FLAUBERT, SCHLEGEL, NIETZSCHE: JOYCE AND SOME EUROPEAN PRECURSORS

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Georg Lukács argued as far back as 1920, in *The Theory of the Novel*, that irony is "the normative mentality" not just of modern literature but of that uniquely "modern" genre, the novel, which, as "the epic of a world abandoned by God", came into being with Cervantes' *Don Quixote*. Recognising as a consequence man's subjective alienation from a "world of immanent meaninglessness", Cervantes, according to Lukács, arrives at the further perception that "reality does not have to correspond to subjective evidence, however genuine and heroic". It is in that gap between objective fact and subjective desire that irony may thrive. Irony, then, is the inevitable and appropriate response when "idea" (or, a little tendentiously, we might say "ideal") is no longer validated by "reality", the imaginable is strikingly incommensurate with the actual, and the aspirations of "interiority" come into conflict with "the prosaic vulgarity of outward life" (1971: 84, 88, 103-104).

In Joyce's *Ulysses*, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza reappear, though in significantly altered guise, as Stephen Dedalus and Leopold Bloom. There is an additional redistribution of emphasis, in which Bloom's Sancho-like engagement with "the prosaic vulgarity of outward life" (accepted in all its immediacy and neutrality under the rubric of "phenomenon") is further valorised at the expense of Stephen's quixotic inability to escape from his own "interiority", and from the insoluble subjective obsessions which now threaten to generate not creative fantasy but crippling neurosis.[1]

Yet rather than dwell upon this somewhat banal connection between Joyce and the father of the European novel, I want rather to highlight Lukács's contention that irony is the "normative mentality" of modern fiction, and, further, to pose this question: from what perspectives, and with

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the help of which European predecessors, are we to attempt to understand the authorial irony of that protypical modern novel, *Ulysses*?

Lukács's further argument is that irony is not only a revelation of the problematic disjunction between subjective aspiration and recalcitrant fact, but is equally, in the form of willed authorial detachment, the counter-strategy initiated by the novelist against the perceived problem of "immanent meaninglessness", which threatens to render the world uninterpretable. In this view, irony, with its preservation of formal control in the face of radical uncertainty, is related, one might say, to stoicism; and in effecting a distance from the problem, it aims to provide a manageable perspective, or, more correctly, perspectives, upon it. Irony, as Lukács has it, is the "self-surmounting" of subjectivity: it is

> a refusal to comprehend more than the mere fact [...] and in it there is the deep certainty, expressible only by form-giving, that through not-desiring-to-know and not-being-able-to-know [the writer] has truly encountered and grasped the ultimate, true substance. (Lukács 84-85, 90)

Such an emphasis upon non-judgemental objectivity, and on the arrival at an evaluation of experience through "form-giving", recalls the aims and practice of Gustave Flaubert. Yet we need to remind ourselves that it was not in fact Flaubert who first formulated the ideal of authorial objectivity, with its concomitant ironic detachment. Flaubert's *impassibilité*, indeed, can be regarded as an individual, perhaps unique and extreme manifestation of an already conceptualised norm. As D. C. Muecke points out, the "concept of irony as objectivity" is one of the many new connotations of the word "irony" to be credited to German romanticism (1982: 26). Both Friedrich and A. W. Schlegel, and subsequently Karl Solger and others, used the term irony in speaking of "the objectivity, "indifference", and freedom of the artist in relation to his work" (1970: 19). Of those named, the most significant is Friedrich Schlegel who, in René Wellek's large claim, "introduced the term irony into modern literary discussion" (1955: 16). It is, in addition, worth noting that Lukács's understanding of the term "irony" is in part conditioned by his familiarity with "the young Friedrich Schlegel's and Solger's aesthetic theories" (1971: 15).

The importance of the German romantic theorists is not simply that historically they anticipate Flaubert's formulations. It is also that, in treating of what is essentially the same topic, that is, ironic detachment and authorial

objectivity, they should provide perspectives and emphases significantly different from Flaubert's. At this early stage we might distinguish such differences in emphasis as follows: that Flaubert valued objectivity primarily as a mode of detachment, which might preserve him from facile or sentimental evaluation (empowerment of the author), while a theorist such as Friedrich Schlegel tended to prioritise the totality of perception that such authorial freedom seems to guarantee (orientation towards the problematic "world", in the form of a continual and generous alertness to the contradictory whole of human experience). Or, to put this in different terms: irony in Flaubert may imply a withholding of the authorial self from problematic contingency, whereas Schlegel's irony advocates, in more positive terms, lively engagement with such contingency. I begin, in violation of chronology, with Flaubertian detachment, if only because the influence of Flaubert on Joyce has been well-documented.

"I never pose as a man of experience", Flaubert wrote on September 27, 1846, "that would be too foolish; but I observe a great deal and never conclude —an infallible way of avoiding error" (1926-1933, vol. 1: 337).[2] Flaubert's habitual stance, and its implications for his art, are here clearly indicated. He is to be a spectator rather than a participant in experience; he is to be strictly objective —indeed, scientific— in his observation; and, by never concluding, will deny his reader the satisfaction of simplistic evaluation, keeping his text open to the possibilities of polyvalence. Such detachment is the divine (which may be to say "inhuman") prerogative of the author as ironist. Hovering "above the world" in his "ironical gratification" (Kierkegaard's formula in 1967-1978, vol. 2: 251), the author in a sublime stoicism transcends the problematic world of experience, thereby negating its negation. Or —to extrapolate from Lukács— the author hastens to model himself on the divinity which has abandoned the world, even as he involves himself in that world just sufficiently to expose its lack of satisfactory immanent meaning.

Flaubert's identification of the author with God is well-established; and if such an author-god achieves immanence, his invisibility suggests absence rather than presence. As Flaubert informs Louise Colet, in a context where, against *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, he is making a plea for authorial reticence and impartiality:

> An author in his book must be like God in the universe, present everywhere and visible nowhere. Art being a second Nature, the creator of that Nature must behave similarly. In all its atoms, in all its aspects, let there be sensed a hidden infinite indifference [*impassibilité*]. (1926-1933, vol. 3: 61-62)

We should recall at this point that the comparison of the author to a God invisibly present in his work is by no means original to Flaubert, but was well-established by the end of the eighteenth century in German romanticism. So Schiller, characterising the naive (or impersonal) poet as one wholly possessed by the objective reality of his artistic creation, comments: "Like the Deity behind this universe, he stands behind his work; he is himself the work, and the work is himself".[3] When a Romantic theorist such as Friedrich Schlegel considers the stance of the ironic author, the analogy between author and God is implicit in the idea of the author's transcendence of, or detachment from, the creation which nonetheless paradoxically manifests him.

Schlegel can, in fact, advocate authorial detachment in a way that seems to anticipate Flaubert's *impassibilité*. "In order to be able to describe an object well, one must have ceased to be interested in it". That, perhaps surprisingly, is Schlegel (in Wellek 1955: 14). But in spite of this apparent identity of intention, it is essential to the general thrust of my argument (in the light of Schlegel's advocacy of a lively and generous authorial response) to emphasise the differences between the two. "Homer, Rabelais, Michelangelo, Shakespeare, Goethe", Flaubert informs Louise Colet, "seem to me *pitiless*" (August 26, 1853, in 1926-1933, vol. 3: 322). In striking contrast, Schlegel typically envisages a more humane author-god behind the works of Cervantes, Shakespeare, or Goethe. Thus the author of *Wilhelm Meister* is one who seems "to smile down from the heights of his spirit upon his masterwork" (in Wellek 1955: 15); and in general the authorial irony which "surveys everything that is limited" is to be referred to a spirit of "transcendental buffoonery" ("*Lyceums-Fragmente*").[4]

This awareness of art as play, and of the artist's playful freedom, marks one essential distinction between Schlegel's ironic author and Flaubert's. Schlegel's ironist is free to indulge his sense of humour in a way quite alien it seems, to Flaubert's "pitiless" and impassive creator. It is not then surprising, that, writing in 1893, Henry James felt that the reader of Flaubert is obliged to ponder the lack of "ultimate good humour". How, James wondered, "can art be so genuine yet so unconsoled, so unhumorous, so unsociable"? Flaubert, in his "extraordinary singleness of aim", presents us

with "the artist not only disinterested but absolutely dishumanized" (James 1964: 148, 141, 140). Schlegel invites no such criticism.

The influence of Flaubert on Joyce is well-known, and Ezra Pound was one of the first to emphasise the affinity. When *Dubliners* appeared, Pound commended Joyce in *The Egoist* (July 15, 1914) for his "imitation of Flaubert's definiteness", and subsequently in *The Dial* (June 1922), glancing primarily at *Ulysses*, he asserted that Joyce "has taken up the art of writing where Flaubert left it".[5] In keeping with the Flaubertian ideal of *impassibilité*, Joyce, throughout his writings, honours the ideals of authorial detachment and scientistic objectivity. Thus the young Joyce was quick to endorse the authorial detachment of the much-admired Ibsen in his essay of 1900, "Ibsen's New Drama", which praised Ibsen for his ability to see things "as from a great height, with perfect vision and an angelic dispassionateness" (1959: 65). The most Flaubertian image of the detached author in Joyce, however, is that notoriously provided by Stephen Dedalus in the *Portrait* when he considers how the personality of the artist gradually "impersonalises itself":

> The artist, like the God of the creation, remains within or behind or beyond or above his handiwork, invisible, refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails. (1968a: 215)

Clearly, this can be read as a straight "crib" from those passages in the letters where Flaubert ponders the invisible author-god.

Inevitably, however, Flaubert was aware that the kind of ironic objectivity indicated in the ideal of *impassibilité* might serve as the precondition of a more inclusive perception, a less partial view of the contradictory totality of experience (the orientation towards the problematic "world" of which I spoke earlier). This would seem to provide the rationale for the notorious agricultural show sequence in *Madame Bovary* (1950, vol. 2: 8), with its juxtaposition of the romantic dalliance of Emma and Rodolphe with the cries of "Manure!" and "Pigs!" outside the windows of the Council Chamber. Flaubert's attraction to this kind of contradictoriness, however, perhaps derives from that temperamental conflict within himself between the romantic and the realist, the *deux bonshommes distincts* referred to in the letter of January 16, 1852 (1926-1933, vol. 2: 343). In any case, when German romanticism, prior to Flaubert, addressed this question of contradictory totality, it was more successful —primarily through Friedrich Schlegel— in articulating and elaborating an aesthetic theory which was

grounded in something like a genuine metaphysic, and substantiated by that metaphysic. What I shall further argue is that beyond Schlegel lies Nietzsche, whose formulation of the notion of "perspectivism" can be read as an extrapolation of Schlegel's ambition to come to terms with the contradictory totality of experience, or, in the terms used earlier, to engage with contingency.

The precise implications of Schlegel's concept of irony have been much debated, and there remains a question as to how systematically he was able to formulate that concept. There is, nonetheless, general agreement that such irony can be interpreted, in the first instance, as a means of expressing the paradoxical nature of the world and of human experience. In Schlegel's view, the universe is infinite and apparently chaotic. It presents itself to us as infinite plenitude (*unendliche Fülle*), and cannot be reduced to rational order. To our limited perception, which cannot grasp its absolute reality, the world appears as a chaos, "a complex of contradiction and incongruity" (Immerwahr 1951: 177). Such an apparent chaos, however, can be viewed as a source not of anxiety but rather of exhilaration: in its infinite abundance and unpredictable change, the world manifests a fertile creativity. We are encouraged to view more optimistically a reality which, while still problematic, is far removed from the world abandoned by God to immanent meaninglessness —the world, as Lukács interprets it, of *Don Quixote*.

Faced with the world's bewildering plenitude and the recurrent contradictions of our experience, we require a flexibility of response to match such multiplicity. This flexibility is provided by irony, which, in one of Schlegel's notebooks, is characterised as the "form of the paradoxical" (in Eichner 1970: 74). Irony is the response that the world in its bewildering infinitude demands: irony can thus be defined as "consciousness of the [...] infinitely full chaos" (in Eichner 1970: 73).

When he shifts to the realm of aesthetics proper, Schlegel is consistent in his requirement that the work of literature should reflect this paradoxical world. Here one must insist that, whatever role is played in Schlegel's theory by the detachment of the author, the major prescription for the literary work itself is that it should openly and generously engage with the problematic real. So it is that in one of his literary notebooks Schlegel claims that modern literature of the kind he is advocating should be "chaotic", appropriately reflecting the chaos of the world (1970: 62). Yet this is not to deny altogether the principle of aesthetic ordering in the literary work. The universe in its infinite plenitude may strike us as a chaos, but it is also an "infinite unity" (*unendliche Einheit*), an organic whole, however impossible

it is for human reason to comprehend that absolute order. Ideally, then, the work of literature in reflecting that reality must somehow reconcile chaos with order. In his *Dialogue on Poetry*, therefore, Schlegel paradoxically describes his ideal as as an "artfully ordered confusion", a "charming symmetry of contradictions" (in Mellor 1980: 18).

There is much in this that may make us think of Joyce, in particular *Ulysses*. That "allincluding [...] chronicle" (the text's self-description towards the end of the "Oxen of the Sun" episode, *Ulysses*, 1993: 402) cheerfully resists all critical attempts to reduce it to univocal statement. It is *Finnegans Wake* (1968: 118) which refers to "the chaosmos of Alle", but this conflation of "cosmos" and "chaos" may be just as legitimately applied to the orderly disorder of *Ulysses*, which, for all its innumerable and teasing intimations of unity in the obsessive use of recurrent motifs, remains, as text, finally irreducible to coherence. According to Richard Ellmann, Samuel Beckett stated in a 1953 interview that "to Joyce reality was a paradigm, an illustration of a possibly unstatable rule" (1982: 551). This, too, is close to Schlegel's sense of the world as possessing an ultimate coherence which is not available to reason. Moreover, when Schlegel intimates that the literary artist, faced with the bewildering multiplicity of the world, cannot hope to seize any absolute truth, he anticipates the non-absolutist or relativist world of *Ulysses*, wherein no code is binding.

When Schlegel acknowledges that each creative insight yields only a limited perception, so that the literary artist must be ever ready to abandon any one stance, however attractive or compelling it might appear, in order to assume a different, perhaps opposed position, he provides in advance the rationale for Joyce's deliberate programmatic commitment to the employment of a new and distinctive narrative technique for each succeeding episode in *Ulysses*. It is from this recognition in Schlegel of the author's requisite flexibility that he derives, by extension, his further crucial endorsement of authorial caprice, or *Willkür*, for which one of Schlegel's exemplars was Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*, relevant, again, to *Ulysses*, with its apparently capricious shifts, sometimes within one episode —as in "Cyclops", for example— from one narrative mode to another. The most devastating instance of this procedure in "Cyclops" is the treatment of Bloom's tentatively introduced ideal of "love": see the notorious sequence in *Ulysses* (1993: 319).[6]

In comparison with Flaubert, Schlegel appears to some advantage. Not only does Schlegel provide a more adequate rationale for the "totalising"

aspirations of irony, its espousal of the most inclusive view; his entire concept of irony is more acceptably, more creatively and less negatively formulated. Romantic irony, in fact, offers important specific correctives to the Flaubertian view. Schlegel's emphasis on the artist's caprice (*Willkür*), for instance, allows more room for creative inspiration than the deliberate artistry of Flaubert seems ready to admit. What Flaubert thought of instinctive creativity is expressed with an almost ascetic distaste in a letter of February 27-28, 1853 to Louise Colet:

> One must write more *coldly*. Let us be on our guard against that feverish state called inspiration, which often involves more nervous emotion than muscular activity [...]. Instead of one idea I have six, and where the most simple exposition is called for, I am tempted to elaborate [...]. But I know these masked balls of the imagination, whence you come away depressed and exhausted, having seen nothing but falsity and spouted nonsense. Everything should be done coldly, with poise. (1926-1933, vol. 3: 104-105)

One is struck here by the absolutist, exclusivist tone of such dedication. Schlegel by comparison seems more flexible, more accommodating, more subtle. "It's equally fatal for the mind to have a system and to have none", he remarks nonchalantly in *Athenäums-Fragmente* (1971: 53). "It will simply have to decide to combine the two" (in Mellor 1980: 16).

Moreover, Flaubert's equally absolutist sense of "Art", and his ascetic dedication to that ideal, appear extravagant and misplaced if we recall Schlegel's ironist who can make no exclusive and irrevocable commitment, least of all to the fictional projections of his own mind.[7] Schlegel's typical comment in *Lyceums-Fragmente* (1971: 87) might be read as an anticipative criticism of Flaubert: "There are artists who —though they do not think too highly of art, this being impossible— are not free enough to rise above their own highest ideal" (in Eichner 1970: 71). Art for Schlegel is certainly a serious matter; but its ends are not always best served by seriousness.

It is at this point that we must attempt to refer much of the preceding argument specifically to Joyce. How seriously committed to a Flaubertian ideal of "Art" was Joyce? And how central was Flaubert as an influence on Joyce's own writing practice? One answer might be found in the well-known anecdote related by Frank Budgen, who one day enquired of Joyce how *Ulysses* was 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." (1972: 20)

Not surprisingly, Joyce's artistic perfectionism here brings Flaubert to mind. Yet whatever the degree of affinity between Joyce and Flaubert in their artistic dedication, there was an unbridgeable gulf between the two men and their respective temperaments. For even if Joyce (and Stephen) are dedicated to the secular "priesthood" of art, it is a priesthood entailing no ascetic withdrawal from life, but rather an acceptance, as in one of Stephen's climactic epiphanic experiences, of the summons (from woman) to engage with reality (through woman): "Her eyes had called him and his soul had leaped at the call. To live, to err, to fall, to triumph, to recreate life out of life!" (*Portrait* 1968a: 172).

Flaubert, "thoroughly anchoretic" in the view of James (1964: 215), appears to live out his artistic ideal of detachment by a further disengagement from the *Lebenswelt* itself, remaining, in James's words (1964: 149), an "incorruptible celibate and *dédaigneux des femmes*". Joyce in his life embraced experience in the life-long commitment to Nora Barnacle and in the subsequent immersion in familial responsibilities.

More to the point, however, is the centrality of humour in Joyce. We can best indicate the radical difference between Joyce and Flaubert by recalling Henry James's complaint that Flaubert lacked "ultimate good humour". No such complaint could be levelled against the author of *Ulysses* or of *Finnegans Wake*.[8] The invisible author-god envisaged by Stephen in the *Portrait* (in the passage cited earlier) may seem inhuman in his indifference; but the last word is given, in that context, to the subversive jester, Lynch. To Stephen's suggestion that the artist is "refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails", Lynch immediately responds with the deflationary remark: "Trying to refine them also out of existence" (1968a: 215). It is one of many indicators of the ironic distance between Joyce and Stephen; and in this instance Stephen's unacknowledged parroting of Flaubert is exposed as the pretentiousness of a young man who is both too serious for his own good and too limited in his aesthetic theorising. The author-god of

Stephen, indifferent and unsmiling, is indeed Flaubertian; but beyond that ideal lies the smiling author Joyce, who in his flexibility and humorous awareness of incongruities, may, finally, have more in common with the author as envisaged by Schlegel.

My final argument concerns the way in which Schlegel's emphasis on the bewildering complexity of experience, and our need to devise strategies which will do justice to such complexity, achieves a later and more cogent articulation in Nietzsche. In a well-known passage in *On the Genealogy of Morals* (1996, Third Essay: Section 12), Nietzsche endeavours to expose the folly of any ultimately "objective" view of the world, and encourages us instead to exploit the "*diversity* of perspectives" at our disposal. For, as he goes on to argue:

> Perspectival seeing is the *only* kind of seeing there is, perspectival "knowing" the *only* kind of "knowing"; and the *more* feelings about a matter which we allow to come to expression, the *more* eyes, different eyes through which we are able to view this same matter, the more complete our "conception" of it, our "objectivity" will be. (1996: 98)

Schlegel would surely have been in sympathy with the spirit of Nietzsche's proceeding here; while, from another point of view, once Nietzsche's perspectivism finds its stylistic correlative in Bakhtin's idea of plurality of discourse, we are closer than ever to Joyce's artistic practice in a work like *Ulysses*.[9]

Nietzsche's influence on the early Joyce is well-established, and there is a further crucial way in which he can be read as a mediating term between Schlegel and Joyce. Schlegel's recognition of the creative artist's playfulness, his "transcendental buffoonery" (*Lyceums-Fragmente* 1971: 42), and, in contradistinction to Flaubert, his generous accommodation of good humour and the comedic, is close to Nietzsche's recurrent emphasis on liberating gaiety; and it is highly significant that Joyce should have approved of an early review by Gilbert Seldes (1922: 211-212), in which the reviewer noted the Nietzschean "tragic gaiety" in Ulysses.[10] Relevant here is the typically Nietzschean observation, which, again, Schlegel might well have approved, that:

> a great tragedian [...] like all artists, only reaches the peak of his greatness once he is capable of looking *down* on himself and his art —once he is capable of *laughing* at himself. (1996: 79)

That observation occurs in a context in which Nietzsche expresses his dismay at Wagner's apparent regression, in the late work *Parsifal*, to what for Nietzsche are the utterly abhorrent ascetic values of Christianity. Nietzsche further notes that even where a real opposition arises between "chastity and sensuality", it "need no longer be a tragic one" (1996: 78); for, as he has already stated in the "Preface", "our old morality is part of the *comedy* too!" (1996: 9).

I introduce these comments by Nietzsche in order to make a final point about a radical similarity between Joyce and this European philosophical predecessor. Much of Nietzsche's work (including *Genealogy*) is an attack on asceticism; and he includes in his denunciation not just Christians, but the "hard, severe, abstemious" scientists who are equally fettered by an ascetic "ideal", and who, "in their belief in truth [...] are more inflexible and absolute than anyone else" (1996: 126). One may ask at this point whether the absolutely dedicated Flaubert ("incorruptible celibate", in James's phrase) might not equally fall under Nietzsche's strictures on asceticism. But the major point concerns Joyce's similar distaste not just for the absolute or dogmatic, but for the ascetic ideal in all its forms. What we find at the heart of *Ulysses*, as at the centre of much of Nietzsche's writing, is a rejection of any idealism which, whether as asceticism or misplaced romantic sentiment, deflects us from the persistent acknowledgement of the human realities which are indefeasibly "there". What we seem to have reached at this point is a kind of "endgame" phase in that conflict between heroic ideal and the "prosaic vulgarity" of life identified by Lukács —the conflict in effect being resolved by the collapse of one of its increasingly untenable terms, the "ideal". How well Joyce would have understood Nietzsche's statement in the Foreword to *Ecce Homo* that "Reality has been deprived of its value, its meaning, its veracity to the same degree as an ideal world has been *fabricated*" (1979: 4).

In a similar vein, in the second essay of *Genealogy* (section 24), Nietzsche laments the fact that for far too long "man has looked askance at his animal inclinations", in his absurd "aspirations to the beyond [...] the anti-instinctual, the anti-animal" —aspirations, in short, "to what have up to now been regarded as ideals, ideals which are all hostile to life, which defame the world" (1996: 75). Who, he wonders (1996: 75-76), will be strong enough to "redeem us as much from the previous ideal as from *what was bound to grow out of it*, from the great disgust [...]?" Such a spirit would "require a kind of sublime wickedness, a last, self-assured intellectual malice

which belongs to great health". Yet "this Antichristian and Antichrist, this conqueror of God and of nothingness —*he must come one day*".

Joyce's determination to reinscribe the body in all its imperfection in the text of *Ulysses* can be read as an attempt to save us from "the great disgust"; and, whether he deserves the title of "antichristian" or not, he at least creates, in the figure of Molly Bloom, an unforgettable "anti-Virgin". We know how fond Joyce was of depicting in his fiction (particularly in *Portrait*) the artist as messiah, complete with his Johannine precursor. Is it altogether fanciful to suggest that Nietzsche in the passage cited foretells the coming of one who, in the figure of the comic liberator Joyce, is to fulfill his prophecy? The full truth is, though, that Joyce had more than one European precursor.

NOTES

[1] Wilde (1981: 118) sees Stephen as one of those figures in modern fiction who "simultaneously desire and shrink from confrontation with a world they find too ironically disjunct to face or grasp directly".

[2] The English quotations from Flaubert's *Correspondance* are the author's own translations.

[3] *Über naive und sentimentalische Dichtung* (1795, in Abrams 1958: 238).

[4] In Mellor (1980: 17). In my knowledge of and citations from Schlegel throughout, I am indebted to a number of commentators, especially Eichner (1970), Immerwahr (1951), Mellor (1980).

[5] See Pound 1968: 27-28, 89, 248, 252.

[6] Such capriciousness operates, in what we may regard as a sophistication of the adage about *ars celare artem*, in the service of an overall artistic purposefulness. Influenced by Goethe's essay on *Die Arabesken* (1789), Schlegel came to feel that such a reconciliation of caprice and purposefulness could ideally be discerned in the form of the arabesque, the profuse, elaborate and freely composed mural decoration frequently exploited by Italian Renaissance painters. Apparently capricious and irrational, such arabesques nevertheless imply their own intrinsic patterning, though such an implicit ordering in no way inhibits the artist's creative freedom. The analogue for Joyce's artistic procedure is to be found in the similarly creative "doodling" evident in the decorations or illustrations in

the *Book of Kells*: on which see Joyce's own statement, including the suggestion that one can "compare much of my work to the intricate illuminations" therein (Ellmann 1982: 545).

[7] Because the artist can invest no absolute value in his imperfect art —necessarily imperfect in the face of an elusive and many-faceted reality— irony for Schlegel becomes "constant self-parody" (*Lyceums-Fragmente* 1971: 108; in Eichner 1970: 73), as the author anticipates possible criticisms of his limitations by implying such criticisms within the work itself.

[8] One anecdote may stand for many. Richard Ellmann tells how, at a late stage in his life while he was engaged in the writing of *Finnegans Wake*, Joyce amended, for the benefit of a drinking companion, *In vino veritas* to *In risu veritas* (1982: 703).

[9] See, for example, Bakhtin (1988: 125-156). Bakhtin begins with a brief analysis of Pushkin's verse-novel *Evgenij Onegin*, the linguistic structure of which he regards as "typical of all authentic novels" (1988: 131), arguing that the "language of the novel is a *system* of languages that mutually and ideologically interanimate each other. It is impossible to describe and analyze it as a single unitary language" (1988: 130). Many of Bakhtin's comments, including his remarks on parody (1988: 132-135), the "corrective of laughter" (1988: 136), and the "seriolaughing word" (1988: 153), may remind the reader of *Ulysses*.

[10] See Rice (1982: 211). While I argue here that Nietzsche may have served as a mediating term between Schlegel and Joyce, I have so far not been able to establish whether or not Joyce was acquainted with Schlegel.

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