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The Continuity of Joyce (Traces and Analogies in Later Foreign Writers)

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The impact of James Joyce's work upon later writers manifests itself in a variety of ways. The stylistic range displayed in *Ulysses* and the perceptual and epistemological possibilities implied in the eighteen episodes have perhaps most effectively furthered Joyce's international presence. In this essay examples of Joyce's continuity are given from the literatures of France and of Yugoslavia in the 1950s and 1960s, i.e. roughly simultaneously, but at different stages in the intrinsic development of letters in the two countries. An analysis of R. Pinget's *Inquisitory* and A. Robbe-Grillet's *Jealousy* on the one hand, and of O. Davičo's *The Poem* and R. Marinković's *The Cyclops* on the other, testifies that the richness and variety of Joycean discourse can be put to a great range of uses — dependent on what task the fiction in a particular language needs to assume at a particular moment. In France and Yugoslavia these are historically different at the same moment in time, but in both countries the most advanced and the most independent writing has felt the need to enlist Joyce in its own pursuit after new fictional correlates to the changing world of their authors.

No modern writer in English offers a greater challenge than Joyce to the comparativist scholar or, for that matter, to any researcher into the literary history of our time. The inner complexity of Joyce's work corresponds to the multiplicity of forms in which he has affected the literature of the last sixty-five years or so.

One could perhaps speak of Joyce's presence in three senses: a) direct influence; b) the mediation of authors who have been exposed to Joycean writing and who in turn affect other writers; c) a more or less general awa-

renewal of Joyce's work, of the artistic problems that he tried to meet, and of his means and artistic choices. In all three cases it is not conscious imitation that interests us, but the way in which Joyce appears to contribute to any author's grappling with the challenges of his own situation in the culture and the language to which he belongs.

In a review of Richard Yates' recent collection of short stories, the example of *Dubliners* is invoked as a model for the American's own coping with the desperate and solitary citizens of his metropolis; such relevant connections can be met every day in current literary criticism. Ambitious fictional works belonging to Northrop Frye's "encyclopaedic form"¹, like Günther Grass' *Der Butt*, which is in some respects closer to *Moby Dick* than to Joycean texture, are very likely the products of a climate in which *Finnegans Wake* is becoming the accepted norm of transgression against the linear handling of theme and narrative.

The centrality of Joyce in modern letters appears most fully, however, when one considers the multifaceted nature of his own central work, *Ulysses*. In it the range of the stylistic display and of the perceptual and epistemological possibilities in the eighteen episodes, as well as the multiple significance of their coexistence as a totality, are unmatched in recent writing. It therefore comprises the weight of Joyce's international presence.

Roughly, the techniques of *Ulysses* fall into two categories, and their influence follows the same division. One branch covers ways of suggesting subjectivity—it includes several forms of stream of consciousness and of characters' introspection achieved through narrative that at first glance appears as if it were objective. Generally speaking, Joyce's impact upon literature was first felt along those lines. It corresponds to the heritage of impressionism in the creation of personality and of modernist constructs; namely, personal though generally decipherable symbolism legitimately emerges from lyrical patterns composed of supposedly mental imagery.

The autotelic functioning of such patterns is often enhanced by an awareness of mythic correlatives. The imaginative patrimony of generic man functions within the individual work without relating it to a socially determined class of artefacts. But the mythic, in so far as it is anthropologically significant, breaks down the boundaries of the isolated text and lends it a modicum of objectivity that relates it to the mental universe inherited by our culture. This awareness Joyce's writing shares with the more traditional texture of a Thomas Mann; in fact, its full significance in Joyce is implied rather than stated. Hence, as Wolfgang Iser has lucidly shown², much of its difficulty.

The mythic aspect cuts through all the episodes, thus neutralizing the different narrative perspectives; but some of the techniques, those depen-

1. Northrop Frye: *Anatomy of Criticism*, Princeton, 1957.

2. Wolfgang Iser: *The Implied Reader*, Baltimore and London, 1974.

ding on quantification, accumulation, and on the collocation of different styles, register a desire for mock objectivity and play at expressing a factual awareness of what happens in the world. Such episodes (in particular perhaps "Aeolus", "The Wandering Rocks", "The Cyclops", "Ithaca") seem to foreshadow more recent tendencies to overcome the hermeticism and the autonomous organization of subjectively symbolic constructs. They prefigure the randomness, improvisation, and inconsistent accumulation of effects, the trying out of narrative ploys — the laying bare of devices — that characterize the postmodern openness and aesthetic impurity of texts.

Historically we can thus clearly distinguish two types of Joycean impact. The presence of Joyce in Virginia Woolf is not the same as that in Pynchon and Barth.

It would therefore be true to say that the presence of Joyce in any national literature depends on what literature requires at the particular moment in which its encounter with Joyce takes place. A glance at what happens on such occasions in cultures recognizably different from one another may be of some wider interest. Our examples will come from the literatures of France and of Yugoslavia in the 1950's and 1960's, i.e. roughly simultaneously, but at different stages in the intrinsic development of letters in the two countries. France had already achieved the peak of sophistication, a vast repertoire of historically ascertainable styles, and easy commerce with intellectual abstraction. Yugoslavia's political and cultural independence were of only very recent standing, and the country was still striving towards urbanization and towards acceptance of industrial rhythms and of more than just the cyclic movement of time by much of the population. In the realm of ideas there prevailed a simplistic understanding of the relationship between material premises and spiritual phenomena, the two being casually related in a mechanical manner.

In France, in those years, a stress on the analysis of consciousness and its underlying motives, whether in terms of psychic mechanisms or of shaping powers in the individual's situation, is still very much the order of the day. Not Proust, however, but Joyce stands behind Nathalie Sarraute, and it is Joyce via Faulkner who produces the subjective constructs, the recurrence and interconnection of symbolic leit-motifs, in the agonizing confessions and self-examinations of Claude Simon.

Yet at the same time the other, objectivizing techniques of Ulysses have found their concomitants in some of the most original investigations into the possibilities of fictional form: It is the catechism mould bequeathed by "Ithaca" that provides the narrative mode of Pinget's *L'inquisiteur* (1962). That novel is written in the form of questions and answers. Hundreds of names and a topographically minutely imagined area appear in the questioning of an aged servant by some anonymous interrogators without even establishing a continuous line building up an argument or completing the history of a family, person, or criminal case, with superficial cha-

acter sketches, conjectures about human relationships and hints at *faits divers* following page after page, like an enormous stack of shuffled playing cards turned up recurrently without any pattern. Critics have seen in this material an inventory comparable to Balzac's, but all the promising details, including the human features of the reluctant, sometimes comically testy servant, do not yield up a story, as they certainly would have in Balzac.

In fact, as we progress through the text we seem to appropriate an amorphous conglomeration of possibilities for stories that never get off the ground. In that respect, *L'inquisiteur* is an *anti-Ithaca*, because in that penultimate episode of *Ulysses* the opposite drift seems to be under way. Numerous facts relevant to what has preceded in the book are finally crystallized and spelled out explicitly; thus, they present a mock-elucidation of the puzzles and enigmas of the situation and the interpersonal relationships. We seem to be arriving somewhere ("Ithaca" is the central chapter of this Ulyssean novel's Homecoming section), while the opposite is increasingly true of Pinget's *Inquisitory*. The French author creates a stylistic tension between the impersonal tone of the questions and the human content of the answers which the old servant's severely frustrated person produces from within his own horizons. The "Ithaca" method is stylistically dehumanized on both the question and the answer side of the ledger. The episode's charm is more indirectly present by being hidden beyond series of enumeration, the strictly quantified descriptions, the impersonal exchange of questions and answers, the apparent lack of any subjective projection in this presentation of man strictly in terms of determinable facts. Ultimately, "Ithaca" anticipates Charlie Chaplin in the way in which it pretends to avoid both the comedy and the sympathy normally invoked by the presentation of a blow suffered by a fictional character when bumping against a cupboard:

"What suddenly arrested his ingress?

The right temporal lobe of the hollow sphere of his cranium came into contact with a solid timber angle where, an infinitesimal but sensible fraction of a second later, a painful sensation was located in consequence of antecedent sensations transmitted and registered."³

Were it not for the comedy and for the human pathos immediately evoked by the presented incident (having translated it, in the very act of reading, into the nonscientific language of everyday experience), we might feel that we were in the antimetaphoric, nonsymbolic world of Alain Robbe-Grillet's most radical theoretical statements.

In his essays collected under the title *Pour un Nouveau Roman* (For a New Novel), he attacks the humanist outlook, according to which literature should provide a "soul bridge" between men and things. He claims that

3. *Ulysses*, Modern Library, New York, 1946, p. 690.

there is no excuse for the anthropomorphic content of metaphorical language; as "the world neither signifies nor is absurd, it is simply *there*".⁴

Robbe-Grillet's best-known novels are instances of an apparent registration of surfaces that fall into patterns but do not try to colour with human emotionalism the world that they present. In *La Jalousie* (1957), "objective" description is used to present the elements of a highly melodramatic conjunction of events without any direct registration of feelings. There is no narrator, but only a point in space from which the scene is perceived, and it is only gradually that the reader realizes that apart from a woman and a man who frequently visits her, there is a third person always present, the woman's jealous husband whose field of perception is defined by the impersonal narrative voice that produces the text. This observer, hidden from the reader, watches the couple sitting, talking, performing gestures, as well as the movements of the woman when her visitor is away. The observer's presence within the scene can be detected through the number of plates on the table, the number of chairs occupied on the veranda, etc.

If the stream of consciousness technique of a Faulkner, for instance,⁵ also creates imaginings, obsessive motifs, distorted reiterations in the memory of characters, such works as wholes are dominated by an all-embracing point of view that coordinates the parallels and the contradictory utterances. There is in Robbe-Grillet, though, no principle by which to establish some order of reality and some authentic sequence for the events experienced or imagined. The recurrent motifs with variations and the submerged narrative were always there, even in his fiction before *La jalousie*, and are also present in the later works, such as *La maison de rendezvous*. In *La maison de rendezvous*, however, the thematic justification of *Jealousy* has yielded place to confusing ambiguities without a psychological or any other kind of humanist alibi.

Robbe-Grillet works with a limited number of narrative elements. Objects, described gestures, human position in space, and other described details recur according to no principle of ordering that can be determined. The recurrence of details in Robbe-Grillet can be compared to the presence of *leit-motifs*, to the repetition of sentences and words in the various episodes of *Ulysses*, but in Robbe-Grillet there are fewer of them, they recur more frequently and take up a far greater proportion of the text. The technique, if it originates in Joyce, has a different purpose than in the earlier writer. Thus, the creative scope of the two writers is different; that of Robbe-Grillet is much narrower. Also, to confuse the reader on purpose does not seem to be a high priority for Joyce although it is part of his total effect.

The amount of detail in "Ithaca" is indeed overwhelming, and puts to shame the 'wealth' of information provided by a nineteenth century realistic novel. It is not a closed field of elements that are being permuted,

4. *For a New Novel*, New York, 1965.

as in Beckett, who in this respect is a more immediate precursor of Robbe-Grillet. Joyce's technique, by means of which his world of objects and facts is conveyed, appears however to be much closer to Robbe-Grillet than Beckett's is, in so far as the cataloguing and enumeration appear to be precise and impersonal. In Robbe-Grillet they seem to amount to precise relationships in space, but anyone who has tried to draw a map of the island in *Le voyeur* or the banana grove in *La jalousie* will have been confused by the hidden inconsistencies — just as one is when one tries to follow Joyce in his seemingly most pedantic and painstakingly accurate computations.

In *Ulysses* the number of elements is unlimited. However seemingly impersonal the presentation, the very quantity and range are part of the Joycean exuberance. "Ithaca", contrary to the meagre story patterns of Robbe-Grillet, in its very texture symbolizes life, and therefore human ubiquity — and dignity. Joyce's mock-pretence at distancing himself from the human experience has apparently been taken over by Robbe-Grillet in full seriousness. He puts man's manifestations on the same level as things, and he creates potential plots not through an interplay of human personalities, but through external collocations and formal relationships: there is more impersonality, more mechanical interconnection, coincidence, contingency, accidental detail, deliberate spoiling or contradiction of the pattern.

The correlation between Robbe-Grillet's technique and a contemporary view of the world was established by Lucien Goldmann in his essay on the New Novel in his book *Pour une sociologie du roman* (1964). He finds that there exists a homology between the impersonal relationships in a Robbe-Grillet novel and that process in modern capitalist development that György Lukacs has called reification. According to Goldmann, the market economy, dominated by the relationship for which Marx coined the term "fetishism of commodity", makes character disappear and objects acquire independence. This explains the passivity of the onlooker (in *Le voyeur* and *La jalousie*) and the murder hidden as part of the order of things (*Les gommés*).

The manifoldness of *Ulysses* and the comedy produced by the very energy and variety of its protean inventiveness, are a transcendence of whatever manifestations of social passivity may be found in aspects of Joyce's work. It is not surprising that in a young culture — or rather in one which is integrating patterns of urbanization later than most of Europe — *Ulysses* will stimulate the most imaginative attempts at a modern structuring of fiction and the creation of a rich urban verbal texture.

When it appeared, in 1953, the novel *The Poem* (*Pesma*) by the Serbian poet Oskar Davičo was considered an important event in Yugoslavia. In a literature in which story — telling has rarely distinguished itself by closely knit plots and a concentrated dramatic set of interlinked events, *The Poem* is, to adapt the term, a "well-made novel". Also, it is a basically romantic assertion of the young revolutionary hero, and as such it conformed to the

expectations and requirements of a politically inspired and sometimes institutionally enforced aesthetics that came to Yugoslavia with the end of the war. At the same time, the concept of the hero is profoundly opposed to the then existing canons of socialist realism. Davičo's richly metaphorical poetry has always been surrealist in inspiration (before the war Davičo belonged to the Belgrade surrealist group, the strongest in Europe after that of Paris) and opposed to any preaching. His first novel became a kind of political event, another instance of Yugoslav culture's cutting loose from Soviet guidelines. Today it seems symbolical that *The Poem* was published in the year of Stalin's death.

What has all this to do with Joyce? Nothing directly, except that aspects of *Ulysses* can be discovered in this, the first genuine Yugoslav novel of big city life. In order to appreciate the peculiar character of the connection, it might be necessary to read a fairly extensive summary of the story.

As in *Ulysses*, the story of *The Poem* takes place in a big city, this time Belgrade, and within roughly 24 hours. The three main characters involved are two men, a middle-aged one and a young one, and a woman. What is more, the relationship between the two men is to a certain extent a father-son relationship; and the boy's real father actually suspects the older man, Veković, to have been his wife's lover before the boy, Mića, was born. The woman, Anna, is a lighter, subtler, and more imaginative creature than Mrs. Bloom, but there is a parallel here too, because she is the mistress of Veković and falls in love with Mića.

The pattern of relationships is, thus, very reminiscent of *Ulysses*. However, unlike in *Ulysses*, they develop into something ethically determinable, and the story includes movement, pathos, catharsis, and meaningful transcendence. It takes place during the German occupation. Mića is a serious, single-minded clandestine fighter: "The very hardships added up to life. Living in this way meant happiness, pride; being awake while others drowsed... To be a fighter for the revolution was to be everything — footballer, explorer, trapper, philosopher — anything which in any given situation might serve the cause, and there was no doubt at all about it."⁵

The older man, Veković, is a famous poet, a member of the Academy, disgusted with living under the enemy. He plans to leave Belgrade and with Mića join the Partisans in the liberated territory. Once there, he wants finally to write the poem which he has long carried in his mind. There comes, however, a clash between Mića and Veković. The old man loves the fullbodied life of the senses and — almost on the eve of his purifying departure to freedom — is not above entering into a casual sexual affair with a washerwoman, right there in the drying room of their apartment building.

5. Cf Oskar Davičo: *The Poem*, transl. by Alec Brown, Lincoln-Prager, London, 1959.

Mića, that ardent and selfless fighter for the happiness of Man, is an ascetic who has never experienced full intimacy with a woman. Veković's casual intercourse, which he witnesses by accident, seems to him an outrage to the liberation movement and an utter degradation of anyone who wants to be connected with the cause: "The washerwoman and Veković were closely locked together, away from all the world, they no longer cared for what was happening in the world. They were at the peak of their pleasure now. How foul love-making was in its seeking of its glib delight, the play of it, its seeking of that moment outside of time and space! Love demanded two people's desertion from the field of battle. In this, the 1942—an year of the calendar, love served the enemy. This was not a precise thought, framed in so many words, in Mića's mind. It was deep-set in his outraged feelings, that the thought now came clear to him: Veković too was a deserter."

In spite of remonstrances from the other members of his clandestine group, Mića tries to prevent Veković from joining them. So, Veković, in order to prove his genuine allegiance, decides to commit himself publicly. He goes to the funeral of a retired general and makes a patriotic speech which provokes the Germans into arresting him. — Mića has now seen his mistake, but after his group has decided upon a plan for rescuing Veković the next morning, Mića is himself chased by German patrols. In the early hours after midnight he makes a narrow escape in a suburban street — by jumping into the garbage can. He is then saved by the quiet behaviour and self-restraint of the woman from the neighbouring house. This turns out to be Anna, Veković's young mistress, who had seen Mića only once before and fallen in love with him. She had talked to Veković about him and called him Mayfly — that beautiful, lithe, quick creature which lives only for one day. And it is now, in the few early hours before going into the action which will rescue Veković but which he himself will not survive, that Mića for the first time encounters the reality and ecstasy of love. Davičo's pages on Mića's and Anna's experience are probably among the most poetical of all the suggestive descriptions of love-making in recent decades, and certainly more unrestrained than anything preceding them in Yugoslav fiction. Here, however, it is more pertinent to quote the following passage from the description of the lovers' rest:

"Long since, all had grown utterly still, no barking of dogs any more announced the movements of the night patrols, there was no chatter of motor-cycles, no long feeler of ferociously white headlights. But the outside never ceased to be, he knew the street was there, he had not for one instant forgotten that street while he smothered with kisses loins of such delicacy there might have been no bone, with the fine washed-white steep ridges of the edge of her pelvis, while he kissed the controlled slimness of her waist, the softness of her belly, sweet-scented and smooth, all soundless under-ripples of life. He was very clear too where he would go when he got Veković out and what he would do with him when he got him to liberated territory. He was conscious

too of his dearest comrades George and Peter having been shot down last night, conscious of how their death hurt him, conscious of the smart, the torment of it, but he now knew all this as a healthy man, preoccupied at the moment with something that overwhelmed him, knew that his heart was beating, his lungs expanding, his kidneys cleansing his blood, knew all this without giving a thought to what he knew or what was coming to pass beside that knowledge."

The relationship between sex and environment — between love and the garbage can, if one likes — is frequently and unsentimentally explored in *Ulysses*. It results in healthy sobering comedy, which puts all the aspects of life under lenses of equal strength and brings them into mutual perspective. Here however Davičo has, with partial success, tried to create a new aspect of this relationship. He has viewed it as part of the wider issue of war, moral responsibility, and society. He has done so without disrespect for either and with a genuine apprehension of the balance between the intimate and the public call upon man.

Mića will leave Anna's house fortified by love. He will go out and fight and die as a mature man who has realized what fullness of life really means. Love-making has, in a certain sense, functioned as a humanist sacrament and prepared him for death. There is a romantic dimension in this conception of man, and it is utterly non-Joycean. We may call it traditionalist, and the authorial comments, the efforts at determining what is conscious and what is unconscious in the growth of an attitude or a mental realization — all these do belong to a pre-Joycean phase in fiction. And yet, one feels, the pattern of relationship between the characters can hardly be coincidental. The tight plot based on a Bloom-Stephen-Molly trio with personalities changed, turned activist, makes this novel into a deliberate *Anti-Ulysses*. From a purely Joycean perspective, it is traditionalism which Davičo tries to put into the service of a revolutionary awareness. But still, this relatively traditionalistic procedure, and in particular the deft manipulation of the plot, was in the Yugoslav literature of the moment a highly modern achievement.

On the other hand, the pre-Joycean purposeful plotting is conjoined with a most valuable aspect of the very Joycean phase in fiction, hardly present in Yugoslav writing before Davičo. This is the bold collocation of woman's anatomy and moral idealism, that of the dynamism of sex with that of society. This "violent yoking together of disparate ideas" need not have come into Davičo's novel from Joyce; it had probably been prepared by his own surrealist poetry.

And yet, there are details in that book which cannot be nearer to anything than they are to *Ulysses*. Take Veković's walk to the cemetery undertaken for a very non-Joycean purpose: the speech which will openly commit Veković against the Germans. It is worth comparing and contrasting with Bloom's contemplation at Paddy Bignam's funeral. Davičo's technique could not really be described as stream of consciousness all through, tho-

ugh some parts of the passage are of this kind, perhaps for the first time in Yugoslav fiction fully functional and not merely experimental. The principle of association is consistently maintained, and it offers a number of strange contaminations and metaphors connecting the physical with the spiritual, the palpable with the abstract, the insensible with the human:

“As he turned into St Nicholas Street he suddenly scented the exasperating, soft, non-urban, country odour of the soil which despite that dirty, greasy light was breathing true spring only a stone’s throw beyond those last three rows of small houses on the outskirts of the city. The outer edge of Belgrade. The outer edge of everything. After that came the open fields and the woods beyond. As if insistent too to have him aware that he would never see liberated territory! The hurt of that decision here wriggled free again, sounded his consciousness.

The outer edge of Belgrade and the last time for him to be at the graveyard alive. This once. Then the end. No, the end of the town. No, the end. Bluntly: death.

More in memory than reality filtered out a smell of methylated spirit. From an uncorked bottle, thrown out who knew when. And the odour of death beyond that door which creaked. Not like last year. Without sadness. Hardened.”

Ulysses.

And the passage that follows almost immediately reminds one also of Stephen Dedalus’ walk on the Dublin sound in the “Proteus” episode of

“Thin gravel ground underfoot groaned, softer still, the damp clay groaned, the silence blew out the holy lamps of sound. The jasmine had not even budded yet. The dehydrated branches of winter and the trampled leaves seemed even more dismal than the graves, wooden crosses askew, already mouldering, under them the tiny flickering flames. The white and red marbles and the black granite night gleam, could this March day but cease to be November and yield its non-existent light. Despite which, indeed, the white marble above the hummocks of soil challenged, smooth as a woman’s body in a twilight room.”

This kind of prose is expressive in a way which exceeds mere communication. In Yugoslavia it was for a number of years called Modernism, and it did not always meet with favourable acceptance. It does not agree with the established simple taste for straightforward realistic narrative. So it is only gradually finding its way to readers who are still acquiring the specifically urban sensibility, the ease necessary to connect disparate levels of experience and to absorb the sophisticated, noncyclical rhythms of city life. *The Poem* must have played a role in accommodating readers comparatively innocent of the exigencies of a modern text; it succeeded because its theme and story were “beyond suspicion”. In this context, it is of interest to decide how close — all differences considered — Davičo’s novel is to Joyce’s.

If *The Poem* can be seen as a kind of *Anti-Ulysses*, it is so certainly in a very different way from that in which Pinget cut himself off from the

"Ithaca" method, or in which before him Robbe-Grillet used the apparent tone and technique of "Ithaca" within a very different world view. *The Poem* uses certain patterns of story and environment from *Ulysses* in order to achieve a concentrated image of a big city drama of human relationships. The range of urban imagery used in the sophisticated manner of the all-inclusive metaphysical poetry, the exploration of consciousness on the basis of mental associations, these are Joycean again. Yet the values that the work enacts and proclaims are very different from anything that Joyce ever explicitly asserted. In that sense *The Poem* transcends the level of moral significance that can be directly gleaned from *Ulysses*. *The Poem's* hero's transformation, although modern, his selflessness, although in the service of a twentieth century public purpose (not old-fashioned patriotism only), do not change the fact that Davičo's aesthetic intention was basically traditional. In matters of technique, where stimulus can be recognized as coming from *Ulysses*, this occurs only in the presentation of consciousness. The objective encyclopaedic chapters, the pseudoimpersonality of "Ithaca", are not relevant to that writer, living in a culture which in the early fifties at least did not yet feel man to be losing himself in a plethora of self-standing artifacts.

A confident master of verse loaded with ingenious imagery, Davičo venturing into prose did not feel that the novel was supposed to bear inspection as an independent linguistic entity, *written*, irrespectively of its impact as drama and as a humanist-revolutionary message. Some years later, a Croatian novel, *The Cyclops* (*Kiklop*, 1965) by Ranko Marinković, will have gone beyond *The Poem* as a consciously textured totality, with a much stronger emphasis on its being self-consciously "scriptible" (Barthes).

The Cyclops' relationship to Joyce consists in a general awareness of Joycean structuring rather than in an appropriation of some specific technique, but the Joycean parallels reside more fully in the use of imagery and verbal echoes than on the story level. Several aspects can be distinguished:

a) The title *The Cyclops* does not refer to the eponymous episode in *Ulysses*, but tries, following Joyce, to introduce a relevant homeric association: it does not refer to a particular character in the novel, as Joyce's title does, but carries a universal meaning referring to the conditions of human existence: cannibalism, aggressiveness, and the war (of 1941) which has just begun when the novel ends.

b) This theme becomes apparent through a variety of metonymic devices throughout the novel; yet in terms of Joycean verbal links its basic reference is to *Hamlet*, the key theme coming from two well-known passages⁶:

"— Your worm is your only emperor for diet... A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

6. *Hamlet*, IV/3 and V/1.

— What dost thou mean by this?

— Nothing but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.”

And:

“— Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam whereto he was converted might they not stop a beer-barrel?”

Thus the *Hamlet* association does not, as in *Ulysses*, concern all possible variations of the father-son relationship (although that aspect of it also occurs in the Croatian novel). For *The Cyclops*, *Hamlet* primarily refers to the general state of rotting, organic disintegration and consumption, but also to a steady process of metamorphosis and, with reference to the above quotations, it also establishes umbilical linking, connecting also life and death, and produces ties — spiritual ones — between generations. The basic Joycean concerns have structured the unity of *The Cyclops*.

c) As in *Ulysses* the events and human relationships involved are not really organized into a self-explanatory plot. The action is located in a big city, its main characters are journalists and bohemians, more or less idle, meeting in bars and restaurants, ambulating through the streets in circular trajectories, their contacts rarely achieving genuine interpersonal understanding.

d) The environment, however, provides a splendid locus for bickering, broaching intellectual problems, and starting abortive narratives. Corresponding to the exposition of Stephen's Hamlet theory and the unfinished anecdote of the two midwives in “*Aeolus*”, in *The Cyclops* we have the story of the wreckage of the ship “*Menelaus*” and of its passengers, intermittently taken up and never brought to a climax.

e) The variety of unsuccessful attempts at communication among the characters has its concomitant in the frequent punning (often serial, performing gradual word transformations), the linguistic ingenuities, and the playing with titles and literary references (eleven plays by Shakespeare alone are alluded to or quoted): *The Cyclops* is probably the most densely intertextual modern novel in the language.

The main human relationship that emerges is one between a young and an old man, who for a long time had been potential friends only, and whose mutual sympathy finds its expression — and their friendship its consummation — after a drunken brawl late at night, in the tiny flat of the older one. As in *Ulysses*, they separate after urinating together, but contrary to what happens (or does not happen) in Joyce, this symbolic gesture ends in something definite: by urinating on an electric cable, the old man gets himself electrocuted, thus performing one of the most bizarre suicides in fiction (matched perhaps only by Krook's death by supontaneous combution in *Bleak House*). Echoes, allusions, distortions of ulysean moulds abound — together with reverberations from Dostoevsky: around midnight the two

innocent men start a discussion on whether it is permitted to kill even the lowliest of creatures.

Both Davičo's *The Poem* and Marinković's *The Cyclops* are novels very much part of the intellectual moment in their *milieu* when appeared. Trying to counter well established conventions, they both use patterning and linguistic foregrounding in a way infinitely superior to what precedes them in their own traditions. Both make use of Joyce's literary legacy. In Davičo it is fused with an awareness of modern French poetic techniques, in Marinković with a wide range of intellectual commonplace and literary experimentation. Neither of them exploits one of the Joycean characteristic styles, using rather more comprehensive patterns of fictional organization — in particular, highly charging the linguistic potential beyond all the limits of realistic story-telling. In a culture where folk poetry and the epic heroic tradition are still alive, this is a sign of rapid sophistication.

The Joycean assertion of the vitality of a language — beyond anything that language had performed in prose — has to be set against *The Cyclops'* catastrophic background. It is thanks to the virtuosity of its language that *The Cyclops* could be seen as a "comic apocalypse", as R. W. B. Lewis called the American novels of the 1960s dealing with the comprehensive destructiveness of such historical situations as World War II.⁷ These novels, from *Catch-22* to *Gravity's Rainbow* (written after Lewis' term had already been coined) and beyond, display a similar kind of resourcefulness. Such analogues to *Ulysses* are part of a humanist tradition still in the ascendant. Based on recent global anxieties, they transcend them by the scope of the imagination they display. On the other hand, the French novels inspired by aspects of *Ulysses*, cutting across whatever story line may seem to be emerging, and neutralizing the potentiality of character, achieve consistency and saturation in craftsmanship by following more specialized Joycean techniques.

The inspiration — in France or Yugoslavia — need not be exclusively that of Joyce, but an awareness of Joyce's practice is present in all the cases discussed: the effect aimed at is in some way the opposite to what Joyce achieves: either more open to human growth, or more circular and involuted in its complete achievement. The richness and variety of Joycean discourse can be put to a great range of uses — dependent on what task the fiction in a particular language needs to assume at a particular moment. In France and Yugoslavia these are historically different at the same moment in time. But in both countries the most advanced and the most independent writing have felt the need to enlist Joyce in its own pursuit after new fictional correlates to the changing worlds of their authors. This perhaps will still be Joyce's position in the years to come — to further new original fiction in all the languages with which Joyce's work has had communication.

7. R. W. B. Lewis: "Ways of Wrath and Laughter" in *Trials of the Word*, New Haven and London, 1966.

JOYCEOVO KONTINUIRANO TRAJANJE

Djelo Jamesa Joycea izravno i neizravno utječe na kasnije pisce. Joyceova prisutnost u književnosti na mnogim jezicima osobito se ogleda u djelovanju stilskog raspona i sugestivnoj prezentaciji lepeze epistemoloških i perceptivnih mogućnosti, što ih sadrži osamnaest različitih epizoda *Uliksa*. Ovaj rad ukazuje na Joyceov učinak na književna djela u Francuskoj i u Jugoslaviji u 50-tim i 60-tim godinama, dakle od prilike u isto vrijeme, ali u raznim fazama književnopovijesnog procesa u te dvije zemlje. Analiza Pingetovog romana *L'inquisiteiro* i Robbe-Grilletovog *La jalousie*, s jedne strane, te Davičove *Pesme* i Marinkovićevog *Kiklopa*, s druge, svjedoči da se bogatstvo i raznolikost Joyceovog diskursa može primijeniti na mnogo načina — ovisno o zadaći, što je fikcionalna proza u nekom jeziku izvršava u datom trenutku. U Francuskoj i Jugoslaviji te su zadaće historijski različite u određenom vremenu, ali se u obje zemlje baš najsmjelja i najavangardnija proza poslužila Joyceom u svojim traženjima fikcionalnih korelata jednog svijeta koji se mijenja.