

Stephen Dedalus and Writing Media

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Introduction

In this essay, I focus on the “Telemachiad” in Joyce’s *Ulysses*, and analyze Stephen Dedalus’s act of writing, namely, his composition of the vampire quatrain in the third episode. I will argue that the central figure of this poem, the pale-faced vampire, is composed of two of Stephen’s mental images: the vampiric dead mother of the young poet, and the pale-faced Englishman. In order to understand their relationship, it is first necessary for us to trace Stephen’s stream of consciousness in the first and second episodes carefully, if necessary returning to *A Portrait*. Before starting detailed discussion, I give a brief outline of my reading.

First of all, I indicate that for the young poet both the mental images of the dead mother and the Englishman are deeply related to the problem of artistic creation. Though an Irishman, Stephen’s “mother tongue” is the English language and he has to compose in English; as a colonial subject, he gradually realizes the paradoxical passivity of speaking or writing and the materiality of language. On the other hand, the figure of his mother, first transformed into the Grecian “green mother ocean,” is connected to the image of absinthe as a metonymy of artistic creation, “a green muse with fang.” Moreover, through the figure of absinthe-drinker and typesetter Kevin Egan, this compound imagery is related to the problem of mechanical writing; consequently, Stephen is again confronted with the close relationship between artistic creation and the materiality of language. These two series of thoughts and imageries are ironically crystallized within the vampire quatrain.

1. "Telemachus": Teeth, green and white

On the morning of June 16, Stephen Dedalus seems to be oddly attracted to the whiteness of Mulligan's teeth. It is the narrator, not Stephen, who gives such vivid descriptions as, "his even white teeth glistening here and there with gold points. Chrysostomos" (1.25-26),¹ "His curling shaven lips laughed and the edges of his white glittering teeth" (1.131-32), and "Charming! he said in a finical sweet voice, showing his white teeth and blinking his eyes pleasantly" (1.378-79); this narrator, however, following what Hugh Kenner has termed the Uncle Charles Principle² and frequently using lyrical expressions, merges his viewpoint generally with Stephen's, so the word or image "Chrysostomos" in the first quotation is also a fragment of Stephen's stream of consciousness. (Mulligan ridicules Stephen as "Toothless Kinch" [1.708], and indeed he himself acknowledges—"My teeth are very bad" [3.494].) Although annotators do not determine whether this word refers to a Greek orator Dion Chrysostomos (c.50-c.117) or St. John Chrysostomos (c.345-407), the Archbishop of Constantinople, (*UA* 14, *AU* 12), it is not necessary to do so, because Stephen's mind keeps occupied by religious and artistic concerns this morning: "Agenbite of inwit" (1.481) for his mother, whom he refused to give a prayer at her deathbed, and distress over artistic creation. Stephen, as an artist, seems to be in rivalry with Mulligan, who is invited to the literary assembly at Moore's house this night ("Parried again. He fears the lancet of my art as I fear that of his. The cold steel pen" [1.152-53]),³ and has a grudge against his behavior at his mother's death ("—You said, Stephen answered, *O, it's only Dedalus whose mother is beastly dead*" [1.198-99]). At this point in the narrative, Stephen is still searching for an original stiletto or style to rival Mulligan and other artists—as Derrida suggests, the English word "style," derived from a Latin "stilus," which primarily means "a long, pointed piece of metal," is equivocal (Derrida 37)—and for this reason he attempts to escape from the fetters of the Catholic Church and from his grief for his mother, thus these two matters are wavering in his mind, symbolically mediated by teeth. This imagery, which captures Stephen's mind as metonymy of both linguistic creativity ("golden mouth") and the process of mourning ("again bite, remordere [re-morse] of conscience" [*Dublin's Joyce* 211]), will vividly come back to his consciousness again at Sandymount, overlapping with the images

of the green-mother sea as we next see. (We have to remember that Stephen's mother appeared in her son's dream as a vampiric hag before the novel begins: "The ghostcandle to light her agony. Ghostly light on the tortured face. . . . Ghoul! Chewer of corpses! / No, mother! Let me be and let me live" [1.274-79].)

Although Stephen blames Mulligan for his casual disparagement of his mother ("—I am not thinking of the offence to my mother / —Of what then? Buck Mulligan asked. / —Of the offence to me" [1.218-20]), when he is urged to look at the sea by this friend (1.231), he indulges in a lyrical mood, remembering Yeats's "Who goes with Fergus"—"*And no more turn aside and brood . . .*" (1.239)—and, strangely enough, frankly internalizes the image of the Grecian green sea and mother ocean, which Mulligan playfully elaborates. "— The bard's noserag! A new art colour for our Irish poets: snotgreen" (1.73), "— God! he said quietly. Isn't the sea what Algy calls it: a great sweet mother? The snotgreen sea. The scrotumtightening sea. *Epi oinopa ponton. . . . Thalatta! Thalatta!* She is our great sweet mother" (1.77-80) (Mulligan combines Swinburne's "The triumph of time"⁴ with the Homeric formula of the wine-dark sea); following these words, Stephen interconnects the images of green body fluid, mother and sea:

Silently, in a dream she had come to him after her death Across the threadbare cuffedge he saw the sea hailed as a great sweet mother by the wellfed voice beside him. The ring of bay and skyline held a dull green mass of liquid. A bowl of white china had stood beside her deathbed holding the green sluggish bile which she had torn up from her rotting liver by fits of loud groaning vomiting. (1.102-10)

Here, it should be noted that, besides green as the dominant colour, white is also woven into Stephen's imagery; bearing in mind Yeats's "Who goes with Fergus?", which juxtaposes the dark green of the night forest with the whiteness of the waves ("And rules the shadows of the wood, / And the white breast of the dim sea" [10-11]), Stephen's consciousness flows: "Inshore and farther out the mirror of water whitened, spurned by lightshod hurrying feet. White breast of the dim sea. . . . Wavewhite wedded words shimmering on the dim tide" (1.243-47). As Thornton suggests (*AU* 12), if Rimbaud's "Le bateau

ivre”⁵ also contributes to this imagery, it would be not so unreasonable to suppose that the image of “winedark sea”—Stephen may have no idea what color this is⁶—is replaced by that of absinthe, which turns into white from dark green when water is poured into it, through his reminiscence of Paris, where the atmosphere of fin-de-siècle is still lingering. However, before dealing with absinthe, we have to clarify the signification of white in Stephen’s consciousness.

Stephen superimposes the image of white sea on Haines next to him, e.g., “Eyes [of Haines], pale as the sea the wind had freshened, paler, firm and prudent. The sea’s ruler . . .” (1.573-74); remembering that he has imagined young Oxonians frolicking—“Young shouts of moneyed voices in Clive Kempthorpe’s rooms. Palefaces A scared calf’s face gilded with marmalade” (1.166-70)—, it can be said that he generally associates white with young English students of Oxford (the combination of white face and golden marmalade can be also related to Mulligan’s white-golden teeth). Incidentally, “palefaces” is contemporary Irish slang for English people (*UA* 17). Although Mulligan ridicules Stephen, “Because he [Haines] comes from Oxford. You know, Dedalus, you have the real Oxford manner” (1.53-54), it is obvious that, as Anthony Burgess suggests, Stephen does not speak sophisticated English (Burgess 31); instead, this “mother tongue” poses him a dilemma, as he confessed in *A Portrait*:

—The language in which we are speaking is his [the dean of studies coming from England] before it is mine. How different are the words *home, Christ, ale, master* on his lips and on mine! I cannot speak or write these words without unrest of spirit. His language, so familiar and so foreign, will always be for me an acquired speech. I have not made or accepted its words. My voice holds them at bay. My soul frets in the shadow of his language. (*A Portrait* 166)⁷

Stephen, like Joyce, distanced himself from the imperative of learning of the Irish language, over which many of his contemporaries got excited. He discerns only vanity in exhortations to become a good citizen and good Catholic,⁸ and regarded the Gaelic revival movement as a form of restriction against his freedom as an artist, as often pointed out (e.g., see Cheng 58). In

addition, in his aesthetic theory, Stephen lays more importance on universality than on localism, as we can see when he expounds to Lynch: “—The Greek, the Turk, the Chinese, the Copt, Hottentot . . . all admire a different type of female beauty. That seems to be a maze out of which we cannot escape. I see however two ways out” (*A Portrait* 183). Therefore, at this point, like Joyce, he may be fascinated with the English language, which has immense cultural and political influence (e.g., *James Joyce* 217). The root of such an universalism might appear to lie in an inferiority complex about the status of Irish culture: “yet it wounded him to think that he would never be but a shy guest at the feast of the world’s culture and that the monkish learning, in terms of which he was striving to forge out an esthetic philosophy, was held no higher by the age he lived in than the subtle and curious jargons of heraldry and falconry” (*A Portrait* 157). However, we cannot see him resolve this dilemma about English in *A Portrait*, and judging from his truculent demeanor in “Telemachus,” it seems that he has not made any advance in Paris. Moreover, as is evident from the quotations from *A Portrait*, though the issues of politics, history and art are interacting with that of language in his mind, Stephen avoids confronting these matters simultaneously; by June of 1904, he has yet to engage fully with the problem of the English language.⁹ Therefore, when Haines, an imperialistic representative of the colonial culture (Cheng 152), speaks Irish to a milk-selling crone and she bewails her own lack of ability to speak the language of her own country (1.424-35), Stephen cannot but get upset. As Suzette Henke argues, in *A Portrait* Stephen imagines the nation and church as mothers and attempts to fly by the “nets” which they spread to enfold him (“When the soul of a man is born in this country there are nets flung at it to hold it back from flight” [*A Portrait* 179]; see Henke 97¹⁰), and here he regards this old woman as an incarnation of Ireland: “Silk of the kine and poor old woman, names given her in old times” (1.403-04) (“silk of the kine” was a conventional poetic periphrasis for Ireland [Wall 37]).

In this way, in “Telemachus,” the potential connection between politics, history and art is gradually surfacing in Stephen’s consciousness mediated by the problem of language. Probably bearing in mind Haines’s evasive formulation, “It seems history is to blame” (1.649), he goes to give a lecture on the subject in Deasy’s pro-England school, and when reading this passage, we have to take notice of this conjunction.

2. “Nestor”: History, art and memory

In Deasy’s school, however, Stephen does not relate the problems of history and that of art immediately, but sets about reflecting on memory as a bridging term, mainly referring to Blake. In this process, the problematic of writing media begins to be introduced, though not so overtly.

When a lecture on Greek and Roman history, classical cultures canonized by the British Empire (Cheng 165), is commenced, a phrase from Blake’s “A Vision of the Last Judgment” floats into Stephen’s consciousness: “Fabled by the daughters of memory” (2.7). Considering Stephen’s silent criticism against the declaration of victory by Pyrrhus quoted by a student¹¹—“That phrase the world had remembered. A dull ease of the mind” (2.15)—, it is evident that for him, like Blake, “the daughters of inspiration” are more enchanting than “the daughters of memory”¹²; in other words, he prefers the “form of forms” (2.76),¹³ which exists independent of the realm of matter, to material media such as books (“—Asculum, Stephen said, glancing at the name and date in the gorescarred book” [2.12-13]). However, the image of artistic creation emerging in Stephen’s mind next, while recollecting Saint Genevieve Library in Paris with these words of Aristotle, is not so idealistic as the atmosphere of “A Vision of the Last Judgment,” where Blake continually emphasizes the eternity of souls.¹⁴ Gifford and Seidman give the following explanation: “The library, in Paris on the Place du Panthéon, was according to Baedeker . . . ‘frequented almost exclusively by students’ in the evening hours. The iron girders that support the vaulting of the large reading room do give the effect of a cave. The passage also alludes to Blake, *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*” (UA 32). This presumption would appear to be valid, considering that at the beginning of “Nestor” Stephen has already recalled the words of this poem (“A phrase, then, of impatience, thud of Blake’s wings of excess” [2.9-10]). Stephen pictures the library:

Aristotle’s phrase formed itself within the gabbled verses and floated out into the studious silence of the library of Saint Genevieve where he had read, sheltered from the sin of Paris, night by night. . . . Fed and feeding brains about me: under glowlamps, impaled, with faintly beating feelers:

and in my mind's darkness a sloth of the underworld, reluctant, shy of brightness, shifting her dragon scaly folds. (2.68-74)

The source of his imagery would seem to be this passage:

I was in a Printing house in Hell & saw the method in which knowledge is transmitted from generation to generation.

In the first chamber was a Dragon-Man, clearing away the rubbish from a caves mouth; within, a number of Dragons were hollowing the cave,

In the second chamber was a Viper folding round the rock & the cave, and others adorning it with gold silver and precious stones.

In the third chamber was an Eagle wings and feathers of air, he caused the inside of the cave to be infinite, around where numbers of Eagle like men, who built palaces in the immense cliffs.

In the fourth chamber were Lions of flaming fire raging around & melting the metals into living fluids.

In the fifth chamber were Unnam'd forms, which cast the metals into the expanse.

There they were receiv'd by Men who occupied the sixth chamber, and took the forms of books & were arranged in libraries. (Blake 40)

As Harold Bloom glosses, if this “Printing house in Hell” is an allegory of artistic creation (Blake 898), and in Stephen’ mind the soul is the primary fountain of artistic ideas (“Thought is the thought of thought. . . . the soul is the form of forms” [2.74-75]),¹⁵ it can be said that Stephen’s notion about literary composition is oddly torn apart between spirituality and materiality, or inspiration and memory. In addition, A. M. Klein points out that in “Nestor” there are abundant allusions to Vico’s cyclical view of history as described in *The New Science*, and based on Vico’s treatment of the myth of Cadmus in the 541st section of this book, he suggests that through Blake’s image of the dragon, Stephen may also be imagining Cadmus (Klein 334). We will later come back to this theme.

Stephen finishes his lecture and the students go away—“They bundled their books away, pencils clacking, pages rustling” (2.95)—then, a boy named

Sargent asks Stephen to help with his assignment of mathematics: “He [Sargent] held out his copybook. The word *Sums* was written on the headline. Beneath were sloping figures and at the foot a crooked signature with blind loops and a blot. Cyril Sargent: his name and seal” (2.128-30). In this scene, it is not only the narrator who pays attention to writing media—“Stephen touched the edges of the book” (2.133) or “He [Sargent] dried the page with a sheet of thin blottingpaper and carried his copybook back to his bench” (2.176-77). Stephen, too, is attracted to paper and ink: “Across the page the symbols moved in grave morrice, in the mummerly of their letters, wearing quaint caps of squares and cubes. Give hands, traverse, bow to partner: so: imps of fancy of the Moors” (2.155-57), “In long shaky strokes Sargent copied the data. Waiting always for a word of help his hand moved faithfully the unsteady symbols . . .” (2.163-64). At the end of the class, Stephen asked his students a riddle whose answer is “a fox buries an old woman,” probably bearing his mother in mind; another riddle, which Stephen recalled before asking this one, begins “*Riddle me, riddle, me, randy ro. / My father gave me seeds to sow*” (2.88-89), following “The seed was black and the ground was white. / Riddle me that and I’ll give you a pipe,” and its answer is “writing a letter” (UA 32-33). In short, even before the conversation with Sargent, the presence of writing media had begun to sneak into Stephen’s consciousness.

After helping Sargent, Stephen goes to Deasy’s office to collect his salary, and reluctantly begins listening to the Principal’s sermon on politics and history. After Deasy states, “— The ways of the Creator are not our ways. . . . All human history moves towards one great goal, the manifestation of God” (2.380-81), Stephen retorts, alluding to Blake’s “Auguries of Innocence,”¹⁶ “—That is God . . . A shout in the street” (2.383, 86). For Stephen, history is mere fabrication by “the daughters of memory”; as Deasy arbitrarily talks about John Blackwood,¹⁷ it can be ideologically distorted by those who have political power. Therefore, for him, who is ruled by “crowns” and “sovereigns” (Cheng 155), history is “a nightmare from which I am trying to awake” (2.377). Similarly money must be discarded rather than saved: “Time surely would scatter all. A hoard heaped by the roadside: plundered and passing on” (2.370-71).¹⁸ We have already argued that the problematics of politics, history and art are gradually surfacing in Stephen’s consciousness, and here he paraphrases “the daughters of memory” into “thud of Blake’s

wings of excess” (2.8). For a young artist, who fails to grasp the originality of his soul or form, accumulations by his predecessors are nothing but a source of anxiety of influence. Probably for this reason, Stephen shows almost no interest in a typewriter, whose function seems to be the arrangement of memory, though the narrator gives a precise description of how Deasy operates it in front of him:

He went to the desk near the window, pulled in his chair twice and read off some words from the sheet on the drum of his typewriter. . . . He peered from under his shaggy brows at the manuscript by his elbow and, muttering, began to prod the stiff buttons of the keyboard slowly, sometimes blowing as he screwed up the drum to erase an error. (2.292-98)

However, Stephen, though attracted by “the daughters of inspiration,” seems to be aware that he can never be wholly free from some historical perspective implied by “the daughters of memory.” At least we know that his villanelle, supposedly written under an impulse of sudden inspiration in *A Portrait*, was nothing more than a patchwork of quotations from fin-de-siècle artists, such as Arthur Symons, Yeats and D’Annunzio (*Joyce Annotated* 258-61).¹⁹ Though we cannot tell whether Stephen recalls his own poem as an exemplary failure in this scene, leaving Deasy’s school, he goes walking on the strand, and sets about retracing his physical, ideological and artistic genealogy.

3. “Proteus”: Genealogy and Dracula’s canine tooth

At the beginning of “Proteus,” again referring to Aristotle, Stephen confirms that a portion of his thought is related to issues of physicality and materiality, such as sight or touch: “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. Snotgreen, blusilver, rust [here the sea is again green and white]: coloured signs” (3.1-4), and “Then he was aware of them bodies before of them coloured. How? By knocking his sponce against them, sure” (3.4-6). He walks for a while with his eyes closed, opens them again and re-confirms the materiality of a world

existing anterior to him: “See now. There all the time without you: and ever shall be, world without end” (3.27-28). As soon as he opens his eyes, two old women come into his sight, and he assumes that they are midwives: “Like me, like Algy, coming down to our mighty mother” (3.31-32). What he begins to wonder about is the materiality of his own body and its ultimate origin. His meditation on genealogy is, tentatively, Judeo-Christian: “One of her sisterhood lugged me squealing into life. Creation from nothing. . . . Aleph, alpha: nought, nought, one” (3.35-40), “Spouse and helpmate of Adam Kadmon: Heva, naked Eve. She had no navel. Gaze. Belly without blemish, bulging big . . .” (3.41-42). However, different from Jesus, who is consubstantial with his Father, Stephen has been made by his father and mother, thus having a certain biological origin: “Wombed in sin darkness I was too, made not begotten. By them, the man with my voice and my eyes and a ghostwoman with ashes on her breath” (3.45-47).²⁰ Stephen is sympathetic to Arius (3.50), who denied consubstantiality, thus his word “My consubstantial father’s voice” (3.61-62) should be taken as an ironical statement; for they do not exist eternally (that is to say, there is no transcendent relationship between Stephen and Simon Dedalus).

Then, what about artistic creation? Are the words which Stephen writes down under inspiration fragments of the eternal reason, descending on him independent of predecessors’ thoughts? We have already seen that now Stephen himself does not think so. He soliloquizes—“Books you were going to write with letters for titles. Have you read his F? O yes, but I prefer Q. Yes, but W is wonderful. O yes, W. Remember your epiphanies written on green oval leaves, deeply deep, copies to be sent if you died to all the great libraries of the world, including Alexandria? Someone was to read them there after a few thousand years, a mahamanvantara” (3.139-44)—of course self-mockingly; his knowledge is obtained from specific books at some real institution such as “Marsh’s library” (3.107-08), and his art will not survive to posterity without some material process such as printing. After thinking about books and libraries, his consciousness moves toward an ex-Fenian, with whom he kept company in Paris: “Kevin Egan rolls gunpowder cigarettes through fingers smeared with printer’s ink, sipping his green fairy as Patrice his white” (3.216-18). This diversion of topic from books to this exile is not so arbitrary, because Paris was the place of Stephen’s artistic apprenticeship and Egan is a

typesetter.²¹ In addition, it should be noted that Stephen often associates Egan with green absinthe (e.g., “His breath hangs over our saucestained plates, the green fairy’s fang thrusting between his lips” [3.225-26]. Gifford and Seidman annotate “Green fairy’s fang” as slang for absinthe [*UA* 54]).

Focusing on Stephen’s ordering absinthe at Burke’s (14.1470, 1533), David Earle deals with the political and cultural signification of the drink in Joyce’s age, from the context concerning French Symbolism and fin-de-siècle art. In France, it first became popular in the 1830s when it was introduced as a fever preventative for the French army in the Algerian war (Earle 692). It was prescribed as a digestive, an opiate, a hallucinogen and a poison, and because of its high alcohol content and low cost, it became loved by poor working-class people and artists in Montmartre and the Latin Quarter (as Earle points out, since this morning Stephen often pays attention to his Latin Quarter hat). By the 1880s, absinthe’s association with bohemian figures such as Verlaine became quite common (Earle 693). It should also be noted that the French Symbolists’ habit of dosing themselves with alcohol and drugs to obtain artistic visions owes its origin to the Romantic fascination with perception; the hedonistic attitudes of De Quincy, Poe and Baudelaire may be regarded as a form of defiance against the traditional Aristotelian and Christian hierarchy of the mind over body (Earle 694). The Symbolists’ influence is evident in Stephen’s interest in perception (Earle 694-95), though, as we discussed above, Stephen interprets Aristotle’s philosophy and Christian theology rather materialistically.²² Earle also comments that Kevin Egan has some relationship with the Symbolists; if we see some artistic figure in this typesetter, it is through bohemian associations with Verlaine and Wilde and the absinthe to which they were addicted (Earle 697-98). Moreover, the image of vampire in Stephen’s quatrain —“Green eyes, I see you. Fang, I feel” (3.238)—may also owe its origin to absinthe through Egan (this drink was once called green muse) (Earle 695); besides such a signification of absinthe concerning creative inspiration, we have to focus on the fact that Stephen is again immersed in the images of sea and mother in this episode.

A man and woman with a dog bring Stephen back from reminiscences of Egan and Paris. Watching them, he pictures a frame of Irish history: “Galleys of the Lochlanns ran here to beach, in quest of prey, their bloodbeaked prows riding low on a molten pewter surf. Dane Vikings, torcs of tomahawks aglitter

on their breasts when Malachi wore collar of gold” (3.300-03). Here, as is often pointed out,²³ besides a physical genealogy, Stephen thinks about the cultural origins of his race—“Then from the starving cagework city a horde of jerkined dwarfs, my people, with flayer’s knives, running, scaling, hacking in green blubbery whalemeat. Famine, plague and slaughters. Their blood is in me, their lusts my waves” (3.304-07). (White and green still remain in Stephen’s mind.) When he was remembering Egan, images of vampires and teeth had already floated into Stephen’s consciousness—“Old hag with the yellow teeth. *Vieille ogresse* with the *dents jaunes*” (3.232-33); now he meditates on his race through images of mother and sea:

She trudges, schlepps, trains, drags, trascines her load.²⁴ . . . *oinopa ponton*, a winedark sea. Behold the handmaid of the moon. In sleep the wet sign calls her hour, bids her rise. Bridebed, childbed, bed of death, ghostcandled. *Omnis caro ad te veniet*. He comes, pale vampire, through storm his eyes, his bat sails bloodying the sea, mouth to her mouth’s kiss.

. . . Mouth to her kiss. No. Must be two of em. Glue em well. Mouth to her mouth’s kiss.

His lips lipped and mouthed fleshless lips of air: mouth to her moomb. Oomb, allwombing tomb. His mouth moulded issuing breath, unspeched: ooeehah: roar of cataractic planets, globed, blazing, roaring wayawayawayawayaway. (3.392-404)

The images of the green sea and mother are fused with that of canine tooth, transforming into a figure of a pale-faced vampire. All lines of this quatrain are to be revealed in “Aeolus,” but we shall quote them here:

*On swift sail flaming
From storm and south
He comes, pale vampire,
Mouth to my mouth.* (7.522-25)

Some critics locate the source of this poem as “My Grief on the Sea” by Douglas Hyde, and suggest that it is proof of the young artist’s plagiarism; however, Robert Adams Day opposes such a view. Day states that Joyce and

Stephen have ample knowledge about Hyde, but they had only a low opinion of his works, as we can guess from their attitude toward the Gaelic revival; Joyce negatively comments on Hyde's poems (*Critical Writings* 87, 104), and Stephen plainly despises them (for instance, in "Scylla and Charybdis," when Haines reports to the people present that he has just bought *The Love Songs of Connacht* at Gill's bookstore, Stephen mutters, "cultic twalette"²⁵) (Day 184). Day also argues that, judging from the image of blood in Stephen's mind and the word "bat" in Joyce's draft, phrases such as "swift sail," "flaming," "storm," "pale vampire" in the quatrain are borrowed from Stoker's *Dracula* (Day 187-88).²⁶ He concludes that from Hyde Stephen deliberately borrows the rhyme and theme of someone's coming from the south, and by fusing it to the imagery of *Dracula*, attempts to surpass its source (Day 187).

If we modify Day's conclusion according to our reading of Stephen's thoughts on memory, inspiration and his physical origin, the young artist's aim in this quatrain becomes evident: Stephen attempts to trace back his artistic genealogy. He tries improvising trusting to inspiration, and confirms that he can never be free from "the daughters of memory," not only in broader historical perspective but also in the process of artistic creation. Eyal Amiran also points out that Stephen's borrowing and imitation is intentional, and his excitement at composition is aroused by the recognition of the intertextuality of language; Stephen, who mutters a fragment of Hyde's poem "Bound thee forth" in the national library, even knows that *Love Songs of Connaught* is not his own creation but a collection of translated Irish songs (Amiran 780-81).²⁷

We have already argued that the young poet, who is in search of an original style, connects the image of the pale-faced man representing his dilemma about the English language to the figure of his vampiric mother (namely, his physical origin), through tooth as a symbolic medium. (We can see Stephen's tortuous feelings towards English doubly, from the fact that Hyde's work which he borrows is an English poem translated from Irish, as Day and Amiran suggests.) However, what is more significant, here Stephen ineluctably gets attracted towards writing media. As words come to his mind, he seeks a medium to write them down:

Here. Put a Pin in that chap, will you? My tablets.

...

Paper. The banknotes, blast them. Old Deasy's letter. Here. Thanking you for the hospitality tear the blank end off. Turning his back against the sun he bent over far to a table of rock and scribbled words. That's twice I forgot to take slips from the library counter. (3.399, 404-07)

First, Stephen (mis)quotes a phrase in Hamlet's words ("My tablets"), which are spoken by the prince in Act I, Scene v, immediately after the ghost of his father discloses his uncle's conspiracy to him.²⁸ In this scene, Hamlet not only compares his memory to a notebook, but seems to take notes actually; Stephen, too, writes down his verses on a fragment of a paper torn from Deasy's typewritten letter. The borrowing of imagery from *Dracula* is to be the fulcrum of our reading.

Friedrich Kittler sums up the gist of this novel by Stoker, an Irish writer, as follows: Jonathan Harker and other Englishmen drive back the colonial Other with the help of modern media—or, instead of the Other, these people unknowingly choose to be ruled by modern media. Kittler suggestively quotes Lacan's words: "You are now, infinitely more than you think, subjects of instruments that, from the microscope right down to the radiotelevision, are becoming the elements of your existence" ("A love letter" 82). At first glance, Harker and his companions living in 1890s England have mastered operating typewriters and other media, which had spread explosively since several years before; however, in fact, they are controlled by these technologies. Modern people are conditioned by the media, which inscribe the signifier on Es or unconsciousness, our "thoughtless store" ("gedankenlosen Speichern," *DV* 15). Therefore, Kittler identifies the canine teeth of Dracula, who comes to attack Harker or Lucy Westenra—the western light of reason—from Transylvania, with the types of the typewriter (*DV* 40; see also *Gramophone, Film, Typewriter* 210-11).

Needless to say, Stephen, born in Ireland, is a "servant" of "two masters" (1.638), the Catholic Church and British imperialism; however, abandoning his faith, laying aside the problem of English and harbouring a vague expectation of flying from nation, language and religion, he has repressed the authority of these institutions. These Others, triggered by the death of his mother and return to his land, have now resurfaced within Stephen's consciousness—his mother metamorphosed into a vampire in his dream. Stephen, through his attempt to

visualize his ideological and artistic genealogy—embodied as the figure of the pale-faced vampire—by improvisational writing, recognizes that other textual vestiges have been inscribed on his mind. Thus, the canine tooth of this vampire or his mother is the type of the typewriter.²⁹ In addition, if Dracula is a dragon as Kittler implies (“Dracula oder kleiner Drache” [DV 21]), and Stephen sees a green dragon of Cadmus in Blake’s “Printing house in Hell” as we discussed above, this tooth is—as McLuhan often mentions³⁰—the alphabet as an imperialistic medium to control its servant, in other words, the signifier given by the Other to its subject.^{31 32} It is because Stephen materially transcribed this inscription, without any process of interpretation, onto a paper—though in handwriting, next to the letter produced by a typewriter—that he could bring to light the signifiers inscribed on his unconscious. Expressing a doubt as to the originality of his style, “Endless, would it be mine, form of my form? . . . Who ever anywhere will read these written words?” (3.413-15), Stephen again recalls the typesetter Egan: “That is Kevin Egan’s movement I made, nothing for his nap, Sabbath sleep. . . . *Bonjour*. Welcome as the flowers in May. Under its leaf he watched through peacocktwittering lashes the southing sun. I am caught in this burning scene. Pan’s hour, the faunal noon” (3.438-43). What is he remembering here is the typographical pages of Mallarmé’s “L’Après-midi d’un Faune,” and there is also a bite on the Faun’s breast, surrounded by green and white:

O bords siciliens d’un calme marécage
 Qu’à l’envi des soleils ma vanité saccage,
 Tacites sous les fleurs d’étincelles, CONTEZ
 « *Que je coupais ici les creux roseaux domptés*
 « *Par le talent; quand, sur l’or glauque de lointaines*
 « *Verdures dédiant leur vigne à des fontaines,*
 « *Ondoie une blancheur animale au repos :*
 « *Et qu’au prélude lent où naissent les pipeaux,*
 « *Ce vol de cygnes, non! de naïades se sauve*
 « *Ou plonge . . . »*

Inerte, tout brûle dans l’heure fauve
 Sans marquer par quel art ensemble détala
 Trop d’hymen souhaité de qui cherche le *la* :

.....

Autre que ce doux rien par leur lèvre ébruité,
Le baiser, qui tout bas des perfides assure,
Mon sein, vierge de preuve, atteste une morsure
Mystérieuse, due à quelque auguste dent ; (23-34, 38-41)

Stephen, who has grown up in an age of mechanical writing, no longer expects a work to be written by a reed pipe as an embodiment of the soul or “form of forms.” He begins to realize that the Muses are merely daughters of Mnemosyne,³³ and his mind is nothing but a storing medium with material inscriptions like typed papers or printed books. McLuhan states that typewriter “carried the Gutenberg technology into every nook and cranny of our culture and economy” (262); in fact, Deasy’s writing machine sends Stephen to the press—we will see him next in the printing office of the *Freeman’s Journal* and *Evening Telegraph*, and the National Library of Ireland, small galaxies of Gutenberg.

Abbreviations

UA Gifford and Seidman, *Ulysses Annotated: Notes for Joyce’s “Ulysses”*

AU Thornton, *Allusions in “Ulysses”*

DV Kittler, *Draculas Vermächtnis*

Notes

1 Quotations from *Ulysses* are identified by the episode and line number in the Gabler edition.

2 “[T]he narrative idiom [and syntax] need not be the narrator’s” (Joyce’s *Voices* 18).

3 James Maddox argues that Mulligan, who repeatedly quotes others’ words, mimics voices and, in consequence, brings about a flooding of discourses, and so drives Stephen into a perpetual anxiety about the status of style (see Maddox 143). Maddox also points out that while Joyce is capable of operating a metalanguage, the initial style, Stephen fails to find out his original one (144-45).

4 “O fair green-girdled mother of mine, / Sea, that art clothed with the sun and

the rain, / Thy sweet hard kisses are strong like wine, / . . .” (265-68).

5 “Plus douce qu’aux enfants la chair des pommes sures / L’eau verte pénétra ma coque de sapin / Et des taches de vins bleus et des vomissures, / Me lava, dispersant gouvernail et grappin / Et dès lors, je me suis baigné dans le Poème / De la Mer, infusé d’astres, et lactescent, / Dévorant les azurs verts . . .” (17-24).

6 In “The Doors of Perception,” Aldous Huxley writes: “To judge by the adjectives which Homer puts into their mouths, the heroes of the Trojan War hardly excelled the bees in their capacity to distinguish colors [bees can recognize ‘only a very few colors’]. In this respect, at least, mankind’s advance has been prodigious” (Huxley 166).

7 About the difference between Stephen’s and Dean’s way of pronunciation, Burgess explains: “Let us consider the sounds they use respectively in these four key-words [home, Christ, ale, master]. The Dean has a diphthong in *home*—/oo/ or /əʊ/, while Stephen has a long open vowel—/ɔ:/. The diphthong of Stephen’s *Christ* approaches /ʌ/ while the Dean’s is a patrician /aɪ/. Stephen has, for *ale*, a high tense vowel followed by a clear l—/e:l/—while the Dean has a diphthong with a dark l—/eɪl/. The Dean’s *master* has a back vowel and final schwa—/ma:stə:/; Stephen’s has a front vowel and ends with a retroflex r—/mæstr/. Stephen, or Joyce, has cunningly chosen words that demonstrate very well the main phonic differences between the speech-systems of the English and Irish capitals” (Burgess 28).

8 “[H]e had heard about him the constant voices of his father and of his masters, urging him to be a gentleman above all things and urging him to be a good catholic above all things. These voices had now come to be hollowsounding in his ears” (*A Portrait* 73).

9 Christine van Boheemen-Saaf indicates that Stephen attempts to build up his theory of art without facing the problem of language in *A Portrait* and *Stephen Hero*, and comments: “In short, in both *A Portrait* and *Stephen Hero*, Stephen’s *credo* of *claritas*, consonantia, and *integritas* is the defensive product of the subaltern subject’s frantic activity of definition and delimitation expressed in the metaphor of writing or inscription; and it is from that strategy of framing inscription that the mystic-epiphanic vision of seeing ‘that it is that thing which it is and no other thing’ derives” (49).

10 “His [Stephen’s] soul is struggling to fly beyond the nets of family, nationality, and religion. . . . Having magically transmuted the power of the female into a static object of art, Stephen is again accosted by harsh remainders of Mother Church and Mother Ireland. And so he feels compelled to reject all three ‘mothers’—physical, spiritual, and political. His refusal to take communion at Easter is as much a gesture of liberation from the pleas of Mary Dedalus as it is a rejection of ecclesiastical authority” (Henke 96-97).

11 “Another victory like that and we are done for” (2.14).

12 “The Last Judgment is not Fable or Allegory but Vision Fable or Allegory are totally distinct & inferior kind of Poetry. Vision or Imagination is a Representation of what Eternally Exists. Really & Unchangeably. Fable or Allegory is Formed by the Daughters of Memory. Imagination is Surrounded by the daughters of Inspiration who in the aggregate are called Jerusalem” (Blake 554).

13 In *Metaphysics*, after explaining that forms of natural things are always tied to matter, Aristotle suggests that soul has an independent aspect: “it is clear how we should look for and define the essence in physical things, and why it is the province of the physicist to study even some aspects of the soul, so far as it is not independent of matter” (VI 1026a). In *De Anima*, he declares that “[t]he natural philosopher’s concern is with all the functions and affections of a given body, *i.e.*, of matter in a given state; any attribute not of this kind is the business of another; in some subjects it is the business of the expert, the carpenter, it may be, or the physician; . . . and in so far as they are separable [from the body, these] are the sphere of the First Philosopher” (I 403b).

14 For example, “after the Last Judgment for in Paradise they have no Corporeal Body that originated with the Fall & was called Death & cannot be removed but by a Last Judgment while we are in the world of Mortality we Must Suffer” (Blake 564). In *Ulysses on the Liffey*, Richard Ellmann points out that Stephen’s inclination to Aristotle is a sign of his antipathy toward the Platonic mystics such as AE (George Russell), who led the literary world of Dublin in those days, referring to biographical materials (13). In this context, he also comments: “Blake was a mystic, but not a mysticist. . . . And while Blake did say, as Russell said after him, that the vegetable world was but a shadow of eternity, he also said, in a sentence Joyce liked better, ‘Eternity is in love with the productions of time.’ As for the Dublin Blakeans, however, ‘they creepycrawl after Blake’s buttocks into eternity of which this vegetable world is but a shadow.’ Against them Stephen admonishes himself, ‘Hold to now, the here’” (15-16).

15 In *De Anima*, Aristotle writes: “The soul, then, acts like a hand; for the hand is an instrument which employs instruments, and in the same way the mind is a form which employs forms, and sense is a form which employs the forms of sensible objects” (III 432a).

16 A few minutes before, Stephen had quoted Blake’s lines (115-16) from “Auguries of Innocence” in his mind: “*The harlot’s cry from street to street / Shall weave old England’s windingsheet*” (2.355-56: *UA* 38).

17 For instance, Deasy says that Blackwood voted for the Act of Union, but in fact, as Gifford and Seidman note, he did not (*UA* 36-37).

18 E. L. Epstein notes: “Mr Deasy’s God who deliberately manifests himself at the end of history, and to whom the memory-facts of history lead inexorably, is too stodgy for Stephen or for Blake. Blake says, in his notes on ‘A Vision of the Last

Judgment,' that the last judgment is not fable or allegory (with which Joyce seems to classify Nestor-history) but rather 'Vision,' a fact graspable only by the 'daughters of Inspiration,' not by the 'daughters of Memory.' . . . God to Stephen, therefore, is not the final term in a process each step of which is retroactively graspable by memory, but rather a 'shout in the street,' some totally unexpected and unforeseeable manifestation" (Epstein 22).

19 "Towards dawn he awoke. O what sweet music! His soul was all dewy wet. Over his limbs in sleep pale cool waves of light had passed." "The verses passed from his mind to his lips and, murmuring them over, he felt the rhythmic movement of a villanelle pass through them. The roselike glow sent forth its rays of rhyme; ways, days, blaze, praise, raise" (*A Portrait* 191, 192). As to Stephen's inspirational composition by E.C. and the "bird girl," see, e.g., Charles Rossman's description in "Stephen Dedalus' Villanelle."

20 Gifford and Seidman note: "The Nicene Creed (325) maintains that Jesus, unlike all other men, was 'begotten, not made, of one essence consubstantial with the Father.'" (*UA* 47). *New Catholic Encyclopedia* gives the following explanation: "At Nicaea I [in 325] the Fathers, reluctant to have recourse to nonscriptural terms in condemning Arianism, felt compelled to do so by the fact that the Arians could accept, in their own meaning, the more traditional formulations. Homoousious [transliteration of *ὁμοούσιος*, i.e., consubstantiality] was the principal term inserted, along with 'from the substance . . . of the Father,' to exclude their denial of the full divinity of the Son. The consubstantiality defined by Nicaea I, then, has an anti-Arian import and affirms essentially that the Son is equal to the Father, as divine as the Father, being from His substance and of the same substance with Him; it follows necessarily that the Son cannot belong to the created, as Arius maintained" (251-52).

21 Gifford and Seidman note: "Joseph Casey, the real Fenian after whom Kevin Egan is drawn, was a typesetter on the *New York Herald of Pars*" (*UA* 54).

22 Here Earle suggests that the images of mother, sea and artistic creation mediated by the green liquid in "Telemachus" can be connected to the absinthe drunk by Egan in "Proteus," but he does not explain the reason for such a conjunction of images (695).

23 For instance, see Gillespie 131.

24 Gifford and Seidman note: "The verbs are all synonyms, English (Anglo-Saxon root), Yiddish, from Shlepn, French, English (Anglo-Saxon root), and Italian. The reference is to Eve, whose load of 'sorrow' was 'greatly multiplied' by the Fall (Genesis 3:16)" (*UA* 62).

25 Furthermore, Day points out that Stephen quotes the last part of Hyde's *Story of Early Gaelic Literature*, with pejorative alteration: "Bound thee forth, my booklet, quick / To greet the callous public. / Writ, I ween, 'twas not my wish / In lean unlovely

English” (9.96-99). Stephen replaces the original “polished” by “callous” (Day 184-185).

26 Besides these texts, Day cites the images of the Spectre with bat’s wings in Blake’s *Jerusalem* and *Europe*, and the mystic atmosphere of *A Book of Images* (1898) by William T. Horton (1864-1919) as Stephen’s source (these two artists are mediated by W. B. Yeats, who edited Blake’s collection of poems [1893] and wrote a foreword for Horton’s book) (Day 189-95).

27 According to Amiran, Stephen has already recognized the intertextual nature of language in “Nestor.” See Amiran 778-79.

28 “Ay, thou poor ghost, whiles memory holds a seat / In this distracted globe. Remember thee? / Yea, from the table of my memory / I’ll wipe away all trivial fond records, / All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past / That youth and observation copied there / And thy commandment all alone shall live / Within the book and volume of my brain / Unmixed with baser matter. Yes, by heaven, / O most pernicious woman, / O villain, villain, smiling damned villain, / My tables! . . .” (I. v. 96-107).

29 On Stephen’s imitation of Hyde’s poem, Hugh Kenner states: “Translating Irish, Hyde was obligated by the Irish past; beset by the Irish present, Stephen is coerced by Hyde, and the vampire comes, like the poem, in the nightmare from which he is ‘trying to awake.’ Whatever he can see seems derived from what someone has said before, one reason the first word of this episode is ‘ineluctable’” (“*Ulysses*” 58).

30 For instance, the following description: “The Greek myth about the alphabet was that Cadmus, reputedly the king who introduced the phonetic letters into Greece, sowed the dragon’s teeth, and they sprang up armed men. Like any other myth, this one capsules a prolonged process into a flashing insight. The alphabet meant power and authority and control of military structures at a distance. When combined with papyrus, the alphabet spelled the end of the stationary temple bureaucracies and the priestly monopolies of knowledge and power” (McLuhan 82-83).

31 Arguing that only the chains of signifiers in a closed system bear significations, and emphasizing that language is also a system structured by phonemes as signifiers, Lacan writes: “This allows us to see that an essential element in speech itself was predestined to flow into movable type which, in Didots or Garamonds squeezing into lowercases, renders validly present what I called the ‘letter’—namely, the essentially localized structure of the signifier” (“The Instance of the Letter in the Unconscious” 144).

32 Moshe Gold, dealing with the relationship between Cadmus and Gutenberg in *Finnegans Wake*, also refers to *Ulysses* and states: “For Joyce, Vico’s understanding of Cadmus’s furrows and civil law would only confirm the violence England inflicted on Ireland. Already in *Ulysses*, Joyce explicitly joins Cadmus and the dragon’s teeth with the violence of Irish politics. In the midst of Dublin burning, ‘[i]t rains dragons’ teeth.

Armed heroes spring up from furrows' (15.4680-81)" (272-73).

33 Bearing this mythological metaphor in mind, John S. Rickard states: "James Joyce . . . once told Frank Budgen that 'imagination was memory,' and a remarkable number of those who have written their own reminiscences of Joyce describe his 'marvelous' or 'prodigious' memory" (15).

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