

Nevertheless, if my theory of the Joycean machine is going to shed light on consciousness at all, there had better be something remarkable about some if not at all of the activities of this machine, for there is no denying that consciousness is, intuitively, something special.

-- "The Powers of the Joycean Machine," CE (275)

But words can not convey the fullness of feeling. They can only struggle to arouse some echo-feeling in a reader, and of course every reader must comprehend in terms of what he must himself has felt or known. So every reader feels the essence of Joyce and his imitators in a different way. An echo is a diminished voice.

-- Robertson Davies

Of the Joycean machine

*Miswired,
at the start of day,
to the dark feline shape
of her body,
also to feel the
wonderful length of her
spine, in some ways
divine...*

In the brass-quoined bed
into which he installed himself
but became his way
because it was the only way,
through which his thoughts
could follow
the arc
of her spine

Such thoughts, he thought,
could be mustered
til death do them.
So, like a long palindrome
recited ad infinitum
nothing's left of language
but its spinal cord,
a man a plan...