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Nomadologic Ulysses: Pounding Overseas

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ABSTRACT. A Deleuzian reading of Ezra Pound's *the Gypsy* and Ulysses by James Joyce is put into practice to link the schizophrenic concept of 'nomadology', with diaspora, mysticism, logic, multilingualism, nostalgic inclination towards 'change', purgatorial ontology of Adam and Eve before the Fall, and a Protean vision to focus on 'capacity' as the sine qua non of 'change'.

And the days are not full enough
And the nights are not full enough
And life slips by like a field mouse
Not shaking the grass.
(Ezra Pound, *From Lustra*)

1. INTRODUCTION

Change might be the only way to gypsy out of the maze Pound portrays in *and the Days Are Not Full Enough*. Being Stationary is that much painful or nostalgic that a field mouse is yenned for, not because of its freedom to move, but for it is already moving, in motion, prior to being capable to be moving that much adroitly that even the motion of the grass is not seen, as it is running among the rhizomatic bodies of the grass. Within the proximity of the concept of "rhizome", automatically, Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari echo "even when the topic is nomads, what is lacking is nomadology" (Deleuze and Guattari Thousand). This paper seeks to shed more light on only an introduction to a nomadologic reading of Ulysses by James Joyce. Since the third chapter gives us a brief portrayal of a nomadic life of cockle pickers, mediated by Stephen, it is tried here to focus mostly on the gypsy-oriented sketches, Joyce portrays accompanied by Ezra Pound's poem, called *the Gypsy*.

2. THE SENTINEL OF THE SENATERUIM

That the grass is not shaking, but somebody is able to report the existence of the mouse within it, is in itself, shaking the roots of the whole society in which everybody is supposed to be having *the capacity* to see, but in fact blind, insisting on his or her lack of being blind, due to the commonalities dominating the thought of the mediocre; the one who sees is called 'the intellectual'. That he reports is a feature of bravery and that he is ignored is a cliché to be discussed. Pound starts *the Gypsy* with a question, which in turn is itself a report of a question asked by someone in French language "Est-ce que vous avez vu des autres—des camarades—avec des singes ou des ours?" Immediately, we have the translation, "Have you seen any others, any of our lot, / With apes or bears?" [15 b]. The reader is attacked not by the simplicity of the language, but by the daring narrator who does not give a chance to his reader to translate. The reader is assumed to be unable to be translating at the tone, at least on the surface, as if blind to see the grass shaking, while we have the real possibility of the lack of the movement of the grass, due to the internalized bright conduct of the animal, so to speak, the reader might not be able to translate the line by/for himself. If this much amount attention paid to the reader is taken for granted, who will be mirroring the flaws of the society?

The rigor embedded within this intellectuality is employed by a sort of vision which creates an onlooker who is not just laboring mentally, but pointing towards a perspective in the distance,

not seen by others, at least, ignored, if seen. The vision, like “the elemental things that go / about my table to and fro”¹ (Yeats 34), cannot be separated from Stephen, as he is reporting the presence of cockle pickers while he is mediating on creation, from Adam and Eve, “Heva” ([Proteus] line [1862]), to the twoness of the two, “the two maries” ([Proteus] line [2187]). That Stephen does not ignore the presence of the cockle pickers is not to his being a camera on the shore, “stogged to its waist, in the cakey sand dough. A sentinel: isle of dreadful thirst” ([Proteus] line [2009]), it’s the vivid feature of a differed kind of intellectual, like the one who distinguished the mouse, or pitying the reader, so to translate for, not in the footnote, nor indirectly through other gestures, but, at once, as if taking the tombstone away from the grave for a second, thus proving the hesitant watcher, that there is really somebody lying here, into this grave, “a pard, a panther” ([Proteus] line [2259]) this much lifeless, “Loveless, *landless*, wifeless” ([Proteus] line [2132]) [Emphasis Mine].

3. LANDLESSNESS

Putting aside the denotative associations of being landless, any survey to introduce connotative links to define this term, demands logorrheic pages to draw the last conclusion that in the end the earth is our mother home, therefore the possibility for someone to lack land is nothing more than an incoherency in the first place. Landlessness is the sine qua non of a gypsy, “If I had land under my feet” ([Proteus] line [2218]). “The red Egyptians” ([Proteus] line [2268]), Joyce calls them². Pound also supports his noun ‘gypsy’, by the modifying adjective “stray” [15 b]. A stray cat, or in Pound’s words “mouse field”, or any other animal, might move from this place to that place nomadically but the certain selection of a piece of *the Rogue’s Delight in Praise of His Strolling Mort*³ as a reflection of the author’s/creator’s attitude, in spite of its now being culturally sensitive, might have been considered also inappropriate on that time. Thus one must be still looking for a reason to find out why these, lines from *this* song, and he won’t find a rational one, since Stephen’s thought is nomadic, as Deleuze paraphrases, Stephen’s thought follows the very phenomenologic “assemblage that makes thought itself nomadic” (Deleuze and Guattari Thousand).

4. THE PURGATORY OF EDEN

It is “Aquinas tunbelly” ([Proteus] line [2287]), who can save Stephen from the central demonology, for Stephen is carrying on with Catholicism nomadically from childhood up to present. It is not a land to stop, though. “Passing now” ([Proteus] line [2292]). That Deleuze seeks for a nomadology to study nomads without simply focusing on the historical tracing of the past, might be due to the pretentious assertion of historic phenomena, which even if truly reported to us are still from a horizontal, single and monolithic peephole of history that finally can rationalize that “famine, plague, and slaughters” ([Proteus] line [2196]), are some examples to make people move from place to place, once in their life time, and it’s merely after being sent down “unscathed” ([Proteus] line [2251]), since “unfallen Adam rode and rutted” ([Proteus] line [2288]). Yet, when fallen, he is still roaming, placing a call to “Edenville” ([Proteus] line [1859]), falling down, “Coming down from the fair / of St. John, /With caravans, but never an ape or a bear” [15 b], as Pound puts it.

5. THE THIEF AND HIS FIEF

“Waiting, awaiting” ([Proteus] line [2383]), while not already fallen, is then, in itself purgatorial. There is nothing to do in a purgatory but the commonalities of life, making love, but not in an overt manner, sheltered. Pound’s words never gets old that “one knows that in Dublin Joyce is read in secret” [14 d]. In thieves’ slang, “roguewords” ([Proteus] line [2290]), “monkwords” ([Proteus] line

¹ In “To Ireland in the Coming Times, Yeats has, “For the elemental creatures go / About my table to and fro”

² After Richard Head’s *The Canting Academy*.

³ By Richard Head.

[2289]), not in a language decoded by everyone, in a “lingo for, O” ([Proteus] line [2276]), clandestinely, hidden behind a mystic world, this time, of thieves,

White thy fambles, red thy gan
And thy quarrons dainty is.
Couch a hogshead with me then.

In the darkmans clip and kiss ([Proteus] line [2284]).

As if a lover and his beloved stole their own very existences from the society, away from the “callous public” ([Scylla and Charybdis] line [8879]), both willingly, are enjoying themselves freely, alone, as thieves, in the margin, by their own metrics, their own language, their own temporary shelter “where dogs have mired” ([Proteus] line [2275]), not at “pan's hour, the faunal noon” ([Proteus] line [2355]), nor through “the barbacans [from which] the shafts of light are moving ever” ([Proteus] line [2157]), but through “Blue dusk, nightfall, deep blue night” ([Proteus] line [2158]), Wordsworthianly speaking, “the colouring of night; that on the gipsy-faces falls”, waiting, awaiting, like a purgatory, “in the darkness clip and kiss”. As a possible reason to fall down, dark and sinful, darkness within darkness, for “Darkness is in our souls, do you not think? Flutier. Our souls, shame-wounded by our sins, cling to us yet more, a woman to her lover clinging, the more the more” ([Proteus] line [2333]). Where on earth can one be as free as a gypsy to be as away from others, to measure this fief that much happily? Has one ever heard of a thief, vouching, ‘a’vouching his own fief, out of relief, a song of cachinnation and alteration? A song of *cachinnation and alteration*! It’s schizophrenic. It is as if “change and cheer” are looming so largely within one’s eyes to revivify this again and again that,

... on their Gipsy-faces falls...
a traveller under open sky,
Much witnessing of *change and cheer*,
Yet as I left I find them here! (Wordsworth Gipsies) [Emphasis Mine]

Who else can be thought of to be enjoying himself while considered by others, looked at by others, and mentioned by others as *within the margin*? Marginal cockle picker, marginal grass-on-looker, marginal ‘reader’, for whom the poet ought to translate, as Geoffrey Hill splashes the gist of the idea within his face,

I trust the arbiter—that’s difficult.
My marginal
Ontological reader, let her recoup
A line or two delivered without pathos (Hill 582).

Ontologicality paves the pave to name some other outside(s), other than this one, since “in short, we think that one cannot write sufficiently in the name of an outside (Deleuze and Guattari Thousand) , hence, ‘a’ is playing the main role to turn the whole plane(s) into a *flat* one. ‘A’ which finds its existence not just as a prefix making some words from specific derivations within their own etymological rules, into a negative one, not simply to foreground the usual opposite connotations, but ‘a’ as a *relative compliment*. This ‘a’, talking about *capacity*, this capacity somewhere beneath the phenomenologic interplay of its own hermeneutics, deviated by linguistic climactic vagaries, foregrounds ontology in its epistemic being, already targeted to be aimed at, yet, ‘a’nnihilated, leaves us again in front of actuality and the attribute of *being not already available for being*, simply floating *flat* in between, “diaphane, ‘a’diaphane” ([Proteus] line [1815]), this is the ‘a’ which in its being present reminds the reader that “patch of oil” (Malmberg 66), already spread, too late to practice preventing its seepage down under, “who to clear it?” ([Proteus] line [2161]), its already a relative compliment, it is rooted in the presence of diaphanity, since it has the essential capacity to be transparent, since this capacity is playing a crucial role, ‘a’ is applicable, it finds its meaning somewhere between being and not being, paradoxically, and the author has no choice, yet, to let it go, to define its place, its plane, its everything. To let go *flat*, Joyce juxtaposes diaphane and ‘a’diaphane and Deleuze escapes to the signification vs. ‘a’signification. “Flat multiplicities of n dimentions are ‘a’signifying and ‘a’subjective. ‘A’ as a prefix permits to go flat, it dedicates an ontologic presence, so, “flat I see, then think distance, near, far, flat I see, east, back.

Ah, see now. Falls back suddenly, frozen in stereoscope. Click does the trick. You find my words dark ([Proteus] line [2331]). Thus now, within flatness, “all multiplicities are *flat*, in the sense that they fill or occupy all of their dimensions: we will therefore speak of a *plane of consistency* of multiplicities, even though the dimensions of this “plane” increases with the number of connections that are made on it (Deleuze and Guattari Thousand).

6. ALMOSTING LOGIC

The capacity of the narrator to be swiftly moving while at the same time, looking on the grass with a field mouse on it, makes him think about the slippery phase of movement. ‘Slip’ suggests fast, rapid motion. Cockle picker, his capacity to be stationary, and his state of being obliged to moon about, as Stephen ponders, are all subcategories of nomadology. Nomadology in its own logic as the term suggests is a form of logic made of the same assemblage already found out to be nomadic, as thought itself is. “In logic we do not want to know how the understanding is and does think and how it has previously proceeded in thought, but rather how it ought to proceed in thought” (Kant 529). The whole pandemonium breaks loose when it comes to decide whether to start in English or French, “Est-ce que vous avez vu des autres—des camarades—avec des singes ou des ours?” [15 b],

— C'est tordant, vous savez. Moi je suis socialiste. Je ne crois pas en l'existence de Dieu. Faut pas le dire a mon père.

— Il croit?

— Mon père, oui⁴ ([Proteus] line [2031]).

It also is already broken loose, when it comes to ‘who to’, or even ‘to whom’, which who? The narrator? The gypsy? The reporter? “She, she, she. What she?” ([Proteus] line [2337]), “des ours” [15 b], “The virgin at Hodges Figgis' window” ([Proteus] line [2338])?, “des autres” [15 b]? Stephen? Alter ego? Joyce? Ego? Pound? “A stray Gypsy” [15 b]? The looseness of the pandemonium is the most welcome one, since its literature. It is not the kind one might try to redeconstruct or reaxiomatize philosophically. No logic rules this logic. “The [laws of logic] have a special title to the name “laws of thought” only if we mean to assert that they are the most general laws, which prescribe universally the way in which one ought to think if one is to think at all” (Frege 20–21). Illogic adiaphaneity. It is ‘a’logicality, though. Phenomenologically speaking, only within an apparition of the very process in which, it itself disappears, we can trace it back (Moslemi Phenomenologic ?). “I am almosting it” ([Proteus] line [2263]). *Almosting ‘a’*. Waiting awaiting, signifying asignifying, “the rum tum tiddledy tum. Lawn Tennyson, gentleman poet”⁵ ([Proteus] line [2414]), “in rogue's rum lingo, for, O, my dimber wapping dell ([Proteus] line [2276]), now, one cannot pull it apart. “Never is a plateau separable from the cows that populate it, which are also the clouds in the sky” (Deleuze and Guattari Thousand). It is not just “the half-castes” [15 b], nor merely the opposite castes, it is the “clotting” [15 b], of the mist, it is as if the blood is clotted within your vein. “Here. Put a pin in that chap, will you? My tablets” ([Proteus] line [2305]), it is your own “Hamlet hat” ([Proteus] line [2294]), clotted, within your vein, not pumped around anymore, the capacity to move, again, is turned off, cast away, derelict in its own ontologicality, now, then, “Now where the blue hell am I bringing her beyond the veil? Into the ineluctable modality of the ineluctable visuality” ([Proteus] line [2337]). Stationary. Purgatory. Waiting, awaiting, “In the darkness of the dome they wait” ([Proteus] line [2159]), but where? “about the trees in the valley” [15 b], within the woods, no more to the woods, no, to the woods no more,

⁴ — *It's hilarious, you know. Me, I'm a socialist. I do not believe in the existence of God. You mustn't tell my father.*

— *He is a believer?*

— *My father, yes.*

⁵ *The May Queen* by Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809–1892), opening:

YOU must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;

To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad new-year,—...

Édouard Dujardin, peace be upon him, *Les Lauriers sont coupés*. Mist. Jungle. Lost. Water. Soft. Blood. Clotted. Cold.

The man that was drowned nine days ago off Maiden's rock. They are waiting for him now. The truth, spit it out. I would want to. I would try. I am not a strong swimmer. *Water cold soft*. When I put my face into it in the basin at Clongowes. Can't see! Who's behind me? Out quickly, quickly! Do you see the tide flowing quickly in on all sides, sheeting the lows of sands quickly, shell cocoacoloured [Emphasis Mine] ([Proteus] line [2218]).

Lost. May I be found? Why enter in the first place? Am I already entered? Is this mine? "All the devil's weed plants that are growing in between are yours" (Castaneda 88). Who am I? "I'm the bloody well gigant rolls all them bloody well boulders, bones for my steppingstones. Feefawfum." What do I do? "I zmelz de bloods odz an Iridzman" ([Proteus] line [2181]). The juxtaposition of "apes or bears" in Pound and Joyce's dog called by the gypsy "call away let him" ([Proteus] line [2288]), foregrounds the barbaric nature of the scene, in both cases, with a different attitude toward the existence of the dog for the real, in Stephen's portrayal and the problematic rejection of the ape or bear in Pound, of course, if we accept the final "never an ape or a bear" [15 b].

The wind came, and the rain,
And mist clotted about the trees in the valley,
And I'd the long ways behind me,
gray Arles and Biaucaire [15 b].

It is "A. D. 1912" [15 b], but where? Within the "grand continuum, over loaded by fate and interloaded with accident (Joyce *Finnegans* 472.30-31). Yeah, *le style c'est le theme* they say.

The realm is purgatorial. It is not about to be finished. Not for the time being, at least. It is enjoying, though. "Just you give it a fair trial. We enjoyed ourselves immensely" ([Proteus] line [2404]). It doesn't finish. "To no end gathered" ([Proteus] line [2384]). It finishes under specific conditions,

By what could such a situation be precluded?
By decease (change of state), by departure (change of place).
Which preferably?
The latter, by the line of least resistance ([Ithaca] line [30204]).

7. FROM COCKLE TO 'LE LIVRE'⁶

Joyce was a voluntary exile. Kevin Egan, a "wild goose", is an exile within Stephen's reverie. Stephen himself is living in Parisian exile. Exile is nomadic. He wrote the Exiles. Pound, to and fro, in and out, in the sanitarium, out of it, kept, sent free; sanitarium is nomadic. They are writing "that very thing which cannot let itself be reduced to the form of presence"⁷ (Derrida 57).

The Irish writer moved in five new places during a year in Paris, with an empty pocket for the landlord, but a hefty book under his arm. His whole attention is to bind the book, to let go, the book, his territory, shall not be clotted anymore in widespread sheets apart, he is bound to bind it,

Bound thee forth, my booklet, quick
To greet the callous public.
Writ, I ween, 'twas not my wish
In lean unlovely English ([Scylla and Charybdis] line [8881]).

The capacity to stay, *A Room of One's Own*, as Woolf puts it, away from the clotted public, "No pen, no ink, no table, no room, no time, no quiet, no inclination" (Joyce Selected 141), to bind a book he roams, nomadically, within the nomadology of the book itself. "To speak of "binding" in a literary text is thus to speak of any of the formalizations (which, like binding, may be painful, retarding) that force us to recognize sameness within difference, or the very emergence of a sjužet

⁶ (French) (The) book

⁷ In *De La Grammatologie*, Derrida writes Cette archi-écriture, bien que le concept en soit appelé par les thèmes de l' « arbitraire du signe » et de la différence, ne peut pas, ne pourra jamais être reconnue comme objet d'une science. *Elle est cela même qui ne peut se laisser réduire à la forme de la présence* (83).

from the material of fabula”, writes Peter Brooks (Richter 1166). Dissipated within this vapidness, flat he sees, flat he roams, flat he lives, flat he binds, a book, le livre, a book, “il se promène, lisant au livre de lui-même, don't you know, reading the book of himself”, Pound also translated those words himself, Joyce does it here, again. But, back to the book,

at any rate, what a vapid idea, the book as the image of the world ... no typographical lexical, or even syntactical cleverness is enough to make it hard ... there is no longer a tripartite division between a field of reading (the world) and a field of representation (the book) and a field of subjectivity. Rather, an assemblage established connections between certain multiplicities drawn from each of these orders, so that the book has no sequel, nor the world as its object nor one or several authors as its subject ...the book as assemblage with the outside, against the book as image of the world (Deleuze and Guattari Thousand) .

Derrida, famously carries on, “il n'y a pas de hors-texte”⁸ (159), “a way a lone a last a loved a long the / riverrun, past Eve and Adam's, from swerve of shore to bend of bay, brings us by a commodius vicus of recirculation back to Howth Castle and Environs.” (Joyce Finnegans 628.15-16 1.1).

8. BORN NOMAD

And when it comes to Leopold, he is the very born nomad literature is looking for. He is a Jew. His life is mingled with “thou shalt be a dispersion in all kingdom of earth” (Jewish Scriptures OED Diaspora), thus when he gets angry at the bar, “Your God was a Jew. Christ was a Jew like me” ([Cyclops] line [16634]), he endures diaspora. The very classic essence of diaspora, the one who based on James Clifford’s advice should not be taken as the “ideal type” (Wolfreys 34), but still is attacked at the bar by one of these people who have not still been able to jettison a history of routes in favor of a history of roots, to be able to differentiate teleologicality versus anti-teleological “history of displacement, suffering, adaptation or resistance” (Clifford 306). Within Lestrygonians, Leopold’s chapter, rather than Proteus which is Stephen’s chapter, “doomed for a certain time to walk the earth” (Hamlet 1.5.9-10) is slightly misquoted while “thy father’s spirit” speaks nomadically. The spirit of the father, not the father nor Hamlet himself, as mentioned before, “qui ne peut se laisser réduire à la forme de la presence”. When it comes to this sort of diaspora, Stephen is Leopold, Leopold Stephen, as Kristeva explains, this diaspora is “the diaspora of those languages that pluralize meaning and cross all national and linguistic barriers, represented by the literature of Kafka, Joyce and Beckett, who were in turn prefigured by Mallarmé” (Kristeva 300). Since it is nomadic wherever you stay, it is your place. Leopold goes on “My literary efforts have had the good fortune to meet with the approval of the eminent poet A. E. (Mr Geo Russell) ([Lestrygonians] line [7586]). Like a jump within a scene in a dream, like the nightmares of eminent people⁹, “But you're changing, *acoolsha*, you're changing from me, I can feel” (Joyce Finnegans 626.35) [Emphasis Mine].

Rise and fall and fade away from earth to air.

Earth renews the music sweeter. Oh, come there.

Come, *acushla*, come, as in ancient times

Rings aloud the underland with faery chimes (Russell a Call) [Emphasis Mine].

These are calls to change. “Far calls” (Joyce Finnegans 628.13). If one is a stranger within this realm, still he is welcome, yet he has a riddle to solve. “Call: no answer” ([Proteus] line [2163]). There is always a test to pass the purgatory. This is nomadology, and the realm of a wanderer, and his nomadic talk with his shadow, “*The Wanderer*: I think I understand you, although you have

⁸ Derrida doesn't write *Il n'y a rien en dehors du texte*, hence preferably he wants to say "there is no outside-text", not "There is nothing outside the text". An interesting dispute, resulting this confrontational interpretation between analytical and continental philosophy by John Searle [2], rooted in Austin's epistemology-oriented philosophic papers can be looked at in Moslemi's *Philosophic...*

⁹ Taken from *Nightmares of Eminent Persons: And Other Stories* by Bertrand Russell.

expressed yourself in somewhat shadowy terms. You are right. Good friends give to each other here and there, as a sign of mutual understanding, an obscure phrase which to any third party is meant to be a riddle (Nietzsche 183). Bloom can never get rid of the presence of his deep pleasing urge to get into Russell's mystical ideas. He cannot stay. He is a wanderer. Even when he wants to leave, he needs an excuse, "-- Not here. Don't see him" ([Lestrygonians] line [8035]). He is that much nomad that one feels it is a waste of ink to paraphrase how born nomad he is.

9. CONCLUSION

There is no introduction and conclusion in nomadology. For the sake of layout; those who are away from their homeland, share a type of literature, different in essence. If Pound never persuaded Joyce to come to Paris, Joyce might have never been published by an American expatriate, Sylvia Beach, resulting an apartment owned by Paul Léon, a Russian Jewish émigré, to become a center for Joyce studies. *The Gypsy* by Pound or a cockle picking scene by Joyce are excuses, just images to keep nomadology carry on living.

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