

**JUST VIOLENT INTERTEXTUAL AND DYSTOPIAN
RECENT REINSCRIPTIONS OF MOTHER NATURE
IN JAMES JOYCE'S ULYSSES AND DORIS LESSING'S
THE FIFTH CHILD?**

Keywords: procreation; postcreation; anagogy; polyglossia; irony; dystopia,

Abstract: Procreation is the theme developed in the "Oxen of the Sun" episode of James Joyce's *Ulysses* and in Doris Lessing's dystopia *The Fifth Child*. The contexts to which this theme is applied are violent by literary and literal standards alike. They go down to basics to reveal irreconcilable oppositions and even horror on the primeval scene of procreation, where gender enmities and ghastly pathologies of the modern are ready to work havoc. But do all literary texts stop here? The interrogation in the title invites meditation about the literary uses of violence as observable in the differing generic repertoires of modernist and post-modernist species of fiction. After duly noticing that Mother Nature as a literary master-trope appears already exhausted in its providential meaning and violently twisted by twentieth century contentious re-writing, we compare Joyce's and Lessing's novelistic images. Procreation slandered becomes on the Joycean scene the pretext for postcreation: a witty proliferation of masterful male words. Procreation appropriated by a demonstration about natural and social pathology is developed parabolically in Doris Lessing's dystopia. The comparison measures the distance between the aims and potentialities of the modernist imaginary and those of literary creation after the postmodern turn. To avoid simple answers, we make an incursion into twenty-first century poetry to find mere traces of the Mother Nature literary trope in the cryptical volume of Geoffrey Hill's 2011 collection of poems *Clavics*.

James Joyce's "Oxen of the Sun" episode in *Ulysses* has procreation as its compositional hub. Since Stuart Gilbert's *Study of Joyce's Ulysses*, which ran into several editions after its initial publication in 1930, it has been obvious that the meaning and art of the episode in question, set in a maternity hospital in Dublin, revolve around the parallel gestation of the literary artifact and the human *ovum*. At its beginning, the chapter is an encomiastic and performative demonstration about the benefits of procreation yoked with postcreation. Here is the chapter's *début*, with the public, albeit pretty awfully confused, *laudatio* of the proliferation of nations as provided by the feminine and familial prolixity.

* University of Bucharest, Romania

Universally that person's acumen is esteemed very little perceptive concerning whatsoever matters are being held as most profitably by mortals with sapience endowed to be studied....in doctrine erudite and certainly by reason of that in them high mind's ornament deserving of veneration constantly when by general consent they affirm that other circumstances being equal by not exterior splendour is the prosperity of a nation more efficaciously asserted than by the measure of how far forward may have progressed the tribute of its solicitude for that proliferent continuance which of evils the original if it be absent when fortunately present constitutes the certain sign of omnipotent nature's incorrupted benefaction. (Joyce 314)

The stuttering vocality of the exordium is hard to decode, mainly because it is too faithfully recorded, as if by an exquisite but completely unselective gramophone (which seems to interact with the babble inherent in the Lacanian order of reality, as explained by Friedrich Kittler's analogy in *Gramophone, Film, Typewriter* (the English 1999 translation), because the gramophone recording gives the sound but not the meaning of the applauding voice. But the keywords: "by no exterior splendour is the prosperity of a nation more efficaciously asserted than (by) the proliferent continuance; omnipotent nature's incorrupted benefaction" may dwell in the minds of readers as the ways the Mother Nature theme is introduced in the narrative universe. The passage tries to mimic the chaos which reigns supreme in the reality before the very first wailing of the baby can burst forth. It is against this chaotically natural landscape that the birth-scene and the feminine protagonist will be gradually brought – or blown – up. Just as will the birth the male literary conscience.

This chaotic (and encomiastic) bit, written as a literal translation from medieval Latin prose, turns historical when it refers to the early Irish obstetrical care and doctors: O'Hickeys, O'Shiels; and it stresses the stylistic reading rule of the entire chapter in its intertextually thick description. Apparently dominated by the womb-organ and the medical art, it develops the symbol of mothers through the "technic" (Stuart Gilbert's spelling) of the embryonic development (Gilbert 254). The paean of the birth is soon followed by an offensive attack on Mother Nature's parturient agency through the slandering of women, who become stereotypical nunnery creatures (in the double sense of Hamlet's injunction to Ophelia "Get thee to the nunnery!"). Why? Because women are polyphonically embedded in the discourse of some callous young males. These deploy their anecdotal and pornographic feminine knowledge offensively in the maternity hospital (instead of being, at least conventionally reverent, sympathetic and praising the women's part in procreation). They fill the stage with boisterously male *jouissance*, sacrilegiously achieved in despite of, and simultaneously with, a mother's birth-throes. How? Apparently, by sterile drinking (a variation upon the modern *Waste Land* sterility and drought theme?). Meanwhile, this chapter's story-line pretext, Mina Purefoy, is in her throes and can be regarded as a kind of sacrificial hind in the maternity-temple of natural proliferation, where we are admitted by the Arvalian priests' hymn from the beginning of the chapter.

Send us bright one, light one, Horhorn, quickening and wombfruit. Send us bright one, light one, Horhorn, quickening and wombfruit. Send us bright one, light one, Horhorn, quickening and wombfruit. (Joyce 314)

Looking closely at the text and prompted by this ritual invocation, we can discern with myth-criticism, a double typological and moral transformation of the mother-nature theme into a polyvalent trope in “The Oxen of the Sun.” On the one hand, in an antithesis, the passive male factor of procreation is opposed to the active feminine partner when regarded at this woman’s “all-hardest of hours.” In addition, the focalization of the episode is ironical in more than one way, as explained by Wayne Booth in *A Rhetoric of Irony*¹. If the standard is that of conventional, commonsense wisdom and the reverence to women works as a socializing standard of politeness, then the male offensive discourse is sent up hyperbolically first, through the analogy with the Odyssean comrades’ irreverence to the sacred kind of the God Sun Helios. If men are uncouth and, because of the analogy, blasphemous, then women acquire a sacred status but become ironically identical with the herd of oxen. On the other hand, the genders become reconciled at a superior, anagogic level when Stephen Dedalus takes the role of the hierophant (he is given the part of Jesus addressing the Apostles at the Last Supper in a Biblical pastiche) and explains the analogy between procreation and postcreation. Postcreation is the way out of the men’s secondary role in procreation.

Mark me now. In woman’s womb word is made flesh but in the spirit of the maker all flesh that passes becomes the word that shall not pass away. This is postcreation. *Omnis caro ad te veniet.* (Joyce 314)

The same ironic aura envelops, nevertheless, these words of wisdom because Stephen’s impersonation of Jesus addressing the Apostles at the Last Supper is doubled by his identification with the Vicar of Bray, an Irish legendary political opportunist priest. The irony is sustained also and by the fact that the Apostles he is addressing happen to be like some drunken hogs, who “*quaff the mead*” rather than take the fraction of bread

¹ Joyce’s game of ironical Chinese boxes is constructed on assertions shifting between “local and universal and back again, being more or less overt,” and the result is a typically modern “ambiguously covert” reconstruction. (Booth 238). This makes it hard for the reader to discern a single stance for the implied author and “tends to dissolve generic distinctions” (Booth 233). The succession of stable ironies is dizzying: the convivial amusement of the male savagery is framed by the sacramental templum invocation at the beginning of the chapter whose covert irony motivates the title. Stephen’s aestheticist, ritual passage from procreation to postcreation, the lay artist’s counterpart of the Church sacraments, transcends the ironical stance of the youthful banter. The youths triumph over the conventional domesticity praised at the beginning of the episode and embodied in the story of Mina Purefoy’s contribution to the proliferation of nation. But in Joyce’s telescopic irony, Stephen’s lay sacrament of postcreation is ironically framed in its turn, because Stephen speaks in the words of a Joking Jesus, as Gifford and Seidman’s notes 1.584 and 15.4476 also explain.

proffered during the Last Supper, which is to be “*left to them that live by bread alone.*” There is a further irony in the conflation of Jesus with Judas, because Stephen shows the other youths-usurpers gathered in the maternity hospital “the glistening coins of the tribute of goldsmiths notes the worth of two pounds nineteen shilling.”

Now drink we, quod he, of this mazer and quaff ye this mead which is not indeed parcel of my body but my soul’s bodiment. Leave ye fraction of bread to them that live by bread alone. Be not afeard neither for any want for this will comfort more than the other will dismay. See ye here. And he showed them glistening coins of the tribute and goldsmiths notes the worth of two pound nineteen shilling that he had, he said, for a song he writ. (Joyce 310)

Stephen is out to cure the male inferiority complex by extending the aesthetic consolation as his farewell words to the male apostles. He will then be dead-drunk but his words will dwell: if not in the minds of the other young men’s bibulous attention, then in the ear of the attentive reader of *Ulysses*. Such a reader can subsequently observe that the fourteenth chapter, “The Oxen of the Sun,” contains the emblem in little of the whole book’s gestation and a book about to be completed in the remaining four chapters precisely by Stephen Dedalus-Joyce. The metafictional, self-reflexive talk about postcreation which draws upon procreation ironically, only to trump irony itself in the end, dramatizes the auctorial stance of the entire literary event called *Ulysses*. For most of the fictional Bloomsday of June 16th 1904, Stephen had been just a teasing artist without an *oeuvre*, but the progression of the text enabled him to turn into a full-fledged author, just as James Joyce himself, when embarking upon the far less pleasant *Odyssey* of the book’s publication². The self-reflexive “Oxen of the Sun” episode was the turning point of the saga because it turned Stephen’s “dejection: an ode” into a performatively successful founding moment for the male postcreation.

In postcreation, by the aesthetic rewriting of the natural prolixity motif, this important attribute of Mother Nature, procreation, is transmuted, subject to refined, anagogical sublimation. Literary anagogy, the consummate way of writing modern literature, according to the Second Essay of Northrop Frye’s *Anatomy of Criticism* is literary universality achieved by copious polyglossia and by healing laughter, in Bakhtin’s sense. The Mother Nature master-trope is anagogically contained in a web of

² The odyssey of *Ulysses*’ publication in English started in America when it was serialized in *The Little Review*, from March 1918 till December 1920, when the publication was interrupted under the accusation of pornography. Because in Britain *Ulysses* was serialized in 1919 in *The Egoist*, then banned, the book appeared in Paris, under the aegis of Sylvia Beach’s bookshop *Shakespeare & Company* in 1922 and in London one year later (in only 500 copies). *Ulysses* was banned in the United States until 1933, when one copy was officially allowed in the country, being subsequently published there one year later. The book was never banned in Ireland, though it was not known owing to the censorship which lasted until the mid-1960s. This is also when the Bodley Head and Random House, the definitive editions of *Ulysses* in English appeared, in the UK in 1960 and the U.S.A, in 1961, respectively.

rich intertextualities. In addition to the exhaustive correspondences with *The Odyssey*, the Joycean interanimation of languages contains in complete historical sequence, the artistic styles of canonical English prose which feature here by a chain of parodies and pastiches. These are adapted to the local purpose of narrating the male discursive prowess which accompanies the female labours to slander them (except for the moment when Stephen introduces the parallel procreation/postcreation and effects the reconciliation of the genders in the textual gestation). More importantly, the advocate of postcreation in this episode outrides the jesters' banter and irreverence by allowing them to be assimilated higher-up, into anagogy, on the old hermeneutically typological scale.

Meanwhile, in the thick of the postmodernist age in Europe, we read Doris Lessing's 1988 dystopian parable of procreation in *The Fifth Child*. Here procreation is the force capable of cutting in two the lives and careers of the two British yuppies, Harriet and David, after previously sending them high up, on a utopian journey meant to make a difference in the world. Being both rather untypical young professionals of the sixties, Harriet and David meet at a yearly blockbuster function of constructors and architects, they typically recognize each other in the crowd, fall in love, marry and buy a super-house in which they set out to inaugurate a new domestic dispensation (in the thick of the cool sixties.). Lessing's schematic novel sets out in the high-strung utopian key to verify some Freudian, Biblical and Darwinist assumptions about the building of a family in the right house, with the right(eous) people ready to plant the seeds of enhanced life in the wilderness, or to erect, inhabit and exhibit a city upon a hill. The two protagonists' highly procreative marriage is meant to correct the particular shortcomings of the denizens of late modernity. The ambition of the four-(then of the fifth-) child couple is to counter the alienation of the individuals in modern societies by opening their happy, big house as a meeting place to create a greater social family cell. Their project harks back to the Marxian critique of capitalistic societies where people are doomed to waste their lives in the capitalistic waste land, whose essential, dehumanizing shortcomings the novel tries to counter along utopian lines. And this proves the point made by Elizabeth Lowry in a *London Review of Books* issue of 2001 about Lessing's "Bildung – her engagement with Communism, feminism, psychoanalysis and Sufism," which is, she says, "often read by literary critics as the symbolic history of our age." "Yeti" is the title of the review, occasioned by the publication of the sequel to *The Fifth Child*, which deals with the monster engendered at the dystopian end of the happy-family story. Ben, the fifth child, and his life are pursued in *Ben, in the World*. In *The Fifth Child* the return to the Mother Nature axiology is pasted over the Marxian critique of the social hell. The plot ascends into heaven in the rising action segment, then it capsizes and the novel becomes a dystopian horror story which reverses the provident Mother Nature fable of social resurrection. What is most terrifying in the book is perhaps not the degeneration of the return staged in the utopian beginning to the Mother Nature bosom. The completion of the horror is much more frightening, when the brutish, preternatural child, Ben, or in the author's words Yeti, "is finally assimilated by a society that has itself degenerated in the interim by taking the rapacious egotism of the 1960s one step further: 'wars and riots;

killings and hijackings; murders and thefts and kidnappings the 1980s, the barbarous 1980s were getting into their stride.” In this dystopia, the Mother Nature trope is appropriated by the two-fold natural and ideological pathology when the horrible child becomes the embodiment of the social ills, a symbol of evil. In accordance with the rules set down by Northrop Frye’s third essay of *The Anatomy of Criticism*, the emphasis is on the natural cycle played against “the steady unbroken turning of the wheel of fate or fortune” in order to ruin individual dreams, the social order and its conventions. The analogy, in the development of the plot, is as indicated by Frye’s reference to Browning’s poem *Abt Vogler*: “there may be heaven; there must be hell,” as the emblem of dystopia. In fact Lessing drags the plot towards the last phase of the mythos of winter, into “a blasted world of repulsiveness and idiocy, a world without pity and without hope” (Frye 237–239).

Here is how, in connection with the imminent birth of Harriet and David Lovett’s first child, the Mother Nature theme is introduced in the casually disenchanting world of *The Fifth Child*:

Now entered on this scene Dorothy, Harriet’s mother. It occurred to neither Harriet nor David, to think, or say, ‘Oh, God how awful, having one’s mother around all the time,’ for if family life was what they had chosen, then it followed that Dorothy should come indefinitely to help Harriet, while insisting that she had a life of her own to which she must return. She was a widow, and this life of hers was mostly visiting her daughters. (and what follows is an account of a mother’s life of trials and tribulations) She had not found it easy bringing up three girls. Her husband had been an industrial chemist, not badly paid, but there never had been much money. She knew the cost, in every way, of a family, even a small one. (20–21)

“She attempted some remarks on these lines one evening at supper” (Lessing 21) in the kitchen that the omniscient, intrusive narrator considers “was already near what it ought to be” and whose “great table, with heavy wooden chairs around it – only four now, but more stood in a row along the wall” was “waiting for guests and still unborn people.” The savvy, even fatigued narrator counterpoints the remarks made one paragraph earlier about David’s late arrival at the dinner table, to say that:

David had just come home late: the train was delayed. Commuting was not going to be much fun, was going to be the worst of it, for everyone, but particularly of course for David, for it would take nearly two hours twice a day to get to and from work. This would be one of his contributions to the dream. (Lessing 21)

This wet blanket narrator also summons, from the margins of David and Harriet’s dream Dorothy, the voice of sobering reason, to have her advice:

‘I don’t believe you two ought to rush into everything – Harriet is only twenty-four [...]. You are only just thirty, David. You two go on as if you believed if you don’t grab everything, then you’ll lose it.’ (Lessing 21)

And because mother Dorothy adds: “Sometimes you two scare me. I don’t really know why,” (Lessing 21) she elicits from both David and Harriet the complementary, militant answers one page later: “Perhaps we ought to have been born into another country. Do you realize that having six children, in another part of the world, it would be normal, nothing shocking about it” (22) and ““It’s we who are abnormal, here in Europe”” (22).

This raises the issue around which the whole first book of Lessing’s Ben series is built: Western civilization has definitely altered the order of Mother Nature and entered an abnormal dispensation. *The Fifth Child* is out to challenge by the paradox of a lived utopia the modern European predicament. For a while, through the Christmas and Easter holidays, which both adults and children happily spend in their big house, David and Harriet Lovatt carry along with them into the procreative Eden their British and American family. Because they despise contraception and have the big number of children of their dream, they seem to have found a natural, innocent way to counter the scepticism of the experienced present. But, in accordance with the ironical writing recipes, after the horrid last pregnancy, announced on page forty of the book, the pathological fifth child of the Apocalypse is born to them and from the encounter with the horrendous limit of procreation, the birth of monsters, the novel withdraws into dystopia for the remaining one hundred and twenty pages. *The Fifth Child* becomes a case study for exploring the relation to the natural monster – proving that the mother will cling to the monstrous at the expense of the normal offspring, while the father, with a sense of responsibility for the other children, threatened by the competition with the male monster is concerned for the world at large. He wishes to preserve the social order and is ready to abandon the monster to mental institutions. In sync with the clinical and predictable intrusive narrator, David Lovatt reproaches his wife for her attachment to the pathological other which lurks in the bosom of Mother Nature, becomes a workaholic and vanishes from the previously domestic paradise. The house is as good as deserted, or rather left a prey to the young monster’s gang and to the naturally absolute loneliness of his lenient mother. Typically for Northrop Frye’s mythos of winter which governs irony and satire, the scene remains haunted by evil, rather than being, or likely to be, purged in order to achieve catharsis, as in tragedies. And of course Doris Lessing’s postmodern utopian-dystopian palimpsest told the same late modern story of disenchantment with Mother Nature; it presents a fictionally violent literary counterpart to the painterly critique of Francisco Goya’s motto about the sleep of reason which gives birth to monsters. In her horror story (for the book should have been shorter, at most a novella), Lessing used literature violently, by subverting the mother nature topos along nihilistic and very predictable lines. More precisely, she subverted the providential forces inherent in the mother nature trope, on which the modernist generation still pinned their hopes. The writers of this generation

engaged with this trope in aesthetically complex, anagogical ways – the unpredictable ways of free imagination which is hard to label.

Eager to assess the distance covered by recent literature in respect to the master – and of course, subverted and perhaps exhausted – mother-nature trope, I have wished to sound the waters in poetry, in the 2010s. I had planned to read the collections *Human Chain* and *Clavics*, which appeared in sequence, in 2010 and 2011, respectively, the former written by the Nobel Prize poetry winner of 1995, Seamus Heaney, and the latter by Geoffrey Hill, who was appointed Oxford Professor of Poetry, in 2010. Being unable to find Seamus Heaney's *Human Chain*, whose title was topical for my research, I referred only to Geoffrey Hill's *Clavics*.

Ferretting for connections with the proposed topic, the first thing to notice was the book's natural, potentially violent, food chain picture on the cover: a white owl flying with a black mouse in its beak from a black-and-white background towards the reader. Was it an emblem, perhaps, of poetry's Albatross wings and of the unexpected catch in its up-flying net? When we turned the pages, inside, after a cryptical *mapa mundi*-like image in little of the book, whose thirty-two regular poems are like the recesses of the cathedral cross-section reproduced on the first page and resemble a decorative pattern, on the second page we read the decryption, the OED 2012 dictionary definition of *Clavics*: "the science or alchemy of keys." Apart from its being a spoof definition from a not yet published edition of the prestigious dictionary of the English language, we read here an inscription from a palimpsest of interanimated language quotations. Unfortunately, so far as the theme of procreation is concerned, most of the poems in the "Clavics" series spoke with the voice of literary patriarchy and of the father who addresses his offspring in the masculine vein. This forestalled the manifestation of the *Mother Nature* trope and its avatars. The procreation theme appeared in the meditation of poem 17, on music³. In the pediment of this altar poem, i.e. in the second part of the graphically fixed form or mould in which the decryptable raw material is cast, we read:

Try
Supplication
Of throes
One does,
Confrontation
Without oratory
Ah, taci, taci! In the womb
I could perform some of these arias.

³ The sequence of *Clavics* as a whole is an elegy for William Lawes, "a minor Royalist composer who died defending Charles I's hold on the throne at the Siege of Chester in 1645," as Jeffrey Hipolito explains in the a review of Geoffrey Hill's volume published in *The Critical Flame Journal of Literature and Culture*.

Then it surfaced again in the apophthegm of poem 25, in the stereotypical association with love, children and gender (just as in *Ulysses*, “The Oxen of the Sun”):

Lost springs of loves
Turn things about
Upon the stiff axis

and a few lines/tricks/clavics later, we witnessed the same association, on the other hand, as in the melancholy Mother Nature dystopia by Doris Lessing: the association of procreation with clinic and pathology....or with “the birth of the clinic,” to jest with Foucault, (which is legitimately done after the sham OED entry as the epigraph to the volume and the jocose accents of the verse below):

Ira quidem prodest quia corda
Reformat amantum⁴: macaronic
Thrills mute clinic –
Deaf child wailing into deaf ears, sordo!

All this culminates in the pediment of poem 25: with the retrospective future in the past affirmations about the happiness truly engendered in the poem’s own alchemical space (where bat-like embryos become disengaged “from those bloody towels” and transmuted):

Felicitas to conceive happiness,
To have been where we met our eyes,
But aware of gender,
Nor asunder
Shew fouls
From those
Bloody towels
As bat-like embryos.
I have plumbed too much here to re-ender.
Scrub yourself down from late-lamented guys.

This sent us to the envoy poem of *Clavics*, which, starting just as the beginning of Yeats’ “The Song of Wandering Aengus”: “I went out to the hazel wood/ Because a fire was in my head,” reflected upon what is engendered and what happens in the self-reflexive word-world of poetry. Says Geoffrey Hill’s Poem 32:

There is a noise in my head: the breaking
Of sequence

⁴ Anger, however, is helpful because it reforms the hearts of lovers.

Then the lyrical voice autobiographically enumerates “the days and works of hands” that go into the making of poetry:

Have worked to repletion
Not yet disgust.
Fulfilled in a thrusting
Forward a rhyme
Upon a theme
Long protesting
Some lame notion
I had and have.....
and no more retain
The common pain.

Quite conveniently, this enables us to introduce the conclusion of our paper about tropes engendered in literature and their either/or function. Tropes may either, as in high-modernist fiction, help the world “no more retain/The common pain” (see the *mise-en-abîme* episode discussed above in *Ulysses*); or they can, as in post-modernist fiction, rub in “the common pain” (see Doris Lessing’s utopia which served the postmodern critique of false consciousness when it turned dystopian). Speaking in ecological, if not eco-critical terms, the Mother Nature trope retained its capacity to make the world habitable in Joyce’s book, whose ritual and ironic undertones magically redeemed the world from its modern denizens’ violent judgments. The opposite is true about Lessing’s long novella, which submits to lucidity and to the pessimism of ideological critique and devastates or undermines the world from inside, with the forces of the same mother-nature trope. The result of reading *The Fifth Child* is typically the homelessness of the postmodernist oscillation between the ontological (and Lacanian psychoanalytical) orders. Consequently, in its use of the same trope, Joyce’s text can be commended for aesthetic, anagogic and ecological reasons alike, whereas Lessing’s manifesto collapses or rises with its own single-minded parabolic metaphor. But the difference between the modern productivity of parody and the, after all, pre-modern parable as a trope remains. In what imagination is concerned, the difference is one between an analogical and a prophetic use of the Mother Nature trope, in James Joyce and Doris Lessing, respectively.

Works Cited

- Booth, Wayne. *A Rhetoric of Irony*, Chicago and London: The University of Chicago Press, 1974. Print.
- Frye, Northrop. *The Anatomy of Criticism*. London: Penguin. 1990. Print.
- Gilbert, Stuart. *James Joyce’s Ulysses*. Harmondsworth: Penguin, in association with Faber and Faber, 1963. Print.
- Gifford, Don with Seidman, Robert. *Ulysses Annotated*. Berkley, Los Angeles, London, University of California Press, 1974. e-book.
- Hill, Geoffrey. *Clavics*. London: Enitharmon Press. 2011. Print.

- Hipolito, Jeffrey. "Give Me the Key." *The Critical Flame Journal of Literature and Culture*. 2011. Web. 24 May 2012.
- Joyce, James. *Ulysses*, Gabler, Hans Walter with Steppé, Wolfhard Melchior, Claus eds. New York: Vintage. Print.
- Kearney, Richard. *Poetics of Imagining. From Modern to Postmodern*. Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press. 1998. Print.
- Kittler, Friedrich. *Gramophone, Film, Typewriter*, English translation by Winthrop-Young, Geoffrey, Wutz, Michael, Palo Alto: Stanford University Press, 1999. Print.
- Lessing, Doris. *The Fifth Child*. New York: Vintage. 1988. Print.
- Lowry, Elizabeth. "Yeti" *London Review of Books*, March 2001. Web. 25 May 2012.