

Anglo-German Adolescent Portraits: Three Fictional Memoirs of the Hapsburg Empire: Robert Musil, James Joyce, and Ingeborg Bachmann

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The adjective "Anglo-German" suggests unity and wholeness for a subject matter which, upon closer scrutiny, reveals only *differences* and *similarities*. Musil was an Austrian from Klagenfurt who, like Joyce, died while exiled in Switzerland (1942). Bachmann was also born in Klagenfurt (1926), lived in Vienna, Munich, and Zurich, but most of the time in Rome where she also died in 1973. One possible way, however, of expressing what I want to say here, namely to use the adjective "Anglo-Irish-Austro-German," would not only resemble one of Joyce's portmanteau words in *Finnegans Wake* but also be even more inadequate than "Anglo-German": first, Joyce never belonged to the Protestant Anglo-Irish ascendancy of which Oscar Wilde, Lady Gregory, and W. B. Yeats were such prominent representatives of.¹ Second, neither Musil nor Bachmann shared the Austro-German identity that was only established subsequent to the double collapse which the old Austro-Hungarian Empire and in its wake the Ostmark of the Third Reich had suffered in World Wars I and II. Third, Joyce, Musil, and Bachmann in their lives witnessed the difficult transition from one cultural system to another while they were still concerned with trying to understand the one they had been born and bred in. Thus even a cursory comparative reading of their writings tends to become a *transcultural* and *transhistorical* enterprise.

The phrase "Adolescent Portraits," read along with the sub-title "Three Fictional Memoirs of the Hapsburg Empire," does not exclusively refer to youthful self-portraits or self-images. On the contrary, the three writers did all but depict the *status quo* and the *hic et nunc* as they were writing. Instead, they chose to "look back in after years" (P 3.304-305),² not in anger but dispassionately to re-construct, to re-member, and to re-vive in fiction the *status quo ante*. Hence adolescent portraits do not technically reflect the images the painters in words perceived while working. Nor are they the result of work done in "a room with a view" to the contemporary scene, as are most of the works that the Impressionist painter Camille Pissarro created late in his life. They are neither photographic representations nor naturalist apprehensions of reality in words. Basically, these portraits are the result of systematic mnemotechnical exercises combined with the imaginative re-wording of what was once felt, said, and done. As "fictional memoirs," these portraits may share the historical perspective; but formally they represent various approaches to telling the tale: ranging from a first-person narrator, through an omniscient third-person narrator to the "objective dialogism" in the fifth chapter of *A Portrait*.

I do not deny the pertinent Freudian implications of my reading, but some general biographical remarks must suffice to substantiate the transcultural perspective. Then I go on to read "A Portrait of the Artist" (1904), "The Dead" (1907), *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (1916), *Young Törless* (1906),³ and "The Thirtieth Year" by Bachmann⁴ in the light of their being "Anglo-German Adolescent Portraits": that is, portraits of men growing up, as in Joyce's and Musil's works, or portraits of men as they remember their adolescence, as in "The Dead" and "The Thirtieth Year."

While Joyce lived in Trieste he witnessed a slow process of decay. This had equally affected the Austro-Hungarian and the British Empire. It was also the time when the Triestines were involved in "anti-clerical and Irredentist" (Platt 259) struggles and the Irish were fighting for Home Rule.

A foreign resident in Trieste and an observer from afar of the developments in Ireland, Joyce quite logically provided a geographical and chronological link between Dublin and Trieste in his signature that terminates *A Portrait*. Since he tried to remember, that is, to give shape to as well as to recall,⁵ what the Dublin of his youth was like in 1904, Joyce also became an active preserver, or, to use the title of a novel by Nadine Gordimer, a conservationist,⁶ of his cultural and linguistic identity. Incidentally, his daily work as a writer coincided with life at large in Trieste where *Triestinità* and *Italianità*, that is, what is Triestinesque or Italianesque, were dominant political issues of the day.⁷

Yet there was still the old Austro-Hungarian Empire, and Joyce, though a British citizen, was a living part of it. He thus became involuntarily involved in the history of what Musil in *Young Törless* and later on in his unfinished gigantic masterpiece *The Man without Qualities* (1930-42) reinvokes as the geographical and cultural identity of the old Empire. Joyce, the man, could not but share the on-going decay of the Empire that was eventually drowned by the streams of blood shed for this self-same identity in World War I.

Similarly, Musil and Bachmann re-create contemporary history: the "good old times" of the *fin-de-siècle* and the years 1913-14 in *Young Törless* and *The Man without Qualities*; and the years after World War II in "The Thirtieth Year." There is, however, one decisive difference between Joyce and Musil on the one hand and Bachmann on the other. While the former see the decay of life in general, they still bear in mind an option for the life of the individual. Dominic Manganiello stresses the inherent ambivalence of Joyce's unpolitical politics but he also says: "Although in his fictions Joyce discredits what he considers the deceptive communities of altruists, nationalists, and religious believers alike, he never fails to address an alternative fictive community of his own making" (Manganiello 252). Joyce is therefore much more optimistic than Musil, especially in *Ulysses*, in which he creates Leopold Bloom as a modern Everyman, whereas Stephen, the young artist, is shown to lead a more doubtful life. Musil, like Joyce's Triestine friend, the writer Italo Svevo, whom he had also read (Magris and Ara 105), can no longer consider life in its totality: to Musil it is "an anarchy of isolated atoms [that] corrodes what was once the great unity of speech and existence, [in which] each and every detail gains autonomy at the expense of the whole" (Magris and Ara 108). And still there is on Musil's part a search for the central idea in such ironical sentences as "the true Austria is the whole world," although this means for Musil that reality is actually nothing more than a void (Magris and Ara 20). Bachmann, then,

sees the world from an entirely atomistic point of view. Her people are constantly in the presence, or on the brink, of death, even deaths. Life and language have collapsed.

Bachmann's vision is utterly unlike Joyce's, who in *Ulysses* and especially in *Finnegans Wake* celebrates life as it is shaped by language; although that is often little more than a game of dissociated signifiers rather than the tit for tat of linear meanings gleaned from equally natural signifieds. Bachmann, however, has not been able to go on living, to subscribe to the formula "weiter leben" or "life goes on" that the Austrian Jew, Ruth Klüger, uses as a title for her book of memoirs in which she describes her youth and adolescence.⁸ Born in 1931, Klüger became a citizen, but she remained a restless wanderer. When she went to Göttingen in Germany in 1988, she started to write her adolescent portrait, her written re-enactment of what had been her own and her family's past. She is openly autobiographical, having finally, at the age of sixty-one, found a voice to think in terms of an adequate representation of the shadows or vapours of both the dead and the living.

II

Not even Musil had as much time to write and to live as Ruth Klüger. Like Bachmann and Joyce, he turned to fictionalizing what he had to say and what obsessed him quite early on. By contrast to Joyce and Bachmann, Musil was first educated in the sciences before he turned to the humanities, studying philosophy and psychology in Berlin. He also did his compulsory military service and adopted some of his father's characteristics: "the exactitude with which he analyzed even the most apparently marginal of his insights and observations and the compulsive necessity to work and to write."⁹ Despite the orderliness of his early life on the surface—he succeeded in passing his exams everywhere—Musil had to face a "ménage à trois" (*Austrian Fiction Writers, 1875-1913* 209) at home and, perhaps as a consequence, an atmosphere of spiritual indifference, to say the least. He "was critical of what he called an 'enlightened household,' in which no one believes in anything and no one offers anything as a replacement for that belief" (*Austrian Fiction Writers, 1875-1913* 210). Musil was like other great Central European writers such as Svevo, Franz Kafka, Elias Canetti, and Heimito von Doderer, in that he "put into words the Angst in the face of life at its most immediate, which, in its flow, wounds and snaps." Musil as well as Joyce, who also lived in Central Europe, "tried to construct a mechanism that was to safeguard against this cruelty [of life]" (Magris and Ara 111).

Joyce's home, because in Ireland, was not enlightened at all, despite all its depravity. He lived in a place which in the words of *A Portrait* had just made people hear a voice bid them to "be true to [their] country and help to raise up her fallen language and tradition" (P 2.848-49). Like Stephen Dedalus, the hero of Joyce's fictional adolescent portrait, Joyce, the man, could leave the island for the continent. When asked why he would want to turn his back on Ireland, Joyce might have been as intellectually lame as Gabriel Conroy in "The Dead":

—Well, we usually go to France or Belgium or perhaps Germany, said Gabriel awkwardly.

—And why do you go to France and Belgium, said Miss Ivors, instead of visiting your own land?

—Well, said Gabriel, it's partly to keep in touch with the languages and partly for a change.

— And haven't you your own language to keep in touch with, Irish? asked Miss Ivors.

— Well, said Gabriel, if it comes to that, you know, Irish is not my language. ("The Dead" 463-72)

In his conclusion Gabriel points to the dissociation of language and identity which Miss Ivors has discovered and which causes the sudden outburst of his real feelings which he had tried to veil by his lame evasive remark "that he saw nothing political in writing reviews of books" ("The Dead" 438-39). Their exchange is worth quoting at some length:

Their neighbours had turned to listen to the crossexamination. Gabriel glanced right and left nervously and tried to keep his good humour under the ordeal which was making a blush invade his forehead.

— And haven't you your own land to visit, continued Miss Ivors, that you know nothing of, your own people and your own country?

— O, to tell you the truth, retorted Gabriel suddenly, I'm sick of my own country, sick of it!

— Why? asked Miss Ivors.

Gabriel did not answer for his retort had heated him.

— Why? repeated Miss Ivors.

They had to go visiting together and, as he had not answered her, Miss Ivors said warmly:

— Of course, you've no answer.

. . . Then, just as the chain was about to start again she stood on tiptoe and whispered into his ear:

— West Briton! ("The Dead" 473-88, 492-95)

Gabriel had been an opportunist, possibly even a time-server all his life. He did not dare leave Ireland and preferred to pursue the safe career of a middle-brow man of letters. From the vantage-point of one who has left the squabble over the nation and the language behind, Joyce cannot easily stage such an embarrassing scene which, through the narrative voice's use of the legal term "crossexamination" ("The Dead" 473-74), is likened to a courtroom questioning. It is a public event, and Gabriel is the accused in the dock:

While her [Mrs. Malins] tongue rambled on Gabriel tried to banish from his mind all memory of the unpleasant incident with Miss Ivors. Of course the girl or woman or whatever she was was an enthusiast but there was a time for all things. Perhaps he ought not to have answered her like that. But she had no right to call him a West Briton before people, even in joke. She had tried to make him ridiculous before people, heckling him and staring at him with her rabbit's eyes. ("The Dead" 507-14)

Gabriel feels discriminated again, "outed" in an unfair manner. Joyce reminds his readers of such incidents in which the unity of the nation-to-be is questioned by the mere defensiveness of a person like Gabriel whose desire for cosmopolitan and cultural unity goes beyond either familial or linguistic and geographical bonds. His is a portrait which displays the aloofness of an intellectual young man who, ultimately, fails because he does not succeed in his encounters with women.

Lily, the caretaker's daughter, Molly Ivors, the Irish nationalist, and his wife, Gretta, respond in a worldly-wise manner to him. And while he praises his aunts Kate and Julia and their niece Mary Jane in his address as "the three Graces of the Dublin musical world" ("The Dead" 967-68), he also remembers his mother's commitment to his brother Constantine's and his own career as well as "her sullen opposition to his marriage" ("The Dead"

385-86). Living and dead women tend to overshadow Gabriel's life. His adolescence goes back to them as the people's existence at large goes back to Mother Ireland. But like Stephen Dedalus and the unnamed protagonist in "A Portrait of the Artist," Gabriel lives a life of the mind which is dominated by the "Nego" (PSW 218) or the *non serviam* (P 3.556; 5.2575; U 15.4228) that have become the mottos of social, religious, and artistic outsiders in Joyce's work. Gabriel is Joyce's first creation, and possibly also his last, of a species of writer who is actually part of the Anglo-Irish intellectual community. Once outed as a West Briton, he cannot, however, go on with his ambiguous play "within or behind or beyond or above his [the artist's] handiwork invisible, refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails" (P 5.1467-69). All of which means that he would have liked to be everybody's darling, remote from the political strife of the day.

Richard Rowan, Joyce's next writer-in-literature after Stephen Dedalus in *A Portrait*, has returned from Italy, from Rome, to be precise — the very place which Joyce himself could not stand for fear of becoming petrified as a *petit bourgeois*. *Exiles* is the result of another phase in Joyce's re-construction of his Dublin as well as his continental past which in his own words from 7 January 1904 "assuredly implies a fluid succession of presents, the development of an entity of which our actual present is a phase only" (PSW 211). Thus he also makes a easy transition from one culture to another, to "fly by [the] nets" of "nationality, language, religion," that are "flung at it [the soul, that is] to hold it back from flight" (P 5.1048-50). His identity as well as the one he creates for the unnamed protagonist and Stephen transcends the narrow bounds of the *bourgeois* personality:

Already the messages of citizens were flashed along the wires of the world, already the generous idea had emerged from a thirty years' war in Germany and was directing the councils of the Latins. (PSW 218)

Joyce not only inscribes his native Ireland on the European map, which he will do again and again in the works that follow "A Portrait of the Artist." But in the sentence just quoted he also alludes to the telegraph as a modern means of communication which allows for the simultaneous transmission of messages all over the world. What once was a hierarchical "*Nacheinander*" (U 3.13) now has become a democratic "*Nebeneinander*" (U 3.15). Likewise his reference to "a thirty years' war in Germany suggests the "re-membrance of things past": in his explanatory note John Whittier-Ferguson fails to perceive Joyce's mild irony, since to him the expression "thirty years' war" at once has a contemporary and a historical meaning. To a German the phrase is almost incomprehensible because we do not associate the Social Democrats' struggle for parliamentary representation in the 19th century with the longest and most disastrous war that was ever fought in Germany.

To understand Joyce in this case involves a transcultural as well as — historical effort on my part. I have to transcend my own isolated identity to look at Germany from an Irish perspective. And that is exactly the attitude towards his country and its history that Joyce shares with his contemporary, Musil, and which Bachmann might have adopted as a voluntary exile in her time.

III

Young Törless, for example, opens with a quotation from Maurice Maeterlinck, a translation from the original French, on the effect of putting something into words; and then follows an elliptic sentence: "A small

railway station on the line to Russia" (*Törless* 7). This is another instance of literature as a means of transcending borders. "The Dead" and *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* were at least partly written in Trieste, an outpost of the Hapsburg Empire. *Young Törless* looks back on Hapsburg, while it is still extant, with Musil in Berlin; the place of action is mapped between the endless vastness of the Eurasian East and the Emperor's residence in the West (*Törless* 8). The transition from one end of the imaginative Empire to the other is outlined by the image of the "four parallel railway tracks [that] extended infinitely in both directions" (*Törless* 7). The place of action is no more than a minute point in a universe in which the fact of "parallel lines meeting at infinity" (U 17.2086) is considered impossible from the start. It seems as if the scene is set for imminent decay: the two rows of acacia trees that line the road which leads up to the station ramp have dessicated leaves; the afternoon sun is pale and obviously without force:

Objects and men betrayed an air of indifference, lifelessness, mechanicalness, as if they had been taken out of a scene in a Punch and Judy show. (*Törless* 7)

What Joyce in "A Portrait of the Artist" ambiguously terms "general paralysis of an insane society" (PSW 218) is also to be perceived in this opening of *Young Törless*. Yet, unlike Joyce's nameless protagonist, whose identity was put to the test "in an isle twice removed from the mainland, under joint government of Their Intensities and Their Bullockships" (PSW 218), that is, on the margin of Europe, young Törless was born right in the centre. He has to go away to be educated on the margin because of "the corrupting influences of the metropolis" (*Törless* 8).

And yet his lack of orientation is not only a superficial one. In a flashback the first-person narrator, whose presence makes *Törless* a fictional memoir, recounts the first few weeks of young Törless in the institute: after a few days Törless began to suffer from homesickness (*Törless* 8). At least this is what Törless deemed his desire for the presence of his parents to be:

In reality it was something at once far more indeterminate and more composite. For the "object of his desire," the image of his parents, was not properly speaking part of it. (*Törless* 9)

Instead, Törless' thoughts of his parents appeared to be symptoms of his soul that was just about to awake to a life of his own:

And he recognized the nothingness, the lack of contentment in himself not to be a mere desire he had lost, but something positive, a force of the soul, something that had bloomed in him while the pretext of pain was still extant. (*Törless* 9-10)

I do not know whether Joyce ever read *Young Törless*, but he makes Stephen Dedalus describe a similar process:

— The soul is born, he said vaguely, first in those moments I told you of. It has a slow and dark birth, more mysterious than the birth of the body. (P 5.1045-57)

Seen in comparison, Joyce and Musil approach their subject from two complementary angles: Musil is very precise about psychology; he adheres to its lessons;¹⁰ but he remains vague about the political consequences such a soul as Törless' in the Austro-Hungarian Empire might have to suffer from. Joyce, on the other hand, for once sticks to an aphorism on psychology, noted by Djuna Barnes in 1922:

"In *Ulysses* I have recorded, simultaneously, what a man says, sees, thinks and what such seeing, thinking, saying does to what you Freudians call the subconscious—but as for psychoanalysis," he broke off, "it's neither more nor less than blackmail."¹¹

On politics, however, he is very precise; for Stephen goes on to say:

When the soul of man is born in this country there are nets flung at it to hold it back from flight. You talk to me of nationality, language, religion. I shall try to fly by those nets. (P 5.1047-50)

In Trieste as well as in Dublin such ideas must have come almost automatically, though Joyce was already in place to see the advent of Freud's ideas mark the beginning of psychology in the Italian-speaking part of Europe. Compared with Vienna and Berlin, where Musil stayed, Trieste and Dublin were ultimately more concerned with the struggle for national unity, or *synthesis*, than with self or *psychoanalysis*. As centres of national crisis, Trieste and Dublin still hosted polarized discussions of universal impact. Joyce's memories of Hapsburg could not but culminate in a series of essentially public dialogues on identity, hardly disturbed by a narrator's intrusions, whereas Musil's memories point to private ruminations and castigations, which turn inside out of the most private and intimate of Torless' life: the void and nothingness.

IV

The personal destinies of the two writers also point to the fact that Joyce voiced the concerns of the suppressed majority and that Musil expressed his doubts about the majority's lost identity. Indeed, Torless seems to have had "no character at all" (*Törless* 13). It is no surprise then that, at his death in 1942, Musil was an isolated man, his work largely unknown, and his posthumous fame wholly unpredictable. To be fair, one must admit that Joyce's stance in the literary world would not have been much different if it had not been for the activities of W. B. Yeats and Ezra Pound. They made him the Shakespeare of literary Modernism, the bridgehead of the avantgarde. Both Musil and Bachmann tend to be studied for their aesthetic creations rather than for their fictional re-creations of their common Hapsburg past. This, I think, is partly due to the de-politicization which determined literary criticism and, indeed, Joyce criticism, until about fifteen years ago, the effects of which still influence the critical discourse so that Helene Meyers describes an exceptional event in her critical appreciation of the recent public exchange between Vincent Cheng and Terry Eagleton:

... I think he [Eagleton] sought to remind us [the Joyceans] that criticism as well as art has a social function and that those of us who have the privilege to speak should consider how our words will be used in contexts other than our own. Thus the issue is not one of censorship or legitimacy but rather one of responsibility.¹²

When looked at from an aesthetic or an ivory tower or art-for art's sake point of view, Bachmann's prose writings share an affinity with Joyce's and Musil's. Yet they are also fictional memoirs of what remains of the Hapsburg Empire. These are our central European *Remains of the Day*.

It is revealing to see her mnemotechnic at work in the short story "The Thirtieth Year."¹³ The former opens with, as it were, the programmatic dimension of what belongs to the genre of "self-reflexive fiction."¹⁴ It is

important here to quote the first paragraph in full because it demonstrates nicely how Bachmann's language moves towards the fluid disintegration of both itself and its object:

Once one has reached his thirtieth year, one doesn't stop calling him a young man. He himself, however, becomes doubtful, though he can't discover any changes; it seems to him as if he no longer had the right to give himself out as young. And one morning he wakes up—he'll forget that day—and then he suddenly lies in bed and can't rise, struck by the hard rays of light, robbed of any armament or courage whatsoever to face the new day. On closing his eyes again in order to shield himself against the light he sinks back and drifts towards a state of unconsciousness, taking with him all the lived moments of his life. He goes on to sink interminably, and the cry doesn't make itself heard (he's robbed of this as well, indeed, robbed of everything!), and he descends precipitously until his senses leave him, until everything that he believed himself to be has been dissolved, obliterated and destroyed. When he regains his consciousness, recollects himself shakily and becomes man again, the person who will soon have to get up and face the day, he'll discover in himself a new wondrous capacity. The capacity to remember. He doesn't remember as he did before, all of a sudden or because he desired it, this and that, but does so by remembering, with painful compulsion, all his years. He casts the network of his memories, casts it over himself and pulls himself, at once the capturer and the booty, over the threshold of time, the threshold of place, in order to see who he was and who he has become. ("The Thirtieth Year" 94)

Bachmann makes us witness a twofold process: the unfolding of a new narrative; and the awakening to one's past. Strictly speaking, she renders a process of decay; on a higher level she presents us with a "metapolitical" fiction (Manganiello 256), one that reveals her own experience of how the National Socialist ideology and the restraints imposed upon her by the clash of ideologies in the Cold War worked upon society in Austria (Bartsch 163). This skepticism of any ideological position, Bartsch goes on to say, is what Bachmann and Musil share: "Not only the case of Kakania has shown that thinking in closed ideological systems always leads to a war; and the permanent religious strifes are still a current issue."¹⁵ Joyce would doubtless subscribe to this view, although in his works such an insight might be implicit rather than explicit. His is a "processing of the word" as opposed to Musil's, and—if I extend Matthias Luserke's comparative statement to Bachmann as well—Bachmann's "processing of the thought."¹⁶

Consequently, Bachmann, who is interested in a general image of her generation, chooses another Everyman as her subject, who may, however, be *any man*, since he has neither name nor permanent abode. After Stephen Dedalus' self-willed isolation, Bachmann's protagonist displays the truly atomized man.

Without mentioning it, she plays upon the rites of passage which enhance the importance of one's thirtieth year. Neither in advance nor in retrospective is it a special occasion, this threshold or watershed. And still it marks the beginning of a period when one's life falls into place, takes on a certain shape, for "hitherto he has lived from day to day, has attempted something new every day and has been without guile" (Bartsch 163). The thirtieth year seems to mark the time in life at which one takes decisions in moments when there had so far been merely choices and opportunities. Thus Bachmann's adolescent protrait proceeds to outline what he might have been: "a great man . . . a philosophical mind. Or a wise loafer" (Bartsch 95). Unlike Stephen Dedalus, who fights against his father's image of adolescence and, indeed, of life (*P* 5.2371-6), Bachmann's nameless protagonist seems to exist on his own. Is he a Leibnizian monad? Perhaps.

He cannot be one, it is true, after all (Bartsch 117), because he asks his father for money, but he is involved in a dialogue with himself rather than with a third party. He is older than Stephen or Törless. So he sees in retrospect what they still have to undergo and what Joyce and Musil arrange to be communicated through their narrative agents. His personal past and the political past of his country are bound to each other. In the shape of his friend Moll he encounters all the common sayings, the pub language as well as the pub view of history (Bartsch 123) that he and everybody, and, in fact, *anybody* in his generation who becomes conscious of the past, the context of the present, have always tried to escape from.

He remains a nameless individual and as such becomes an example of a new type: twentieth century *any man*. His existence is precarious, to say the least, because he almost dies in a traffic accident (Bartsch 135-37), but it is one *comparable to, yet not identical with*, Stephen Dedalus's stance of the margin of the Anglo-Irish society and to young Törless' position in the frail centre of an Austro-Hungarian military academy. He is, to adopt and to adapt Michel Foucault's famous ending of *The Order of Things* (1966), a man who is about to disappear as a face drawn in the sand does when the tide flows. He is being effaced by language as well as by his restless nomadism, whereas Stephen sets out to go for aesthetic self-fulfilment: "—His own image to a man with that queer thing genius is the standard of all experience, material and moral" (U9.432-33). Törless, however, is constantly on the brink of being crushed by the imminent collapse of the Hapsburg Empire.

So writing in Austria for Ireland or in Italy or Germany for Austria always inevitably entails transgressing borders, bridging the abyss and trespassing in unknown as well as unpossessed territory. And transcultural enterprises are like that as well: risky, adventurous, and full of hope: "I tell you: Get up and go away! Not a single one of your bones is broken" ("The Thirtieth Year" 137).

Notes

1. See L. H. Platt, "Joyce and the Anglo-Irish Revival: The Triestine Lectures," *JJQ* 29.2 (1992): 259-60. Hereafter cited parenthetically in the text.

2. James Joyce's works are cited as follows: "A Portrait of the Artist," *Poems and Shorter Writings, Including the Epiphanies*, Giacomo Joyce and "A Portrait of the Artist," ed. Richard Ellmann, A. Walton Litz, and John Whittier-Ferguson (London: Faber, 1991) 201-18, cited as *PSW*; "The Dead," in *Dubliners*, ed. Hans Walter Gabler with Walter Hettche (New York and London: Garland, 1993), cited as "The Dead" plus line reference; *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, ed. Hans Walter Gabler with Walter Hettche (New York and London: Garland, 1993), cited as *P* plus chapter and line reference; *Ulysses*, ed. Hans Walter Gabler with Wolfhard Steppe and Claus Melchior, afterword by Michael Groden (London: The Bodley Head, 1993), cited as *U* plus episode and line reference.

3. Robert Musil, *Die Verwirrungen des Zöglings Törless* (Hamburg: Rowohlt, 1992). Further references in the text are cited in parentheses as *Törless*. All translations from the German are my own.

4. "Das dreissigste Jahr," *Sämlitche Erzählungen*, by Ingeborg Bachmann, ed. Christine Koschel, Inge von Weidenbaum, Clemes Münster (Munich and Zurich: Piper, 1992) 94-137. Further references in the text are cited in parentheses as "The Thirtieth Year."

5. As for mnemotechnic see Klaus Reichert, "Joyces Memoria," *Gedächtnis-Kunst: Raum-Bild-Schrift: Studien zur Mnemotechnik*, ed. Anselm Haverkamp and Renate Lachmann (Frankfurt: Suhrkamp, 1991) 328-55.

6. *The Conservationist* (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1983).

7. The Irish as well as the Austrians and Triestines are able to say who and what they are *not* rather than what they are: being not-British, an Austro-Hungarian

minus the Hungarian, as Musil was wont to say, or being not Austro-Hungarian is typical of the era when national identity was on the agenda. See Claudio Magris and Angelo Ara, *Triest: Eine literarische Hauptstadt in Mitteleuropas* (Munich: DTV, 1993) 9. Further references in the text are cited in parentheses as Magris and Ara. See also Dominic Manganiello's essay "The Politics of the Unpolitical in Joyce's Fictions," *JJQ* 29.2 (1992): 241-58. Hereafter cited parenthetically in the text.

8. Ruth Klüger, *Weiter leben: Eine Jugend* (Göttingen: Wallstein, 1993).

9. *Austrian Fiction Writers, 1875-1913*, ed. James Hadin and Donald Davian (Detroit: Gale Research, 1989) 209. Further references in the text are cited in parentheses as *Austrian Fiction Writers, 1875-1913*.

10. On publication of the novel Musil "had been studying in Berlin for three years under the philosopher and psychologist Carl Stumpf, whose early integration of experimental psychology and phenomenology paved the way for Gestalt psychology" (*Austrian Fiction Writers, 1875-1913* 212).

11. Djuna Barnes, "James Joyce," *I Would Never Be Lonely without a Husband: Interviews with Djuna Barnes*, ed. Alyce Barry, fwd. and commentary by Douglas Messerli (London: Virago, 1987) 293.

12. Helene Meyers, "Industry or Community? Joyce and the Social Function of Criticism," *JJQ* 31.2 (1994): 19.

13. Kurt Bartsch relates "The Thirtieth Year" to Musil's *The Man without Qualities* in his essay "Ein nach vorn gerichtetes Reich von unbekanntem Grenzen: Zur Bedeutung Musils für Ingeborg Bachmanns Literaturauffassung," *Robert Musil: Untersuchungen*, ed. Uwe Baur and Elisabeth Castex (Königstein: Athenäum, 1980) 167. Hereafter cited parenthetically in the text.

14. John Sommer, "The Self-Reflexive Arranger in the Initial Style of Joyce's *Ulysses*," *JJQ* 31.2 (1994): 66.

15. Robert Musil, *The Man without Qualities*, qtd. in Bartsch 163.

16. Matthias Luserke, "Joyce and Musil: Über einige Schwierigkeiten des Vergleichens," *Duitse Kroniek: Orgaan voor culturele betrekkingen met Duitsland* 39.2-4 (1989): 44.