lukács?¹⁸

Another key concept that Lukács introduces in this essay, modernist art’s negativity, harks back to the notion of decadence and degeneracy, “*Entartung*,” now camouflaged as “distortion.” He writes—and one can easily make out Joyce’s *Dubliners* (“paralysis”) as well as Leopold Bloom (“*homme moyen sensuel*”) behind these observations:

A typology [of modernism] limited in this way to the *homme moyen sensuel* and the idiot [Lukács here is probably referring less to Dostoevsky’s novel than William Faulkner’s figure of Benjy in *The Sound and the Fury*]

also opens the door to “experimental” stylistic distortion. Distortion becomes as inseparable a part of the portrayal of reality as the recourse to the pathological. But literature must have a concept of the normal if it is to “place” distortion correctly; that is to say, to see it *as* distortion. With such a typology this placing is impossible, since the normal is no longer a proper object of literary interest. Life under capitalism is, often rightly, presented as a distortion (a petrification or paralysis) of the human substance. But to present psychopathology as a way of escape from this distortion is itself a distortion. We are invited to measure one type of distortion against another and arrive, necessarily, at universal distortion [. . .]. Distortion becomes the normal condition of human existence; the proper study, the formative principle, of art and literature. (“The Meaning,” 33)

This uniquely encompassing, yet provocatively undifferentiated negativism was soon to incur the wrath of another great German Marxist philosopher-cum-critic, Theodor W. Adorno. In his scathing and nearly legendary 1958 riposte referred to earlier, “Erpreßte Versöhnung: Zu Georg Lukács: *Wider den mißverstandenen Realismus*” (“Extorted Reconciliation: On Lukács’ *Realism in Our Time*”), Adorno once and for all pulled the rug out from under Lukács’s orthodox anti-modernist (or in Adorno’s own terms “stubborn vulgar materialis[ti]c”) premise (155). While he recognizes a softening of Lukács’s earlier Party-line orthodoxy, noting, for instance, how Lukács had for the first time expressed a tentative approval of some of Brecht’s recent poems, he simultaneously excoriates the Hungarian critic and philosopher for his indefatigable dogmatism, reductionism, and narrowness of mind. Adorno’s criticism is summed up in the following passage:

Despite emphatic protestations to the contrary, Lukács continues to share with the commissars of culture a subsumptive *modus operandi* which operates from above with labels like critical and Socialist Realism. Hegel’s critique of Kantian formalism in aesthetics is reduced to the oversimplified assertion that in modern art style, form, and technique are vastly overrated—as if Lukács did not know that it is through these moments that art as knowledge is distinguished from scientific knowledge, that works of art which were indifferent to their mode of presentation would negate their own concept. What looks like formalism to Lukács aims, through the structuring of the elements in accordance with the work’s own formal law, at the same “immanence of meaning”

that Lukács is pursuing, instead of forcing the meaning into the work from the outside by fiat, something he himself considers impossible and yet objectively defends. He willfully misinterprets the form-constitutive moments of modern art as *accidentia*, contingent additions to an inflated subject, instead of recognizing their objective function in the aesthetic substance. (218)

While many today might object to Adorno's use of the term "objective function," which reminds us of Lukács's own epistemologically naive reliance on "objectivity" and "objective reality," there can be no doubt of the fact that what we are dealing with here is a fundamental debate between what Adorno stylizes as a dogmatically rigid Marxist literary criticism and an enlightened Marxist aesthetics. The former views literary form as functionally subordinated and sometimes even extraneous to literature's social content and ideological message, ultimately requiring of great literature transparency of form and accessibility of content. By contrast, the latter regards form, style, complexity, ambiguity, and even impenetrability of form and opaqueness of language as the very preconditions of the greatness of any modern work of art; here literature's intransigence and resistance to comprehension embody positive aesthetic qualities.¹⁹ Thus, Adorno elaborates:

Only in the crystallization of its own formal law and not in a passive acceptance of objects does art converge with what is real. In art knowledge is aesthetically mediated through and through. In art even what Lukács considers to be solipsism and a regression to the illusionary immediacy of the subject does not signify a denial of the object, as it does in bad epistemologies, but rather aims dialectically at reconciliation with the object. The object is taken into the subject in the form of an image rather than turning to stone in front of it like an object under the spell of the alienated world. Through the contradiction between this object that has been reconciled within an image, that is, spontaneously assimilated into the subject, and the real, unreconciled object out there in the world, the work of art criticizes reality. It represents negative knowledge of reality. In analogy to a current philosophical expression, we might speak of "aesthetic difference" from existence: only by virtue of this difference, and not by denying it, does the work of art become both work of art and correct consciousness. A theory of art that refuses to acknowledge this is philistine and ideological at the same time. ("Extorted Reconciliation," 224–25)

Adorno is quick to provide counter-arguments to Lukács's "demagogery" (221) that lumps together the various and thoroughly divergent strands of modernism that are invoked by the names of Marcel Proust, Franz Kafka, James Joyce, Gottfried Benn, Samuel Beckett, Ernst Jünger, Martin Heidegger, Walter Benjamin, and even Adorno himself (221).

More important for our purpose is the fact that, inasmuch as Adorno levels his attack against the Marxist "philistine" Lukács in order to refine his own negative aesthetics, Joyce might well be considered one of its preeminent sources. Over and again, Adorno cites, only to rebut, Lukács's criticism of Joyce in general and *Ulysses* in particular, creating in the process some of the most acute and consequential formulations of his evolving aesthetic theory. Both *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* are, for Adorno, perfect examples of what he is driving at when he asserts that "it is only through 'technique' that the intention of what is presented—to which Lukács assigns the concept, itself disreputable, of 'perspective'—can be realized in literature at all" (226). And again the avant-garde device of interior monologue is employed to substantiate his claim that this Joycean technique is not a mere stratagem—as Lukács would have it—that betrays nothing but bourgeois subjectivity, hollowness, and decadence:

The *monologue intérieur*, the worldlessness of modern art that Lukács is so indignant about, is both the truth and the illusion of a free-floating subjectivity. The truth, because in a world that is everywhere atomistic, alienation rules human beings and because—as we may concede to Lukács—they thereby become shadows. But the free-floating subject is an illusion, because the social totality is objectively prior to the individual; that totality becomes consolidated and reproduces itself in and through alienation, the social contradiction. The great avant-garde works of art cut through this illusion of subjectivity both by throwing the frailty of the individual into relief and by grasping the totality in the individual, who is a moment in the totality and yet can know nothing about it. In Joyce, Lukács thinks, Dublin, and in Kafka and [Robert] Musil, the Hapsburg Monarchy, can be felt—*hors programme*, so to speak—as an atmospheric "backcloth" to the action, but that, he says, is a mere by-product; for the sake of his *thema probandum*, he turns the negative epic abundance that accumulates, the substantial, into a secondary issue. (225)

In particular, Adorno rejects Lukács's assertion that the modernism of Joyce is in principle static and ahistorical, replying as follows:

Even in Joyce, the foundation of the work is not the timeless man-as-such that Lukács would like to assume it is, but a most historical man. All the Irish folklore that appears in it notwithstanding, Joyce does not create a fictional mythology beyond the world he represents but rather tries to conjure up that world's essence, or its essential horror, by mythifying it, as it were, through the stylistic principle the Lukács of today holds in contempt. One is almost tempted to judge the stature of avant-garde writing by the criterion of whether the historical moments become essential in them as historical moments rather than being flattened out into timelessness. (224–25)

Here, as in the earlier debates of the 1930s, the very stature and function of the avant-garde is at stake, the most contentious issue being its relationship to politics and history. Nearly throughout these exchanges, *Ulysses* was used as the preferred argumentative foil and testing ground. In one respect, this comes as no surprise; after all, it was considered by many in the thirties to be the most radical experiment imaginable in literary modernism—and already word of an even more radical experiment in language, “Work in Progress,” was spreading rapidly in intellectual circles. In their formal virtuosity and linguistic unapproachability, these two texts appeared to many not just to be forbidding territory, but also the fruits of a demented mind.

But let us remind ourselves just how remarkable this prolonged focus on Joyce really was; after all, these are debates conducted in German by mostly German Marxists, surviving Hitler's reign of terror in exile, in large part even in Soviet exile in Moscow, writing under the harshest of living and working conditions. It is also remarkable that, in a time when Joyce's works were difficult to obtain, these German critics and writers chose to focus on Joyce and not on their own modernists, in particular Alfred Döblin and Franz Kafka. Only in Lukács's 1957 essay did Kafka take precedence over Joyce as the prime example of modernism; here Lukács observes:

[Kafka] has emptied everyday life of meaning by using the allegorical method; he has allowed detail to be annihilated by his transcendental Nothingness. This allegorical transcendence bars Kafka's way to realism, prevents him from investing observed detail with typical significance. Kafka is not able, in spite of his extraordinary evocative power, in spite of his unique sensibility, to achieve that fusion of the particular and the general which is the essence of realistic art. . . . The particularity we find in Beckett and Joyce, in Musil and Benn, various

as the treatment of it may be, is essentially of the same kind. (“The Meaning,” 45)

But again Adorno is right: Lukács subsumes too much under one and the same heading. Joyce, Kafka, and Musil, Beckett, and Benn—do not worlds lie between them, both in terms of form and content as well as in terms of Weltanschauung and ideology? This may be the ultimate weakness of the debates surveyed here in outline. By dint of their political need to oppose modernism and the avant-garde to realism and Socialist Realism on the one hand, and capitalism and fascism to socialism on the other, too many arguments were skewed and too many boundaries blurred.



In surveying these debates and demarcating “Joyce’s” role in them, my interest has not been to verify or correct early Marxist interpretations and criticisms of Joyce in general, or of *Ulysses* in particular, nor was it to proffer my own political reading of Joyce. Rather, what attracted my attention within this material was the dynamics of reception, the ways in which Joyce and his work were quarried by Marxists of various shades and colors in order to promote their personal aesthetic doctrine and to further a particular ideological objective. The focus has thus been neither Joyce’s work nor even the writer himself but rather, to use Foucault’s catchphrase, Joyce as “author-function,” as someone who performs a “classificatory function [that] permits one to group together a certain number of texts, define them, differentiate them from and contrast them to others” (“What Is an Author?,” 147). This explains why I placed his name in inverted commas earlier in this paragraph. Joyce as a person was never directly involved in this debate, yet by indirection he and his work were ever-present. Even for Marxist literary criticism, the archpriest of bourgeois, if not petit bourgeois, experimentalism, Joyce and his—in Bloch’s words—“cathedral of relativism,” *Ulysses*, became a defining space.

In a similar way, one might attach inverted commas to *Ulysses* in order to indicate not the physical work but the received text.²⁰ On occasion *Ulysses* had been barely read or possibly not read at all—as in all probability was the case with Radek, as I surmised earlier. At other times, a critic might have had a basic grasp of the outline but maybe not more than that. And yet “*Ulysses*”—that is, *Ulysses* as received through a particular ideological lens or Marxist aesthetic template—was employed to serve all kinds of purposes and all kinds of masters. But this is easily said in hindsight from the perspective of a less turbulent epoch; let us not forget how ideologically bewildering, psychologically

demanding, emotionally disconcerting, and physically uprooting the times were for these critics, most of whom had recently been forced into exile and a tenuous existence within a foreign language and culture. Due to the adversities and suffering produced by the various communist and fascist revolutions and purges, World War II and its aftermath, and the ensuing ideological Cold War and economic reconstruction, few people had the time or even the literary sensibility to reach what we today might consider an appropriate understanding of the complexities of *Ulysses*.

And let us not forget, too, that the novel itself was only just beginning to help form the kind of critical appreciation and theoretical sophistication that scholars today are accustomed to bringing to the book—and to literature more widely—but that, in many ways, was still lacking—or simply not requisite—between the 1930s and 1950s. Either way, “*Ulysses*”—or, in Paul Michael Lützeler’s words, this “cunning schizomycete of the ideological fronts” (*Zeitgeschichte in Geschichte der Zeit*, 113)—became a function of argument, a site of contestation and negotiation, for or against experimentalism, formalism, the avant-garde, realism in general and Socialist Realism more specifically, the portrayal of a day in the life of a petit bourgeois (spent partially in a lavatory) or the depiction of contemporary subjectivity through interior monologue. Especially for Marxist critics, the book, in its radical departure from accustomed ways of realistic storytelling, provided a sort of calibration instrument with which to test, modify, and delimit their rapidly evolving aesthetic program and literary practice. Not surprisingly, the interpretations of *Ulysses* that we have encountered over the course of this chapter in many ways seem to derive more from the critics’ philosophical presuppositions and outlook and their ideological circumstances and contingencies than the actual *Gestalt* of the book itself.

In this regard, Marxist critics here serve only as yet another example of what any reader does with and to a text, *any* text that is. Whether read or not, whether understood or not (whatever “understanding” might suggest in this context), *Ulysses* is invariably tailored, or domesticated, to suit one’s ideological needs at a given point in time. Granted, this is no new insight; indeed, the recognition of the variability and historical significance of readers’ responses was the main contribution of German reader-response criticism to literary theory, a movement that has faded somewhat from our critical awareness without its tenets being any less valuable or any less relevant today. Indeed, not just this chapter on the Marxist reception of Joyce’s *Ulysses* but the preceding chapters, too, document, if nothing else, both the Protean fluidity and

pliancy of reception historical processes and the multifariousness of uses to which Joyce's works could be put and have been put.

What all this suggests, too—and the chapters in this volume have all borne this out—is that Joyce's *Ulysses*, from the moment of its publication in 1922, became the twentieth century's prime "foundational" literary text even in a literature of the non-English-speaking world. If "Joyce"—as persona rather than as person—perfectly embodies what Foucault described as an "author-function," "*Ulysses*" emerges analogously as the prime example of the corresponding "text-function" (a concept, incidentally and rather surprisingly, that Foucault did not introduce in his famous essay).

Whether we subscribe to Eliot, who called Joyce's use of the *Odyssey* a "scientific discovery," one "which others must pursue after him" ("*Ulysses*, Order, and Myth," 177), or whether we subscribe to the notion of Joyce as the epitome of Foucault's "author-function," both have in common that they would see the author of *Ulysses* as a "founder of discursivity." My survey of and peregrination across nearly nine decades of twentieth-century German literary history is ample testament to the role that Joyce—or the instrumentalized persona and "author-function" "Joyce" in inverted commas—has played as precisely such a "founder of discursivity" within one select literary tradition. From early-twentieth-century German modernism to the late 1930s Marxist debate about *Volkstümlichkeit* and Socialist Realism, from Alfred Döblin's reinvigoration of the big-city novel in *Berlin Alexanderplatz* to Hans Henny Jahnn's, Thomas Mann's, and Hermann Broch's reappropriation of the interior monologue, from Arno Schmidt's postwar experimentalism and Heinrich Böll's neo-realism to Ernst Jandl's concrete poetry and Wolfgang Hildesheimer's novels and essays on Joyce, from Adorno's negative aesthetics to Wolfgang Iser's reception aesthetics, Joyce/"Joyce" has served as a central discursive node of both programmatic literary theoretical discussion and prose practical experimentation and innovation within twentieth-century German literature. What Shakespeare was to the Germans in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—a model of linguistic exuberance, a primer of poetic technique, the epitome of poetic inspiration, and a paradigm of translation, in short a veritable force of nature in the German literary marketplace, to the point where nineteenth-century Germans dubbed him "unser Shakespeare," "our Shakespeare"²¹—Joyce has become in the twentieth century, namely, "unser Joyce."

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Notes

Introduction

1. For more on this topic of literary history as “Postmodern Encyclopedia,” see also David Perkins’s study *Is Literary History Possible?* (1992), in particular Chapter 3, “The Postmodern Encyclopedia,” 53–60.

2. Which reminds one of the importance of recognizing the relevance of Joyce’s choice of words when he gave his first novel the title *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*; this will be discussed in greater detail in Chapter 2 in the context of Georg Goyert’s first translation of this novel into German.

3. Since Gutzkow’s novel is not that readily available even in many German libraries, I will quote the relevant passage from the German introduction to the first edition of 1850: “Denn ich glaube, daß der Roman eine neue Phase erlebt. Er soll in der That mehr werden, als der Roman von früher gewesen. Der Roman von früher, ich spreche nicht verachtend, sondern bewundernd, stellte das *Nacheinander* kunstvoll verschlungener Begebenheiten dar. O, diese prächtigen Romane mit ihrer classischen—Unglaubwürdigkeit! . . . der neue Roman ist der Roman des *Nebeneinander*. Da liegt die ganze Welt—! Da begegnen sich Könige und Bettler—! Die Menschen, die zu einer erzählten Geschichte gehören, und die, die ihr eine widerstrahlende Beleuchtung geben. Der Stumme redet da auch, auch der Abwesende spielt mit”; *Die Ritter vom Geiste*, ix–x. (“For I believe that the novel is experiencing a new phase. Indeed it is to become more than the novel of yore. The novel of the past—I say this not to denigrate it but with admiration—gave us the *Nacheinander* of artfully intertwined affairs. Oh!, these magnificent novels with their classical—implausibility! . . . the new novel [by contrast] is the novel of the *Nebeneinander*. There lies the whole world—! There kings and beggars mingle—! Those who belong to a narrated story and those who light it up through their reflection. Even the mute person speaks, just as the absent person has a role to play.”)

4. See Wim van Mierlo, “The Subject Notebook.” The quote that van Mierlo identifies in Weininger’s work reads: “Der Raum ist symbolisch für das vollendete, die Zeit für das sich wollende Ich” (approximate translation: “Space is symbolic of what is complete, time of the ego that wants to become”). Van Mierlo comments: “Weininger gives transcendental value to time and subjective value to space, saying that space is a

projection of the ego, a subjective category that places side by side ('nebeneinander') things that are otherwise experienced as following each other ('nacheinander'). Stephen, by contrast, does not make this distinction, but sees himself moving (spatially, that is) through time; movement, in other words, cannot be separated from time; it entails a progress both through space and time."

5. Rilke tellingly owned only the French translations of *Dubliners* and *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, and editions that appeared only in the mid-1920s (*Portrait* 1924, *Dubliners* 1926).

6. See Dougald McMillan, *transition*, 274 and 276.

Chapter 1. *Exiles*, Act I

1. See Joyce's letter to James B. Pinker of 13 March 1920, in which he claims that he contributed 1,900 Swiss francs to the publication costs (although he admits that he had not yet received the invoice).

2. James Joyce, *Verbannte* (1919), 18.

3. See for instance the review by "Psi." in *Bayerischer Kurier*, 14 August 1919 (reprinted in Fügler, *Kritisches Erbe*, 82–83, this quote 82).

4. See also Joyce, *Letters II*, 421.

5. Per <http://de.wikipedia.org/wiki/Verbannte>, accessed 16 December 2010.

6. This telegram and another, addressed to Lothar himself but relating to the same matter, are in Cornell University's James Joyce Collection (my thanks to Andreas Weigel for this information).

7. This brief survey of the historical background is based on Gordon Craig's *Deutsche Geschichte 1866–1945*, the volume *Chronik der Deutschen* (edited by Bodo Harenberg), Andreas Kraus's article "Die Münchener Räterepublik im April 1919," and Bernhard Pollmann's *Chronik 1919*.

8. The German play premiered on 1 June 1890. Ironically, Hauptmann's play shares a number of traits with Joyce's biography, foremost among them the fact that the protagonist, the doctor and intellectual Dr. Scholz, has married a rather plain and uneducated woman.

Chapter 2. "The Homer of Our Time"

1. On 8 November 1926, Joyce complained to Harriet Shaw Weaver: "The Rheinverlag want to rush out next month with a translation of which I verified 88 pages. They decline to let the translator come here. I informed them that the German literary press would be circularized with a disclaimer if they did" (*Selected Letters*, 315). Instead of December 1926 the translation appeared some ten months later on 15 October 1927. Mitchell cautions us, however, not to judge Goyert too harshly: "If the French team found their task difficult in 1927, how much more so must it have been for Goyert [working without the scheme], who had finished his German version before Gilbert even began work on the French. Goyert faced a monumental and complex task almost without parallel in modern literature, and he produced a translation which remains an achievement worthy of our respect. In spite of its shortcomings, when viewed in its proper

historical setting, it is a major tribute to the man and his ability” (Mitchell, *James Joyce and the German Novel*, 10).

2. Among the many early German reviewers of *Ulysses* up to 1940, I can identify only five women: Ellen Russe, Carola Giedion-Welcker, Lise Baumann, Annette Kolb, and Irene Marinoff.

3. One might also recall that, at that time, the phrase “sale is permissible only to persons over twenty-five years of age, who can demonstrate a serious interest in literature, artists, doctors, and lawyers without age restriction,” was the standard condition for the purchase of erotic literature.

4. “Ein literarisches Weltereignis ersten Ranges / Das größte Prosawerk unserer Zeit / Wieder eine neue Subskription / James Joyce / ULYSSES / Neue Subskription: 2 Bände einseitig auf Indiapaper in Art der Blockbücher gedruckt, in 2 Ganzleiderbände gebunden. / Ein Unikum für Bibliophilen! / Subskriptionspreis RM 54.–, späterer Ladenpreis RM 60.– / Subskriptionsbedingungen: Zugelassen sind Personen über fünfundzwanzig Jahre, die sich über ernstes literarisches Interesse ausweisen können, Künstler, Mediziner und Juristen jeden Alters. Voraussetzung ist Kenntnis dieser Subskriptionsbedingungen. Der Preis ist jetzt: Zwei Bände 1245 Seiten 8° in 2 Lederbände gebunden RM 54.–. Schluß der Subskription kann jederzeit vom Verlag erklärt werden. Bestellungen sind verbindlich nach schriftlicher Bestätigung durch den Verlag. Lieferung nach Wunsch des Bestellers. / Warum der Rhein-Verlag das berühmte Werk immer nur auf Subskription erscheinen lassen kann, bedarf einer / Erklärung / *Ulysses* ist in England und Amerika verboten. In England, weil eine Schmähung der Königin Viktoria darin vorkommt, in Amerika, weil die schonungslose Offenheit des Autors dem amerikanischen Muckertum gegen den Strich geht. Mit diesem Odium belastet, lief das Werk Gefahr, auch in Deutschland das Interesse des Staatsanwaltes auf sich zu lenken. Ein Werk von Joyce, von dem die ernste Kritik sagt: ‘Er weiß, daß die letzten geistigen Entscheidungen metaphysisch-religiöser Art sind,’ hat natürlich nichts mit erotischer Literatur gemein. Aber das absolut Neue an Joyce ist, daß er das In- und Nebeneinander von bewußtem Vorstellungsleben und unbewußten Vorgängen im Menschen zur vollkommensten dichterischen Gestaltung gebracht hat. Es war dabei ein selbstverständliches Ergebnis, daß vor dem menschlichen Triebleben auch die letzte Umhüllung fiel. Aus diesem Grunde muß und wird der Verlag auf Einhaltung der Subskriptionsbedingungen immer bedacht sein müssen. / Ausführliche Subskriptions-Einladungen kostenfrei / Rhein-Verlag, deutsche Geschäftsstelle München, Königsstr. 35a” (quoted from *Hermann Broch / Daniel Brody. Briefwechsel 1930–1951*, column 99).

5. “Die Hand ihm reichen, Ekel. Weitere Berührungen, Strafe. An das Innere seines Körpers denken, Schüttelfrost. Häßlich, häßlich. Gestank ist der Name. Antipathie, wachsende Abneigung mit deutlicherer Berührung. Sympathie, wachsender Genuß bei zunehmender Nähe. Ach, Perrudja. Hand, Lippen, Nase, Brustwarzen, Nabel, Speichel, Same, Harn, Kot, Rülpsen in deinen Eingeweiden. Von ihm besudelt werden. Würde das Gefühl der Lust verfliegen können? War er nicht dumm? Empfindlich? Ein kleiner Lügner? Manchmal schien seine Hand ungeschickt und tot. Wie sein Auge. Krank von innen. Unverständiges Tier. Kuß, Kuß. Ich bin eine Sünderin, ich bin eine

Sünderin. Perrudja. Bespie mich, berotze mich. Der Nabel, eine Unze Rosenöl, Buchsbaumholz, Ebenholz, Brustwarzen. Der Hengst fand mich reif zum Begatten. Perrudja, deine Hand, Perrudja, dein Atem, dein Atem, der nach deinen Lungen riecht und nach deinem Speichel. Du bist kein Held, Perrudja, du hast mich nicht niedergelegt auf dein Bett, du hast mich nicht schwanger gemacht. Perrudja, du hast das Wichtigste vergessen. Schwächling! Geweint, Tränen. Seine Faust unter meinem Kinn. Gegen meine feisten Brüste. Tritt mich nieder! Betäube mich! Zwanzigtausend Kronen. Kaufe die Hure. Ich bin eine Hure. Besieh meine Schenkel. Er flennt. Ob ich ihn hasse? Ob ich ihn hasse? Er hat mich ziehen lassen. Ob ich ihn hasse? Rotes Ebenholz, gelbbraunes Buchsbaumholz, seine runden kleinen Brustwarzen. Der Elende, der Elende. Der Schöne, der Herrliche. . . . Perrudja, ich hasse dich" (Jahnn, *Perrudja*, 665).

6. "Ich habe vergessen, die Blase zu entleeren, ich werde ohne es getan zu haben nicht einschlafen. Licht. Wieder erheben. Die Notdurft verrichten. Zurück ins Bett" (Jahnn, *Perrudja*, 667).

7. "Ich möchte fortreisen. Abfahren. Die Welt bleibt stehen. Ich bewege mich. So entsteht Entfernung. Der Atlas macht mich krank. Ich sehe Namen. Dörfer. Städte. Menschen darin. Ich kenne sie nicht. Kein Bild. Die Flüsse. Krause Linien. Braungezackte Falten. Die Gebirge. Dreifach so hoch wie die unsrigen. Gojam, Sandjigum, Hadjabad, Galu Tesges, Nagenau, Ghanda Kuh, Awas, Tabbas. Das ist Persien. Menschen. Männer, Weiber, Kinder. Zeugen, Gebären, Sterben. Land, das ich nicht kenne. Schwarze Wüste. Was ich träume. Eine schöne Frau verschmachtet unter der Sonne. Bei ihr sein. Sie nach einer Oase tragen. Wasser reichen. Brot. Sie lächelt. Ihr Oberkörper ist entblößt. Braune, fettige Haut. Duftet.

Tshansih, Tachta, Sang, Lapis-Lazuli, Dahan-i-Scharschari, Kasch, Dila, Patai, Jachdan, Doschak. Das ist Afghanistan. Teil Asiens. Nepal. Gebirge. Denkmal des Unbekannten. Weiße Gletscher. Zitzen der heiligen Ströme. Deinen Norden kennt niemand. Unbekanntes China. Dort lebt noch der Vogel Greif. . . . Afrika, heiliges, Mutter der Menschheit, unbekanntes, schwarzes. Wüste, Seen, nackte Menschen. Götter. Städte. Meere. Neger und Araber haben große Zeugungswerkzeuge. Nach Afrika will ich. Südlich. In Lehmhütten schlafen, auf Matten. Samtene Haut gegen die meine. Schwarze Brüste. Trinke.—Es ist längst Tag. Der Atlas hat hundertundsiebenundachtzig Karten. Alle Länder bereisen" (Jahnn, *Perrudja*, 50).

8. See also Robert Martin Adams's comments on the differential between Joyce's *Ulysses* and Döblin's *Berlin Alexanderplatz* in *Afterjoyce*, 134–37.

9. Many thanks to Paul Michael Lützel for confirming some of this information.

10. For a more detailed discussion, see my essay "Days of Our Lives: The One-Day Novel as Homage à Joyce" (2009).

11. See for instance the letter of 11 April 1951 to Karl August Horst (*Briefe III*, 535). Another, but later, author who will experience a similar kind of silencing effect is Wolfgang Hildesheimer (see also Chapter 3).

12. *das silberboot* 1:1 (October 1935), 31. Broch's translation was republished in the first issue of Schönwiese's new postwar journal *Die Fähre* (vol. 1.1, 1946, 9). The poem in

both German and English is also reproduced in H. B., *Gedichte, Kommentierte Ausgabe*, vol. 8, 82 and 83.

13. I use “Joyce” and “*Ulysses*” in quotation marks here to refer to what I elsewhere call the author-function Joyce (using a term coined by Michel Foucault) and the text-function “*Ulysses*.” These are conventionalized stylistic labels or token trademarks for which Joyce and his novel had come to stand and that distinguish the actual person Joyce from the persona “Joyce” and the actual text of *Ulysses* from the functionalized label “*Ulysses*” that many critics often enough employed without firsthand knowledge of the book. For more on this, see my closing remarks in Chapter 7. This is also discussed in my article “‘*Ulysses*’ in Quotation Marks.”

14. Karl Arns had frequently reviewed Joyce from 1925 on, and not always unsympathetically; he also published an early translation of roughly fifty lines of “Penelope” in his 1925 anthology *Jüngstes England* (Latest England).

15. In the introduction to his “Index” Arns writes: “This Anglo-Jewish list was compiled following the recommendation of a highly esteemed and well-known colleague; he writes that my project has met with widespread approval among professors of English. . . . Most of us erred when we included Anglo-Jews in the anglophone cultural community. And still today we find many references to Jewish names in British schoolbooks and works of scholarship. I hope that specialists in English culture and literature will be enlightened by this index”; quoted in Franke, “Die Rezeption des *Ulysses* im deutschen Sprachbereich,” 106.

16. See Dietrich Strothmann, *Nationalsozialistische Literaturpolitik*, 226.

17. Another article on the Odyssey Press edition, James F. Spoerri’s “The Odyssey Press Edition of James Joyce’s *Ulysses*” (1956), sheds no further light on the circumstances surrounding the publication of this edition; it focuses merely on typographical errors and corrections.

18. See the title of Michael Palencia-Roth’s 1976 article “Thomas Mann’s Non-Relationship to James Joyce.”

19. There are numerous other comparative studies which are based on style, genre, general intellectual history, or philosophical outlook; the authors of these studies are by and large less interested in ascertaining the precise extent of the influence between the authors treated than studying their works within the larger literary historical context of European modernism; see for instance Joseph Brennan’s *Three Philosophical Novelists: James Joyce, André Gide, Thomas Mann* (1964), David Kiremidjian’s *A Study of Modern Parody* (1985), or Gerald Gillespie’s *Proust, Mann, Joyce in the Modernist Context* (2003, and its new edition 2011).

20. Gillespie, *Proust, Mann, Joyce in the Modernist Context*, 63–66, 235, 238, 244, and 277–78.

21. “O, daß es schwindet! Daß das heitere Gesicht der Tiefe sich endigt, schleunig, wie auf den Wink eines launisch gewährenden und entziehenden Dämons, in nichts zerfließt und ich emportauche! Es war so reizend! Und nun, was ist? Wo kommst du zu dir? Jena? Berka? Tennstedt? Nein, das ist die Weimarer Steppdecke, seiden, die

heimische Wandbespannung, der Klingelzug . . . Wie, in gewaltigem Zustande? In hohen Prachten? Brav, Alter! So sollst du, muntre Greis, dich nicht betrüben . . . Und ist denn ein Wunder?" (*Lotte in Weimar*, 2002, 283).

Chapter 3. "Joyce has made me a different reader: I am just glad I don't have to understand him"

The title quote "Joyce has made me a different reader: I am just glad I don't have to understand him" is a translation of the Swiss writer Peter Bichsel's unpublished comment "Joyce hat mich zu einem anderen Leser gemacht. . . . Ich bin froh darüber, daß ich ihn nicht verstehen muß," made at the panel "Deutsche Autoren sprechen über Joyce" ("German Authors Speak about Joyce") at the 1984 Frankfurt Joyce Symposium.

1. Most prominently: Jörg Drews, 1977, 1991, and 1992; Stefan Gradmann, 1986; David Hayman, 1988; Friedhelm Rathjen, 1988 and 1995; Fritz Senn, 1978; and Robert Weninger, 1982. For a comprehensive listing of books and articles on the relationship between Schmidt and Joyce, see my *Arno Schmidt—Auswahlbibliographie* (2nd ed., 2006).

2. "He du! erzähl was du sahst und hörtest! zwölfmal schlug die glocke ton mitternacht und nebel. erzähl, erzähl von Jo Hahn mit tausendschwätziger zunge alles! es war einmal, was da kam will ich hören, wie es kam, kam er diese nacht, oder ist alles nicht wahr? / Zier dich nicht lang, streck her halbdorrt den arm und rühr schmeidige blätter in rascheln de worte, weil ich die beine mir reibe und putze die ohren. erfahr ichs, trag ichs weiter in stockfinstrem von blüte zur lampe. jungfräulich blumen die ich koste neigen die köpfchen in sprachlosem staunen mir zu. sag alles nah in trichterndes ohr scham wie du bist. / Alles! fang an! fang an!" (11).

3. See also Adorno's essay of 1960 on Hans G. Helms, entitled "Voraussetzungen," especially the passage where he claims that Joyce occupies the "elevated middle ground between two impossibilities, the first being the novel today, the second literature as pure sound" ("die erhobene Mitte zwischen zwei Unmöglichkeiten, der des Romans heute und der von Dichtung als reinem Laut") (Adorno, *Noten zur Literatur* 3, 142).

4. Fritz Senn's criticism of this book is very apt: "Arnold's monograph represents by and large the level of rejection that Joyce encountered in the 1930s. . . . It would hardly be worth discussing this piece of scholarship if it were not such a useful compendium of the prejudices that continue to scare German readers away from Joyce" (quoted in Franke, *James Joyce und der deutsche Sprachbereich*, 249).

5. Gabler had already presented his project to the Joycean community in Zurich, another German-speaking location, in 1979.

6. Other notable book-length studies are those by Georgia Herlt (1987); Ulrich Eberl (1989); Willi Erzgräber (1998); Rainer A. Wirth (2000); Wolfgang Wicht (2000); Catrin Siedenbiedel (2005); Eckhard Lobsien (2005); and Katharina Hagen (2006).

7. Interestingly, and perhaps understandably, most studies of Joyce in German translation have focused on the German translations of *Ulysses*, among them Fritz Senn, "Ulysses in der Übersetzung" (1968); Andreas Gardt, *James Joyce auf deutsch: Möglichkeiten der literarischen Übersetzung* (1987) (indeed, it is telling that this book-length study

of Joyce in German translation, in focusing on *Dubliners*/"Eveline," *Ulysses*/"Sirens," and *Exiles*, bypasses *Finnegans Wake* altogether); and Mark Harman, "Joyce Revoiced: German Translations of *Ulysses*" (1992), who focuses on three translations of the "Nausicaa" episode. Patrick O'Neill, by contrast, in his *Polyglot Joyce: Fictions of Translation* (2005), provides an extensive discussion of the translation systems, including German, of both *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*; his perspective is, however, a more global one in that the German translations are studied side-by-side with translations of Joyce's works into other languages. Among the handful of discussions of *Finnegans Wake* in German translation are Wolfgang Hildesheimer (1969); Klaus Reichert (1972); and Robert Weninger (1985).

Chapter 4. "A Great Poet on a Great Brother Poet"

1. For instance, in September 1922 she entrusts to her diary: "I finished *Ulysses*, & think it a mis-fire. Genius it has I think; but of the inferior water. The book is diffuse. It is brackish. It is pretentious. It is underbred" (*The Diary of Virginia Woolf*, 199).

2. In full the passage reads: "The intertextual in which every text is held, it itself being the text-between of another text, is not to be confused with some origin of the text: to try to find the 'sources,' the 'influences' of a work, is to fall in with the myth of filiation; the citations which go to make up a text are anonymous, untraceable, and yet *already read*: they are quotations without inverted commas."

3. For more on this see my book *Literarische Konventionen: Theoretische Modelle / Historische Anwendung*.

4. I am thinking here of a "cubist" literary historiography as suggested by Wendy Steiner in her article "A Cubist Historiography."

5. Granted, one should be cautious with and sceptical about this kind of number game; but, if nothing more, these kinds of MLA statistics and resulting rankings do at least tell us something about the relative positioning of this group of authors, if only the English language ones among them, since the MLA may be listing fewer bibliographical sources in German and French than in English. Regardless of its statistical imponderables, this league table confirms that, in discussing Goethe and Joyce, we are dealing with two literary heavyweights.

6. Johann Wolfgang Goethe, *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship and Travels*, I, 281–82 (subsequently abbreviated as WMAT followed by volume and page number); "... mir ist deutlich, daß Shakespear [*sic*] habe schildern wollen: eine große Tat auf eine Seele gelegt, die der Tat nicht gewachsen ist. . . . Ein schönes, reines, edles, höchst moralisches Wesen, ohne die sinnliche Stärke, die den Helden macht, geht unter einer Last zu Grunde, die es weder tragen noch abwerfen kann; jede Pflicht ist ihm heilig, diese zu schwer"; *Wilhelm Meisters Theatralische Sendung, Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre, Unterhaltungen deutscher Ausgewanderten*, Frankfurter Ausgabe, I, IX, 609 (subsequently abbreviated as FA followed by section, volume, and page number).

7. "Es sind nur wenige, die den Sinn haben und zugleich zur Tat fähig sind" (FA I, IX, 930).

8. Interestingly, the same can be said of Wilhelm Meister, not mentioned here by Budgen; I “transfer” thus: “Wilhelm is son to his father, but he is father to Felix, husband to Natalie, lover of Mariane and Philine, companion in arms of Serlo’s theatre group and member of the Turm society. He was subjected to many trials, but with wisdom and courage came through them all.” Of note here is also Goethe’s observation, in Eckermann’s *Gespräche mit Goethe*, on Byron’s depiction of women: “His women . . . are good. But it is the only receptacle left to us as moderns into which we can pour our ideality. Men are useless. With Achilles and Odysseus, the epitomes of courage and intelligence, Homer has said it all” (my translation, 236).

9. In Joyce’s earlier epiphanies this reads (Scholes, *Workshop of Daedalus*, 22):

O’Reilly—(with developing seriousness) Now it’s my turn, I suppose
(quite seriously) Who is your favourite poet?

Hanna Sheehy— German?

(a pause)

O’Reilly— Yes.

(a hush)

Hanna Sheehy— . . . I think Goethe

10. This is also noted by John Hennig in his article “Stephen Hero and Wilhelm Meister—A Study of Parallels,” 23: “There is a strict parallelism between *Stephen Hero*, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and *Ulysses* on the one hand, and *Wilhelm Meisters theatralische Sendung*, the *Lehrjahre* and *Wanderjahre* on the other hand.” Hennig goes on to note many of the superficial parallels between Goethe’s and Joyce’s texts, some of which I will also discuss, but fails, unlike Gillespie cited below, to probe more deeply into the interpretive ramifications of these parallels.

11. Compare also the article by Ehrhard Bahr, “Goethe’s *Wanderjahre* as an Experimental Novel” and his book *Die Ironie im Spätwerk Goethes*, in particular 88–130.

12. Besides Gillespie and Castle, see also the essays by John Hennig (1951), Brian Shaffer (1989), and David Barry (1992). Other more generally comparative studies include Henry Hatfield, “The Walpurgis Night: Themes and Variations” (1983), which compares Goethe’s *Faust* and Joyce’s “Circe” episode in *Ulysses*; and Maurice Beebe’s *Ivory Towers and Sacred Founts: The Artist as Hero in Fiction from Goethe to Joyce* (1964).

13. Carlyle’s translation has him “fall[ing] into a broken wandering path” (WMAT I, 173; FA I, IX, 496).

14. See FA I, IX, 1374, and the editor’s reference to Wilfried Barner’s *Geheime Lenkung: Zur Turmgesellschaft in Goethes “Wilhelm Meister.”*

15. My translation (which retains the word “vivacity”): “Mit welcher Lebhaftigkeit flog sie ihm entgegen” (FA I, IX, 361).

16. See also the enlightening article by Elisabeth Krimmer, “Mama’s Baby, Papa’s Maybe,” which focuses precisely on this issue in *Wilhelm Meister* within the larger gender historical and legal context of Goethe’s time. Krimmer notes, for instance: “Curiously, although the nature and success of Wilhelm’s personal development is very much

in question, there is little scholarly uncertainty regarding Wilhelm's fatherhood. This is surprising since Goethe's novel seizes every opportunity to obfuscate and ironize the problem of paternity, but it is far from certain that he is Felix's biological father" (261). She goes on to observe, with special importance for our reading of Leopold Bloom: "In Goethe's novel, maturity does not manifest itself through progressive personal growth but through the momentous decision to accept one's place in the line of fathers. . . . Goethe is not only acutely aware that fatherhood is not naturally given but socially created, he is also convinced that it is this social reality that counts. A man may not be his son's 'genitor,' but he must accept his responsibility as 'pater' if societal order is to be maintained. But even as *Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre* affirms the necessity of unambiguous patrilinearity, it also paints an atmosphere of absurdity and disenchantment resulting from the knowledge of its constructedness" (268–69). She also remarks, with particular relevance for our interpretation of Stephen's trajectory of "Bildung": "Given this close association [in Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*] of paternity and civic virtue, it is hardly surprising that fatherlessness also carries in its wake the inability to gain *Bildung*" (263).

17. Again keeping in mind Krimmer's proviso that this is merely a socially constructed paternity.

Chapter 5. Joyce, **DADA** & Co.

1. I have seen various dates put forward, 5 February and 11 February 1916, and even Joyce's birthday, 2 February 1916, but all in 1916. The latter was offered by Hans Richter as the date of the first advertisement ("Pressenotiz") announcing the creation and first meeting of the "Cabaret Voltaire" on 5 February; see his *Dada: Kunst und Antikunst*, 14.

2. The passage in *Finnegans Wake* "Both were white in black arpists at cloever spilling, knickt?" (FW508.33) refers, as James S. Atherton relates in *The Books at the Wake* (84), to Arp and Paul Klee ("Klee" being the German word for "clover"). As Leonard Forster in his essay "James Joyce, Dadaism, Surrealism, and After" adds, it also alludes to Arp's 1930 volume of poems *Weisst du schwarzst du*, with *weiss* in German meaning "white" and *schwarz* "black" (84).

3. The French original reads: "Prenez un journal. / Prenez des ciseaux. / Choisissez dans ce journal un article ayant la longueur que vous comptez donner à votre poème. / Découpez l'article. / Découpez ensuite avec soin chacun des mots qui forment cet article et mettez-les dans un sac. / Agitez doucement. / Sortez ensuite chaque coupure l'une après l'autre. / Copiez consciencieusement dans l'ordre où elles ont quitté le sac. / Le poème vous ressemblera. / Et vous voilà un écrivain infiniment original et d'une sensibilité charmante, encore qu'incomprise du vulgaire" (*Oeuvres Complètes*, 382). The translation was accessed at <http://www.madsci.org/~lynn/juju/surr/games/dada-poem.html> on 14 September 2009.

4. Think here of Joyce's question and answer catechism in the Paris notebook.

5. Another title occasionally given to this poem is "Elefantenkarawane," or Caravan of Elephants.

6. Ira B. Nadel (“*Travesties*: Tom Stoppard’s Joyce and Other Dadaist Fantasies”) is, as far as I can see, the only other scholar to triangulate Stoppard’s *Travesties*, the works of the Dadaists and Joyce’s oeuvre, discussing in the process some of the stylistic convergences that I too focus on here. However, our aims are different, if complementary, and whereas I concentrate mostly on *Ulysses* in the following, Nadel looks primarily at the ties between Dadaism and Joyce’s *Giacomo Joyce* on the one hand and *Finnegans Wake* on the other.

7. “Das BRUITISTISCHE Gedicht / schildert eine Trambahn, wie sie ist, die Essenz der Trambahn mit dem Gähnen des Rentiers Schulze und dem Schrei der Bremsen” (Richard Huelsenbeck, “Dadaistisches Manifest,” 24).

8. “Concert bruitiste” are Ball’s own words, taken from his Dadaist diary (quoted here from *Dada total*, 23).

9. Ira Nadel interestingly points out that Joyce first abandons “linear and discursive structures” in *Giacomo Joyce* (1912–14) rather than *Ulysses*, suggesting *Giacomo Joyce*’s “historical placement within the development of the European avant-garde” (487).

10. An interesting “take” on the issue of simultaneity in “Wandering Rocks” is Ruth Frehner’s report, contained in her article “Text as Architecture,” on a “Wandering Rocks” installation with a semi-circular set of glass text panels and interlinking threads created by the Swiss artist Hannes Vogel on the occasion of an exhibition at the Zurich James Joyce Foundation.

11. In my judgment it is impossible to ascertain whether we are to read the 63-line overture of “Sirens” as temporally independent of or simultaneous with the remainder of the chapter.

12. The German literary historian Thomas Anz uses the term “poetics of parataxis” (“Poetik der Parataxe”) to describe the kind of poetry produced by the German Expressionists; see his *Literatur des Expressionismus*, 106.

13. First published in *Der Sturm*, vol. 1, no. 55, 1911, 439, cited here from *Epochen der deutschen Lyrik*, vol. 9: *Gedichte 1900–1960*, 97–98. A word-for-word translation, excluding the regular rhyme scheme, might run: A fat boy is playing with a pond. / The wind has become caught in a tree. / The sky looks lackadaisical and pale, / As though it had run out of makeup. // Bent on long crutches / And chatting, two cripples creep across the field. / A blond poet is going mad perhaps. / A little horse stumbles over a lady. // A fat man is stuck to a window. / A boy wants to visit a soft woman. / A gray clown is putting on his boots. / A baby carriage is crying and dogs are cursing.

14. See for Delaunay for instance his 1912–13 painting *L’Équipe de Cardiff* (Musée d’Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris), in which the Cardiff rugby team is juxtaposed with a plane in flight, an ad by the plane manufacturing company Astra, the Eiffel Tower, and a Ferris wheel. For the Italian Futurists a much-cited example is Umberto Boccioni’s 1911 triptych *States of Mind* (*Stati d’animo*) at New York’s MOMA.

15. For more background, see in particular Caws, *Manifesto*, 141–66.

16. Translated by Mary Ann Caws, in *Manifesto: A Century of Isms*, 142–43.

17. Reproduced here from Riha and Schäfer, *Dada total*, 86–87. The poem is also

reproduced, in a more legible format, in Caws, *Manifesto*, 294–95. Tzara's "poèmes simultanes" are found in his *Oeuvres Complètes*, vol. 1, 491–500.

18. "Das SIMULTANISTISCHE Gedicht / lehrt den Sinn des Durcheinanderjagens aller Dinge, während Herr Schulze liest, fährt der Balkanzug über die Brücke bei Nisch, ein Schwein jammert im Keller des Schlächters Nuttke" ("Dadaistisches Manifest," in Riha and Schäfer, *Dada total*, 93).

19. On 13 July 2010, a color reproduction was accessed at: <http://www.ibiblio.org/wm/paint/auth/kandinsky/kandinsky.comp-4.jpg>

20. On 13 July 2010, a color reproduction was accessed at: <http://www.abcgallery.com/K/kandinsky/kandinsky20.html>

21. On 13 July 2010, a color reproduction was accessed at: http://www.moma.org/collection/object.php?object_id=79766

22. See Anna Balakian's study *Literary Origins of Surrealism*, in which she distinguishes between the mystical symbolists and the nihilistic Dadaists. In all fairness, however, I should add that even such a sympathetic reader of Joyce's as Ernst Robert Curtius speaks of the "aesthetic relativism" ("ästhetischer Relativismus") and "metaphysical nihilism" ("metaphysischer Nihilismus") of Joyce's *Ulysses*; see his "Technik und Thematik von James Joyce," 60 and 67.

23. Kiberd notes how "every year, hundreds of Dubliners dress as characters from the book—Stephen with his cane, Leopold with his bowler hat, Molly in her petticoats, Blazes Boylan under a straw boater—as if to assert their willingness to become one with the text. They re-enact scenes in Eccles Street, Ormond Quay and Sandycove's Martello tower. It is quite impossible to imagine any other masterpiece of modernism having quite such an effect on the life of a city" (*Ulysses and Us*, 4).

24. See the articles "Why Molly Bloom Menstruates" by Richard Ellmann and "Why Leopold Bloom Menstruates" by Austin Briggs.

25. Otto Zarek, "Der *Ulysses* des James Joyce," Fügler, *Kritisches Erbe*, 164 and 163, as just one of many examples.

26. She observes, among other things, "From the stark discrepancy with and distance from the palpable external parallelity with the *Odyssey* shines forth—once we have submerged ourselves sufficiently in this novel—our today. Just as Joyce's snotgreen sea has emerged from Homer's *oinopa ponton*, Homer's pathetic helmets and swords find themselves transformed into mundane hats and chaplinesque walking-sticks. Fair Nausicaa herself is nothing more than a trashy lassie with a cramped eroticism" ("ein verkitschter Backfisch mit verklemmter Erotik") ("Zum *Ulysses* von James Joyce," 180).

27. One can argue that Stephen's initial three chapters and "Scylla and Charybdis" are written in more or less the same style, as are Bloom's initial three chapters and "Lestrygonians," making for twelve different styles in *Ulysses*.

28. Carola Giedion-Welcker's 1929 essay "Work in Progress: Ein sprachliches Experiment von James Joyce" shows that she very clearly sees the difference in the degree of abstraction employed by Joyce in *Finnegans Wake* as opposed to *Ulysses*.

Chapter 6. The Epitome of the Epiphany

1. Born in Prague at a time when that city was one of the intellectual hubs of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, Rilke is “German” here exclusively in terms of language.

2. The unattributed quotes above were from Rainer Maria Rilke, *The Notebooks of Malte Laurids Brigge*, 22, 16–17, and 19.

3. “Ich gehe nicht aus ‘großen Dingen und Gedanken’ fort, sondern ebendorthin, wo alles, auch das Unscheinbare, auch das Häßliche, auch das, wovon man sich anderswo einfach abwendet, mich wie Großes, wie Ewiges mit unbeschreiblichen Anforderungen anspricht” (*Werke: Kommentierte Ausgabe*, vol. 1: *Gedichte 1895 bis 1910*, 902). The *Kommentierte Ausgabe* will be cited as *KA*, followed by volume and page number.

4. There are other ways of reading and hence translating this passage in the letter of 10 August 1903: “not solid written,” or alternatively, “not solid but written,” which I have adopted. As so often in his poetry, Rilke’s language here too is ambiguous.

5. *Neue Gedichte/New Poems*, 6. German version *KA* 1, 469:

Der Panther

Im Jardin des Plantes, Paris

Sein Blick ist vom Vorübergehn der Stäbe
so müd geworden, daß er nichts mehr hält.
Ihm ist, als ob es tausend Stäbe gäbe
und hinter tausend Stäben keine Welt.

Der weiche Gang geschmeidig starker Schritte,
der sich im allerkleinsten Kreise dreht,
ist wie ein Tanz von Kraft um eine Mitte,
in der betäubt ein großer Wille steht.

Nur manchmal schiebt der Vorhang der Pupille
sich lautlos auf—. Dann geht ein Bild hinein,
geht durch der Glieder angespannte Stille—
und hört im Herzen auf zu sein.

6. *KA* 2, 287:

Wir sagen Reinheit und wir sagen Rose
und klingen an an alles, was geschieht;
dahinter aber ist das Namenlose
uns eigentlich Gebilde und Gebiet.

7. “Klarheiten kommen so sonderbar; man ist nie vorbereitet auf sie. Sie kommen während man auf einen Omnibus steigt, während man die Speisekarte in der Hand dasitzt, während die Kellnerin nebenan steht und anderswohin schauend wartet—; plötzlich sieht man nichts von alledem was auf der Karte steht, man denkt gar nicht-mehr daran zu essen: denn jetzt ist eine Klarheit gekommen, eben jetzt, während man

mit müder, halb gleichgültiger Wichtigkeit die Namen von Speisen las, von Saucen und Gemüsen, eben jetzt ist sie eingetreten, als hätte unsere Seele keine Ahnung davon, womit wir uns in einem bestimmten Augenblick beschäftigen. Heute kam mir diese Klarheit auf dem Boulevard des Capucines während ich über den nassen Fahrdamm durch das fortwährende Fahren nach der Rue Richelieu hinüberzukommen versuchte, da, gerade mitten im Übergange leuchtete es in mir auf und war eine Sekunde so hell, daß ich nicht allein eine sehr entfernte Erinnerung, sondern auch gewisse seltsame Zusammenhänge sah, durch welche eine frühe und scheinbar unwichtige Begebenheit meiner Kindheit mit meinem Leben verbunden ist" (KA 3, 640–41).

8. As far as I can see, the only scholar thus far to capitalize on the connection between Joyce and Rilke in terms of epiphany is Gerald Gillespie in his book *Proust, Mann, Joyce in the Modernist Context*. While in Chapter 2, entitled "Epiphany. Applicability of a Modernist Term" (55–67), he analyzes mostly Huysmans's character Des Esseintes from *A Rebours*, Proust's *A la recherche du temps perdu*, and Thomas Mann's *Der Zauberberg*, he also touches on the parallel that obtains between Joyce's concept and Rilke's poetry, citing Rilke's *Dinggedicht* "Das Karussell" as a prime example of "the evocation of a privileged moment" (56).

9. "Rodin selbst hat einmal gesagt, er müßte ein Jahr reden, um eines seiner Werke mit Worten zu wiederholen. Man kann nur sagen, daß diese kleinen Bildwerke, welche in Gips, Bronze und Stein erhalten sind, ähnlich wie manche von den kleinen Tierfiguren der Antike den Eindruck ganz großer Dinge machen. Es giebt in Rodins Atelier den Abguß eines kaum handgroßen Panthers griechischer Arbeit . . . ; wenn man unter seinem Leibe durch von vorne in den Raum blickt, der von den vier geschmeidigstarken Tatzen gebildet wird, kann man glauben, in die Tiefe eines indischen Felsentempels zu sehen; so wächst dieses Werk und weitet sich zur Größe seiner Maße. Ähnlich ist es bei den kleinen Pastiken Rodins. Indem er ihnen viele Stellen giebt, unzählbar viele, vollkommene und bestimmte Flächen, macht er sie groß" (KA 4, 428).

10. It is worth pointing out that the relationship between Joyce, the epiphany, and Rilke that I highlight here is neither referenced nor discussed in Beja's otherwise excellent and comprehensive survey of the epiphany in the modern novel.

11. "Heute war ein schöner, herbstlicher Morgen. Ich ging durch die Tuilerien. Alles, was gegen Osten lag, vor der Sonne, blendete. Das Angeschienene war vom Nebel verhangen wie von einem lichtgrauen Vorhang. Grau im Grauen sonnten sich die Statuen in den noch nicht enthüllten Gärten. Einzelne Blumen in den langen Beeten standen auf und sagten: Rot, mit einer erschrockenen Stimme. Dann kam ein sehr großer, schlanker Mann um die Ecke, von den Champs-Élysées her; er trug eine Krücke, aber nicht mehr unter die Schulter geschoben,—er hielt sie vor sich her, leicht, und von Zeit zu Zeit stellte er sie fest und laut auf wie einen Heroldstab. Er konnte ein Lächeln der Freude nicht unterdrücken und lächelte, an allem vorbei, der Sonne, den Bäumen zu. Sein Schritt war schüchtern wie der eines Kindes, aber ungewöhnlich leicht, voll der Erinnerung an früheres Gehen" (KA 3, 465).

12. "Unten ist folgende Zusammenstellung: ein kleiner Handwagen, von einer Frau

geschoben; vorn darauf ein Leierkasten, der Länge nach. Dahinter quer ein Kinderkorb, in dem ein ganz Kleines auf festen Beinen steht, vergnügt in seiner Haube, und sich nicht mag setzen lassen. Von Zeit zu Zeit dreht die Frau am Orgelkasten. Das ganz Kleine stellt sich dann sofort stampfend in seinem Korbe wieder auf, und ein kleines Mädchen in einem grünen Sonntagskleid tanzt und schlägt Tamburin zu den Fenstern hinauf" (KA 3, 466).

13. "James Joyces Epiphanie und die Überwindung der empirischen Welt," 603. One should note that Stephen's perspective in *A Portrait* is often ecstatic, particularly at the end of Chapter IV, where we read, for instance, of the "holy silence of his ecstasy" (172); but this is not to be confused with the mature Joyce's stance, which exhibits all the hallmarks of Flaubertian detachment. To some degree, Joyce shows the Stephen of Chapter V moving beyond this unreflective kind of ecstatic aesthetics; Stephen explicitly refers back to Kant's notion of "interesseloses Wohlgefallen" and the related concept of "stasis" in Chapter V.1, where we read: "The tragic motion, in fact, is a face looking two ways, towards terror and towards pity, both of which are phases of it. You see I use the word *arrest*. I mean that the tragic emotion is static. Or rather the dramatic emotion is. The feelings excited by improper art are kinetic. . . . The desire and loathing excited by improper aesthetic means are really not aesthetic emotions not only because they are kinetic in character but also because they are not more than physical" (213–14).

14. *Neue Gedichte/New Poems*, trans. Stephen Cohn, 241. KA 1, 565–66:

Dame auf einem Balkon

Plötzlich tritt sie, in den Wind gehüllt,
Licht in Lichtes, wie herausgegriffen,
während jetzt die Stube wie geschliffen
hinter ihr die Türe füllt

dunkel wie der Grund einer Kamee,
die ein Schimmern durchläßt durch die Ränder;
und du meinst der Abend war nicht, ehe
sie heraustrat, um auf das Geländer

noch ein wenig von sich fortzulegen,
noch die Hände,—um ganz leicht zu sein:
wie dem Himmel von Häuserreihn
hingereicht, von allem zu bewegen.

15. Here one is reminded of a passage in a letter Rilke sent to his wife Clara on 8 March 1907, where he says: "It quite often happens now that some face affects me in this way; in the mornings, for instance, which generally start off with a lot of sun quite early, a mass of brightness—suddenly in the shadow of a street, a face is held out to you and you see, under the influence of the contrast, its essence with such clarity (clarity of nuance) that the momentary impression involuntarily assumes the proportions of a symbol" (*Selected Letters 1902–1926*, 123).

16. In German, the epiphanic nature of the temporal transition is emphasized all the more by the “nur” (“only”) of “nur manchmal” (“only sometimes”); this is not captured by the translation of “The Panther” reproduced here. I would like to thank Jeremy Adler for pointing this out.

17. *Selected Letters 1902–1926*, 31–32. “Denn es ist nichts Ungewisses für ihn an einem Gegenstande, der ihm zu[m] Vorbild dient: da sind tausend kleine Flächenelemente in den Raum hineingepaßt und seine Aufgabe ist, wenn er danach ein Kunstwerk schafft: das Ding noch inniger, noch fester, noch tausendmal besser in den weiten Raum einzufügen, gleichsam so, daß es sich nicht rührt wenn man daran rüttelt. Das Ding ist bestimmt, das Kunst-Ding muß noch bestimmter sein; von allem Zufall fortgenommen, jeder Unklarheit entrückt, der Zeit enthoben und dem Raum gegeben, ist es dauernd geworden, fähig zur Ewigkeit. Das Modell scheint, das Kunst-Ding ist” (Rainer Maria Rilke / Lou Andreas-Salomé: *Briefwechsel*, 84).

18. See Manfred Engel’s commentary in *Die Aufzeichnungen des Malte Laurids Brigge*, 260.

19. *The Notebooks of Malte Laurids Brigge*, 83; “So wie du warst, auf das Zeigen angelegt, ein zeitlos tragischer Dichter, mußttest du dieses Kapillare mit einem Schlag umsetzen in die überzeugendsten Gebärden, in die vorhandensten Dinge. Da gingst du an die beispiellose Gewalttat deines Werkes, das immer ungeduldiger, immer verzweifelter unter dem Sichtbaren nach den Äquivalenten suchte für das innen Gesehene. Da war ein Kaninchen, ein Bodenraum, ein Saal, in dem einer auf und nieder geht: da war ein Glasklirren im Nebenzimmer, ein Brand vor den Fenstern, da war die Sonne. . . . Aber das reichte nicht aus; schließlich mußten die Türme herein und die ganzen Gebirge; und die Lawinen, die die Landschaften begraben, verschütteten die mit Greifbarem überladene Bühne um des Unfaßlichen willen” (KA 3, 512–13).

Chapter 7. “Concordances’ of Utter Chaos Post Rem”

1. Further references to Radek’s “Contemporary World Literature and the Task of Proletarian Art” will be cited parenthetically in the text. Radek’s speech was not left uncriticized at the Soviet Writers’ Congress. Another German Marxist, Wieland Herzfelde, attempted to rescue Joyce from his detractors; he argued that just because Joyce is a bourgeois writer does not mean that his literary experiments cannot be made to serve Marxist purposes. In his rejoinder to Herzfelde, “Speech in Answer to the Discussion,” Radek discounted Herzfelde’s defense and reiterated his conviction that Joyce was reactionary and a danger to Socialist Realism. For some accounts and interpretations of the events surrounding Radek’s speech, see Gleb Struve, *Russian Literature under Lenin and Stalin, 1917–1953*, and Jean-Louis Houdebine, “Jdanov ou Joyce.”

2. For the purposes of this essay, I am considering the Hungarian-born Georg Lukács as German, since many of his major works were initially published in German.

3. “Im Zusammenhang damit ist aber dreierlei bemerkenswert. Erstens, daß die Wirklichkeit von vornherein als ‘Chaos,’ also als etwas Unerkennbares, Unerfaßbares, ohne Gesetze Existierendes aufgefaßt wird. Zweitens, daß die Methode zum Erfassen

des ‘Wesens’ (hier ‘Ding’ genannt) die Isolierung, das Zerreißen, das Vertilgen aller Zusammenhänge, deren gesetzloses Gewirr eben das ‘Chaos’ ausmacht, sein muß. Drittens, daß das ‘Organ’ dieser ‘Wesens’-Erfassung, die Leidenschaft, hier etwas von vornherein Irrationales, dem Verstandesmäßigen starr und ausschließend Gegenüber-gestelltes ist” (“‘Größe und Verfall’ des Expressionismus,” 32). On occasion in this chapter, as is the case here, I include the original German in the endnotes, especially when an author’s choice of vocabulary and tone needs to be savored by readers fluent in German. Whenever possible, I have used published translations; where sources published only in German are cited, the translations are my own.

4. The German phrase Lukács used here was “ideologische Vorbereitungsrolle” (17).

5. The equation of Joyce and Surrealism should not take us by surprise. Andreas Kramer and Rainer Rumold, the editors of Eugene Jolas’s autobiography, *Man from Babel* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1998), p. xix, note in their introduction that *transition* not only published important surrealist work (besides the famous excerpts from *Finnegans Wake*) but was indeed known by many as “the American Surrealist Review.”

6. “Den letzten ‘Expressionisten’ stellten die sogenannten Surrealisten; eine kleine Gruppe nur, aber wieder ist Avantgarde bei ihnen und: Surrealismus ist erst recht—Montage. Bei Joyce, als dem Monument der ‘Surrealisten,’ ist Montage geradezu der Schlüssel aller Wunderlichkeiten, sie ist die Beschreibung des Durcheinander der Erlebniswirklichkeit mit eingestürzten Sphären und Zäsuren. Die Sprache hier ist auf nichts als Anfänge gebracht, auf verkommene Anfänge des Klingklangs und in ihm nochmals kombiniert; die Handlung läuft zwischen innerem Dialog (der alles sagt, was der Person durch die Sinne geht), Unterwelt, Querwelt und Überwelt (die wieder im engsten Leibkontakt stehen). Der Raum und Gegenstand der Handlung ist im *Ulysses* ein Tag unbedeutender Personen (der aber mehr als tausendundein Tag sein möchte, ja ein *Omnia ubique* in der Nuß), Zote, Chronik, Gewäsch, Scholastik, Magazin, Slang, Freud, Bergson, Ägypten, Baum, Mensch, Wirtschaft, Wolke gehen in diesem Bildfluß aus und ein, mischen sich, durchdringen sich in einer Unordnung, die ihre Gestalt freilich bei Proteus sucht, im Durcheinander der gärenden Natur, nicht mehr bei Prometheus, am expressiv gärenden Subjekt. Als letzte Buchmagie wird Proteus selber noch mit seinem Gegenteil tingiert, nämlich mit behaupteter Symmetrie, ja, Durchentsprechung aller Teile; dergestalt, daß nicht nur Leit motive sich winden, sondern jedes Kapitel—in der *Kathedrale* des Relativismus—Körperteilen, Farben, Mineralien und dergleichen, mit ruhelos verdeckter Konkordanz, zu entsprechen versucht. Die zerlegte Geige Picassos ist so, in schwer durchschaubarer Breitstapelei, zur Wortkinetik geworden” (*Erbschaft dieser Zeit*, 224–25).

7. “So ist im *Ulysses* bereits *work in progress*, Werkstatt und Dichtung zugleich, doch eine Werkstatt, die ebenso krankt, verstaubt, zerfällt, sich dem Unterholz gleichmacht. Knapp folgt die Sprache grammatischen Regeln, kaum je logischen (von heute); ihr Quell soll sein primäre klang-bildhafte Beziehung, ihr Sinn die Entfesselung und Erfas-

sung unterbewußten Lebens; daran wird sie wieder zum Leben erweckt, den Worten wird ihr prälogischer Wert zurückerstattet" (*Erbschaft dieser Zeit*, 243).

8. "quer und nach oben aber reicht die uferlose Assoziation der plattesten Erlebniswirklichkeit—bis zu Gott Ptah in der Teetasse, bis zu den wasserdurchblinkten Palästen Altindiens in der Gesprächspause. Der Querbezug der 'Entsprechung,' welcher die Menschen, Berge und Inseln gleichsam zu durchstoßen versucht, nachdem sie sich aus ihren Örtern bewegt haben, ja, welcher gar die einzelnen Buchkapitel in 'regierende Edelsteine und Planeten' zu machen beflissen ist, in 'Konkordanzen' des Tohuwabohu post rem: dies Astrologiewesen fixiert die Sprungwelt, Mischwelt dennoch nicht. Sondern Astrologie zwischen den Fetzen der Erlebniswirklichkeit, Scholastik in einem Jüngsten-Buch-Gericht zeigen den anarchischen Gegenstand nur desto schärfer, die konkrete Endlosigkeit sämtlicher Zwischengegenstände (und ihrer Hochzeit) nur desto heilloser" (*Erbschaft dieser Zeit*, 245).

9. "Eine taube Nuß und der unerhörteste Ausverkauf zugleich; eine Beliebigkeit aus lauter zerknüllten Zetteln, Affengeschwätz, Aalknäueln, Fragmenten aus Nichts, und der Versuch zugleich, Scholastik im Chaos zu gründen; ein dies irae beliebig aus der Mitte herausgerissen, ohne Gericht, ohne Gott, ohne Ende, mit Traumabsud gefüllt, mit Absud eines abgesunkenen Bewußtseins, mit gärend neuer Traum-Essenz zugleich. Das ist die hohlste und die überfüllteste, die haltloseste und die produktivste Groteske, Grotesk-Montage der Spätbourgeoisie; Hoch-, Breit-, Tief-, Querstapelei aus verlorener Heimat; ohne Wege, mit lauter Wegen, ohne Ziele, mit lauter Zielen. Montage vermag jetzt viel, leicht beieinander wohnten früher nur die Gedanken, jetzt auch die Sachen, wenigstens im Überschwemmungsgebiet, im phantastischen Urwald der Leere" (*Erbschaft dieser Zeit*, 245–46).

10. As regards Lukács, see my discussion of his "The Meaning of Contemporary Realism" below; as regards Mirsky, see "Mirsky on bourgeois decadence," in *James Joyce: The Critical Heritage*, where the Soviet ideologue writes: "We may ask ourselves whether Joyce offers a model for revolutionary writers. The answer is that his method is too inseparably connected with the specifically decadent phase of the bourgeois culture he reflects, is too narrowly confined within its limits. The use of the inner monologue (stream of consciousness method) is too closely connected with the ultra-subjectivism of the parasitic, rentier bourgeoisie, and entirely unadaptable to the art of one who is building socialist society. Not less foreign to the dynamics of our culture is the fundamentally static method in which the picture of Bloom is composed, and around him the whole novel. The novel is colossal, grandiose—there is no denying it . . . *Ulysses* is static" (592). Egri correspondingly writes: "If the artist has undergone a high degree of alienation from reality, however, a passivity results which precludes the dynamic, phased advance of portrayed or portraying mind alike towards reality and substance. And this is the fundamental tribute of Joyce's interior monologue. There is no question in *Ulysses* or *Finnegans Wake* of a given free-associating chapter dynamically contributing to the momentum of the whole novel, since the free-associating passages themselves

run hard to stay put, at the most—as occasionally in *Ulysses*—moving forward into the dream-world of complete subjective freedom, while the work as a whole remains static.” Thomas Mann’s *Lotte in Weimar*, by contrast, exhibits a “triple dynamism,” so Egri (*Avantgardism and Modernity*, 106).

11. One is reminded of Jeffrey Segall’s acute description of the “dizzying” peculiarities and contradictions that characterized the ideological posturing during this period in “Between Marxism and Modernism, or How to Be a Revolutionist and Still Love *Ulysses*”: “The cultural combat of the thirties resulted in odd and sometimes paradoxical alignments. Followers of the Stalinist line, self-described political revolutionaries, appeared reactionary in their literary judgments. Cultural conservatives, self-proclaimed protectors of democratic liberties against fascism, often adopted harsh and censorious attitudes toward the ‘irresponsible’ art of Joyce and other modernists. The Southern Agrarians—Tate, Ransom, and others—complemented their anachronistic, reactionary political perspective with a general acceptance of modernist artistic innovations. Designations such as ‘left’ and ‘right,’ ‘revolutionary’ and ‘reactionary’ become problematic in such a dizzying cultural and political context. And they become even more unreliable when, as occurred in the thirties, key players in the drama shifted positions or declared political identities which they contradicted in their words and actions” (422).

12. As if to corroborate the point, Lukács will later cite Bloch’s earlier critique of Joyce in support of his own argument precisely because he also sees Bloch’s earlier essay as more critical in tone and objective than the current more defensive article.

13. In one of his essays relating to the Expressionism debate, “Bemerkungen zum Formalismus,” Brecht also notes around 1938: “Bei der Verurteilung der Montage kommen manche . . . in die gefährlichste Nähe von Blut und Boden und einer anrührigsten Metaphysik des Organischen” (“Some who condemn montage come dangerously close to Blood and Soil [a Nazi catchphrase—R.W.] and a most shady sort of metaphysics of the organic”) (323).

14. “Verkündet nicht mit der Miene der Unfehlbarkeit die alleinseligmachende Art, ein Zimmer zu beschreiben, exkommuniziert nicht die Montage, setzt nicht den inneren Monolog auf den Index!” (“Praktisches zur Expressionismusdebatte,” 305). A couple of decades later, Günter Grass observes in an essay entitled “Der lesende Arbeiter” (The Worker Who Reads), citing Brecht’s poem “Fragen eines lesenden Arbeiters” (Questions Posed by a Reading Worker): “Now, not just in middle-class circles but also among trade unionists you will find the following prejudice: that is too complicated for workers. They need rest and relaxation. You have to write enlightening dime novels: simple, moving, yet with a class conscious and socially utopian perspective. Sort of Principle of Hope, brought down to the level of the rainbow press. Personally, pardon the expression, I think that is just arrogant drivel, because it is insulting. In my opinion, not just are workers entirely able to read difficult books with complex narrative tensions and contradictions, I am also convinced that the conditions of the industrial working class can be portrayed in a complicated style with narrative tensions and contradictions. What happens at the workplace—the simultaneity of processes,

the multiple consciousnesses, the chorus of inarticulate interior monologues that parallel the industrial tact that governs these work processes—all this corresponds to the new aesthetics of literature; and that is why it is very well possible for young workers to comprehend the function of the interior monologue in James Joyce, the motor-like diction of Döblin's *Berlin Alexanderplatz*, the mortally bureaucratic systems of Kafka. In their books, and those by other authors, they can find their world, their hitherto undiscovered world" (666).

15. "Wer den Realismus [nicht] rein formalistisch definiert (als das, was um die neunziger Jahre auf dem Gebiet des bürgerlichen Romans unter Realismus verstanden wurde), der kann gegen solche Techniken der Erzählung wie Montage, inneren Monolog, oder Verfremdung alles Mögliche einwenden, nur nichts vom Standpunkt des Realismus aus. Selbstverständlich kann es inneren Monolog geben, der als formalistisch zu bezeichnen ist, aber auch solchen, der realistisch ist, und mit Montage kann man . . . die Welt schief darstellen und auch richtig" (321). I have bracketed the German "nicht" ("do not") because, judging from the whole context of the sentence, I believe the word should read "nur" ("only"); this may be due to an error of transcription.

16. "1) *Verfremdung als ein Verstehen* (verstehen—nicht verstehen—verstehen), Negation der Negation. 2) *Häufung der Unverständlichkeiten, bis Verständigung eintritt* (Umschlag von Quantität in Qualität)."

17. "Der Roman *Ulysses* von James Joyce, weil er nach Ansicht Döblins die Situation des Romans verändert hat und als Sammlung verschiedener Methoden der Betrachtung (Einführung des inneren Monologs und so weiter) ein unentbehrliches Nachschlagewerk für Schriftsteller darstellt" ("Antwort auf Ihre Rundfrage nach den besten Büchern des Jahres [1928]," 82).

18. This shift from surface structure of a text to the intention/Weltanschauung that resides behind it antedates Marxist attempts to solve the selfsame dilemma by locating the contradictions not in any textual exteriority, but in what has been called the textual unconscious; see in particular Terry Eagleton's *Criticism and Ideology* and Fredric Jameson's *The Political Unconscious*. At one point Eagleton describes his study as a direct extension of the so-called Brecht-Lukács debate (which, as we saw here, was never a genuine debate); he writes: "Yet to review a selection of English literary production from George Eliot to D. H. Lawrence in the light of the internal relations between ideology and literary form is to reactivate the crucially significant debate conducted in the 1930s between Lukács and Bertolt Brecht. Brecht's rejection of Lukács's nostalgic organicism, his traditionalist preference for closed, symmetrical totalities, is made in the name of an allegiance to open, multiple forms which bear in their torsions the very imprint of the contradictions they lay bare" (161).

19. In this context, one is also reminded of Roland Barthes's fascinating text on the "fascism" of communicative everyday discourse in his Collège de France inaugural lecture "Leçon" of 7 January 1979.

20. This picks up on similar distinctions between text and work introduced by Roman Ingarden, Wolfgang Iser, and Roland Barthes. See Ingarden, *Vom Erkennen des*

literarischen Kunstwerks (1968), Iser, *Der Akt des Lesens* (1976), and Barthes, “From Work to Text” (1977).

21. In this context it may be worth noting that, in October and November 2010, London saw a series of events (lectures, stagings, film-screenings, discussions) entitled “Shakespeare Is German,” co-sponsored by Shakespeare’s Globe, the Goethe-Institut London, and the Centre for Anglo-German Cultural Relations at Queen Mary, University of London.

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