

## “A Joyce Tae Prick Ilka Pluke”: Joyce and the Scottish Renaissance

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For the writers of the movement which came to be known as the Scottish Literary Renaissance in the 1920s and 1930s, Joyce, as the most outstanding figure in contemporary Irish letters, stood as an obligatory point of reference. If Joyce greatly influenced writers throughout the world, this influence was doubly felt in small countries like Galicia and Scotland which considered themselves to be historically and culturally linked in some way to Ireland.<sup>1</sup> Irish literature in general marked the ideal state to which the Renaissance writers aspired for Scotland, and Joyce provided the bridge between tradition and modernity which they considered necessary for the regeneration of Scottish culture in the face of the desired political independence. Within such a framework, the novelist Neil Gunn and the poet Hugh MacDiarmid both hailed Joyce as the prototype for a resurgence in Scottish letters, offering at times a distorted perspective of Joyce's work in order to comply with their wider pragmatic vision.

“Hugh MacDiarmid” was the pseudonym used by the critic Christopher Grieve, a literary maverick who thrived on controversy and who represents, without a doubt, the most important figure of Scottish letters that the twentieth century has produced, both for his own massive, heterogeneous, if somewhat erratic, literary output and also for the enormous influence he had on the Scottish writers of his own and of succeeding generations. Grieve had been impressed by the fragments of *Ulysses* which had been published in the *Little Review*, edited by Margaret Anderson, from 1918, and had been able to obtain one of Sylvia Beach's 1,000 copy limited edition of the finished work on publication. In some of MacDiarmid's prose of this period it is possible to detect a marked Joycean influence. The short story “Sartoria,” for example, included in the 1923 *Annals of the Five Senses*, names, lists and catalogues items of clothing apparel, anticipating a tactic used in later poems such as “On a Raised Beach” or *In Memoriam James Joyce* and echoing Joyce's use of such a device in *Ulysses*. 1922, the year in which *Ulysses* was published, was also thus, significantly, the year that Grieve created the figure of “Hugh MacDiarmid” in his first *Scottish Chapbook*, the most important of the numerous literary journals he founded in this period.

In the third of these *Chapbooks*, issued in October of that same year, MacDiarmid offered a review of *The Judge*, the latest novel by the London-born, although Edinburgh-educated novelist, Rebecca West.<sup>2</sup> This essay is particularly interesting in that, in a linguistically divided text—a monologue which alternates the use of Scots and English—the poet concludes that Edinburgh, and

by extension Scotland, needs “an almark,” a genius like Joyce “tae prick ilka pluke,” to burst every spot, to expose the naked underbelly of Scottish society:

It tak’s an almark like Joyce tae write aboot Edinburgh . . . Edinburgh’ll tak an almark like Joyce—a scaffie like Joyce . . . it needs a Joyce tae prick ilka pluke, tae miss nowt . . . I’d glammoche her if I’d Joyce’s vir. . . . Novels are juist bletherin’ bagrels. Joyce has chammered them a’ for the likes o’ us . . . it needs an almark like him tae claut a city like this.

The linguistic duality of the “Rebecca West” essay is significant, in that it reflects MacDiarmid’s complicated and volatile attitude towards language. He was initially opposed to the use of Scots, repelled as he was by the sentimental and mawkish use of the language by Scottish poets since Burns, and to the reactionary Burns Societies which were scattered throughout the world and were often the only visible representation of Scottish culture.<sup>3</sup> Inspired largely by the estranging properties of language found in *Ulysses*, however, MacDiarmid moved towards a radically different use of Scots, a Scots which would attempt to break through the moral and psychological bonds which Standard English imposes on the Scottish or Irish writer. In an obscure, eccentric two-volume philological opus, John Jamieson’s *Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language*, he found a means by which the literary use of the vernacular would serve the double—and apparently paradoxical—function of familiarising the reader with and estranging her/him from the text. Familiarity would arise through everyday Scots words used in an intellectual context, and estrangement through the alienating use of archaic, local or, in many cases, invented words which were often culled from Jamieson’s dictionary. MacDiarmid leaves us in little doubt to the Joycean potential hidden in the pedantically endearing dictionary:

We have been enormously struck by the resemblance—the moral resemblance—between Jamieson’s *Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language* and James Joyce’s *Ulysses*. A *vis comica* that has not yet been liberated lies bound by desuetude and misappreciation in the recesses of the Doric; and its potential uprising would be no less prodigious, uncontrollable, and utterly at variance with conventional morality than was Joyce’s tremendous outpouring. The Scottish instinct is irrevocably, continuously opposed to all who are “at ease in Zion.” It lacks entirely the English sense of “the majesty of true corpulence.”<sup>4</sup>

The most important example of such a use of Jamieson is to be found in the book-length poem *A Drunk Man Looks at the Thistle*, in which, in the nocturnal wanderings of the inebriate protagonist, Bold has seen a parallel with Bloom’s diurnal adventures in *Ulysses*. The sexual allure of Jean, the drunk man’s wife, echoes that of Molly in Joyce’s novel, and the central image of Scotland as the thistle upon which the Scottish poet is impaled and “a living tomb” is strongly reminiscent of the paralysis the Irish writer found in contemporary Dublin.<sup>5</sup> The *Drunk Man* is certainly the most outstanding work of Scottish modernism and arguably the most significant contribution to Scottish literature in the twentieth century. The contemporary poet and critic, Edwin Morgan, even goes as far as to suggest that, despite the lack of evidence that Joyce knew MacDiarmid’s work, the Scottish poem may in some way have influenced *Finnegans Wake*.<sup>6</sup> Be

that as it may, Joyce's influence on the poem is constantly apparent, and this epic work in the paradoxically estranging familiarity of the Scottish vernacular was to do for Scotland something similar to what *Ulysses* had done for Ireland.

At first sight there is a radical difference between the commitment to their native countries shown by the two writers. While Joyce was sceptically critical of Irish nationalism and the political movement which had developed around that cause, MacDiarmid was a member of the National Party of Scotland from its foundation, and was involved with nationalist politics throughout his life. Despite various estrangements, expulsions from and re-admissions to the Nationalist Party and the Communist Party, MacDiarmid was actively involved in the politics of the nationalist left for six decades and, even in the years before his death, regularly appeared at meetings and acts as the grand old man of Scottish nationalism. Despite the obvious differences, however, MacDiarmid's relationship with Scotland was just as tortured as was Joyce's with Ireland. Despite his membership of the National Party of Scotland, direct predecessor of the current Scottish National Party, MacDiarmid was critical of the superficial role which this party tried to play in the regeneration of a distinctly Scottish national consciousness, accusing it of being too ready to "give the impression of being ready for the harvest—already quarrelling over the crop" while instead of having "laboriously prepared the soil and planted seed" it has, in fact "only scratched the surface."<sup>7</sup> For MacDiarmid, as for Joyce, no social or political movement could help their country unless it dynamited the lethargy and submission which both writers perceived to lurk at the core of their respective societies. MacDiarmid, like Joyce, was against the superficial, purely practical aspects of nationalism, and his attacks on the inefficacy of mere cosmetic change are reminiscent of Joyce's constant attacks on the "vulgar nationalism" of Irish nationalist politicians.<sup>8</sup>

Despite his participation in nationalist political initiatives, MacDiarmid, like Joyce, was fundamentally an internationalist. In the early 1930s the poet was moving away from the use of "synthetic Scots" towards an all-embracing language which would, while escaping the constrictions of standard English, look outwards towards a universalising consciousness of human experience. For MacDiarmid such universality was in no way contradictory with his profounder sense of nationalism. Once again he would use Joyce as an example of what could be attained. Writing in a 1934 essay, the poet commented on the sections of *Work in Progress*, later to become *Finnegans Wake*, to which he had had access, stating that Joyce "using about a score of languages, becomes not less, but more, Irish."<sup>9</sup> As we shall later see, a similar argument is used by Neil Gunn to place Joyce within the "orthodoxy" of the Irish literary tradition. MacDiarmid sees Joyce's universality as increasing his "Irishness," and it comes therefore, as no surprise that the Scottish poet's work from this period echoes the novelist's flexible, revolutionary use of language and languages. In a 1933 letter, MacDiarmid voiced his agreement with Joyce:

Theoretically—and to some extent practically—I go further and agree with Joyce in regard to the utilisation of a multi-linguistic medium—a synthetic use, not of any particular language, but of all languages.<sup>10</sup>

While written primarily in synthetic Scots, *A Drunk Man* had also contained a large variety of words, phrases and quotes taken or translated from other

languages. From the early 1930s, however, MacDiarmid's poetry rejects the exclusive use of Scots or English to delve more deeply into the multi-lingualism he admired in Joyce. His works abound with esoteric technical and scientific vocabulary, encyclopaedic explanations, foreign words and names and lists. The 1934 poem, "On a Raised Beach," provides a good example of this tendency:

All is lithogenesis—or lochia,  
Carpelite fruit of the forbidden tree,  
Stones blacker than any in the Caaba,  
Cream-coloured, caen-stone, chatoyant pieces,  
Celadon and corbeau, bistre and beige,  
Glaucous, hoar, enfoulered, cyathiform,  
Making mere faculae of the sun and moon. . . .<sup>11</sup>

The sheer opacity of MacDiarmid's language is reminiscent of Joyce, and Carl Freedman suggests that the Scottish poet uses the list much in the same way as Joyce uses the pun in *Finnegans Wake*. Through his erudite listing MacDiarmid can be seen to be "breaking down the hegemonic order and organization of the classical logos" and giving language a more fluid representation in which the "sameness and the irreducible materiality of the signifier are liberated from the illusions of fixity and narrative meaning."<sup>12</sup> Again language is used to alienate and to subvert, the mixture of familiarity and unfamiliarity causing a breakdown of conventionally-received assumptions.

Joyce is also present as a direct reference in MacDiarmid's poetry. The 126-line "Water Music" from the 1932 volume *Scots Unbound* opens and closes with an invocation to the Joyce of "Anna Livia Plurabelle":

Wheesht, wheesht, Joyce, and let me hear  
Nae Anna Livvy's lilt,  
But Wauchope, Esk and Ewes again,  
Each wi' its ain rthms till't.<sup>13</sup>

The poem evokes the rivers of the poet's youth and their environs, acknowledging his debt to the "Anna Livia" section of what was then still "Work in Progress." The most outstanding evidence of Joyce's influence on MacDiarmid must, however, be the collection entitled *In Memoriam James Joyce*. This mammoth work was largely written during the 1940s but, despite the interest of T. S. Eliot at Faber, was not published until 1955. In *In Memoriam James Joyce* the Irish novelist serves as influence, frame and constant point of reference. In one of the sections, entitled "The Task," MacDiarmid links his own literary goal to that of Joyce:

Ah Joyce, this is our task,  
Making what a moving, thrilling, mystical, tropical,  
Maniacal, magical creation of all these oppositions,  
Of good to evil, greed to self-sacrifice,  
Selfishness to selflessness, of this all-pervading atmosphere,  
Of the seen merging with the unseen,  
Of the beautiful with the ugly,  
Of the ugly transformed to the beautiful. . . .<sup>14</sup>

More than just a homage to Joyce, *In Memoriam* reiterates MacDiarmid's commitment to the same linguistic ideals of the novelist. The six sections of the poem, contain a vast array of quotations, foreign words, technical terminology, and even at times cull whole extracts from non-literary prose in an incredible experimental tapestry. Joyce is constantly evoked and addressed as muse, mentor and companion in a work which has often been misunderstood and rarely valued, even among admirers of MacDiarmid. His didacticism, pedantry and frequent plagiarism are often treated too seriously, and although a perceptive critic like Edwin Morgan can claim that MacDiarmid is "more didactic than Joyce," it is important to glimpse the poet's dry humour behind the mask of didacticism.<sup>15</sup>

The influence of Joyce was a constant factor in MacDiarmid's writing career. A few short years before his death, the poet was still lamenting the failure of Scotland to produce her own Joyce to "glammoch her." In 1973 he still found it significant that "*Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* came not from England but from Ireland" and once again was forced to ask "why has Scotland not produced something as remote from the common novel?"<sup>16</sup>

Scotland could not produce a Joyce, but she did produce Neil Gunn, a novelist who shared MacDiarmid's enthusiasm for the Renaissance. A contributor to many of Grieve's early literary projects, Gunn had also been involved in the foundation of John MacCormick's fledgling National Party of Scotland. Like Joyce, Gunn was forced to use English as his medium of expression, a language which both was and at the same time was not, his own. He believed that the Scottish writer using the English language should take as his point of reference earlier writers within a specific Scottish literary tradition and that the English used should, springing naturally from that tradition, retain a peculiarly Scottish flavour.

In numerous essays Gunn offered the Irish model as an example to be followed by Scotland. For Gunn the "magnificent outburst of literature in recent years in Ireland synchronised precisely with the national uprising of the people" and he thus considers it fair to assume that "had the national spirit not raised its head, the literature would not have appeared."<sup>17</sup> In this respect the Irish people had achieved something to which the Scots still aspired, they "have got us thoroughly beaten: they are alive, consciously and nationally."<sup>18</sup> Gunn saw Joyce as being a fundamental part of this new Irish self-confidence, an artist who formed an integral part of the Irish literary tradition with his "prose distinguished above all else by its Irish rhythm, its 'hitherandthithering waters of' the Gaelic soul."<sup>19</sup>

Strange as it may seem to Joyce scholars, the two aspects of Joyce's work which most appealed to Gunn were those of tradition and orthodoxy. The paradox inherent here obviously warrants some explanation, because Joyce is generally considered to have been a revolutionary writer, rather than the follower of any tradition. Likewise critics praise or attack him on the grounds of his heterodoxy, not his orthodoxy. Gunn however, sees Joyce in the light of a continuous Irish literary tradition. In his essay "President of Eire: The True Value of Tradition," he states that

It is not entirely fortuitous that writers out of that Ireland which has fought so strenuously in recent times for the right to continue its own traditions should hold such a commanding position in letters today. Take four Irish writers representing

amongst them poetry, prose and drama — W. B. Yeats, James Joyce, George Bernard Shaw and Sean O’Casey. Is there any name in the whole realm of English Literature to-day that one could prefer before them? It is a thought to meditate on.<sup>20</sup>

Like the Galician writers of the *Nós* generation, Gunn claims a sort of spiritual allegiance to these great Irish writers. He uses Eliot to justify his viewpoint:

When T. S. Eliot, writing of James Joyce, calls him “the most ethically orthodox of the more eminent writers of my time,” he is aware of Joyce as the product of his Irish environment. Indeed, tradition and orthodoxy are complementary to Eliot. . . . Tradition is not a static thing; it is a living growth. And I have mentioned these two writers, who have probably had a greater influence on modern letters than any other two one could readily think of in the world today, because they are popularly held to be revolutionary and unorthodox.<sup>21</sup>

As Richard Price correctly points out, Gunn deliberately avoids some of the negative aspects which Eliot associated with tradition, but nevertheless his analysis allows him to place the possibly contradictory concepts of modernity and tradition within a single framework on which he, Gunn, can find an ideological justification for his own works.<sup>22</sup>

After a cursory glance at *The Lost Glen* it may be difficult to find any explicit relationship with the works of Joyce. Gunn’s novel is essentially a rural work in comparison with the urban settings used by Joyce. Stylistically it is perhaps easier to draw comparisons, the consistently sophisticated stream of consciousness employed by the Scottish writer betrays the influence of Joyce and Virginia Woolf in a novel in which it is possible to detect the thematic and, at times, the stylistic influence of Joyce. It is perhaps necessary to paraphrase *The Lost Glen*, a little-known novel outwith the circle of Scottish Literature. The protagonist, a young intellectual named Ewan MacLeod returns to his home in a small Highland fishing village after being sent down in disgrace from the University of Edinburgh, where he had been studying to join the ministry under the auspices and patronage of his uncle, a dour, hypocritical publican. Ewan’s crime has been that of having alcohol in his room, and even though it was not Ewan himself who was responsible, he nobly takes the blame, thus saving the real “guilty party,” a lowland student, aptly named Lothian. On his return Ewan is rebuked by his mother who held great hopes for her son as a minister of the Kirk. On a fishing expedition Ewan’s father is drowned while the son escapes, his inability to save his father being used against him as a further motive for guilt and rebuke.

The novel shows the Highlands as an area of economic and social depression, exploited by the English (aided and abetted by Lowland Scots) who use the land for their sports, hunting and fishing, reducing the role of the natives to that of lackeys. The epitome of this English invasion is Colonel Hicks, an ex-colonial soldier whose attitude towards the Scots is that which he had held towards other natives in the other parts of the Empire in which he had served, a fact which stresses the view of Scotland in general, and the Highlands in particular, as being another English colony. Ewan works as a gillie for Clare Marlowe, the Colonel’s young niece, paradigmatic representative of a new “progressive” English modernity. Mutual physical attraction between the light supplied by Clare and the darkness of the brooding gillie hint at a possible reconciliation

between the two worlds, but no such solution can come about due, we are led to believe, to the vast gulf which separates the two cultures. The attempted rape of Mary McKinnon, daughter of Ewan's friend, Colin the piper, by the English Colonel, and the suspicion that the Englishman has similar designs on Ewan's sister triggers off the tragic ending. Ewan kills the Colonel before sailing off to suicide in the same spot where his father had drowned. Rape, murder, brooding hatred. Not, it might be suggested, the stuff of which the work of Joyce is made! There are, however, many points of convergence over and above those of a strictly stylistic nature.

Much has been written concerning the enormous influence of Hamlet on Joyce's writing. The Stephen Dedalus we meet in *Ulysses* is often contrasted with Shakespeare's young Danish prince, in terms of guilt, doubt, the search for a lost father and the overall theme of usurpation. Similarly, Ewan MacLeod in *The Lost Glen* can be seen as a Highland Hamlet, the death of his father on his conscience and usurped by an Englishman just as his country has been usurped, just as Dedalus is usurped by, among others, the Englishman Haines. Ewan is constantly described in terms of darkness, the dark weeds of Shakespeare's prince and Stephen's dark bohemian garb are replaced in Ewan's case by an inner blackness, reflecting and being reflected by the dark mountains, lakes and glens of Caithness. For Ewan the "land was too old. Scarred and silent, it was settling down into decay." Like Joyce's Ireland "the burden of its story had become too great to carry."<sup>23</sup>

In a particularly striking scene, Colonel Hicks mocks Donald, a Gaelic-speaking highland servant who has difficulty with the English language. His total contempt for the "misery-ridden lousy crofters" is exemplified in a scene where he symbolically crushes Scotland:

A tall thistle was growing at the roadside. He stopped, and with one swipe unthinkingly beheaded it—As his imagination grew active, he slew the thistle, branch by branch, to the ground. (LG 137)

Ewan, like Stephen Dedalus, is uneasy within the paralysed environment of his native land. The "spirit" (or soul) of his people is buried under years of oppression, and has become dormant, only coming to life briefly in the sad Gaelic singing of Mary MacKinnon or through the haunting bagpipe tune called "The Lost Glen" which, we are given to understand, "came" to Colin MacKinnon while he stumbled across a hidden valley, a "lost glen" in which no human had ever set foot before. The spirit of the Highlanders finds an ironical metonym in the *spirit* they once drank freely, *Usgebauch*, whisky, the water of life, whose commercialisation is controlled by the English and unavailable to the Highlanders to whom it rightfully belongs. Ewan constantly criticises his fellow Scots, whose "fatalism and dry humour" give them "a sort of inverted superiority in which there was nothing but the acceptance that damns" (LG 181).

The "lost glen" of the title of Gunn's novel represents the loss of a tradition, the lack of a stable identity for his native Highlands, home to a people dispossessed both of language and of land. Ewan MacLeod realises at the end of the novel that his own spirit is that of his people, that he is a part of a tradition which can still, perhaps, be reawakened:

The old Gaelic music, the pipe tunes, the long heave of the sea, the green glens, the

mountains, the brown moors—yet behind speech, deeper than the stir of thought, lay a profound awareness of that covering world as a fitting cloak. (LG 339)

In his ultimate vision, Ewan perceives his role within the continuity of the Gaelic tradition. He sees “something so fine and sure that its betrayal would live on through eternity. All who had gone before him would be bowed under it” (LG 338).

*The Lost Glen* is not, of course, a Scottish *Portrait*, in the same way as Gunn is not a Scottish Joyce. Its principle thematic and stylistic characteristics do, however, reflect both the influence of Joyce and the recognition of the existence of a series of circumstances common to Ireland and Scotland and, more particularly, to the young intellectual from both countries. It is, perhaps, difficult to accept Gunn’s reading of Joyce as a simple extension of a continuous Irish Literary tradition, but if we accept G. J. Watson’s argument that Joyce’s work reveals an “obsession with the sense of a gapped or fractured culture” we must also accept that Joyce’s work must be seen as pertaining to that cultural tradition, even if all that is left of that tradition is “the cracked looking-glass” of a servant girl or a beheaded thistle.<sup>24</sup> Hugh MacDiarmid, Neil Gunn, and a host of other Scottish writers heard in Joyce a voice which, like their own, came from the geographic and cultural periphery, a voice that pointed the way ahead to cultural, if not political, freedom, from the dominant tendency towards centralisation. In the mid-1920’s, Hugh MacDiarmid had lamented the fact that Scotland did not have her own Joyce. Joyce, however—perceived both as aesthetic revolutionary and as part of a sister-tradition—was present as a highly positive and dynamic influence on the rebirth of a self-confident and autonomous literary movement in the Scotland of the 1920s and 30s.

#### Notes

1. See Antonio de Toro Santos “La huella de Joyce en Galicia,” *Joyce en España (I)*, ed. Francisco García Tortosa and Antonio de Toro Santos (La Coruña: Universidade da Coruña, 1994) 31-37 and “Literature and Ideology: The Penetration of Anglo-Irish Literature in Spain,” *Revista Alicantina de Estudios Ingleses* 8 (1995): 229-37.

2. *Scottish Chapbook* 1.3 (1922): 69-73.

3. In a 1921 letter article, written under the pseudonym A. K. L., Grieve referred to the Vernacular Circle of the London Burns Club as “the pedantic patriots of London, who would seemingly surrender their birthright for a mess of uncouth and obsolete synonyms” (*Edinburgh Evening News*, 1 September 1921: 3).

4. *Scottish Chapbook* 1.3 (1922): 183.

5. “A Scottish poet maun assume/The burden o’ his people’s doom/And dee to brack’ their livin’ tomb./Mony ha’e tried, but a ha’e failed./Their sacrifice has nocht availed./Upon the thistle they’re impaled”; see Hugh MacDiarmid’s *A Drunk Man Looks at the Thistle* (1923) from *The Hugh MacDiarmid Anthology*, ed. Michael Grieve and Alexander Scott (London: Routledge, 1972) 101. All references from MacDiarmid’s poetry are taken from this edition.

6. Edwin Morgan, *Crossing the Border: Essays on Scottish Literature* (Manchester: Carcanet, 1990): “Lack of documentation, however, does not rule out the interesting possibility that *A Drunk Man*, which appeared while Joyce was working on *Finnegans Wake*, may well have contributed to the shaping of that novel” (169). Morgan also mentions the existence of a letter in which MacDiarmid claims that Joyce was familiar with his work (169 and 186).



7. Hugh MacDiarmid, "The Caledonian Antisyzygy and the Gaelic Idea" (1931-1932); rpt. in *Selected Essays of Hugh MacDiarmid*, ed. Duncan Glen (London: Jonathan Cape, 1969) 60.
8. MacDiarmid criticised the presumably ineffective creation of a national assembly in Scotland in "The Caledonian Antisyzygy and the Gaelic Idea": "A parliament bringing back Tom Johnston and his like from Westminster to Edinburgh is like Habakkuk 'capable de tout'—et de rien! Cut and dried schemes—so-called practical proposals—the 'cursed conceit of being right'—we can, if we choose, use to operate behind and through; but they have no real relation to our purpose, and we can only deploy very minor impulses on such planes" (69).
9. Hugh MacDiarmid, "Problems of Poetry Today," *At the Sign of the Thistle: A Collection of Essays* (London: Stanley Nott, 1934) 118.
10. Alan Bold, ed. *The Letters of Hugh MacDiarmid* (London: Hamish Hamilton, 1984) 771.
11. *Hugh MacDiarmid Anthology* 166.
12. Carl Freedman, "Beyond the Dialect of the Tribe: James Joyce, Hugh MacDiarmid and World Language," *Hugh MacDiarmid: Man and Poet*, ed. Nancy Gish (Edinburgh: Edinburgh UP, 1992) 268.
13. *Hugh MacDiarmid Anthology* 141.
14. *Hugh MacDiarmid Anthology* 273.
15. Morgan, *Crossing The Border* 182. MacDiarmid is frequently accused of taking himself too seriously. In a 1992 interview, Seamus Heaney, referred to what he saw as one of the main differences between the two writers: "Joyce is mad about language, and MacDiarmid addresses Joyce very often, but I think what Joyce possessed was what MacDiarmid, alas, didn't: a sense of the ridiculous" (Gish 66).
16. Hugh MacDiarmid, "Neil Gunn and the Scottish Renaissance," *Neil M. Gunn: The Man and Writer*, ed. Alexander Scott and Douglas Gifford (London: Blackwood, 1973) 361.
17. Neil M. Gunn, "Literature: Class or National," *Outlook* 1.4 (1936): 57.
18. Neil M. Gunn, "Eire: How Dublin received the New Constitution," *Scots Magazine* 28.5 (1938): 34
19. Neil M. Gunn, *Whisky and Scotland: A Practical and Spiritual Survey* (1935; London: Souvenir Press, 1977) 69.
20. Neil M. Gunn, "President of Eire: The True Value of Tradition," *Scots Magazine* 29.3 (1938): 179.
21. Gunn, "President of Eire" 178-79.
22. Richard Price, "Neil Gunn and the Criticism of T. S. Eliot," *Chapman* 67 (1992): 46-47.
23. Neil M. Gunn, *The Lost Glen* (1932; Edinburgh: Chambers, 1992) 58; henceforth cited parenthetically in the text as LG.
24. G. J. Watson, *Irish Identity and the Literary Revival* (Washington: The Catholic U of America P, 1984) 21.