

From Stephen's "Roads" to Postmodern Places in the Later Joyce

Richard Brown

Joycean places, the subject of my contribution to this conference on the fascinatingly named and, of course, yet-to-be-fully-charted topic of "glocalising" Joyce, is a topic which, for me, grows naturally from my recent work on the *Companion to James Joyce* for Blackwell which allowed me to commission chapters on various localities—some more local some more global—that provided or can provide contexts for our reading of Joyce. These localities included places and contexts closely associated with Joyce himself (such as Dublin, Paris, Trieste and Gibraltar) and also some others (including India, New Zealand, Japan and East Asia) that might help us explore and define new kinds of perspective on his work. I didn't think of calling it this at the time but this is a topic which, we might call Joycean geography or even better, quoting *Finnegans Wake*, "Geoglyphy" (*FW* 595.07): a geoglyph is a form of carving or marking on the surface of the earth (Roland McHugh glosses it as cave painting), but might be used here to open up a discussion of the very Joycean ways that Joyce's texts rewrite the globe.

So, this present invitation to think more about the topics of the global and the

local—topics that I think the Asian Joyce group with its particular localisation in relation to the Joyce text can be well-placed to engage in a distinctive way—took me back again, as the title of my talk indicates, to the end of Joyce’s autobiographical novel *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*.

At the end of *A Portrait*, Stephen Dedalus finally decides to put into operation his ambitious plan to “fly by those nets” of his contemporaries, to “welcome [...] life” and to “encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience” by escaping to a new world, apparently one of imagination, freedom and adventure. Of course we assume that his journey will be fraught with challenges and no doubt the young man’s rhetoric can be shown to be vulnerable to countless ironic undercurrents. Opportunities for travel can be positively embraced by characters in Joyce’s fiction, but they can also represent danger and be refused. Remember, for example, the heroine of the short story “Eveline” in *Dubliners* who refuses to travel to Buenos Aires with her young man Frank for various reasons stated or unstated in the story itself which critics have debated ever since (Mullin 56-82). Adventures, like those in “Araby,” for example, or literary ambitions such as those of Little Chandler in “A Little Cloud” or Gabriel Conroy in “The Dead” tend to be swiftly deflated in Joyce’s stories in *Dubliners*. Stephen’s identification with the mythic archetype of Dedalus the builder of labyrinths and wings is shadowed by his memory of the unfortunate Icarus. Most readers spot this classic nexus for Modernist reading in the closure of the novel even if they don’t always go beyond it. Readers conclude that Stephen’s motivations might include escaping the ideological pressures of some aspects of his contemporary Ireland: colonialism, Roman Catholicism, nationalism or all three. They see that he may be seeking to develop his career as a secular intellectual, writer or artist (to “forge the uncreated conscience of my race” as he puts it), or else they may suspect that he wishes to banish the spectre of his sexual frustrations with his shadowy girlfriend Emma, who he has seen, apparently for the last time, the day before.

But, with our attention to the theme of the global and of localization, we might wonder where in the world, to what specific destination, does this Stephen intend

to go? There are, of course, various answers to this question, explicit or implicit, which readers and critics tend to give. Stephen, *like* Joyce himself in 1902, may be going to Paris to study medicine, they might say (though the text itself doesn't give any clue to support this idea), or else they might note that *unlike* Joyce (whose second and final departure from Dublin in 1904 was an elopement with his partner Nora Barnacle to Pola and Trieste) this Stephen is going off somewhere alone.

As far as the text itself is concerned, the answer is most nearly given in a passage of Stephen's diary that is evidently an "epiphany" – one of those passages of prose poetry which the young Joyce wrote down, apparently at first for their own sake as moments of glimpsed significance, building them later into the dense narrative and psychological structures of his major prose fiction. So the passage partly stands alone and here it is.

16 April: Away! Away!

The spell of arms and voices: the white arms of roads, their promise of close embraces and the black arms of tall ships that stand against the moon, their tale of distant nations. They are held out to say: We are alone. Come. And the voices say with them: We are your kinsmen. (*P* 213)

This, like most of Joyce, is dense and rewards extended analysis. It's full of difficulties or surprising usages for the reader to address. To whom, for example, do these "arms" and "voices" that Stephen imagines, belong? Where do their voices come from? What spells have they cast—and, if they're magic spells, are they well-intentioned or malign? On what basis do these apparently unknown figures claim to be Stephen's "kinsmen"? If there are several of them, how can they claim to be alone, in that unnervingly illogical phrase "We are alone"? What, how and why do roads "promise"? Is there something almost sexual in what is said to be their "embrace"?

These questions, we might think, are almost unanswerable and what answers we may offer for them partly depend on how we want to read the poetic figure of personification which is used with such a conspicuous flourish here. These aren't

literal arms and voices—they are the “arms” and “voices” of the personified “roads” and “tall ships” that are to be the means of Stephen’s journey. In a way they confirm the reading that Stephen is not going *to* anywhere specific at all. He is rather to be understood as going *from* somewhere or else they suggest that he is going to travel for the sake of travel. Rather like the spirit of the later twentieth-century paradigm of Jack Kerouac and the American beat generation, he’s going *On the Road*.

Reading with the benefit of hindsight from the start of *Ulysses*, where Stephen is back again in the modern urban reality of Dublin, we may see the whole departure project as undercut, since in that book the role of the romantic literary artist is profoundly reassessed in terms of its new place in the spaces of the modern city, but, I also want to float the idea here that we could read the end of *A Portrait* backwards from the language of *Finnegans Wake*, where signification is undercut not so much by irony as by multiple meanings, or polysemy. Joyce’s explanatory letter about the word “bottom” in the “Penelope” episode of *Ulysses*, for instance, refers to “bottom in all senses” and, glossing the first paragraph of *Finnegans Wake* to his patron Harriet Weaver in 1926, he refers to “viola in all moods and senses” (SL 285, 316). So perhaps we can look back at Stephen’s “roads,” through this expanded Wakean kind of reading (what I referred to in an earlier article as the “Dante principle” in Joyce’s language) (Brown 1998, 188-94) as a way of taking us further into the distinctive exploration of the global and the local in Joyce.

On the level of mythic locality, for example, Stephen’s mythic prototype takes off from the island of Crete in the southern Mediterranean. Is it just a coincidence that the name of the nearby island to which one might conceivably fly from Crete is Rodos which is, in English, called Rhodes, spelled R-h-o-d-e-s? Could this point us to a new element of Mediterranean cultural locality to which Joyce or Stephen may unconsciously refer?

But I’ve argued we increasingly need to look outside and beyond the traditional centres of Europe and North America to listen to and take advantage from the widening reach of Joyce’s reputation and the other contexts and locations provided

by the developing internationality of our reading and study of cultures and texts. So it is interesting to me that this spelling of roads as R-h-o-d-e-s can call to mind the longer journeys and destinations of British nineteenth-century colonial expansion of which Ireland was both a victim and sometimes more or less reluctant part. Cecil Rhodes was one of the most prominent British colonialists in Southern Africa, founder of the diamond mining company De Beers (which still produces 40% of the world's diamonds) and of the state of Rhodesia, named after him in 1895, quickly divided into northern and southern parts which subsequently became Zambia in 1964 and Zimbabwe in 1980. Rhodes' will left a large amount of money to fund the cleverest of students from former British colonies especially Southern Africa to attend the University of Oxford and indeed I myself visited Rhodes House in Oxford this summer to help celebrate the publication of a new book by the Professor of World Literatures there about Nelson Mandela on Mandela's 90th birthday—those famous scholarships now being called the Mandela-Rhodes scholarships.¹⁾

Bearing in mind such coincidences as the geographical proximity of Rhodes to Crete; the prominence of Cecil Rhodes and Rhodesia in South African history and the fortuitous fact that Rhodes was a supporter of Joyce's childhood hero Charles Stuart Parnell and died in the year of Joyce's first departure from Dublin in 1902, it may be something of a disappointment to discover that Joyce, even the later Joyce, doesn't seem to refer much at all to Rhodes in his work. The Joyce of *Ulysses* was of course interested in Mediterranean journeys and in Southern Africa. Bloom's father-in-law Major Tweedy fought in the Boer War (Brown 1999, 81-89). And the later Joyce of *Finnegans Wake*, which typically takes us on amazing and expansive linguistic and geographic journeys of coincidence and connectedness between the names of places, includes journeys beyond Europe to Africa, where the ancient cultures of Egypt and the Nile offer prototypes for the characters of Shem and Anna Livia and the Egyptian cult of the dead forms a recurrent trope for the theme of death and resurrection which is so important in the book. Another

1) Elleke Boehmer, *Nelson Mandela* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2008).

prominent voyage of the nineteenth century into Africa – the exploratory voyage by Burton and Speke in search of the source of the Nile in central Africa – becomes a recurrent reference point in the *Wake* for sexual curiosity and for the search for the origins of language and meaning indeed for origins of all kinds which, it is repeatedly suggested by the book’s linguistic play, are always at least to some extent lost. “Homfrie Noanswa!” (*FW* 023.20) being one of the first of many references to African lakes at the source of the Nile that both insist upon a specific location and at the same time seem to imply that the destination, once discovered, doesn’t hold any answers after all – a phenomenon named “the secret of their soorcelosness” (*FW* 023.19) in the *Wake* and glossed in another of Joyce’s letters to Harriet Weaver (*SL* 322).²

For Joyce, it is sometimes suggested, Dublin remained the primary location despite many other places which he visited or in which he lived, though I’d say that much in recent Joyce criticism whilst revealing and confirming the significance of the Irish context has also revealed and confirmed the vital importance of these other places too: Trieste, Zurich, Paris but also a host of other places named by Joyce which now celebrate their Joycean associations. In *Finnegans Wake* we may say that place itself gets lost in linguistic displacement – that all places somehow merge into one – and it might sometimes have been argued that its particulars soon get swamped in the universals so that meaning is confused or lost. But it is also the case that the wake creates for its reader an encyclopaedia – a wild wikipedia if you like – of specific localities so that we can never claim to have understood a word or passage, let alone the totality of the book’s experiences – until we have found out what they are. In this way its questions and subverts universals presenting us instead with an accumulation of particularities that never settles or stands still.

2) For fuller discussions of Joyce’s Africa and his use of the explorations of the Nile in relation to language and origin than can be given here I would direct the reader to Sheldon Brivic, “Afric Anna, Joyce’s Multiracial heroine,” in *Joyce’s Waking Women* (Milwaukee: University of Wisconsin Press, 1995), pp. 54-67 and Laurent Milesi, “Metaphors of the Quest in *Finnegans Wake*,” in *Finnegans Wake: Fifty Years, European Joyce Studies 2* (Amsterdam: Rodopi, 1990), pp. 79-107.

Any journey implies a specific destination and Stephen's reluctance to name the destination for his journey at the end of *A Portrait* can be suggestive of his youth, his idealism or his naivety or it might be connected to what many readers and critics of Joyce see as the author's fascination with complex patterns of circularity and return rather than reliance on established models of linear progression.³⁾ Prominent examples of this include the voyage and return that we see as fundamental to Homer's *Odyssey* which Joyce uses as a scaffold for the action of *Ulysses*: Joyce's repeated return to the subject of his home city of Dublin and the repeated daily journey of going out and returning home that is the habitual activity of the modern city-dweller and everyman Leopold Bloom.

I suppose that my train of punning associations around the word "roads" which has taken us, so far, on a journey around the Mediterranean and even to Africa, shows up the extent to which Joyce's densely packed and polysemantic writing, especially when it loosens its grip on the literal, can take us on longer and more various journeys than we might expect, tied together by unanticipated specific references and chance connections between them in the sounds or spellings of words – journeys that may seem pointless and irrelevant but may for all that (if we open ourselves to their aleatory effects) may come to speak quite directly to our twenty-first century experiences of rapidly increasing global travel and communication and the inevitable encounters with the specifics of cultural difference that these experiences represent. Now, as you'll have noticed, this journey, so far, has only got us to Africa, though, as you'll have guessed, it's surely bound to take us into Asia at some point soon and hopefully, by some devious argumentative means or other, not just to the soul of Joycean places but also to the Joycean place of Seoul in Korea.

Now, I've written four books on Joyce and edited a periodical, the *James Joyce Broadsheet*, for more than twenty five years, so I can personally testify that

3) See Finn Fordham, *Lots of Fun at Finnegans Wake: Unravelling Universals* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2007) and his chapter in *A Companion to James Joyce* for a fascinating recent version of this view.

following the special demands made by the sustained and advanced study of James Joyce's texts has led me to some quite unexpected parts of Joycean "geoglyphy." These include the usual places of Joyce's residence, those traditionally favoured by the International James Joyce Foundation for our Symposia such as Dublin, Trieste, Paris, Zurich, London, Rome, Gibraltar (and/or Seville) and to the North American Universities which have hosted these conferences or where the more substantial Joyce collections are held. But then I could also recall Uppsala in Sweden – briefly mentioned in connection to what he sees as "lascivious" bathing customs by the prudish Stephen in the "Proteus" episode of *Ulysses* (*U* 3.235). Sometimes the Joyce text is an odd guidebook and the Joycean reference may not have so much to do with the reality of the place itself. The real Uppsala is in fact the home town of the great Swedish film director Ingmar Bergman and one of Sweden's oldest University towns, where I found myself supervising a very substantial Ph. D. thesis on Joyce, Hegel and history – which had very little connection to Stephen's fear of bathing at all. Of course the thesis challenged my understanding of Joyce on many levels but also the experience of visiting Uppsala itself contributed to my local understanding of Stephen's enigmatic reference to the place.

I've found myself talking about Joyce's reading of Scandinavian fiction at the Norwegian Academy of Letters in Oslo – Ibsen's Christiania as the young Joyce called it. I've led Joyce-inspired walks around my home city Leeds looking for traces of its *Ulysses*-like 1904 past (in fact the University of Leeds was set up in 1904) even though Leeds itself is only referred to once by Joyce in the phrase "as different as York from Leeds" (*FW* 576.22), a joke about its difference from the nearby York which draws on the English idiom "as different as chalk from cheese" and works when the specific places and the rhythm of the phrase are subliminally recognised. Place-names and words are persistently jumbled up in *Finnegans Wake* in a way that deliberately subverts the propriety of the proper name and at the same time comically localises at kinds of qualities by connecting them to apparent references to real places. The names of rivers woven into the ALP chapter, the names of cities and mountains associated with HCE fill a chunky 400 page

Finnegans Wake gazetteer (one of my favourite Joyce books has always been Louis Mink's *Gazetteer*). Most readers can call up their favourite place-name puns from the text but there's nothing like enough time to sketch there, let alone here, the full range of the *errinerung* (the memory) or associations in the "riverrun" (*FW* 003.01), or the messages from actual Mesopotamias in the "Messagepostumia" (*FW* 607.09) of the *Wake*.

Following the Joycean trace has led me to what is (at least for people from the British Isles) the most distant antipodean destination of the globe: New Zealand, which has, inevitably, its own range of Joycean connections elaborated by another contributor to the *Companion*. But then I've also found myself lecturing for the British Council in such places as Lublin in eastern Poland just after the fall of communism – a place whose name crops up in *Finnegans Wake* presumably because it sounds so similar to Dublin. Some years ago I lectured on Joyce in La Coruña in Galicia – not an especially Joycean destination in itself, I thought, but then it is close to the famous old cathedral city of Santiago de la Compostela, final destination of the ancient Christian pilgrim route – the *camino* – that leads from (among other places) the Tour St Jacques in the centre of Paris to this Western extremity of Northern Spain.

The *camino* is deeply embedded in literature from the mediaeval French *Song of Roland* to Ernest Hemingway's jazz age classic *Fiesta* and the subject of a more recent book based on his experiences of it by the enormously popular Portuguese Brazilian author Paulo Coelho.⁴ Since Joyce's Christian name James is Jacques in French and Iago in Spanish I couldn't help associating the *camino* with our secular voyaging for meaning in the wake of Joyce's writing and this association has understandably enough been developed more seriously in articles by some of the active Spanish James Joyce experts who have the local expertise and interest to draw out this thread in the texts.⁵

4) Paulo Coelho, *The Pilgrimage* (1987), trans. Alan R. Clarke (London: Thorsons, 1997).

5) See for example, Richard Brown, "Joycean Sightings," *James Joyce Broadsheet* 49 (February 1998), p. 4.

Of course I myself sometimes have some time off from Joyce. As it happens I've taken recently to walking sections of the *camino* on my vacations, though the experience of walking along with a rapidly changing group of people who might be talking Spanish (or indeed the more local Basque or Gallego) or French, or any one of the number of European languages of the country of their starting point, inevitably reminds at least this modern pilgrim of the multilingual experience of reading *Finnegans Wake*, into which Joyce wove the traces of more than forty languages, familiar and less familiar, including, for example, the mysterious and unique language of Basque, Arabic, East African languages as well as oriental languages such as Chinese, Japanese (twinned with "Javanese," *FW* 152.11) and Ainu, if not unfortunately Korean, as far as I am aware.⁶) Joyce himself, his grandson has recalled, liked in later years, when his eyesight was failing, to go to the major rail terminals in Paris to listen to the range of languages spoken by arriving travellers—an experience of linguistic diversity and cultural difference with which modern air travellers as well as pedestrian pilgrims are increasingly familiar.

On my own most recent walk on the *camino* a few weeks ago I found myself in the company of a quiet, self-contained young woman, who slowly befriended another young woman and a father and son who kindly took a photograph of my wife and I together during a coffee break as we rose above the clouds of the French mountain town of St John Pied de Port, into the high Pyrenees and towards the Spanish border which we were about to cross. Now it didn't turn out that this father and son were keen experts on James Joyce, but it did turn out that they were from Seoul and offered the interesting statistics that some 25% of the population of Korea are Christian by religion and around 15% Roman Catholic and that 1% of pilgrims on the *camino* come from Korea. This was confirmed shortly afterwards

6) Joyce's languages were the subject of many articles in *A Wake Newslitter* by Peter Skrabanek and others, many of whose discoveries are now found in *Annotations to Finnegans Wake* by Roland McHugh. For a specialist account of the range of languages used in *Finnegans Wake*, see Laurent Milesi, "L'Idiome babélien de Finnegans Wake: recherches thématique dans une perspective génétique," in *Genèse de Babel: Joyce et la Creation*, ed. Claude Jacquet (Paris: Editions du CNRS, 1985), pp. 155-215.

when the two young women I mentioned earlier also turned out to be from Korea. "How do you say hello in Korean?" I asked (researching for this trip) and they replied together with a beaming smile and a wave: *an-yong*. It wasn't until I started writing this lecture and checking on the references for publication that I also discovered that Paulo Coelho is half Brazilian and half Korean. I didn't have the time to complete the whole pilgrimage this time, but my Korean friends, if they are still walking, should be getting to Santiago right about now.

But I don't in fact need to rely on personal anecdote and chance encounter and coincidence to bring this narrative of global journeys and specific destinations inspired by or connected to Joyce around to East Asia and Korea, since one of the very best known essays written on Joyce during the last twenty-five years does this job for me and also allows me to take the discussion onto a more abstract theoretical plane. Jacques Derrida's famous essay "Ulysse *gramophone: oui-dire de Joyce*" is translated into English under the title "Ulysses *Gramophone: Hear Say Yes in Joyce*." It constructs an extraordinary brilliant argument about Joyce's book in theory and in some textual detail which is addressed in part to the final "yes" of Molly Bloom's soliloquy and in part to the many postcards, telephones and gramophones that recur through *Ulysses*. In part it also proceeds according to a principle of openness to the aleatory or chance nature of signification in the reading of written text that he demonstrates in relation to his own experiences of being invited to give a plenary lecture to a Joyce symposium in Frankfurt in 1984, and of writing it whilst searching for postcards in the basement of the Okura Hotel in Tokyo,⁷⁾ confirming an appropriately prominent place for this hotel among the postmodern places of the Joycean world (comparable perhaps to the Bonaventura Hotel in Los Angeles used by Frederic Jameson in his classic study of *Postmodernism*).

7) Jacques Derrida, "Ulysse *gramophone: oui-dire de Joyce*" much reprinted, for example, in Genèse de Babel (op.cit.), pp. 227-264; trans. as "Ulysses *Gramophone: Hear Say Yes in Joyce*," in Jacques Derrida, *Acts of Literature*, ed. Derek Attridge (London: Routledge, 1992), pp. 253-309.

I'll quote the line that begins this thread of the argument in French and offer my own translation because, even for English speakers, it's sometimes easier to understand Derrida in that language:

“L'aléa auquel j'ai dit *oui*—the chance encounter to which I said yes—décidant par là même *vousy* livrer—deciding at the same time to subject *you* to it—je lui donne le nom propre de Tokyo—I give its proper name, Tokyo.”

“Tokyo:” [he goes on in the published translation] “does this city lie on the Western circle that leads to Dublin or to Ithaca?”⁸⁾

The particular passage of *Ulysses* whose chance appearance Derrida then begins to explore is the phrase “Great battle, Tokio” (*U* 16.1240) which he spots in the “Eumeaus” or cabman’s shelter episode of *Ulysses* and uses as an opportunity to interpret some of the items in that passage and ultimately to mount what is both a brilliant example of deconstructive reading and a fascination vindication of the nature of Joycean expertise in the contemporary academy and of the legitimacy of his own experience as a reader of the text however local or contingent that may be.

It’s great, of course, that Derrida spots the reference to Tokyo in this fascinating passage and says yes to its significance but the dependence of his reading on Tokyo the actual place is equally fascinating in the complexity or even treacherousness of its reference to that specific locality at this particular textual moment—a treacherousness, which, as luck would have it, in this instance also brings us on a journey from Japan nearer to Korea.

Eishiro Ito in his chapter on the Asian Joyce in the *Companion to James Joyce* fortuitously reminds readers of that volume of a detail that’s no doubt more often visible to Asian readers of *Ulysses*. As close readers of the long-winded vagaries

8) *Genèse de Babel*, p. 228. The translation in *Acts of Literature* (p.258), bringing out other emphases such as the pun on French “*oui*” and English “we” and “you” runs: “The throw of the dice to which I said *oui*, deciding in the same gesture to subject *you* to it too: I give it the proper name Tokyo. Tokyo: does this city lie on the western circle that leads back to Dublin or to Ithaca?”

of "Eumaeus" will also perhaps realise, that Joyce's character Bloom is not actually recalling a battle in Tokyo at all. It makes better sense for us to suppose (not that any conceivable first time reader could know this) that his eye rests upon and apparently misreads an actual headline in the newspaper, the Dublin *Evening Telegraph* of Thursday 16 June 1904, in which several brief reports from the Russo-Japanese war include an article headed:

The War/ Big Battle at Telissa/ Russian Defeat.
Japs take 300 Prisoners and 14 Guns.⁹⁾

Ito points out that Telissa (or Talissa as it is variously spelled) is far from being Tokyo, but is a village on the Liaodong peninsula in modern China to the West of North Korea, where the battle in question took place on 14th and 15th June 1904 resulting in one of a series of victories for the Japanese which stemmed the contemporary Russian advance towards their goal of establishing a warm water pacific port and helped established Japan's credibility as a modern world power and its authority over the area including modern Korea, somewhat confirming the apparently habitual claim of Larry O'Rourke the shopkeeper at the end of Bloom's Eccles street that we have heard earlier in the day that "The Russians, they'd only be an eight o'clock breakfast for the Japanese" (*U* 4.116-7). That these news reports are sourced from "Tokio" confirms for us that the phrase might be Bloom's mistake and the prevalence of mistakes in the chapter confirms that Joyce might have bothered to make it so. But who in their right minds might be expected to know that or to bother to find it out? Probably the answer is that only those interested in that history, in that locality, would be prepared or be able to do so, so, for instance, it's interesting to us today to note that subsequent articles in the *Telegraph* also record naval activity in the Korean straits.

Now, the point of bringing our journey to this hidden reference to Korea and

9) *Evening Telegraph. Thursday 16 June 1904*. Page 2 Column 9. Facsimile reconstruction. (Edinburgh: Split Pea Press, 2004).

its environs is not, of course, to try to catch anyone out, to say that one kind of reading of *Ulysses* is right and another kind of reading is wrong. On the contrary, I think, visiting this “Korean” perspective, helps us to consider in parallel two prominent strategies for dealing with the localisation of meaning in Joyce—an theoretical emphasis on the one hand on the explicit contemporary context and positionality of the reader and on the other the justification of a reading by historical research, the authority of a discovered source in print, actual history or geography perceived in some way to be independent of the reader or the text themselves.

In the end it is hard to say which is the more interesting, which tells us more about James Joyce. Jacques Derrida said yes to giving a lecture about Joyce whilst in a hotel in Tokyo looking at postcards and therefore felt interested in Tokyo and in postcards as they appear in the text, thereby constructing a methodology for a new deconstructive mode of reading literary text. But the word Tokyo can be construed through research as in this instance not referring to Tokyo at all but to Telissa —that we can trace it back to its “origin” in the *Evening Telegraph* of 16 June 1904 much nearer to Korea than to Japan? Both of these readings offer important insight into Joyce’s places though neither, perhaps, could tell the full story on its own. Both, I think represent fascinating examples of what —borrowing Derek Attridge’s term Joyce’s “effects”¹⁰)— we might call the “localisation effect” that can be so important in our contemporary globalised worlds of literary critical interchange. In this case we have two contrasting examples of the probably irreducible effects of locality in defining and directing the interpretation of literary texts.

What’s more, both readings would seem to me to invite general thoughts about the play between the global and the local that is our theme, thoughts about the misunderstandings that can occur across the distances of geographically and culturally locations and of the ever-present need for imagining and listening to perspectives on text that are construed from different points of cultural view. And

10) Derek Attridge, *Joyce Effects* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2000).

they suggest different but equally pressing emphasis in what is now often called the "ethics" of reading: on the one hand an openness to the aleatory or chance elements in the act of reading that can throw up the most exciting insights into text and, on the other, a rigorous and meticulous attention to the particularity of that "other" thing that the text requires us to understand.

So from Stephen's departure at the end of *A Portrait* and the difficult, even unanswerable questions about destination which his articulation of it might imply, we have, I think, arrived at our own destination. This is not just the destination of this particular geographical locality where we are, of course, very happy to be gathered together today to discuss James Joyce, but is, I think also a more general address to some of the challenges and experiences that reading Joyce presents and the current methodologies and issues that that may guide or inform that reading. I've floated some new terms for this—Joycean "geoglyphy" and the "localisation effect." Twin obligations for openness to the aleatory and for respect for the particularity of the other are among the challenges posed to us—sometimes in quite extreme forms—by the reading and study of Joyce's texts. These are also the demands placed upon us by living in the contemporary world.

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Abstract

From Stephen's "Roads" to Postmodern Places in the Later Joyce

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This paper investigates the developing representation of place in the writings of James Joyce arguing that the reading of such places may be significantly influenced by different kinds of "localisation effect" relating to the locality of the reader. It begins with a reading of Stephen's promised departure from Dublin at the end of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* which questions the extent to which his intended journey has an actual or implied destination. The realisation that this question is unanswered in the text gives rise to an extended discussion of the global places of Joyce's reception as a writer which is prompted by the punning associations of the word "roads." A consideration of aspects of Joyce's treatment in his later writing of African and Asian places gives way to a contrast between two modes of reading Leopold Bloom's reference to "Great battle, Tokio" in the "Eumaeus" episode of *Ulysses* (*U* 16.1240). One of these readings comes from Jacques Derrida's classic deconstructive reading of *Ulysses* in his essay "*Ulysse gramophone: Oui-dire de Joyce*" and the other returns to Joyce's source in the Dublin *Evening Telegraph* of Thursday 16 June 1904 to identify the place actually referred to as Telissa on the Liaodong peninsula in modern mainland China and consequently somewhat closer to modern Korea than to Japan. These two readings are both characterised by the "localisation effect." In the first case this producing an openness to the chance or aleatory association and in the second an investigative reading informed by the rigorous particularities of local knowledge and perspective.

■ **Key words** : roads, localisation effect, aleatory, particularity, Asian contexts

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