

## On Influence and Joyce

FRANCISCO GARCÍA TORTOSA

### *Abstract*

This essay reflects on the issue of literary influence and brings the reflection to bear on the work of Joyce. Casting the notion of influence in doubt, drawing on the concept of literary genius, and distinguishing influence from imitation, the essay argues that while Joyce avails himself of countless sources, his use of them entails an originality without peer, with the possible exception of Seamus Heaney.

At the outset, so as not to beat about the bush, I do not believe, nor have I ever believed, in literary influence, if by this one understands following in the paths previously drawn and trodden by others. That is, I do not believe in anecdotally superficial influences, for example, that a relation of interdependence exists between Joyce and Cubism, between *Finnegans Wake* and Dadaism, or in literary terms, between the interior monologue of Édouard Dujardin and that which appears in *Ulysses*. At the same time, I do recognize, as almost inevitable, the integral presence of the thought of an epoch in art, as well as the legacy of the past in all our acts, and thus in artistic expression. If, however, we separate our acts into independent categories, then literature, philosophy, and even our daily tasks become an incoherent and grotesque mosaic, as a consequence of the artificial segmentation of a totalizing

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reality, where ideas, forms, and even acts of plagiarism shade into one another. It would be preferable, I believe, to consider the cultural background against which the artist projects his syncretic vision of the world, rather than to look for influences that, not long after we begin to follow their trail, disappear into hundreds of divergent paths.

A genius is a sort of point of magnetic attraction in which the past, present, and future gather, in such a way that the nucleus of his work constitutes an amalgam of stray elements of the common ground that is art and life. If we accept, then, the dynamic of influences, the genius would be reduced to a squalid structure of forms and exogenous experiences. The mediocre artist, on the other hand, falsifies reality, given that his intelligence is not able to transform and make his own the legacy of centuries, shaping and adapting it to his own vision of the world. Those who intentionally follow in the footsteps of a genius never develop beyond the condition of being a more or less talented acolyte. For this reason I am surprised to find that some critics believe such writers as Virginia Woolf, Thomas Wolfe, Steinbeck, Faulkner, Malcolm Lowry, and Dos Passos, among others, fall into the orbit of Joyce's influence.<sup>1</sup> It would be a dubious honour for these writers to be granted the title of follower of Joyce, given that their works, inevitably, arose in an epoch which Joyce also in part shared, and I believe that the extent of coincidences is limited to that.

What is unusual and exceptional about the genius is a rare receptivity to the resonances of human experience, and the skill to find the means to transmit them. But these qualities are inseparable from his personality, irreducible and unique, which means that the artist's interpretation of a historical moment need not coincide with that of other contemporary geniuses, although, it is true, there will be affinities of gesture, tone, and allusion, which in no way affect the essence of vision. That the idiosyncrasy of the genius is unrepeatable does not mean that we fail to understand, or are unable to identify with, what he transmits; rather, the converse is true, given that he reveals what is most intimate and universal in us. It is as if what we

have forgotten or left in the penumbra of consciousness were to return to us with the foreign majesty that an exceptional mind assigns it.

Seen in this light, imitations are possible, although influences become more questionable and imprecise. I believe that geniuses have no followers. (And here it would be necessary to clarify that through readings and experience we all have developed a canon of those we consider literary geniuses, a canon that changes over one's life, and thus if we set apart a dozen or so writers about whom most of us would agree, as regards the rest, most would disagree.) Despite the fact, then, that literary criticism tends to gather around great figures a set of other, minor writers, as if satellites that orbit around supposed masters, the truth is that the infrequent landmarks that reveal the existence of a genius, in view of his exceptional nature, exhaust the perspective, more or less developed, of his vision and path. All this becomes clear when we confirm that Homer, Dante, or Shakespeare, Mozart, Beethoven, da Vinci, or Velázquez, lack followers, or better, we all are their heirs, in the sense that through their works we have been able to discern unusual aspects of ourselves and of what surrounds us, while no other artist has been able to enlarge the space of their unique aesthetic experience.

Considerable effort, erudition, and talent have been devoted, for instance, to tracing the path of Joyce through the principal languages of Europe, only to discover in the end tangential coincidences. To say that *Larva* by Julián Ríos is the Spanish *Finnegans Wake* entails a woeful ignorance of the work of Joyce. This is not a question of arguing the worth or shortcomings of Ríos, but rather of simply pointing out the abyss that separates the two books. The echoes of Joyce are undeniable in the Spanish author, especially the feverish use of sound play and puns, while the reach and significance of the paronomasia in *Finnegans Wake* has little or nothing to do with *Larva*, whose location and description of a London neighbourhood is no more than a poor imitation. That the technique of *Tiempo de silencio* by Martín Santos reminds us

of *Ulysses* is beyond all doubt, but I do not believe that anyone would dare compare, or even more, equate, the symbolism and universality of *Ulysses* with *Tiempo de silencio*. The correlations between Joyce and Torrente Ballester, Cortázar, and Goytisolo, on the other hand, are more complex and subtle, and in this sense there is little to add, given that they likely reveal a coincidence in *Zeitgeist*.

Influences and imitations of the work of Joyce abound among minor writers; it is enough to introduce limp snippets of interior monologue in a narrative text, or to toss about here and there instances of paronomasia, or to disrupt the linearity of a story, for a writer to be included in the orbit of Joyce, all of which celebrates mediocrity, and provides work for novice critics. Since the essence of the question lies in an understanding of Joyce's originality, in being able to calibrate his contribution to art, and thus to confirm the degree to which others may continue down his path, I propose to reflect on Joyce's genius here, knowing that I am not the first, that I will necessarily coincide with arguments repeatedly presented elsewhere, and what is perhaps worse, that in the scope of a limited study, I will have to reduce drastically the path Joyce took in his apprehending of reality, and the mode in which he conveyed the path to others. Before, however, any discussion of influence, I find it necessary to identify what there is in Joyce that is capable of exerting influence on other artists, and with this in mind, to consider a hypothetical possibility of imitation, something I find improbable.

Let us begin with what is most superficial. The artist, whether pictorial, musical, or verbal, divides the reality of colour, sound, or words, and selects what for him is the optimal means of their transmission. The choice of genre, style, theme, and so on, already entails a fragmentation, as well as the preeminence of one set of lives over others. That is, an artist offers us, over the course of his work, different facets of his experience of reality, and if the work is prolonged and heterogeneous, perhaps in the end he has offered a complete vision of the world. Shakespeare, who over the course of his

extensive production addresses so many and such varied themes, may be considered one of the few authors who cover a broad range of the nature of man, yet in none of his works does he seek to offer us a total panorama of the human condition. Not even *The Tempest*, which according to some interpretations might be considered the synthesis and epilogue of his entire dramatic production, gives a shape and unitary consistency to the immense spectrum of themes and characters that inhabit his work. I do not wish to portray a grotesque simplification of Shakespeare, leading one to believe, for example, that *Othello* only explores the unfathomable depths of jealousy and deceit, or that *Macbeth* encompasses evil in a pure state, but rather argue that Shakespeare presents us with dramatic characters pulsing with life, and therefore immersed in the complex web of daily existence, which does not admit univocal understanding. Alongside the terrible denunciation of war, we find in *Henry V* the little intrigues and bravado of helpless soldiers, or the tasteless insults of the royalty. And outlined by the fratricidal battle of the War of the Roses, Falstaff and his crew show us the sordidness and delight of living in the inns and taverns of *Henry IV*. However, all elements and resources, both narrative and aesthetic, contribute to developing a concept or central idea, so that it strikes the spectator or reader in a cathartic way.

The artistic division of reality yields differing forms, by virtue of the artist's temperament. To cite a further example, neither better nor worse than any other, let us analyze from this perspective a good novel, one that I have recently reread, *Tender Is the Night*, by F. Scott Fitzgerald, in which with fine and subtle irony *Ulysses* is mentioned. Fitzgerald sets out to describe the superficial and intimate life of the Diver matrimony, and the motley group that hovers around them. With great craft, in a world of idleness and opulence, details gradually clarify the origin of the attraction and separation of characters, of the consumption of feeling and desire, with the final sensation suggesting the refrain of *Ecclesiastes*, "Vanity of vanities." The division of reality does not stem from the fact

that the narrative focuses only on a few specific characters, placed in a specific epoch and a finely defined setting, but rather from the scarcity, not to say absence, of transcendent references that would permit a timeless and universal appropriation, or at least identification. For me, however, though *Tender Is the Night* is a masterpiece in its genre, if I had to compare, I would clearly choose Joyce.

Although what I have said thus far may seem a digression from the issue that I address, it is in fact a necessary step to open the door to Joyce, with contrast as a key, because what is primary and definitive in Joyce is his personal, aesthetic, and conceptual opposition to the division of reality, or at least of narrative reality, especially in *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*. Both works might be defined as *summas*, in the medieval sense, in view of the breadth of erudition and knowledge that they absorb, and also of the unlimited diversity of linguistic registers that they use, and the incalculable creation of new words. The method Joyce adopts in the gathering of data, themes, and symbolism is, and this has been repeated in criticism with great frequency, that of accumulation. His conception of art and of the world start from a specific point, an impression, an insignificant fact, or even a single word, which by means of accretion expands into thousands of bifurcations, which together form a whole, whose parts are interdependent, and relate to the starting point. The evolution of the elements that configure the whole, whether linguistic, symbolic, or plot-specific, cannot be linear, therefore, but rather is in integral or cyclical rotation, wherein the assimilation and opposition of contraries generate the dynamics of movement. From this we deduce the indissoluble unity, even of disparate extremes, in the narrative project of Joyce.

Such an exposition reduces an oeuvre as polychromatic and imaginative as Joyce's to a simple, schematic enunciation, and it is thus necessary to translate what I have said into a critical argument closer to the texts. Joyce shares many features of medieval literature, in the sense of integrating myths and

legends from the past, using them with complete freedom, transforming and deforming them to create his work. Together with Shakespeare, Joyce is likely one of the authors who in large measure have availed themselves of the genius and imagination of others. The list of writers, poets, and thinkers on whom Joyce draws is so long that it is preferable not to mention any of them. One should not believe, however, that all of those on the list are landmark figures in Western literature and culture; on the contrary, as genetic criticism has shown, the pages of *Ulysses* and more particularly those of *Finnegans Wake* are densely interlaced with references to popular serial publications, escape literature, advertising announcements, textbook manuals, broadsides, catechisms, pornographic narratives, sermon collections, newspaper clippings, gymnastics guides, and so on. All is useful for the elaborate jumble in the dissecting mind of Joyce, precisely because all is relevant to Joyce's totalizing vision. In the attempt to integrate the past and the present he pairs Homer with Vico, and the latter with the latest news of the sinking of a ship in the port of New York.

It is thus not a question of influences, but rather an attempt to embrace, from its very origins, the culture in which he was raised, in its intellectual, historical, and linguistic dimensions. Joyce is at once traditional and modern: he begins with the earliest manifestations of European thought and sensibility, he assimilates their literary and philosophical roots, so as to be able to destroy them and, out of the ruins, raise his own work. Because despite having placed in the past the greater part of his formative and intellectual heritage, Homer, Aquinas, Shakespeare, Bruno, Vico, and his Jesuit and Thomist education being the best proof, Joyce not only felt unrestricted by it, but also, in an act of intellectual digestion, nourished himself from it by undoing it. Already in the first episode of *Ulysses* Joyce destroys the homeland, religion, the ancestral past of Ireland as embodied by the old woman who delivers milk, and if this were not enough, the British Empire is reduced to being "A crazy queen, old and jealous" (*U* 1.640). In

“Nestor,” the foundations of education are shattered by a boring, coarse, rote lesson, while the normative notion of history, as a testimony of the most significant events of the past, becomes “a nightmare from which I am trying to awake” (*U* 2.377), and if by history one understands, as Mr Deasy does, the manifestation of divine plans, the definition is heaped with irony and scorn, in light of its speaker, perhaps the most ridiculous character in the novel. In “Proteus,” the philosophy of Aristotle gives way to that of the senses, in a series of metamorphoses that spin around centres of relation. “Proteus” demolishes the Aristotelian philosophy of rational objectivity, and turns it into a poetics of emotion. At the levels of plot and theme, we could continue with each of the 18 chapters that make up the novel, and observe in all of them that Joyce destroys one of the concepts on which the cultural tradition of the West is founded: music in “Sirens,” nationalism in “Cyclops,” the idea of divine procreation is questioned in “Oxen of the Sun,” juvenile innocence in “Nausicaa,” and on and on, up to the ideal that man has raised concerning woman. With good reason it has been said that Joyce leaves behind him scorched patches of earth.

With language, the same process occurs. Each chapter experiments with a different style: journalistic, scientific, that of popular magazines, and so on, and in each experiment we have the impression that Joyce is not satisfied, and he tosses them all aside as useless detritus into the dump of indifference. He adopts and exploits all registers and styles within reach, so as to accommodate content and form, and exhausts the possibilities that each encompasses, while at the same time revealing himself in their light, and in a path that leads from *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* to *Finnegans Wake*, he creates his own language, provocative and solitary, that despite appearances raises itself over a linguistic heritage that begins with the classics, which have first been absorbed and then regurgitated.

So that the unity may be credible, it is necessary to bind together elements, both similar and disparate, to join in a



narrative or conceptual instant the body and the spirit, content and form in a story not only tightly woven together, but also closely felt and known. This, among other reasons, explains why Joyce fictionalizes the world closest to him, both material and intellectual, and the people with whom he had a relation of intimacy. However, the representation of reality cannot be limited to one synchronic point, but rather must contain the energy that sends it through time and space, with the aspiration of reaching a transcendent unity, something that Joyce achieved by fitting his story into the myths and cardinal symbols of universal culture. I do not appeal here to Joyce's use of Homer, nor to that of Shakespeare, two props used in *Ulysses* and, to a lesser degree, in *Finnegans Wake*, but rather, so as to avoid ties to the concrete, adduce something closer and more contingent, as is triviality, because Joyce elevates to the condition of myth the futility of daily comings and goings.

The traditional novel, in line with Aristotle's *Poetics*, banished the trivial and insignificant, or rather incorporated them only for the purposes of advancing plot. If flatulence, for example, does not occasion the break-up of lovers, then this physical function never appears in the narrative. Joyce, on the contrary, organizes the centre of his cosmovision around little things, and around characters taken from among the crowd that packs in cities. Out of the lightness of futile objects and unremarkable people, Joyce creates the myths of contemporary man and woman. Bloom, for example, as has so often been said, becomes a modern Odysseus, without being audacious, bold, not even of singular intelligence, but no character in universal literature has been described with the same depth and breadth, and thus the grandeur of the traditional mythic hero gives way to the exhaustive knowledge of a mediocre figure, closer to us. Only a character like Bloom could share the totalizing vision of Joyce, given that the interest in little things is in the nature of the outcast Jew in Dublin, and the people with whom he deals represent the immense majority of human beings. In such totality, however, the outlines of myth are

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drawn by every reader, that is, whatever synthesizes the essence of experience in different individuals.

The conceptual power of myth is prior to verbal representation, that is, the former entails a universal and inexpressible sentiment, which over time acquires ritual form, and from there moves to narration. In this sense, as T. S. Eliot indicated, Joyce intuitively grasps the changes that have arisen since the Middle Ages, orders them, and proposes a new form of narration that stems from the treatment he has given them. I refer, among others, to the following themes: the desacralization of religious and social pillars, the effective overturning of hierarchy, or at least a shifted perception of it; the union of body and spirit, from which is derived the traditional displacement of all that is related to sex; the mutual impregnation and absorption of science and erudition with the most negligible acts of man, in such a way that the overlapping becomes imperceptible and inexpressible, and so on. Many of these issues have been analyzed from very different perspectives, such as religion, and specifically Catholicism, and it has been demonstrated that despite Joyce's caustic criticism, especially of the clergy, the sediment of his religious education persists up to the end of his work, although the aspect that interests us now has to do with the mutation and transformation of one myth into another. Concerning the protagonists of *Ulysses*, Stephen and Bloom, who together form Joyce's position in this respect, a fragment of "Ithaca" reads:

Both indurated by early domestic training and an inherited tenacity of heterodox resistance professed their disbelief in many orthodox religious, national, social and ethical doctrines.  
(*U* 17.22-25)

The two, in their words and deeds, show their independence in relation to the pillars that sustain the culture into which they have been born, particularly that of religion.

Stephen, whose stance with regard to Catholicism we find summarized in the first chapter of *Ulysses*, declares himself, in response to a question by Haines, “a horrible example of free thought” (U 1.625-26); this is the alternative he offers to any dogmatic belief, and the position should not be confused with either the atheism, or the scorn and mockery, that Mulligan shows for religion. Stephen chooses the option of free thinker in view of a profound knowledge of Catholicism, not an ignorance of it. In this same first episode, Stephen thinks of the theological disputes over the Holy Trinity, and of the heresiarchs at the outset of Christianity, Photius, Arius, Valentine and Sabellius, when the creed began to take shape, revised and broadened until the Council of Nicaea. Stephen knows the history of the Church and of Catholic dogma. In “Nestor,” he impugns the Hegelian idea of history as the manifestation of God, defended by Mr Deasy, and in chapter three he reflects on the *lex eterna* of St. Thomas, the prophecies of Joaquin Abbas, the debated question of the presence of Christ in the Sacrament of the Eucharist postulated by Dan Occam, and the polemical figure of Léo Taxil and one of his books, *La vie de Jésus*, which will be mentioned again in “Oxen of the Sun.” In chapter nine, “Scylla and Charybdis,” associated with the discussion regarding Shakespeare and his work, religion holds a noteworthy place, given that in the relation between Hamlet and his father, “the son consubstantial with the father” (U 9.481), we find the Trinity of the Godhead, as expressed in orthodox belief, a precept that infuses the literary argumentation of the episode, and without which several of its implications cannot be understood. Thus, for example, the burlesque version of the creed that appears before the Gregorian version of *Gloria in excelsis Deo* (U 9.493-99), taken almost verbatim from the pamphlet by Johann Most, *The Deistic Pestilence* (1902), clarifies in part the ironic comparison of Shakespeare with God.

So as not to draw out attention to a theme that alone deserves a monograph, it would only be necessary to add that in all the episodes where Stephen appears, religion acquires

special relevance. The free thinker, symbol of contemporary man, is the product of a knowledge of history, and immersion in the thought of his epoch. It is true that this conclusion entails abstracting from Stephen's reality an idea that at no point appears as separate from the amalgam of details that gather in his life, which is not religious alone, nor intellectual, but rather fragmented by memories, penury, contradiction, and so on. Thus the prototype of the free thinker that one receives differs in fundamental ways from that which the Enlightenment conceived, and relates to the human effort, beyond history, to free oneself of the obedience, fear and hindrances that superstition involves. It is not through mockery and farce, that is, eluding the obstacle, that a new myth is shaped, but rather by means of reason and reflection on history, and on the thousands of insignificant acts that take place around us. This is the method and nature of the myths that spring up in the characters of *Ulysses*, or at least they appear so to me.

Another theme that runs along the greater part of the novel is that of parallax, by means of which the notion of relativity, present in the smallest objects and facts of the narrative, is strengthened. In episode eight, "Lestrygonians," Bloom distracts his obsession for the time of the tryst between Boylan and Molly by observing the fall of the ball on the ballast office clock at Dublin harbour, and this stimulates his scientific side, given that the clock leads him to remember the astronomy observatory at Dunsink, from which time was gauged throughout Ireland, and from here to the astronomer Sir Robert Ball, author of *The Story of the Heavens* (1885), and to the effects of change in perspective in the observation of the stars that produces parallax. Bloom does not understand the exact meaning of the word, although he correctly imagines that it derives from Greek. As with the term *metempsychosis* in chapter four, parallax becomes in the mind of Bloom a recurrent word, on which he muses several times over the course of the day. In *Ulysses*, all depends on the angle from which one looks: nothing escapes this governing principle. The city, for example, changes as its characters change; neither

colours, nor smells, nor even the physical contours vary, but rather the life and the things that make it possible, in a Heraclitean flow of difference and interrelation, as evidenced by chapter ten, “The Wandering Rocks.” The small cloud over the bay that Stephen observes in turn also becomes a point of reference and source of union, since in it reverberate the personality, thoughts, and feelings of various characters who amble about the streets of Dublin. The musical motif of *The Rose of Castile*, which first appears in episode seven, is another example of the different meanings and functions that the action acquires with the change of characters and perspectives. The musical image proper to *The Rose of Castile* gathers force and yields part of its harmonic richness in the symphonic chapter of “Sirens.” In the thematic exposition of its overture, possible relations between Bloom and a female body are insinuated: “A jumping rose on satiny breast of satin, rose of Castile” (*U* 11.8). This then ties to Lenehan—“But look: the bright stars fade. Notes chirruping answer” (*U* 11.13)—in view of the fact that, as Lenehan affirms, he enjoyed Molly’s warmth one night, while Bloom was busy displaying his knowledge of astronomy, an incident confirmed in “Ithaca.” Little by little, by means of melodic phrases scattered in a multitude of tones, we glimpse the outlines of relations formed by Bloom, Molly, Spain, the opera, and other characters and themes in the novel. In counterpoint to these relations stands the solitude of Bloom: “Last rose Castile of summer left bloom I feel so sad alone” (*U* 11.54). From here we move to Boylan, and then again to Molly, “Flower of the mountain” (*U* 18.1602), and so on; in concentric and parallax circles, relativity spreads to the farthest corners of the novel. And then what to say about the sailor in “Eumaeus,” Bloom’s sexuality, the man in the macintosh, Martha Clifford, and so on?

The perspective of parallax is so deeply ingrained in *Ulysses* that if we ignore it, the entire verbal and thematic framework collapses. When one speaks of parallax, in the end one alludes to something far more ancient than Joyce, and to a certain degree universal in art, such as ambiguity, present in

my view in the great works written in developed languages. If this were not so, how could one understand the work of Shakespeare, of Cervantes, Goethe, and even of Emily Brontë and George Eliot? The difference with Joyce lies, however, in the fact that the concept of union and of parallax is concomitant, that is, one exists in relation to the other, given that the union of disparate elements can only take place in a situation of extreme instability, or put differently, when relativity blurs the outlines of individuality, in such a way that it allows the coupling of the disparate. In this Joyce's originality consists, and the start of what might be called the mythic interpretation of the contemporary world. The myth of convergence in indefiniteness, which someone would later call chaos, with roots in the origin of man, and whose present pragmatic formulation is so well known.

Nevertheless, Joyce's artistic coherence required that he take a further step, one extremely risky, yet inevitable. A writer seduced and obsessed by words, as we see at the outset of the *Portrait of the Artist*, had to model with them an innovative vision of the world. We see evidence of the attempt in *Dubliners*, although it is in *Ulysses* that Joyce puts the capacity of words to the test for such an enormous transformation. It would require more time than I have here to demonstrate that the succession of styles and registers entails failed attempts to find a universal language, intemporal and open, in which all would fit: events both insignificant and fundamental; characters who duplicate and multiply in an endless series of deformed portraits; the past, present and future enveloped in a single instant; all cities in Dublin; the origin and future of humanity, along with its myths and symbols, in the unstable breath of a dream; all this and more Joyce achieved in *Finnegans Wake*, thanks to the magic of words. The point from which Joyce starts, to which we referred above, is that of insignificant accretions, conveying the image of a world at once unitary, divergent and chaotic. *Finnegans Wake*, a sort of verbal portent, unrepeatable, consumes and annihilates itself in its own exuberance.

If in *Ulysses* the cross-references compose the framework of its unity, in *Finnegans Wake* every word contains the embryo of the book as a whole. Language takes the place of plot and becomes, as at the beginning of The Gospel According to John, the origin of creation; words are the universe, the history and point of departure for a new art. After much reflection and many readings, I have reached the conclusion that *Finnegans Wake* was for Joyce the only alternative to the narrative atrophy evinced at the end of "Oxen of the Sun," the linguistic and mental chaos we perceive in the confused din of the young men who leave the hospital. This can only be controlled by an even greater chaos, yet one handled by the author, in a symbiosis of the external: the culture and the language Joyce draws on, and human individuality.

For better or for worse, if I have succeeded in delineating the essential features of Joyce's art, then we should not be surprised by the absence of followers, simply because on the other side of Joyce we find the void. At the same time, it is undeniable that some aspects of his skill, and of his vital narrative intuition, have helped to broaden the horizons of contemporary fiction. What may be imitated, though, does not belong to Joyce alone, but rather he and any hypothetical imitators share something lifted out the pulse of time.

From among all the novelists and poets who at some point or another critics have identified as close to Joyce, I would choose Seamus Heaney, not because in his writing in poetry and prose the name of Joyce frequently appears, for that would only reveal admiration. What unites these two writers is the challenge of their words and the attempt to create a new language. Although the paths they follow are parallel and do not coincide, I am sure that, just as Joyce took his cultural baggage and inventive capability to the limit, so Seamus Heaney will exhaust the materials that he uses in the construction of his verbal and poetic world; the legacy they leave behind, to my understanding, is impassable.

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<sup>1</sup> See W. Y. Tindall, *James Joyce: His Way of Interpreting the Modern World* (London: Evergreen Books, 1960 [1950]) 3. See also Malcolm Bradbury, *The Modern World: Ten Great Writers* (Harmondsworth: Penguin Books, 1989) 157.