

"sublimity of degradation" (171), a refusal to accept the shame that the dominant cultural discourse places on the "funky" and instead a determination to celebrate it.

This volume of the *Joyce Studies Annual* brings together different critical perspectives and practices. Its wide scope ensures that something will appeal to most Joyceans and even some general readers. Staley's collection suggests that perhaps the "funk" is not just in *Finnegans Wake* but also in the wide array of criticism that exalts Joyce's decadent depravity.

Reviewed by Maria McGarrity
University of Miami

NOTES

¹ See Lawrence Rainey, "Consuming Investments: Joyce's *Ulysses*," *JJQ*, 33 (Summer 1996), 531-67.

² Ellsworth Mason to Richard Ellmann, 9 June 1956, Box 156, Richard Ellmann Papers, Special Collections, McFarlin Library, University of Tulsa.

³ See Brandon Kershner, *Joyce, Bakhtin, and Popular Culture: Chronicles of Disorder* (Chapel Hill: Univ. of North Carolina Press, 1989), and M. Keith Booker, *Joyce, Bakhtin, and the Literary Tradition: Toward a Comparative Cultural Poetics* (Ann Arbor: Univ. of Michigan Press, 1995).

⁴ Andrey Bely, *St. Petersburg* (London: Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1959).

⁵ Richard Chenevix Trench, *A Select Glossary of English Words Used Formerly in Senses Different from Their Present*, ed. Anthony Lawson Mayhew (London: K. Paul, Trench, Trübner, 1895).

⁶ Trench, *English: Past and Present. Five Lectures* (London: John W. Parker and Son, 1855).

⁷ Homi Bhabha, *The Location of Culture* (London: Routledge Publishers, 1994). Further references will be cited parenthetically in the text.

⁸ Toni Morrison, *The Bluest Eye* (New York: Penguin Plume, 1994), and *Tar Baby* (New York: Signet Press, 1983).

DE INVLOED VAN JOYCE OP STERNE, by Peter de Voogd.
Amsterdam: Atheneum, Polak & Van Gennep, 1991. 27 pp. n.p.

In the afterword to their 1994 translation of *Ulysses* into Dutch, Belgians Paul Claes and Mon Mys remark that "*Ulysses* is one of the funniest books in the world. A translation that doesn't make the reader laugh has failed."¹ Happily, Peter de Voogd, professor of modern English literature at the University of Utrecht in the Netherlands and editor of the annual journal of Laurence Sterne scholarship, *The Shandean*, applies the same law of levity in *De Invloed van Joyce op*

Sterne (*The Influence of Joyce on Sterne*), a brief but compelling essay about how current critical theories on Joyce have traveled back in time to influence our assessment of Sterne. De Voogd's dictum appears to be the following: Sterne and Joyce are two of the funniest authors in the world. Criticism that does not make the reader laugh has failed.

De Voogd's essay is a success not only because it makes the reader laugh with its wry asides on the conventions of contemporary scholarship but because it contains serious and provocative arguments that outline the real literary and historical differences between these two Irish authors. He shows that it is too simplistic to regard Sterne's work as having had the same effect on the eighteenth-century novel that Joyce's did on the twentieth-century novel or that Sterne in some ways prefigured and anticipated the innovations of modernism. De Voogd demonstrates this by first sketching the received wisdom about the evolution of English fiction: Daniel Defoe begat Henry Fielding, who begat Samuel Richardson, and so on, until Sterne arrived and introduced some pretty powerful mutations into the gene pool. He then goes on to list a roll call of distinguished critics—ranging from Ezra Pound and the Russian formalist Viktor Shlovsky to contemporary Joyceans like Michael J. O'Shea and Clive Hart—who have described Sterne as a man ahead of his time and one of the main precursors in the development of self-conscious metafiction.² He even quotes a passage from *My Brother's Keeper* in which Stanislaus Joyce comments on early comparisons between the two authors:

Some critics have insisted on a resemblance between my brother and Sterne, basing their comparisons on whimsicalities of style, originality in the construction of the novel, the patient accumulation of detail for a purpose that first puzzles the reader, and still more intimately on the dominant motives in the hearts of both writers—the devotion to a father's memory, the hostility to a mother's wishes, the hateful call to active life in a form repugnant to all their souls longed for.³

The conclusion seems inescapable: Sterne subverted and transformed his direct predecessors just as Joyce subverted and transformed the pioneers of the nineteenth-century naturalistic novel. "When reading *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy* and *A Sentimental Journey* the temptation is great to cry out: How modern!" de Voogd himself admits.⁴ "But that is . . . a clear example of the influence of Joyce on Sterne" (16).⁵ De Voogd devotes the rest of the essay to showing why Sterne is not the kindred spirit of the modernists that many believe him to be.

First, as a matter of literary genealogy, de Voogd points out that most of the nontypographical innovations found in Sterne and

Joyce—the nonlinear narrative technique, the interruption of the author into the text—were not original to these writers but were developed earlier by François Rabelais in *Gargantua and Pantagruel* and by Saavedra Miguel de Cervantes in *Don Quixote*.⁶ More importantly, de Voogd highlights the ways that neither Sterne nor Joyce can be properly understood outside their respective historical contexts. He cites examples from the Florida edition of Sterne's work, an annotated edition of the novels, letters, and sermons prepared at the University of Florida,⁷ which indicate that "Sterne was not primarily interested in literary procedures, or in the mimetic expression of subjective reality. . . . *Tristram Shandy* [is] much more a comic treatment of the problems of subjectivity rather than an expression thereof" (19). Thus, Sterne's seeming inability to answer the question, "who are you then?" in *Tristram Shandy*, de Voogd argues, is more plausibly explained as an expression of "comical and reasonable philosophical doubt rather than the irrational self-estrangement and modernistic fragmentation of identity . . . that some modernists would like to see" (20). He suggests a new and relatively uncultivated field of research based on the premise that Sterne's work is actually a "rather mild satire on typical 18th-century fashionable modernisms, such as empirical skepticism, subjective sentimentality, the new aestheticism in art and psychological realism à la Richardson" (20). De Voogd shows how, through this approach, it is possible to regard Sterne "not as the first of the experimenters, but the last of the great classical-rhetorical writers" (20-21).

De Voogd concludes by saying that "after Joyce, it is impossible to read Sterne in an unbiased way" (21). For this reason, he argues that it is essential to apply one of Sterne's own tips, as confided in a letter to an admirer, on reading his books: "'I have more than one handle'" (21). "Those who concern themselves with literature older than the strictly contemporary must, like Sterne, use more than one handle," de Voogd writes (23). This is a good rule of thumb when addressing questions of fashionable modernism, whether of the eighteenth- or twenty-first-century varieties. *De Involod van Joyce op Sterne* is erudite, enlightening, and entertaining. It can only be hoped that an English translation finds its way into some future collection of Joyce criticism.

Reviewed by James Geary

NOTES

¹ Paul Claes and Mon Mys, trans., *Ulysses*, by James Joyce (Amsterdam: Uitgeverij De Bezige, 1994), p. 858.

² See, for instance, Michael J. O'Shea, "A Sentimental Journey," *James Joyce*

and *Heraldry* (Albany: State Univ. of New York Press, 1986), pp. 41-59.

³ Stanislaus Joyce, *My Brother's Keeper: James Joyce's Early Years*, ed. Richard Ellmann (New York: Viking Press, 1958), pp. 32-33.

⁴ See Laurence Sterne, *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman* (London: J. Dodsley, 1775), and *A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy* (London: R. Jennings, 1821).

⁵ All translations from the Dutch are mine.

⁶ See François Rabelais, *Gargantua and Pantagruel* (London: Oxford Univ. Press, 1934), and Saavedra Miguel de Cervantes, *Don Quixote de la Mancha* (Madrid: Ediciones Castillo, 1950).

⁷ Sterne, *The Florida Edition of the Works of Laurence Sterne*, ed. Melvyn New and Joan New (Gainesville: Univ. of Florida Press, 1978-1984).

NIGHTMAZE, by Vincent O'Neill, based on *Finnegans Wake*, directed by Vincent O'Neill with associate direction by Fortunato Pezzimenti. The Irish Classical Theatre Company, Buffalo, New York. 28 February to 1 April 2001.

As the lights come up, the actors are grouped together at the highest level of the set, shrouded in mist, their arms and legs intertwined in such a way that, at first, we do not know exactly how many there are. The lighting is dim, the set itself a kind of rocky promontory, capped by a throne with a vulva-like base. Just below this, a stream flows downward, at an angle, toward the audience. As the actors slowly separate themselves, becoming five discrete figures—one older man, two younger ones, a woman with long flowing auburn hair, and a younger woman—one thinks of Pilobolus or, more generally, modern dance. Studying the setting and absorbing its implications, one thinks of act 3 of *Die Walküre* (or the awakening scene in *Siegfried*), a Wagnerian impression reinforced by the music, slow and filled with infinite longing, that is gradually heard in the background: the *Liebestod* from *Tristan und Isolde*. At the same time, in a voice over it all, we hear the familiar words from the opening section of the *Wake*: "riverrun, past Eve and Adam's, from swerve of shore to bend of bay" (FW 3.01-02). The actors proceed to mime the temptation scene from *Paradise Lust*, with the older man as Adam, the woman as Eve, the younger woman a temptress, and the young men (so reads the script) "tree and stone." In slow motion, the fall is enacted, at its climax a loud thunderclap.

Thus begins *Nightmaze*, Vincent O'Neill's adaptation of Book I of *Finnegans Wake*, as produced in its world premiere by the Irish Classical Theatre Company in Buffalo, New York, under the direction of O'Neill himself. In two acts of thirty-six scenes, running about two