The book-publication of *Ulysses* in 1922 inaugurated the great era of literary Modernism. It also marked a major shift in the balance of power within the 1914 group. Whereas Lewis’s contribution was supreme in, say, 1917 when Pound and Eliot largely danced to his tune, and Joyce was still perfecting the first three episodes of *Ulysses*, by 1920 Pound and Eliot had become mesmerised by Joyce’s masterwork and Lewis had scarcely got back into gear after his war years. The bringing together of the various chapters (many already published in periodical form) into a single volume was, apart from anything else, a triumph of sheer magnitude. Its seven hundred or so pages vastly exceeded any earlier Modernist ventures and, more importantly, its theme and self-assured poise indicated achieved masterwork rather than a mere bid for attention. In terms of the disparate emphases of the group members, *Ulysses* also offered an overall synthesis where extremes could meet: radical experimentality could coexist with allusive resonance; strong stylistic postures could be asserted within a comprehensive polyvocality; and romantic self-preoccupation could be subsumed into neoclassical impersonality. The book also opened a vast mine of themes, techniques and symbols which others could exploit as they chose. In *Ulysses*, the Modernism we know was given birth in comprehensive form. The twentieth-century world could be given most authentic expression by radical technique organised through Epic structuring. From here on Joyce was regarded by the new *literati* as mastermystic rather than mere man, and *Ulysses* as a monument of the complex modern world.

So with *Ulysses* Joyce replaced Lewis as galvanising genius within Pound’s group. But did he write the book, and achieve this position without showing a trace of the Lewisian influence – as most accounts suggest? Ellmann’s authoritative account of the publication of the first three chapters in *The Little Review* focuses on a reaction to the opening of ‘Proteus’. Margaret Anderson, on
reading it, said 'This is the most beautiful thing we'll ever have. We'll print it if it's the last effort of our lives'. The crucial words were:

Ineluctable modality of the visible: at least that if no more, thought through my eyes. Signatures of all things I am here to read, seaspawn and seawrack, the nearing tide, that rusty boot. Snot-green, bluesilver, rust: coloured signs. Limits of the diaphane.

(p. 31)

It is truly wonderful – and it is Joyce. But without Lewis would the author of Dubliners, Portrait and Exiles have come up with phrasal gestures like ‘seaspawn and seawrack . . . that rusty boot’ or ‘Snot-green, bluesilver, rust’? Surely this is an appropriation of the method of Enemy. And, indeed further phrases (in the Telemach-iad alone) seem a transformation of the Lewisian satiric daemon:

A scared calf’s face gilded with marmalade.  
(p. 7)

A sleek brown head, a seal’s, far out on the water, round.  
(p. 19)

Gabbles of geese. They swarmed loud, uncouth, about the temple, their heads thickplotting under maladroit silk hats.  
(p. 28)

Dead breaths I living breathe, tread dead dust, devour a urinous offal from all dead.  
(p. 42)

Often interiorised, more lyrical if often as gut-direct, here is the same preference for jagged phrasal adjectivality over smooth syntactical sequence, the same compound of grotesque image and ironic intellectuality, and a similar anthropological-satiric gaze – all ‘Kodacked by the Imagination’. Already Joyce has introjected and transformed enough of Lewis’s method to help lay the rich groundwork of his masterwork.

Perhaps this influence can never be fully proved. It is not certain whether Joyce had seen Blast 1, though he is Blessed in it and Lewis (the editor) thought he must have seen it (perhaps sent by Pound?). Yet in the Wake there are several apparent references to Enemy. And, at least, Joyce certainly received a copy of Tarr, even though he sent it for Frank Budgen’s opinion before reading it. At the same time, the intertextual evidence seems to me strong,