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DERRIDA AND JOYCE
Texts and Contexts

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Ulysses Gramophone: Hear Say Yes in Joyce

translated by François Raffoul

Oui, oui, you are hearing me well, these are French words.

To be sure, and I do not need to confirm it with another sentence, it suffices that you have heard this first word, oui, to know, at least if you know enough French, that thanks to the authorization generously granted to me by the organizers of this James Joyce Symposium, I would address you, more or less, in the language supposed to be mine [ma langue supposée], this last expression nevertheless remaining a quasi-Anglicism.

However, can oui be cited and translated? This is one of the questions that I intend to raise in this talk. How will one translate the sentences that I just sent your way? The one I began with, just as Molly begins and ends what one calls a bit lightly her monologue, namely with the repetition of a oui, does not merely mention, it uses in its own way the twoouis, those that I now cite: oui, oui. In my incipit, you could not decide, and you still cannot, whether I was telling you oui or whether I was citing, or, more generally speaking, whether I mentioned the word oui twice to recall, I am citing, that these are indeed French words.

In the first instance, I affirm or acquiesce, I subscribe, I approve, I respond or I promise, I commit myself in any case and I sign: To take up the old speech act theory distinction, still useful up to a point, between use and mention, the use of the oui is always at least implicated in the moment of a signing.

In the second instance, I would have mentioned or cited, rather, the oui, oui. Now, if the act of citing or mentioning no doubt also supposes some signing and confirmation of the mentioning act, it still remains implicit and the implicit oui is not to be confused with the cited or mentioned oui.

Thus, you still do not know what I meant to say or do by beginning with this sentence: “Oui, oui, you are hearing me well, these are French words.” In truth, you do not hear me or understand me well at all.
I repeat the question: how will one translate the sentences that I just sent your way? To the extent that they mention, or cite the oui, it is the French word that they repeat and the translation is in principle absurd or illegitimate: yes, yes, these are not French words. When at the end of the *Discours de la Méthode*, Descartes explains why he decided to write in the language of his country, the Latin translation of the *Discours* simply omits this paragraph. What would be the sense of writing in Latin a sentence that essentially states: here are the good reasons why I am presently writing in French? It is true that the Latin translation was the only one to have violently erased this affirmation of the French language. For it was not indeed one translation among others, since it claimed to return the *Discours de la Méthode*, according to the prevailing law of philosophical society of the time, to what should have been the true original in its true language. Let's leave this for another occasion.1

I simply wanted to emphasize that the affirmation of a language by itself is untranslatable. The act that, in a language, remarks the language itself thus affirms it twice, once by speaking it, and once by saying that it is thus spoken; it opens the space of a re-marking that at once and in the same double-stroke, defies and calls for a translation. Following a distinction that I ventured elsewhere with respect to the history and name of Babel, what remains untranslatable is in the end the only thing to translate, the only thing translatable.2 What is to be translated in the translatable can only be the untranslatable.

You have already understood that I was preparing the way to speak to you about the oui, or at least about some of its modalities, and as a first sketch in certain passages from *Ulysses*.

To put an end without delay to the inerminable circulation or circumnavigation, to avoid the aporia while seeking the best beginning, I threw myself in the water, as one says in French, and I decided to surrender myself along with you to a chance encounter. With Joyce, chance is always recaptured by law, sense, and the program, in accordance with the overdetermination of figures and ruses. And yet the chance character of encounters and the random nature of coincidences are themselves affirmed, accepted, yes, even approved in all occurrences [échéances]. In all occurrences, that is to say, in all the genealogical chances that divert a legitimate filiation, in *Ulysses* and probably elsewhere. This is all too clear in the encounter between Bloom and Stephen, to which I will return shortly.

To throw oneself in the water, I was saying. I was thinking of the water of a lake, to be precise. But you might have thought: a bottle in the sea, you know Joyce's word. Lakes were not that foreign to him, I will clarify this further.

The chance to which I said oui, if it, I shall give it the proper name of Tokyo: would this city find itself to Dublin or Ithaca?

An errancy without calculation, ness' led me one day to this passage ("Bloom names "the coincidence of meet of the here today and gone tomorrow of events, all went to make up a minia (U 16.1222-25).

"The galaxy of events" was translatements" that loses all the milk and thus irrigate *Ulysses* to precisely make of it here another parenthetical. We were when it is repeated, whether in a "me pens when it becomes a trademark, the commercial license? And since we are when yes becomes, yes, a brand or a bra to Ohio, this marked place in *Ulysses* Dannon yogurt which is simply called on the lid, the ad slogan says: "Bet Yo "Coincidence of meeting," stating citing. A bit further the name Tokyo the heading of a newspaper page, The elbow, "as luck would have it" (U 16, the paragraph.

The name Tokyo is associated with 16.1240). It is not Troy but Tokyo in .

Now I happened to be in Tokyo there that I began to write this lecture to a small pocket tape recorder.

I decided to date it in this way of May 11 when I was looking for the "basement" of the Okura hotel. I portraying Japanese lakes, shall we say of following the edges of the lake in U the lakes, between the lake of life the Mat Lucas Morris mentioned in the hosp matern symbol: "( . . ) they come tro [. . ]. Onward to the dead sea they 96).
The chance to which I said oui, thereby deciding to surrender you to it, I shall give it the proper name of Tokyo.

Tokyo: would this city find itself in the Western circle that leads back to Dublin or Ithaca?

An errancy without calculation, the path [randonnée] of a randomness led me one day to this passage ("Eumaeus," The shelter, 1 a.m.) where Bloom names "the coincidence of meeting, discussion, dance, row, old salt of the here today and gone tomorrow type, night loafers, the whole galaxy of events, all went to make up a miniature cameo of the world we live in" (U 16.1222–25).

"The galaxy of events" was translated in French by a "gerbe des événements" that loses all the milk and thus also the milky tea that constantly irrigate Ulysses to precisely make of it a milky way or "galaxy." Allow me here another parenthetical. We were wondering what happens to the oui when it is repeated, whether in a "mention" or in a citation. What happens when it becomes a trademark, the nontransferable title of a kind of commercial license? And since we are here spinning in milk, what happens when yes becomes, yes, a brand or a brand name of yogurt? I will often refer to Ohio, this marked place in Ulysses. Now there is in Ohio a brand of Dannon yogurt which is simply called YES. And under the big YES that is on the lid, the ad slogan says: "Bet You Can't Say No to Yes."

"Coincidence of meeting," states the passage I was in the process of citing. A bit further the name Tokyo appears: suddenly, like a telegram or the heading of a newspaper page, The Telegraph, which is below Bloom's elbow, "as luck would have it" (U 16.1233), it is said at the beginning of the paragraph.

The name Tokyo is associated with a battle, "Great battle, Tokio" (U 16.1240). It is not Troy but Tokyo in 1904: the war with Russia.

Now I happened to be in Tokyo more than a month ago, and it is there that I began to write this lecture, or rather to dictate its main points to a small pocket tape recorder.

I decided to date it in this way—now dating is signing—that morning of May 11 when I was looking for postcards in a sort of newsstand in the "basement" of the Okura hotel. I was specifically looking for postcards portraying Japanese lakes, shall we say precisely inland seas. I had the idea of following the edges of the lake in Ulysses, of venturing in a great tour of the lakes, between the lake of life that is the Mediterranean Sea and the Lacus Mortis mentioned in the hospital scene, precisely dominated by the maternal symbol: "... they come trooping to the sunken sea, Lacus Mortis [...]. Onward to the dead sea they tramp to drink (...)." (U 14.1091–96).
I was thus buying postcards in the Okura hotel. Now the sequence "Great battle, Tokio," after having received misleading genealogy and the erratic "galaxy of events," etc., is a passage from a postcard without address, but One would therefore say from a postcard which underlines the character of anonymous publicity: a postcard does not have a proper addressee, apart from whoever acknowledges receipt through some inimitable signature. Ulysses, an immense postcard. "Mrs. Marion. Did I forget to write address on that letter like the postcard I sent to Flynn?" (U 13.843–44). I single out these postcards in the course of a discursive, or, more precisely, narrative path that I cannot reconstitute each time. There is here an ineluctable problem of method to which I will return later on. The postcard without address that cannot be forgotten comes back to Bloom at the very moment when he searches for a lost letter. "Where did I put the letter? Yes, all right" (U 13.779). We can assume that the reassured "yes" accompanies and confirms the return of memory: the location of the letter has been found again. A bit further, after Reggy's "silly postcard," we come across the "silly letter": "Damned glad I didn't; do it in the bath this morning over her silly I will punish you letter" (U 13.786–87). Let us allow the perfume of this bath and the vengeance of the letter the time to arrive to us. This increase in derision includes Molly's sarcasms against the one who "now hes going about in his slippers to look for £10000 for a postcard U p up O sweetheart May (. . .)" (U 18.228–29).
I was thus buying postcards in Tokyo, in an underground passage of the Okura hotel. Now the sequence that mentions, in a telegraphic style, “Great battle, Tokio,” after having recalled the “coincidence of meeting,” the misleading genealogy and the erratic seed that links Stephen to Bloom, the “galaxy of events,” etc., is a passage from another postcard. Not, this time, from a postcard without address, but from a postcard without a message. One would therefore say from a postcard without text and which would be reduced to the mere association of an image and an address. Now it so happens that here the address is also fictitious. The addressee of this card without message is a kind of fictitious reader. Before returning to it, let us form a circle with the “Tokyo” sequence, which I must cite: It follows closely the extraordinary exchange between Bloom and Stephen on the motif of belonging:

“You suspect, Stephen retorted with a sort of half laugh, that I may be important because I belong to the faubourg Saint Patrice called Ireland for short” (U 16.1160–62).

—I would go a step farther, Mr. Bloom insinuated (by rendering: “a step farther” as “un peu plus loin,” the French translation, notwithstanding the co-signer J. J., misses, among so many other things, the “step father” which superimposes, at the heart of all these genealogical fantasies, with their genetic crossovers and hazardous disseminations, a dream of legitimation through adoption and return of the son or through marriage with the daughter).

(Now, one never knows who belongs to whom, what to whom, what to what, who to what. There is no subject of the belonging, no more than there is an owner of the postcard: it remains without an assigned addressee).

—But I suspect, Stephen interrupted, that Ireland must be important because it belongs to me.

—What belongs? queried Mr. Bloom, bending, fancying he was perhaps under some misapprehension. Excuse me. Unfortunately I didn’t catch the latter portion. What was it you? (.)

(Stephen then hastens matters)—We can’t change the country. Let us change the subject. (U 16.1160–71)

It is not enough to go to Tokyo to change the country, or even the language.

A bit farther, then, the return of the messageless postcard addressed to a fictitious addressee. Bloom thinks of the chance nature of encounters, the galaxy of events; he dreams of writing, writing about what happens to him, as I do here, his story, “my experiences,” as he says, and as it were keeping
a chronicle of it, a diary [journal] in a newspaper [journal], a personal diary or newspaper, by freely associating.

Here is, we are getting to it, the postcard close to Tokyo: “the coincidence of meeting (…) the whole galaxy of events (…). To improve the shining hour he wondered whether he might meet with anything approaching the same luck (my italics) as Mr. Philip Beaufoy if taken down in writing suppose he were to pen something out of the common groove (as he fully intended doing) at the rate of one guinea per column, My Experiences, let us say, in a Cabman's Shelter” (U 16.1222-31).

My experiences, that is, both my “phenomenology of spirit,” in the Hegelian sense of a “science of the experience of consciousness,” and the great circular return, Ulysses' auto-biographico-encyclopedic circumnavigation: one has often spoken of the Odyssey of the phenomenology of spirit. Here, the phenomenology of spirit would have the form of a diary of consciousness and of the unconscious in the chance form of letters, telegrams, newspapers called, for instance, the Telegraph, long-distance writing, and finally, taken out of a sailor’s pocket, postcards whose text at times only displays a phantom address.

Bloom has just spoken of My Experiences: “The pink edition extra sporting of the Telegraph tell a graphic lie lay, as luck would have it, beside his elbow and as he was just puzzling again, far from satisfied, over a country belonging (still) to him and the preceding rebus the vessel came from Bridgewater and the postcard was addressed A. Boudin find the captain's age, his eyes (I emphasize the word eyes, I will return to this) went aimlessly over the respective captions which came under his special province the allembracing give us this day our daily press. First he got a bit of a start but it turned out to be only something about somebody named H. du Boyes, agent for typewriters or something like that. Great battle, Tokio. Lovemaking in Irish, £200 damages” (U 16.1232-41).

I will not analyze here the stratigraphy of this “Tokio battle” field, experts could do that without end; the constraints of a conference only allow me to narrate to you, like a postcard cast to sea, my experiences in Tokyo, and then raise in passing the question of the yes, of chance, and of the Joycean experience as expertise: what is an expert, a PhD in things Joycean? What of the Joycean institution, and what am I to think of the hospitality that it honors me with today in Frankfurt?

Bloom associates the allusion to the postcard with what itself already presents a pure associative juxtaposition, an apparently insignificant contiguity, while underlying its insignificance: it is the question of the captain’s age, which one must guess rather than calculate, after the presentation of a series of facts, the figures of a “rebus” without any obvious relation to the question at hand. Nonetheless, what this joke makes clear is that the captain is the captain of a ship.

Now the postcard is precisely that a sea-traveler, a captain who, like U circular journey around a Mediterranean place, same time: “—Why, the sailor a circumnavigated a bit since I first join in China and North America and South plenty, growlers. I was in Stockholm under Captain Dalton, the best bloody Russia (…) I seen manatees in Peru.

He went everywhere except to J is getting a messageless postcard out of fictitious, as fictitious as Ulysses, and in his pockets: “He fumbled out a piece which seemed to be in its way a spectacle the table. The printed matter on it it

All focussed their attention of savage women in striped loin.

His postcard proved a greenhorns for several minutes, it

Mr. Bloom, without evi turned over the card to peruse the postmark. It ran as follows: Tarj Becche, Santiago, Chile. There was particular notice.

Though not an implicit b (…) having detected a discrep he was the person he represent under false colours after having b somewhere) and the fictitious ad him nourish some suspicions of c (…) (U 16.473-99).

I am thus in the process of lakes, and I am apprehensive about give “Joyce scholars” on the yes in Ulysses a when, in the store where I find myse Okura hotel, “coincidence of meeting to Avoid Saying No, by Maasaki Imai. cial diplomacy. It is said that out of possible, to say no even if they mean heard when one means to say no with by yes, and what does translation me
The postcard close to Tokyo: “the coin­
galaxy of events (. . .). To improve the
might meet with anything approach­
hipil Beaufoy if taken down in writing
of the common groove (as he fully
inea per column, My Experiences, let
222-31).

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again, far from satisfied, over a court­
receiving rebus the vessel came from
A. Boudin find the captain’s age,
return to this) went aimlessly over
nder his special province the

He went everywhere except to Japan, I said to myself, and yet here he
is getting a messageless postcard out of his pocket. As for the address, it is
fictitious, as fictitious as
Ulysses,
and this is the only thing that Ulysses has
in his pockets:

“He
fumbled out a picture postcard from his inside pocket
which seemed to be in its way a species of repository and pushed it along
the table. The printed matter on it stated:

Choza de
Indios.
Beni, Bolivia.

All focussed their attention on the scene exhibited, at a group
of savage women in striped loincloths (. . .).

His postcard proved a centre of attraction for Messrs the
greenhorns for several minutes, if not more. (. . .)

Mr. Bloom, without evincing surprise, unostentatiously
turned over the card to peruse the partially obliterated address and
postmark. It ran as follows:

Tarjeta
Postal, Senor A
Boudin, Galeria
Becche, Santiago, Chile.
There was no message evidently, as he took
particular notice.

Though not an implicit believer in the lurid story narrated
(. . .), having detected a discrepancy between his name (assuming
he was the person he represented himself to be and not sailing
under false colours after having boxed the compass on the strict q.t.
somewhere) and the fictitious addressee of the missive which made
him nourish some suspicions of our friend’s
bona fides, nevertheless
(. . .). (U 16.473-99)

I am thus in the process of buying postcards in Tokyo, pictures of
lakes, and I am apprehensive about giving an intimidated presentation before
“Joyce scholars” on the yes in Ulysses and on the institution of Joyce studies,
when, in the store where I find myself by chance, in the basement of the
Okura hotel, “coincidence of meeting,” I fall upon a book entitled 16 Ways
to Avoid Saying No, by Maasaki Imai. It was, I thought, a book of com­
ercial diplomacy. It is said that out of courtesy Japanese avoid, as much as
possible, to say no even if they mean to say no. How does one makes a no
heard when one means to say no without saying it? How one translates
by yes, and what does translation mean when confronted with the singular
couple of the yes/no, this is a question that awaits us in return. Next to this book, on the same shelf and by the same author, another book, still in an English translation: Never Take Yes for an Answer.

Now, if it is very difficult to say anything with any certainty, and certainly metalinguistic, on this singular word yes, which names nothing, which describes nothing, and whose grammatical and semantic status is most enigmatic, I believe that one can at least affirm this about it: it must be taken for an answer. It always has the form of an answer. It occurs after the other, to answer the claim or the question, at least implicit, of the other, even if of the other in me, of the representation in me of another speech. The yes implies, Bloom would say, an "implicit believer" to some call by the other. The yes always has the sense, the function or the mission of an answer, even if this answer, we will see this too, at times has the scope of an unconditional and originary commitment. Now our Japanese author advises us to never take "yes for an answer." This could mean two things: yes can mean no, or yes is not an answer. Outside of the diplomatic-commercial context in which it seems to be located, this cautiousness could take us further.

But I continue the chronicle of "my experiences." At the very moment when I was writing down these titles, an American tourist of the most typical type leaned over my shoulder and sighed: "So many books! What is the definitive one? Is there any?" It was a very small bookstore, a newsstand, really. I almost replied to him, "yes there are two of them, Ulysses and Finnegans Wake," but I kept this yes to myself and smiled dumbly like someone who does not understand the language.

II

Up to this point I have talked to you about letters in Ulysses, about postcards, typewriters, and telegrams: there is still missing the telephone and I must tell you about a telephonic experience.

For a long time, and still today, I thought that I would never be ready to give a lecture on Joyce before an audience of experts. What is an expert, when it comes to Joyce, this is my question. Still intimidated, and behind schedule, I found myself quite embarrassed in March when my friend Jean-Michel Rabate called me on the phone asking me for a title. I did not have one. All I knew was that I wanted to treat the yes in Ulysses. I had even tried, casually, to count them: more than 222 occurrences of the word yes in the so-called original version (and we know better than ever with what caution we must use this expression). I only reached that number, no doubt imprecise, after a first count that only took into account the explicit yeses. I indeed mean the word yes, for there can be a oui, a yes, without the word yes and especially since, immense problem, the count is no longer the same in the translation. The French translation a quarter of these yeses are gathered in a monologue: as soon as there is a yes, the monologue, and the other is connected.

When Jean-Michel Rabate called if I can put it this way, the yeses of Joyce experts; and also what happens archived, recorded, gramophoned, and transference.

Still, I did not have a title, only a page. I asked Rabate to wait a minute and a quick look at the page of notes, an irresistible brevity, the authority of Joyce [l'oui dire de Joyce]. You are here but also the saying or the yes that is citation or like a circulating rumor, in the ear, what one only knows through.

This can only play out in French onymy between the oui, with only one ' and the oui with an umlaut or two ' can be heard (by hearsay, then) more this last word, eyes, I should note in to be read more than heard. Yes in U both spoken and written, vocalized a yes, in a word gramophoned.

The oui dire thus seemed to me and potentially capable of encapsulating Joyce. Rabaté said "yes" to me over a few days later, less than a week, I received de l'auteur en autre lecteur, whose four (with an umlaut). "Curious coincidence - unobtrusively" (U 16.414), at the end of these words, eyes, I should note in to be read more than heard. Yes in U both spoken and written, vocalized a yes, in a word gramophoned.

Now, and Jean-Michel Rabaté clear chance encounter (I was driving onto a Paris street when I saw Jean-Mother, after my return from Japan, the telegraphed, as it were, through a necessity—as on an answering ma
in the translation. The French translation adds a lot of them. More than a quarter of these yeses are gathered in what is ingenuously called Molly’s monologue: as soon as there is a yes, a break will have occurred in the monologue, and the other is connected to some telephone.

When Jean-Michel Rabaté called me, I had thus decided to question, if I can put it this way, the yeses of Ulysses as well as the institution of Joyce experts; and also what happens when a yes is written, cited, repeated, archived, recorded, gramophoned, and made a subject of translation and transference.

Still, I did not have a title, only a statistic and a few notes on a single page. I asked Rabaté to wait a minute, I went back up to my room, took a quick look at the page of notes, and a title came to mind with a sort of irresistible brevity, the authority of a telegraphic order: the saying yes in Joyce [l’oui dire de Joyce]. You are hearing me well, the saying yes in Joyce but also the saying or the yes that is heard, the saying yes that travels like a citation or like a circulating rumor, circumnavigating through the labyrinth of the ear, what one only knows through oui-dire, hearsay.14

This can only play out in French, in the confused and Babelian homonymy between the oui, with only one dotted i, [un point sur l’i c’est tout11] and the oui with an umlaut or two points. The untranslatable homonymy can be heard (by hearsay, then) more than it can be read. The umlaut)Y “Curious coincidence, Mr. Bloom confided to Stephen unobtrusively” (U 16.414), at the moment when the sailor declares that he already knew Simon Dedalus; “coincidence of meeting” (U 16.1222–23), Bloom says a bit later about his encounter with Stephen. I therefore decided to keep this title as a subtitle to commemorate the coincidence, certain as I was that we were not telling the same story under that same title.

Now, and Jean-Michel Rabaté can attest to this, it was during a similar chance encounter (I was driving my mother and jumped out of my car onto a Paris street when I saw Jean-Michel Rabaté) that we later told each other, after my return from Japan, that this coincidence had to have been “telegraphed,” as it were, through a rigorous program whose pre-recorded necessity—as on an answering machine, and even if it went through a great
number of wires—must have gathered in some central site and acted upon us, one and the other, one with or on the other, one before the other without any possibility of assigning any legitimate belonging. But this story of correspondences and telephones does not end here. Rabaté must have shared with someone by telephone my title, which did not fail to produce certain deformations, specifically Joycean and programmed at the expert center, since one day I received a letter on letterhead from the Ninth International James Joyce Symposium from Klaus Reichert with this paragraph: “I am very curious to know about your Lui/Oui’s which could be spelt Louis as well I suppose. And the Louis’ have not yet been detected in Joyce as far as I know. Thus it sounds promising from every angle.”

There is at least one fundamental difference between Rabaté, Reichert, and myself, as there is between all of you and myself, namely competence. All of you are experts, and belong to the most singular of institutions. That institution bears the name of the one who has done everything, and said so, to make it indispensable and to make it function for centuries, like a new tower of Babel to “make a name” again, like a powerful reading, signing, and countersigning machine in the service of his name, of his “patent.” But this is an institution that, as in the case of God with the tower of Babel, he did everything to render impossible and improbable in its principle, to deconstruct in advance, to the point of undermining the very concept of a competence on which an institutional legitimacy could be based, whether it is a competence in knowledge or know-how.

Before returning to this question, that is, the question of what you and I are doing here, with competence and incompetence, I remain a few moments more connected on the phone, before interrupting a more or less telepathic communication with Jean-Michel Rabaté.

We have up to this point accumulated letters, postcards, telegrams, typing machines, etc. One must recall that if Finnegan’s Wake is the sublime Babelization of a penman and a postman,10 the motif of postal différence, of remote control [télécommande] and telecommunication, is already powerfully at work in Ulysses. And this is even remarked, as always, en abyme. For instance, in “The Wearer of the Crown”: “Under the porch of the general post office shoeblacks called and polished. Parked in North Prince’s street His Majesty’s vermilion mailcars, bearing on their sides the royal initials, E. R., received loudly flung sacks of letters, postcards, lettercards, parcels, insured and paid, for local, provincial, British and overseas delivery” (U 7.15–19). This “remote control” technology of television is not an external contextual element, as it affects from within the most elemental meaning, including the inscription or statement of the quasi smallest word, the gramophone of the yes. This is why the circumnavigating errancy of a postcard, letter, or telegram displaces destinations only in the continuous buzzing sound of a telephonic obsession, or, if or an answering machine, a telegraph.

If I am not mistaken, the first p Bloom: “Better phone him up first” “And it was the feast of the Passover had repeated, a bit mechanically, like for a Jew, the one that should never be gramophonated, “Shema Israel. Amen”

If, more or less legitimately (for is when one borrows some segment in one singles out this element in the case can then speak of a telephonic Shema infinite distance (a long distance call, prepuces” [U 1.394; 9.609]),19 and Israel call to Israel, listen Israel, hello Israel person-to-person call.20 The scene of place in the offices of the newspaper (The Tetragram) and Bloom had just or rather, a typesetting machine, a walk to watch a typesetter nearly distr “Reads it backwards first” (U7.205), the name of the father, Patrick, from reading the Haggadah in the same w one could follow the whole series of etc., and the word “practice” appears neatly paternal litany. (“Quickly he does twelve lines lower, “How quickly he de Almost immediately thereafter, we read un coup de téléphone pour commencer say: a phone call [un coup de téléphone] there must have been some phone ca Before the act, or the word, was the telephone. We can hear this coup of random numbers and on which there And it opens within itself this yes to around it. There are several modalities but one of them amounts to simply listening, on the end of the line, re anything else for the moment than I am listening, I hear that you are the I am ready to talk with you). In the the beginning of the phone call.
in some central site and acted upon by the other, one before the other without state belonging. But this story of corresponded here. Rabaté must have shared which did not fail to produce certain programmed at the expert center, Verheugen from the Ninth International chart with this paragraph: “I am very which could be spelt Louis as well it been detected in Joyce as far as I every angle.”


difference between Rabaté, Reichert, you and myself, namely competence. The most singular of institutions. That who has done everything, and said so, it function for centuries, like a new in, like a powerful reading, signing, vice of his name, of his “patent.” But the use of God with the tower of Babel, and improbable in its principle, to undermining the very concept of a legitimacy could be based, whether of God with the sound of a telephonic obsession, or, if you take into account a gramophone or an answering machine, a telegramphonic obsession.

If I am not mistaken, the first phone call rang with these words from Bloom: “Better phone him up first” (U. 7.219) in the sequence entitled “AND IT WAS THE FEAST OF THE PASSOVER” (U 7.203). A little earlier, he had repeated, a bit mechanically, like a record, this prayer, the most serious for a Jew, the one that should never be allowed to become mechanical or be gramophoned, “Shema Israel. Adonai Elohehu” (U 7.209).

If, more or less legitimately (for everything is legitimate and nothing is when one borrows some segment in the name of a narrative metonymy), one singles out this element in the most manifest thread of the story, one can then speak of a telephonic Shema Israel between God, who is at an infinite distance (a long distance call, a collect call from or to the “collector of repouces” [U 1.394; 9.609]), and Israel. Shema Israel means, as you know, call to Israel, listen Israel, hello Israel, address to the name of Israel, a person-to-person call. The scene of the “better phone him up first” takes place in the offices of the newspaper The Telegraph (Le télégramme) (and not The Tetragram) and Bloom had just stopped to watch a type of typewriter, or rather, a typesetting machine, a typographic matrix (“He stayed in his walk to watch a typesetter neatly distributing type.” (U 7.204)). And since he “Reads it backwards first” (U 7.205), composing the name Patrick Dignam, the name of the father, Patrick, from right to left, he recalls his own father reading the Haggadah in the same way. In this paragraph, around Patrick, one could follow the whole series of fathers of the twelve sons of Jacob, etc., and the word “practice” appears twice to chant this patristic and perfectly paternial litany. (“Quickly he does it. Must require some practice.” And twelve lines lower, “How quickly he does that job. Practice makes perfect.”) Almost immediately thereafter, we read: “better phone him up first”; “plutôt un coup de téléphone pour commencer,” says the French translation. Let us say: a phone call (un coup de téléphone), rather, to begin. In the beginning, there must have been some phone call.

Before the act, or the word, was the telephone. In the beginning was the telephone. We can hear this coup de téléphone, which plays on apparently random numbers and on which there would be much to say, ring all the time. And it opens within itself this motif of postal difference, of communication, is already powerfully remarked, as always, en abyme. For S: “Under the porch of the generality. Parked in North Prince’s street on their sides the royal initials, letters, postcards, lettercards, parcels, British and overseas delivery” (U 1.18) the motif of postal difference, of communication, is already powerfully remarked, as always, en abyme. For Derrida: “The scene of the telephone” (U 4.204) in Joyce as far as I. The telephone is not an external within the most elemental meaning, the quasi smallest word, the gramophone-telephone, the gramophone answering machine, as only in the continuous buzzing sound of a telephonic obsession, or, if you take into account a gramophone or an answering machine, a telegramphonic obsession.
A few pages after the "Shema Israel" and the first phone call, right after the unforgettable Ohio scene under the title of Memorable Battles Recalled (you are hearing well that from Ohio to the Tokyo battle a voice moves very quickly), a certain telephonic yes resonates with a "bingbang" that recalls the origin of the universe. A competent professor just passed by. "—A Perfect cretic!" the professor said. Long, short and long," after the cry "Ohio!," "My Ohio!" (U 7.367-69). Then, at the beginning of "O, HARPER EOLIAN!" (U 7.370), there is the sound of trembling teeth as one applies "dental floss" (and if I tell you that that very year, before going to Tokyo, I had passed through Oxford, Ohio, and even bought "dental floss"—that is, an Eolian harp—in a drugstore in Ithaca, you would not believe me. You would be wrong, it is true and can be verified). When the resonant unwashed teeth vibrate in the mouth to the "dental floss," one hears: "Bingbang, bangbang" (U 7.374); Bloom then asks to make a call. "I just want to phone about an ad" (U 7.376). Then "the telephone whirred inside" (U 7.384). This time the Eolian harp is no longer the "dental floss" but the telephone, the cables of which are elsewhere the "navel cords" that connect to Eden. "—Twenty eight. No. Twenty. Double four, yes" (U 7.385). One does not know whether this Yes is in a monologue, approving the other within (yes, this is the right number) or whether he is already speaking to the other at the end of the line. And one cannot know. The context is cut, it is the end of the sequence.

Yet at the end of the following sequence ("SPOT THE WINNER"), the telephonic "yes" rings again in the very same offices of The Telegraph: "—Yes. Evening Telegraph here. Mr. Bloom phoned from the inner office. Is the boss . . . ? Yes, Telegraph. . . . To where? Aha! Which auction rooms? . . . Aha! I see. Right. I'll catch him" (U 7.411-13).

It is said several times that the phone call is interior. "Mr. Bloom ( . . . ) made for the inner door" (U 7.375; emphasis added) when he wants to make a call; then "The telephone whirred inside" (U 7.384; emphasis added); and finally "Mr. Bloom phoned from the inner office" (U 7.411; emphasis added). A telephonic interiority, then: before any apparatus bearing that name in modernity, the telephonic technē is at work within the voice, multiplying the writing of the voices without instruments, as Mallarmé would say, a mental telephony which, inscribing the far, distance, différence, and spacing in the phone, at the same time institutes, prohibits, and disrupts the so-called monologue. At the same time, in the same way, from the first phone call and the simplest vocalization, from the monosyllabic quasi-interjection of the "oui," "yes," "ay." And a fortiori for the "yes, yes" that the theoreticians of the speech act propose as examples of the performative and that Molly repeats at the end of the so-called monologue, the "Yes, Yes, I do" consenting to marriage. When I speak of mental telephony, even masturbation, I implicitly cite "THE SINS OF THE PAST: (a form of clandestine marriage with the Black church. Unspeakable mess.)" Dunn at an address in D'Olier Street to the instrument in the callbox" (U 7.411-13).

The telephonic spacing is in particular called "A DISTANT VOICE." The latter, the paradoxes of competence and of the figure of the professor, and, in all the "yes," between eyes and ears. One can read from a single paragraph:

A Distant Voice.

—I'll answer it, the professor.
—Hello? Evening Telegraph.

Yes . . . Yes . . . Yes. . . .

The professor came to the

—Bloom is at the telephone.

Bloom is-at-the-telephone. The attention at a given moment of the narratophonology of a text which gives always allows metonymical borrowing of Joyce to give in to, in a way both improper, he also names the performer through this particular paradigm: he belongs to the telephone, and he is a being-at-the-telephone voices or answering machines. His being a being-at-the-telephone or the being toward death of Dasein. I, Heideggerian Dasein is also a being-at-the-time, and as my friend Sam Weis does not know whether this Yes is in a monologue, approving the other within (yes, this is the right number) or whether he is already speaking to the other at the end of the line. And one cannot know. The context is cut, it is the end of the sequence.

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The telephonic spacing is in particular called "A DISTANT VOICE." The latter, the paradoxes of competence and of the figure of the professor, and, in all the "yes," between eyes and ears. One can read from a single paragraph:
implicit citation of "THE SINS OF THE PAST: (in a medley of voices) He went through a form of clandestine marriage with at least one woman in the shadow of the Black church. Unspeakable messages he telephoned mentally to Miss Dunn at an address in D'Olier street while he presented himself indecently to the instrument in the callbox" (U 15.3027–31).

The telephonic spacing is in particular superimprinted on the scene called "A DISTANT VOICE." The latter crosses all the lines of the network, the paradoxes of competence and of the institution, here represented by the figure of the professor, and, in all senses of the word, the repetition of the "yes," between eyes and ears. One can draw all these telephonic lines from a single paragraph:

A DISTANT VOICE

—I'll answer it, the professor said going. (…)
Yes … Yes … Yes. (…)  
The professor came to the inner door. ("inner" again)
—Bloom is at the telephone, he said: (U 7.657–71)

Bloom is-at-the-telephone. The professor thus defines a particular situation at a given moment of the narration, to be sure, but as always in the stereophony of a text which gives several layers to each statement and always allows metonymical borrowings to which I am not the only reader of Joyce to give in to, in a way both legitimate and abusive, authorized and improper, he also names the permanent essence of Bloom. One can read it through this particular paradigm: he is at the telephone, he is always there, he belongs to the telephone, and he is both attached and destined to it. His being is a being-at-the-telephone. He is connected to a multiplicity of voices or answering machines. His being-there is a being-at-the-telephone, a being toward the telephone, in the way in which Heidegger speaks of the being toward death of Dasein. I am not playing when I say this: The Heideggerian Dasein is also a being-called, it is always there, it is said in

One cannot know. The context is the very same offices of The Telephone. Mr. Bloom phoned from the inner office. To where? Aha! Which auction are you going? "Mr. Bloom (…) (emphasis added) when he wants to make "yes" (U 7.384; emphasis added); and "yes office" (U 7.411; emphasis added). Do any apparatus bearing that name work within the voice, multipliers, and spaces, and disrupts the so-called "yes, yes" that the theoreticians of the performative and that Molly quotes, the "Yes, Yes, I do" consent of telephony, even masturbation, I
of the fall in the 'they.'

I unfortunately do not have the time to conduct this analysis, within or beyond a jargon of *Eigentlichkeit* that still resonates in this university.

—Bloom is at the telephone, he said.
—Tell him go to hell, the editor said promptly. X is Davy’s publichouse, see? (U 7.671-73)

Bloom is at the telephone, connected to a powerful network to which I will return shortly. In his essence he belongs to a polytelephonic structure. But he is at the telephone in the sense in which one waits at the telephone. When he says “Bloom is at the telephone,” as I will later say, “Joyce is at the telephone,” the professor is saying: he waits for someone to answer him, something the editor, who decides about the future of the text as well as about its safekeeping and truth, does not want to do—and who at this point sends him down to hell, into the Verfallen, the hell of censured books. Bloom waits for someone to answer him, for someone to say to him “hello, yes.” He asks for someone to say yes, yes, te him, beginning with the telephonic yes indicating that there is indeed another voice, if not an answering machine, at the end of the line. When, at the end of the book, Molly says “yes, yes,” she responds to a request, but a request that she requests. She is at the telephone even in bed, requesting, waiting for someone to ask her, on the telephone (since she is alone), to say “yes, yes.” And the fact that she asks that “with my eyes” does not prevent her from being at the telephone, on the contrary: “(...) well as well him as another and then I asked him with my eyes to ask again yes and then he asked me would I yes to say yes my mountain flower and first I put my arms around him yes and drew him down to me so he could feel my breasts all perfume yes and his heart was going like mad and yes I said yes I will Yes” (U 18.1604–9).

The last Yes, the last word, the eschatology of the book only gives itself to be read since it is distinguished from others by an inaudible capital letter, just as the literal incorporation of the yes in the eye (*œil*) of language, the yes in the eyes, remains also inaudible and only visible. *Langue d’œil.*

We still do not know what yes means and how this little word, if it is indeed a word, functions in language and in what one imperturbably calls speech acts. We do not know if it shares anything with any other word from any language, even with a “no” that is certainly not symmetrical to it. We do not know if there is a grammatical, semantic, linguistic, rhetorical, philosophical concept capable of that event marked yes. Let us leave that aside for the moment. Let us act as if, and this is not a mere fiction, it did not prevent us, on the contrary, from hearing what a yes commands. We will ask the difficult questions later, if we have the time.
The yes on the telephone can be traversed in one and the same occurrence by several intonations whose differentiating qualities are possibilized on stereophonic long waves. They may seem to be limited to interjection, to the mechanical quasi-signal indicating either the sheer presence of the interlocutor Dasein at the end of the line (hello, yes?) or the passive docility of the secretary or of the subordinate ready to register orders like an archiving machine: “yes, sir,” or limiting oneself to give merely informative answers; “yes, sir,” “no, sir.”

An example among many others. I deliberately choose it in those places where a typewriter and the name H.E.L.Y’S lead us to the last piece of furniture of this vestibule or of this techno-telecommunicational preamble, a certain gramophone, at the same time that they connect it on the network of the prophet Elijah. Here it is, but of course I section and select, filter the noise:

Miss Dunne hid the Capel street library copy of The Woman in White far back in her drawer and rolled a sheet of gaudy notepaper into her typewriter.

Too much mystery business in it. Is he in love with that one, Marion? Change it and get another by Mary Cecil Haye.”

The disk shot down the groove, wobbled a while, ceased and ogled them: six.

Miss Dunne clicked at the keyboard:
—16 June 1904. (Almost eighty years.)

Five tallwhitehatted sandwichmen between Monypeny’s corner and the slab where Wolfe Tone’s statue was not, eel’d themselves turning H.E.L.Y’S and plodded back as they had come. (. . .)

The telephone rang rudely by her ear.
—Hello. Yes, sir. No, sir. Yes, sir. I’ll ring them up after five. Only those two, sir, for Belfast and Liverpool. All right, sir. Then I can go after six if you’re not back. A quarter after. Yes, sir. Twentyseven and six. I’ll tell him. Yes: one, seven, six.

She scribbled three figures on an envelope.
—Mr. Boylan! Hello! That gentleman from Sport was in looking for you. Mr. Lenehan, yes. He said he’ll be in the Ormond at four. No, sir. Yes, sir. I’ll ring them up after five. (U 10.368-96)

III

The repetition of the yes can take mechanical, servile forms, bending the woman to her master; but this is not by accident, even if any response to the
other as a singular other must, it would seem, escape it. The yes of affirmation, of assent or consent, of alliance, engagement, signature, or gift, must carry this repetition within itself if it is to be of any value. It must immediately and a priori confirm its promise and promise its confirmation. This essential repetition is haunted by an intrinsic threat, by the interior telephone that parasites it as its mimetic-mechanical double, as its unceasing parody.

We shall return to this fatality. But we can already hear the gramophone that records writing within the liveliest voice. It reproduces it a priori, in the absence of any intentional presence of the affirmer. Such a gramophone certainly responds to the dream of a reproduction that preserves, as its truth, the living yes, archived in its liveliest voice. But by this very fact, it allows the possibility of a parody, a technology of the yes that persecutes the most spontaneous and the most giving desire of the yes. To respond or correspond to its destination, this yes must reaffirm itself immediately. Such is the condition of a signed commitment. The yes can say itself only if it promises to itself the memory of itself. The affirmation of the yes is an affirmation of memory. Yes must preserve itself, and thus repeat itself, archive its voice to give it once again to be heard. This is what I call the gramophone effect.

The desire for memory and the mourning of the yes set into motion the anamnestic machine. As well as its hypermnesic unleashing. The machine reproduces the living, and duplicates it with its automaton. The example I choose for it has the benefit of a twofold contiguity: from the word "yes" to the word "voice" and the word "gramophone" in a section that speaks of the desire for memory, desire as memory of desire, and desire for memory. It takes place in Hades, in the cemetery, around 11 a.m., the moment of the heart (as Heidegger would still say, the place of preserving memory and truth), and here of the Sacred Heart [Sacré-Cœur]:

The Sacred Heart that is: showing t. Heart on his sleeve. (. . .) How many! All these here once walked round Dublin. Faithful departed. As you are now so once were we. Besides how could you remember everybody? Eyes, walk, voice. Well, the voice, yes: gramophone. Have a gramophone in every grave or keep it in the house. After dinner on a Sunday. Put on poor old greatgrandfather Kraahraark! Hellohellohello amawfully glad kraark awfully gladaseeragain hellohello amawf krpthsh. Remind you of the voice like the photograph reminds you of the face. Otherwise you couldn't remember the face after fifteen years, say. For instance who? For instance some fellow that died when I was in Wisdom Hely's. (U 6.954–69)

With what right do we borrow It is always legitimate and illegitimate child. I could follow the son of genealogies. Rightly or wrongly, I on the associations with the name. Many passages are devoted, or rather I pronounce Ëlie in the French style, hear Molly's Ja resonate, if Molly gives the word) which always says "yes" (stets "yes"") words. I will not seek further on thing: Elijah! Elijah! And He answered they beheld Him even Him, ben Blo (U 12.1914–16).

No, I go without transition to the "second coming of Elijah" in the phone, the character and the voice, phone just cried out: "Jerusalem! / O (U 15.2171–73). Second coming of Elijah's voice gives itself as a telephonograph of communication, trago through him. Polytelephony go not forget, whatever you can do with Elijah had lost his position at his bos Molly, of making her pose nude for Elijah.

Elijah is just a voice, a skin haired opère tous les téléphones de ce rése by Joyce, for "Say, I am operating all time is 12.25. Tell mother you'll be slick ace. Join on right here. Book stop run" (U 15.2190–93). I would must louver (book, booking), reserve louver Elijah, sing his praises [en fan] of such praise is none other than of an "eternity junction" as transfer. "Just one word more," Elijah cont of the Christ and asks whether w Christ, Zoe Christ, Bloom Christ, you are" (U 15.2199–2200), translate a problematic translation—although to return. And the voice of the on to those who are in the vibration (a), they can call him at any time, imm
With what right do we borrow or interrupt a quotation from Ulysses? It is always legitimate and illegitimate, to be made legitimate like an illegitimate child. I could follow the sons of Hely, Bloom's old boss, in all kinds of genealogies. Rightly or wrongly, I judge it more economical here to rely on the associations with the name of the prophet Elijah [Élie], to whom many passages are devoted, or rather whose arrival is regularly promised. I pronounce Élie in the French style, but in the English Elijah you can hear Molly's Ja resonate, if Molly gives voice to the flesh (remember that word) which always says "yes" (sêts bejaht, Joyce recalls, reversing Goethe's words). I will not seek further on the side of a "voice out of heaven, calling: Elijah! Elijah! And He answered with a main cry: Abba! Adonai! And they beheld Him even Him, ben Bloom Elijah, amid clouds of angels (...)."

No, I go without transition toward repetition, toward what is called the "second coming of Elijah" in the brothel (U 15.2175–76). The gramophone, the character and the voice, if I may put it this way, of the gramophone just cried out: "Jerusalem! / Open your gates and sing / Hosanna ..." (U 15.2171–73). Second coming of Elijah, near "the end of the world." Elijah's voice gives itself as a telephonic center or as a triage station. All of such praise is none other than the voice of the Christ and asks whether we are all ready, Florry Christ, Stephen Christ, etc. "Are you all in this vibration? I say you are." (U 15.2190–93). I would insist in French on the fact that one must louer (book, booking), reserve one's seats with Elijah, one must praise [louer] Elijah, sing his praises [en faire la louange], And the location/booking of such praise is none other than the livre (book) which holds the place of an "eternity junction" as transferential and teleprogramophonic central. "Just one word more," Elijah continues, who then evokes a second coming of the Christ and asks whether we are all ready, Florry Christ, Stephen Christ, Zoe Christ, Bloom Christ, etc. "Are you all in this vibration? I say you are," (U 15.2199–2200), translated into French by "Moi je dis que oui," a problematic translation—although not illegitimate—to which we will need to return. And the voice of the one who says "que oui," "yes," Elijah, says to those who are in the vibration (a word that is essential in my eyes) that they can call him at any time, immediately, instantaneously, without even
going through technology or a postal system but by way of the sun, through
cables and solar rays, through the voice of the sun, one would say through
photophone or heliophone. He says “by sunphone”: “Got me? That’s it.
You call me up by sunphone any old time. Bumboosers, save your stamps”
(U 15.2206-7). Thus do not write me letters, save your stamps, you may
collect them as Molly’s father does.

We have reached this point because I told you about my trip experi-
cences, roundtrip, and a few phone calls. If I tell stories, it is in order to delay
the moment when I would speak about serious things and because I am too
intimidated. Nothing intimidates me more than a community of experts in
Joyce studies. Why? I first wanted to speak to you about it, speak to you
about authority and intimidation.

I wrote the page that I am about to read in the plane that was taking
me to Oxford, Ohio, a few days before the trip to Tokyo. I decided then
to raise before you the question of competence, of legitimacy, and of the
Joycean institution. Who has the recognized right to speak about Joyce, to
write on Joyce, and who does it well? What do competence and performance
consist of here?

When I accepted to speak before you, before the most intimidating
assembly in the world, before the greatest concentration of knowledge on
such a polymathic body of work, I was first appreciative of the honor that
was done to me. And I wondered how I had made anyone believe that I
deserved it in the slightest way. I do not intend to answer this question
here. But I do know, like you do, that I do not belong to your large and
impressive family. I prefer the word "family" to that of "foundation" or
"institute." Someone answering, yes, in Joyce’s name, succeeded in linking
the future of an institution to the singular adventure of a signed proper name,
for writing one’s proper name does not amount yet to signing. If in a plane
you write your name on a custom form that you give out upon arriving in
Tokyo, you have not signed yet. You sign when the gesture with which, in
a certain place, preferably at the end of the card or the book, you inscribe
your name again, takes then the sense of a yes, this is my name, I certify
it and, yes, yes, I could certify it again, I will remember later, I promise
it, that it is indeed I who did sign. A signature is always a "yes, yes," the
synthetic performative of a promise and of a memory that makes any
commitment possible. We shall return to this obligatory point of departure for
any discourse, according to a circle that is also that of the yes, of the “so
be it,” of the amen and of the hymen.

I did not feel worthy of the honor that had been bestowed upon me,
far from it, but I must have harbored the secret desire to belong to this
powerful family that tends to encompass all others, including their hidden
stories of bastardy, legitimation, and illegitimacy. If I accepted, it was mostly
because I suspected the existence of such an extensive range so generously offered.

You know this better than I, and what makes both Ulysses and Finnegans
plane of the challenge and the trap, with the lucidity and experience that
them, must know better than others I a few signs of complicity, references, or
remains foreign to me, as if I did not know indirectly, by hearsay, rumors, get
always partial readings. For these exp
this deception is exposed; and how cot
than at the opening of a large sym

Thus, to defend myself against
asked myself: in the end, what would

And what can a Joycean institution
I do not know to what extent one
there is one, aside from the apparatus of academics during centuries of Bab
adjusted to a model of the technolo
could not be that of past centuries.

Of readers and writers to this law, to
transferrational chain of translation and
as well as to Shakespeare, to Dante
other finite divinities. But none of
as well as Joyce was, by adjusting it to o
ions ready to utilize not only me
organizational programming that fac
unhinged accumulation of knowledge
even though he lets all of you sign
which could often have written out a fine
on it” (U 18.1525–26), but also mod
data unheard of by all the grandfath

This is where the intimidation sencatives as well as the effects of the cen
turies the totality of research it
while commemorating his own sign of
the totality of competences in th
He or she has the mastery over the
entire archive of culture—at le
because I suspected the existence of some perverse challenge in a legitimation so generously offered.

You know this better than I, the worry about family legitimation is what makes both *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* vibrate. I was thinking in the plane of the challenge and the trap, because these experts, I said to myself, with the lucidity and experience that a long acquaintance with Joyce gave them, must know better than others how much, behind the simulacrum of a few signs of complicity, references, or citations in each of my books, Joyce remains foreign to me, as if I did not know him. They know that incompetence is the basic truth of my relation to a work that in the end I only know indirectly, by hearsay, rumors, gossip [on-dit], secondhand exegeses, and always partial readings. For these experts, I said to myself, it is time that this deception is exposed; and how could it be better exposed or denounced than at the opening of a large symposium?

Thus, to defend myself against this hypothesis, almost a certainty, I asked myself: in the end, what would competence mean, in the case of Joyce? And what can a Joycean institution or family, a Joycean international, be? I do not know to what extent one can speak of Joyce's modernity, but if there is one, aside from the apparatus of postal and programophonic technologies, it lies in the fact that the declared project to mobilize generations of academics during centuries of Babelian edification must itself have been adjusted to a model of the technology and division of academic labor that could not be that of past centuries. The design to bend vast communities of readers and writers to this law, to retain them through an interminable transferential chain of translation and tradition can be traced back to Plato as well as to Shakespeare, to Dante and to Vico, not to mention Hegel or other finite divinities. But none of them was able to calculate his effect as well as Joyce was, by adjusting it to certain types of world research institutions ready to utilize not only means of transportation, communication, organizational programming that facilitate an accelerated capitalization, an unhinged accumulation of knowledge interests blocked in the name of Joyce, even though he lets all of you sign with his name, as Molly would say ("I could often have written out a fine cheque for myself and write his name on it" [U 18.1525–26]), but also modes of archiving and the consultation of data unheard of by all the grandfathers that I just named, omitting Homer.

This is where the intimidation lies: the Joycean experts are the representatives as well as the effects of the most powerful project to program over centuries the totality of research in the onto-logico-encyclopedic field—while commemorating his own signature. A Joyce scholar by right disposes of the totality of competences in the encyclopedic field of the universitas. He or she has the mastery over the computer of all memory, plays with the entire archive of culture—at least the so-called Western culture and
of what within it returns to itself according to the Ulyssian circle of the encyclopedia; and this is why one can always dream at least of writing on Joyce and not in Joyce, from the phantasm of some Far-East capital, without in my case harboring much illusion on this subject.

You know the effects of this pre-programming better than I, they are both admirable and terrifying, at times of an intolerable violence. One of them has the following form: nothing can be invented on the subject of Joyce. All that can be said of Ulysses, for example, is already anticipated, including, as we saw, the scene of the academic competence and the ingenuity of meta-discourse. We are caught in this net. We find all the gestures to take the initiative of a movement announced in a superpotentialized text that will remind you, at a given time, that you are caught in a network of language, writing, knowledge, and even of narration. This is one of the things that I wanted to demonstrate earlier, when telling you all these stories, all true, I might add, of postcards, trips to Ohio, or phone calls with Rabaté. We have been able to verify it, all this had its narrative paradigm, was already narrated in Ulysses. Everything that happened to me, including the narration that I would attempt to make of it, was said in advance, narrated in advance in its dated singularity, prescribed in a sequence of knowledge and narration; within Ulysses, to say nothing of Finnegans Wake, by this hypermnestic machine capable of storing in a giant epic work, with the memory of the West and virtually all the languages of the world, the very traces of the future. Yes, everything has already happened to us with Ulysses, and in advance signed by Joyce.

It remains to be seen what happens to this signature in these conditions, this is one of my questions.

This situation reverses everything and this is due to the paradox of the yes. The question of the yes, moreover, always refers to that of the doxa, of that which is opined in opinion. This is the paradox: at the moment when the work of such a signature sets to work the most competent and efficient machine of production and reproduction—others would say when it submits to this, or in any case relaunches it for itself so that it can come back to itself—it also simultaneously ruins its model. At least it threatens to ruin it. Joyce relied on the modern university but he challenges it to reconstitute itself after him. He outlines its essential limits. In the end, there cannot be a Joycean competence, in the strong and rigorous sense of the concept of competence, with the criteria of evaluation and legitimation that are attached to it. There cannot be a Joycean foundation or family. There cannot be a Joycean legitimacy. What relation does this situation have with the paradox of the yes or the structure of a signature?

The classical concept of competence supposes that one can rigorously dissociate knowledge (in its act or position) from the event in question, and especially from the equivocation of gramophones. Competence supposes neutral and univocal with respect to a text; it has the structure of a text. In principle, competence must be able to lend the text with respect to a corpus that is itself to be, for the most part, of a narrative university, in principle. One does hasten to explain, one speaks about narrations must not appear there as institutional signed Joyce, a double-bind has at least had a hold on us ever since Babel or one hand, one must write, one must untranslatable marks happen—and then a signature that demands a yes from the singular novelty of any other yes, of a programophonend in the Joycean corpus. 

I do not only perceive the effects of this on myself, in the terrified desire that of the representatives of Joyce of whom I perceive them in you.

On the one hand, you have the privilege of being on the way to constitute a corpus that virtually includes all sciences, technologies, religions, philosophy with all that, languages). Nothing translatable. Everything is internal, mental telephoric, the domesticity of this programophone.

On the other hand, one must know, that the signature and the yes that is the destination—of destroying the very reality, of its domestic interiority, of its internal or interdepartmental institution, its internal or interdepartmental extra-academic world.

Hence this mixture of assuredness, the "Joyce scholars." On the one hand, like Joyce, that they know more, that they say, whether it is a question of a subatomic micrology (what I call does it better, everything can be intuited) or close itself on itself. For reasons pert...
according to the Ulyssian circle of the always dream at least of writing on some Far-East capital, without this subject.

Programming better than I, they are of an intolerable violence. One of can be invented on the subject of Joyce. Example, is already anticipated, includ­mic competence and the ingenuity is net. We find all the gestures to be invented on the subject of Joyce. One does not tell stories in the university, in principle. One does history, one narrates in order to know and explain, one speaks about narrations or epic poems, but events and stories must not appear there as institutionalized knowledge. Now with the event signed Joyce, a double-bind has at least become explicit (for it already has had a hold on us ever since Babel or Homer, and all that followed): on the one hand, one must write, one must sign, one must make new events with untranslatable marks happen—and this is the desperate call, the distress of a signature that demands a yes from the other; but on the other hand, the singular novelty of any other yes, of any other signature, already finds itself programophoned in the Joycean corpus.

I do not only perceive the effects of this challenge of this double-bind on myself, in the terrified desire that I might have of belonging to a family of the representatives of Joyce of which I could only be a bastard. I also perceive them in you.

On the one hand, you have the legitimate assurance of possessing or of being on the way to constituting a super-competence, on a par with a corpus that virtually includes all others treated in the university (the sciences, technologies, religions, philosophies, literatures, and, coextensive with all that, languages). Nothing transcends this hyperbolic competence. Everything is internal, mental telephony; everything can be integrated into the domesticity of this programotelephonic encyclopedia.

On the other hand, one must know at the same time, and you know it, that the signature and the yes that occupy you are capable—it is their destination—of destroying the very root of this competence, of this legitimacy, of its domestic interiority, capable of deconstructing the academic institution, its internal or interdepartmental borders as well as its contract with the extra-academic world.

Hence this mixture of assurance and distress that one can sense in the "Joyce scholars." On the one hand, as crafty as Ulysses, they know, like Joyce, that they know more, that they always have one more trick up their sleeves; whether when it is a question of a totalizing synthesis, or of a subatomistic micrology (what I call "divisibility of the letter"), no one does it better, everything can be integrated in the "this is my body" of the corpus. On the other hand, this hypermnesic interiorization can never close itself on itself. For reasons pertaining to the structure of the corpus,
of the project and signature, one cannot secure any principle of truth or legitimacy. Therefore you also have the feeling that, since nothing can surprise you from within, something finally might happen to you from an unpredictable outside.

And you have guests.

IV

You wait for the arrival or the second coming of Elijah. And, as a good Jewish family, you always keep a seat at the table for him. While waiting for Elijah, even if his coming is already gramophoned in Ulysses, you are all ready to recognize, without too many illusions I think, the external competence of writers, philosophers, psychoanalysts, linguists. You even ask them to open your conferences. And for instance to ask a question like: what is happening today in Frankfurt, in the city where the Joycean international, the cosmopolitan yet very American James Joyce Foundation, established Bloomsday 1967—the president of which, representing a very large American majority, is in Ohio (still Ohio!)—pursues its edification in a modern Babel that is also the capital of the book fair and of a famous philosophical school of modernity? When you call on incompetent people, such as myself, or on allegedly external competences, even though you know that there aren't any, isn't it in order to both humiliate them and because you are expecting from these guests not only some news, some good news that would come to finally free you from the hypermnesic interiority in which you run in circles like madmen in a nightmare but also, paradoxically, a legitimacy? For you are both very sure and very unsure of your rights, and even of your community, of the homogeneity of your practices, methods, and styles. You can count on no consensus, no axiomatic agreement among yourselves. In the end, you do not exist, you are not authorized [fonds] to exist as a foundation, and this is what Joyce's signature gives you to be read. You call on strangers so that they come to tell you, which is what I do by responding to your invitation: you do exist, you intimidate me, I recognize you, I recognize your paternal and grandpaternal authority, recognize me, give me a diploma in Joycean studies.

Naturally, you don't believe a word of what I am telling you right now. And even if it was true and even if, yes, it is true, you would not believe me if I told you that my name is also Elijah: That name is not inscribed, no, on my birth certificate but it was given to me on my seventh day. Elijah, moreover, is the name of the prophet who is present at all circumcisions. He is the patron, as it were, of circumcision. The chair on which the newborn baby boy is held during the circumcision is called "Elijah's chair." We should give this name to all the "chairs" of Joycean studies, to the "panels" and the "workshops" organized by your foundation from Tokyo," I had thought of calling Circumcision."

A Midrash tells the story that Elijah had forgotten the alliance, that is to say, he gave him the order to be circumcised as a form of punishment. One could bloody by connecting all the annals of circumcision, moment of descent, and legitimacy. At least twice "collector of prepuces": "The island speak frequently of the collector of prepuces":

—What's his name? Ikey
He rattled on:
—Jehovah, collector of prepuces over in the museum where I work (U 9.607–10)

Each time, and often near an arrival at the name of Moses, as in the Moses Herzog," —Circumcised? Say (U 12.19–20). "Ay, says I": yes, yes, (says) yes; I, yes, yes, yes, I, synthetic a priori. You could also have word for "stepfather" (stepfather: red before Stephen to go "a step farther Bloom has a dream, it is to have S thus, by way of marriage and adoption.

Where are we thus going with What will become of it at this rate one or two centuries, taking into account and storing of information? In the who would come to say this thing to apocalypse of Joycean studies, name you know that Elijah was always an No, Elijah, it's you, you are Ulysses,ephonic center ("HELLO THERE, CN the network through which all information"

One can imagine the existent studies ("operating all this t
secure any principle of truth or feeling that, since nothing can might happen to you from an

A Midrash tells the story that Elijah had complained about how Israel had forgotten the alliance, that is to say, forgotten circumcision. God would have then given him the order to be present at all circumcisions, perhaps as a form of punishment. One could have made this scene of signature bloody by connecting all the announced arrivals of the prophet Elijah to the event of circumcision, moment of entry into the community, the alliance, and legitimacy. At least twice in Ulysses, one finds the expression “collector of prepuces”: “The islanders, Mulligan said to Haines casually, speak frequently of the collector of prepuces” (U 1.393–94), or “Jehovah, collector of prepuces”:

—What’s his name? Ikey Moses? Bloom.
He rattled on:
—Jehovah, collector of prepuces, is no more. I found him over in the museum where I went to hail the foamborn Aphrodite.
(U 9.607–10)

Each time, and often near an arrival of milk or foam, circumcision is associated to the name of Moses, as in this passage where, before “the name of Moses Herzog,” “—Circumcised? Says Joe.—Ay, says I. A bit off the top” (U 12.19–20). “Ay, says I”: yes, says I, or also: I says I, I (says) I, yes (says) yes: I, I, yes: yes, yes, yes, I, I, etc. Tautology, monology, but judgment synthetic a priori. You could also have played on the fact that in Hebrew the word for “stepfather” (stepfather: recall Bloom when he claims to be ready before Stephen to go “a step farther”) also names the circumciser. And if Bloom has a dream, it is to have Stephen become part of the family and thus, by way of marriage and adoption, to circumcise the Greek.

Where are we thus going with the alliance of this Joycean community? What will become of it at this rate of accumulation and commemoration in one or two centuries, taking into account the new technologies of archiving and storing of information? In the end, Elijah is not me, nor some stranger who would come to say this thing to you, the news from outside, maybe the apocalypse of Joycean studies, namely the truth, the final revelation (and you know that Elijah was always associated with the apocalyptic discourse). No, Elijah, it’s you, you are Ulysses’ Elijah, who appears as the great telephonic center (“HELLO THERE, CENTRAL!” [U 7.1042]), the triage station, the network through which all information must transit.

One can imagine the existence soon of a giant computer of Joycean studies (“operating all this trunk line . . . Book through to eternity
It would capitalize all the publications, would coordinate and teleprogram the lectures, conferences, theses, the papers, would construct indexes in all languages. One could consult it at any moment via satellite or heliophone (“sunphone”), day and night, relying on the “reliability” of an answering machine: hello, yes, yes, what are you asking for? Oh! For all the occurrences of the word “yes” in Ulysses? Yes. It would remain to be seen whether the basic language of such a computer would be English and whether its certificate (its “patent”) would be American, due to the overwhelming and significant majority of Americans in the trust of the Joyce foundation. It would also remain to be seen whether one can consult this computer with respect to the yes in all languages, if one can be content with the word yes and whether the yes, in particular the one involved in the operations of consultation, can be counted, calculated, numbered. A circle will lead me later to this question.

In any case, the figure of Elijah, whether it is that of the prophet, of the circumciser, of the polymathic competence and telematic mastery, is only a synecdoche of the Ulyssian narration, at once smaller and greater than the whole.

We should therefore abandon a twofold illusion and intimidation. 1. No truth can come from the outside of the Joycean community and without the experience, the cunning, and the knowledge accumulated by expert readers. 2. But inversely or symmetrically, there is no model for “Joycean” competence, no possible interiority and closure for the concept of such a competence. There is no absolute criterion to measure the pertinence of a discourse on a text signed “Joyce.” The very concept of competence finds itself shaken up by this event. For one must write, write in one language, respond to the yes and countersign in another language. The very discourse of competence (that of neutral and metalinguistic knowledge, safe from all untranslatable writing, etc.) is also incompetent, the least competent one with respect to Joyce; who, incidentally, also finds himself in the same situation whenever he speaks of his “work.”

Instead of pursuing these generalities, and given the time passing fast, I return to the yes in Ulysses. For a very long time, the question of the yes has mobilized or permeated everything that I attempt to think, write, teach, or read. To only speak of readings, I had devoted seminars and texts to the yes, to the double yes in Nietzsche’s Zarathustra (“Thus spake Zarathustra,” Mulligan says in fact [U 1.727–28]), the yes, yes of the hymen which is always the best example for it, the yes of the great midday affirmation, and then the ambiguity of the double yes: One of them comes down to the Christian assumption of one’s burden, the “Ja, Ja” of the donkey overburdened, as the Christ was with memory and responsibility; the other yes is a yes that is light, airy, dancing, solar, also a yes of reaffirmation, promise, and oath, a yes to the eternal return. The rather between the two repetitions of sublime. One repetition haunts the or with a certain woman for Nietzsche, the day there would be professorships created in Blanchot’s The Madness of the Day, to women, to the beauty of yes: “Yet I have met people who have never said to death, ‘Go away!’” Almost.

The yes was then be of the flesh, the earth, as one says so of interpretations that are devoted to its and and many after him, would capitalize all the publications, would coordinate and teleprogram the lectures, conferences, theses, the papers, correspond to them and keep them at whole book? Last summer, in Nice, I then in English with a pencil in hand and sketching a typology. As you can imagine myself on the computer of the Joyce foundation. It would also remain to be seen whether one can consult this computer with respect to the yes in all languages, if one can be content with the word yes and whether the yes, in particular the one involved in the operations of consultation, can be counted, calculated, numbered. A circle will lead me later to this question.

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whether it is that of the prophet, competence and telematic mastery, is narration, at once smaller and greater than all, zoological illusion and intimidation. I. The Joycean community and without knowledge accumulated by expert, there is no model for "Joycean" closure for the concept of such a computer to measure the pertinence of a very concept of competence finds must write, write in one language, other language. The very discourse of linguistic knowledge, safe from all impotent, the least competent one also finds himself in the same situation.

Yes, and given the time passing fast, long time, the question of the yes at I attempt to think, write, teach, devoted seminars and texts to the Zarathustra ("Thus spake Zarathustra," the yes, yes of the hymen which is the great midday affirmation, and the great midday affirmation, one finds down to the "Ja, Ja" of the donkey overburdened responsibility; the other yes is a yes of reaffirmation, promise, and oath, a yes to the eternal return. The difference between the two yeses, or rather between the two repetitions of the yes, remains unstable, subtle, and sublime. One repetition haunts the other. The yes always finds its chance with a certain woman for Nietzsche, who also, like Joyce, predicted that one day there would be professors created to study his Zarathustra. Similarly, in Blanchot's The Madness of the Day, the quasi-narrator attributes the power to say yes to women, to the beauty of women, beautiful insofar as they say yes: "Yet I have met people who have never said to life, 'Quiet!', who have never said to death, 'Go away!' Almost always women, beautiful creatures."

The yes would then be of the woman—and not only of the mother, the flesh, the earth, as one says so often about Molly's yes in most of the interpretations that are devoted to it: Penelope, bed, flesh, earthy, monologue, says Gilbert, and so many after him, or even before him, and here Joyce is not more competent than any other. This is not false, and is even the truth of a certain truth, but this is not all and it is not so simple. The law of genre seems to me largely overdetermined and infinitely more complicated whether it is the sexual or grammatical gender (genre), or rhetorical technique. To call this a monologue is nothing but somnambulistic carelessness.

I have thus wanted to hear again Molly's yeses. But could this be done without making them resonate with all the yeses that announce them, correspond to them and keep them at the end of the line throughout the whole book? Last summer, in Nice, I thus reread Ulysses, first in French, then in English with a pencil in hand, counting the oui, then the yeses, and sketching a typology. As you can imagine, I was dreaming of connecting myself on the computer of the Joyce foundation, and the result of the count was not the same from one language to the other.

Molly is not Elijah, is not Mohel (and you know that the Mohel is the circumciser) and Molly is not Joyce, but nonetheless: her yes circumscribes and circumcises, it encircles Ulysses' last chapter, since it is both her first and last word, her opening and closing fall: "Yes because he never did (. . .)" (U 18.1) and at the end: "( . . .) and yes I said yes I will Yes" (U 18.1608-9). The last Yes, the eschatological yes, occupies the place of the signature, at the bottom right of the text. Even if we distinguish, as we should, Molly's yes from that of Ulysses, of which it is only a figure and a moment, even if we distinguish, as we also should, these two signatures (Molly's and that of Ulysses) from that of Joyce, they read and call each other. They call each other precisely through a yes that always sets up a scene of call and demand: it confirms and countersigns. Confirmation demands a priori confirmation, repetition, the safekeeping and memory of the yes. A certain narrativity is to be found at the simple core of the simplest "yes": "I asked him with my eyes to ask again yes and then he asked me would I yes to say yes (. . .)" (U 18.1605-6).
A yes never comes alone, and one is never alone in saying yes. Nor does one laugh alone, as Freud said, I will return to this. Freud also emphasizes that the unconscious knows nothing of the no. In what way does the question of Joycean signature implicate what I will call here, curiously, the question of the yes? There is a question of the yes, a demand for the yes, and perhaps, for this is never certain, an unconditional and inaugural affirmation of the yes that cannot necessarily be distinguished from the question or the demand. Joyce’s signature, at least that which interests me here and whose phenomenon I will never claim to exhaust, cannot be reduced to the appending of his seal in the form of the patronymical name and the play of signifiers, as one says, in which to reinscribe the name “Joyce.”

The inductions that have taken place for a long time through these plays of association and society pastimes are facile, tedious, and naively jubilatory. Even if they are not always without pertinence, they begin by confusing a signature with the simple mention, apposition or manipulation of one’s official name. Now, neither in its juridical scope, as I suggested above, nor in the essential complexity of its structure, does a signature amount to the sole mention of the proper name. Nor can the proper name itself, which a signature does not merely spell out or mention, be reduced to the legal surname. This one runs the risk of creating a smoke screen toward which the psychoanalysts would hasten, in their rush to conclude. I tried to show this in the case of Genet, Ponge, or Blanchot.11 As for the scene of the surname, the first pages of Ulysses should suffice to help educate a reader.

Who signs? Who signs what in the name of Joyce? The answer should not take the form of a key or of a clinical category that one pulls out of a hat at the occasion of a conference. Nonetheless, as a humble preamble, one that perhaps interests me alone, I thought it possible to raise that question of the signature through the question of the yes that it always implicates, and insofar as it weds here or marry (se marie: I insist on this French word) the question of knowing who laughs and how it laughs with Joyce, in Joyce, singularly so since Ulysses.

Who is the man who laughs? Is it a man? And that which laughs, how does it laugh? Does it laugh? For there is more than one modality, more than one tonality of laughter, as there is an entire gamut [gamme] (a polygamy) in the “game” or “gamble” of the yes. Why this—gamut, “game,” and “gamble”? Because before the gramophone, just before, and Elijah’s speech as operator of the grand telephone central, the gnome, the “hoboblin” speaks in French the croupier’s language. “Il vient! (Elijah, I assume, or the
The question of signature remains entirely open before us, the modest but indispensable preliminary dimension of its elaboration should be situated. I believe, at the intersection of the yes—the visible yes and the audible yes, the oui oui, the heard yes, without any etymological filiation between the two words “oui” and “oui,” of the “yes for the eyes” and the “yes for the ears,” and of laughter, at the intersection of the yes and laughter. In sum, through the telephonic lapsus that made me say or hear oui dire, “hear say,” it was the oui rire, “yes laughter,” which was making its way, as well
as the consonantal difference from the d [of dire] to the r [of rire]. These, moreover, are the only consonants of my name.

Why laugh? Everything has probably been said already on laughter in Joyce, as well as on parody, satire, derision, humor, irony, and mockery. And also on his Homeric and Rabelaisian laughter. It perhaps remains to think, precisely, laughter as remainder. What does laughter mean? [Qu’est-ce que ça veut dire, le rire?] What does laughter want? [Qu’est-ce que ça veut rire?]

Once we recognize in principle that in Ulysses the virtual totality of experience, of sense, of history, of the symbolic, of languages and writings, the great cycle and the great encyclopedia of cultures, of scenes and affects, the sum total of sum totals in sum, tends to unfold and recompose itself by playing out all its combinatory possibilities, with a writing that seeks to occupy there virtually all places, well, the totalizing hermeneutic that constitutes a global and eternal foundation of Joycean studies will find itself before what I hesitate to call a dominant affect, a Stimmung or a pathos, a tonality that re-traverses all the others, but which nonetheless does not belong to the series of the others since it just re-marked them all, adding itself to them without letting itself be added up or totalized, like a remainder that is both quasi-transcendental and supplementary. And it is the yes-laughter [oui-rire] that over-marks not only the totality of writing but all the qualities, modalities, genres of laughter whose differences could be classified in some typology.

Why, then, the yes-laughter before and after all, for all that a signature accounts for? Or leaves out [laisse pour compte]? Why this remainder?

I do not have the time to begin this work and typology. Cutting through fields, I will simply say two words on the double relation, thus the unstable relation that informs with its double tonality my reading or rewriting of Joyce, this time beyond even Ulysses, my double relation to this yes-laughter. My presumption is that I am not alone in projecting this double relation. It would be instituted and requested, required by the Joycean signature itself.

With one ear, with a certain hearing [ouïe], I can hear a reactive, even negative yes-laughter resonate. It exults in a hypermaesic mastery, and by spinning a spider web that defies any other possible mastery, as impregnable as an alpha and omega progranophone in which all histories, stories, discourses, types of knowledge, all the signatures to come that Joycean institutions as well as a few others might address would be prescribed and computed in advance beyond any actual computer, pre-understood, captive, predicted, partialized, metonymized, exhausted, just like the subjects, whether they know it or not. And science or consciousness cannot help in any way, to the contrary. It merely allows putting its supplemental calculation at the service of the master signature. It can laugh at Joyce but in this way is indebted to him. As it is said in Du noch dienen. / Brood of mockers.

There is a James Joyce who exists—and at this great trick [tour] he returns, Ulysses the cunning one, the return he returned from everything. The same laughter, but a jubilation always being be with a resigned lucidity. Indeed it opens and defines the dimension of He cannot not know this—for instance or Finnegans Wake, remains but one. Library of Congress, forever absent, the Japanese hotel, lost also in a non-being anything in common with the Americans or not, will have less and in some “curious meeting.” And this it still too clever, industrious, many impatient to show itself by hiding itself, sun, bad literature, vulgar in that it no simplicity of the poem, grimacing with technology, literature of a subtle doc the literature of a Doctor Pangloss somewhat Nora’s opinion?) who was being censored, and thus launched, just.

Even in its resignation to the mastery of a subjectivity that gathers itself to the name, in what is nothing during the course of the sun, for one It condemns and condemns itself, a cism of a grimace, of sarcasm and sn and accuses itself, it takes upon its on the resumption, the exhaustion, the contraction in saying so: this yes-donkey, the one that cries out ja ja, animal that wants to make the Great laughter: an absolute knowledge as absolute literature of burden [somme] as one i of summons [sommat] moment of owe you, this “I” constitutes itself to itself only on the basis of the del
It is difficult to the r [of rire]. These, my name.

It is difficult to think, to know this. [Qu’est-ce que du dire? Qu’est-ce que du voir? Qu’est-ce que ça veut rire?]

This relation between the debt and vowels, between the vowels [I.O.U.] and vocalization, should have led me, but I do not have the time to itself only on the basis of the debt.40

There is a James Joyce who can be heard laughing at this omnipotence—and at this great trick [tour] played. I speak about Ulysses’ tricks and turns, Ulysses the cunning one, the great tour he concluded when on his return he returned from everything.19 This is certainly a triumphant and jubilatory laughter, but a jubilation always betrays some mourning, and laughter can also be with a resigned lucidity. Indeed, omnipotence remains a phantasm, as it opens and defines the dimension of phantasm. Joyce cannot not know this. He cannot not know this—for instance that the book of all books, Ulysses or Finnegans Wake, remains but one volume among millions of titles in the Library of Congress, forever absent, no doubt, in the little newsstand of a Japanese hotel, lost also in a non-book archive whose accumulation has no longer anything in common with the library. Billions of tourists, whether Americans or not, will have less and less opportunities to run into this thing in some “curious meeting.”

And this crafty little book, some would consider it still too clever, industrious, manipulative, overloaded with a knowledge impatient to show itself by hiding itself, by supposing itself under everything: in sum, bad literature, vulgar in that it never leaves its chance to the incalculable technology, literature of a subtle doctor, a little too subtle, in other words, the literature of a Doctor Pangloss with his eyes newly opened (wasn’t this somewhat Nora’s opinion?) who would have had the calculated chance of being censored, and thus launched, by the U.S. postal authorities.

Even in its resignation to the phantasm, this yes-laughter reaffirms the mastery of a subjectivity that gathers all by gathering itself, or by delegating its double relation to the double relation of a subjectivity that gathers all by gathering itself, or by delegating its double relation to the virtual totality of writing whose differences could also be with a resigned lucidity. Indeed, omnipotence remains a phantasm, as it opens and defines the dimension of phantasm. Joyce cannot as know this. He cannot not know this—for instance that the book of all books, Ulysses or Finnegans Wake, remains but one volume among millions of titles in the Library of Congress, forever absent, no doubt, in the little newsstand of a Japanese hotel, lost also in a non-book archive whose accumulation has no longer anything in common with the library. Billions of tourists, whether Americans or not, will have less and less opportunities to run into this thing in some “curious meeting.”

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**NOTES**


41. A, E, I, O, U (U 9.213), I owe you, this "I" constitutes itself from the debt itself; where it was, it comes to itself only on the basis of the debt.

This relation between the debt and vowels, between the "I owe you" (I.O.U.) and vocalization, should have led me, but I do not have the time...
This yes-laughter of encircling reappropriation, of omnipotent Odyssean recapitulation, accompanies the setting up of an apparatus virtually capable of impregnating in advance its own certified signature, including perhaps also Molly's, all the countersignatures to come, even after a death of the artist as an old man, who then only carries off an empty shell, the accident of a substance. The filiation machine—legitimate or illegitimate—is functioning well, is ready for anything, to domesticate, to circumscribe or circumvent everything; it lends itself to the encyclopedic reappropriation of absolute knowledge that gathers itself as the Life of Logos, that is to say, also in the truth of natural death. We are here in Frankfurt to bear witness to this, in commemoration.

Yet, the eschatological tone of this yes-laughter seems to me to be inhabited or traversed, I prefer to say haunted, joyfully ventriloquized by an entirely different music, by the vowels of a completely different song. I can hear it too, quite close to the other one, like the yes-laughter of a gift without debt, light affirmation, practically amnesic, of a gift or an abandoned event, which is called in classical language "the work," a signature lost and without proper name that names and reveals the cycle of reappropriation and domestication of every paraph only to limit its phantasm; and in so doing, in order to introduce the necessary breach for the coming of the other, an other that one could always call Elijah, if Elijah is the name of the unpredictable other for whom a place must be kept, and no longer Elijah the grand operator of the central, Elijah the head of the megapro-grammotelephonic network, but the other Elijah, Elijah the other. But this is a homonym, Elijah can always be either one at the same time, one cannot call on one without risking getting the other. And one must always run this risk. I thus return, in this last movement, to the risk or the chance of this contamination of one yes-laughter by the other, to the parasiting of an Elijah, that is, an ego, by the other.

Why did I associate the question of laughter, of a laughter that remains, as fundamental and quasi-transcendental tonality, to that of the "yes"?

In order to wonder what happens/arrives [ce qui arrive] with Ulysses, or with the happening/arrival [arrive] of whatever or whomever, that of Elijah for instance, and we must attempt to think the singularity of the event: and thus the uniqueness of a signature, or rather an event that is not necessarily be reduced to a phenomenon of a proper name, after circumcision. We must ask if you will, on the basis of a possibility of the ceding and providing its figure. Now if laughter in Ulysses, if the analysis of it is exhaustive, precisely because it laughs from knowledge, it bursts out at the very event of signature without yes. If signature does not amount to a name, it supposes the irreversibility of saying or by doing yes, the contract of a name.

Before wondering about who signs, who and about the difference between the author or fiction signed by the author, before debatibility and stating one's conviction with respect to woman" character (I cite Frank Budgen and the beautiful plant, the herb or the phama- line" character of James Joyce, before taking the "nonstop monologue" character of James Joyce, the "O.L.O.U., a strange anagram of the French oui, translated horribly and didactically by "Je Vous Dois" in the version authorized by Joyce, the one to which he said yes and thus consented to. Did he say it in French, all in vowels, or in English? Laughter laughs about having generations of heirs, readers, guardians, Joyce scholars, and writers forever in its debt.

PS: (January 2, 1987.) A yes without word origin," an archi-word (Uwort). It resembles the whole enigma, as one can resemble God which Rosenzweig spoke has the original context that it is a silent word, mute, a sort before and beyond any affirmative statement in God: "This is the power of the Yes, that unlimited possibilities of reality lie hidden in language (Uwort), one of those which make to begin with, simply words that go into the sentence. Yes is not an element of the sentence, although it can be used as a companion of all the elements of a sentence, the 'amen' behind every word. It gives to
say elsewhere, in The Post Card or 'and he war' and Finnegans Wake's Ulysses' I.O.U., a strange anagram and didactically by "Je Vous Dois"\textsuperscript{41} one to which he said yes and thus \textit{ill} in vowels, or in English? Laughter, readers, guardians, Joyce scholars,\textsuperscript{42} appropriation, of omnipotent Odyssean giving up of an apparatus virtually of its own certified signature, including signatures to come, even after a death only carried off at an empty shell, the machine—legitimate or illegitimate— to domesticate, to circumscribe or to the encyclopedic reappropriation as the Life of Logos, that is to say, we here in Frankfurt to bear witness.

this yes-laughter seems to me to be haunted, joyfully ventriloquized by words of a completely different song. I one, like the yes-laughter of a gift amnesic, of a gift or an abandoned edge "the work," a signature lost and reveals the cycle of reappropriation or to limit its phantasm; and in so any breach for the coming of the call Elijah, if Elijah is the name of place must be kept, and no longer Elijah, the head of the megaproprietor Elijah, Elijah the other. But this is one at the same time, one cannot other. And one must always run, to the risk or the chance of the other, to the parasiting of an laughter, of a laughter that remains, totality, to that of the "yes?" derives \textit{de qui arrive} with Ulysses, or in ever or whomever, that of Elijah the singularity of the event: and thus the uniqueness of a signature, or rather an irreplaceable mark that cannot necessarily be reduced to a phenomenon of copyright readable through a proper name, after circumcision. We must attempt to think circumcision, if you will, on the basis of a possibility of the mark, that of a feature preceding and providing its figure. Now if laughter is a fundamental or abyssal totality in Ulysses, if the analysis of it is exhausted by none of the available knowledge precisely because it laughs from knowing and at knowledge, then laughter bursts out at the very event of signature. Now there is no signature without yes. If signature does not amount to manipulating or mentioning a name, it supposes the irreversible commitment of the one who confirms, by saying or by doing yes, the contract of a mark left behind.

Before wondering about who signs, whether Joyce is or is not Molly, and about the difference between the author's signature and that of a figure or fiction signed by the author, before debating on sexual difference as duality and stating one's conviction with respect to the "one-sidedly womanly woman" character (I cite Frank Budgen and a few others after him) of Molly the beautiful plant, the herb or the pharmakon, or the "one-sidedly masculine" character of James Joyce,\textsuperscript{43} before taking into account what he said of the "nonstop monologue" as "the indispensable countersign to Bloom's passport to eternity"\textsuperscript{44} (the competence of the Joyce of letters and conversations does not seem to me to enjoy any privilege), before manipulating clinical categories and a psychoanalytic knowledge that are derivative of the possibilities of which we speak here, we will wonder what a signature is: it requires a yes "older" than the question "what is?" since this question already supposes it, "older" than Knowledge. We will wonder why the yes always arrives/happens as a "yes, yes." I say the yes and not the word 'yes' for there can be some yes without a word.

PS: (January 2, 1987.) A yes without word thus could not be a "word-origin," an archi-word (\textit{Urwort}). It resembles it, nonetheless, and there lies the whole enigma, as one can resemble God. And it is true that the yes of which Rosenzweig spoke has the original character of an \textit{Urwort} only to the extent that it is a silent word, mute, a sort of transcendental of language, before and beyond any affirmative statement. It is the yes of God, the yes in God: "This is the power of the Yes, that it adheres to everything, that unlimited possibilities of reality lie hidden in it. It is the original word of language (\textit{Urwort}), one of those which make possible—not sentences but, to begin with, simply words that go into sentences, words as elements of the sentence. Yes is not an element of the sentence, nor even the shorthand sign of a sentence, although it can be used as such: in reality it is the silent companion of all the elements of a sentence, the confirmation, the 'sic,' the 'amen' behind every word. It gives to every word in the sentence its
right to existence, it offers it the chair where it may sit, it 'sets.' The first Yes in God establishes the divine essence in all infinity. And the first Yes is 'in the beginning.'

VI

It would thus be necessary, it would have been necessary, to preface all these discourses by a long meditation, learned and thoughtful, on the meaning, the function, and especially the presupposition of the yes: before language, in language but also in an experience of the plurality of languages that perhaps no longer pertains to a linguistics in the strict sense. Broadening the scope toward a pragmatics, although necessary in my view, remains insufficient so long as it does not open onto a thinking of the trace or of writing, in the sense that I attempted to articulate elsewhere and that I do not want to reconstitute here.

What is being said, written, and what happens/arrives with yes?

Yes can be implied without the word being said or written. This allows, for instance, the multiplication of oui in the French translation everywhere where one supposes that a oui is marked by English sentences in which the word “yes” is absent. However, since a yes is coextensive with every statement, it is very tempting, in French but first in English, to duplicate everything by a sort of continuous yes, to double even the articulated yeses by the simple mark of a rhythm, intakes of breath in the form of pauses or murmured interjections, as it happens sometimes in Ulysses: the yes comes, from me to me, from me to the other in me, from the other to me, to confirm the basic telephonic “hello”: yes, that's right, that's what I am saying, I am speaking, yes, there I am, I am speaking, yes, yes, you are hearing me, I can hear you, yes, we are here speaking, there is language, you are hearing me well, this is the case, it is taking place, it happens/arrives, it writes itself, it marks itself, yes, yes.

We start again from the phenomenon yes, the yes that is manifest and manifestly marked as a word, whether spoken, written, or phonogramed. Such a word says, but says nothing by itself, if by saying we mean to designate, sow, or describe something that would be outside language or outside marking. Its only references are other marks, which are also marks of the other. Since the yes says, shows, names nothing outside marking, some might be tempted to conclude from this that yes says nothing: an empty word, barely an adverb, since any adverb, following the grammatical category according to which one situates the yes in our languages, has a richer, more determined semantic charge than the yes, even if it always supposes it. In sum, the yes would be transcendental adverbiality, the infaceable supplement of all verbs: in the beginning was the adverb, yes, but as an interjection, still very close perfume of a discourse.

Can one sign with a perfume? If yes by a thing that it would supposed states nothing even if it is a sort of yes I am stating, it is stated that, etc to approve or affirm, likewise one concepts supposed to describe this act or an operation. The concept of act apt to account for a yes. And one can "affirmation," "confirmation," "acquisitive" used in the military in order not replace the yes, but still presuppose that.

What does this yes, which has no reference outside marking and not outside language for the case without the word yes. Because descriptive scope, even if it says yes is through and through, and p characterization seems to me insufficient be a sentence, and a sentence sufficient in a given conventional context, to believe, yes, that—to state this in a transcendental condition of every oath, an order, a commitment, always says yes and says yes to itself even if it is about by a performative mark, any yes, whether or not phenominalized such. Molly says yes, she recalls yes for yes with her eyes, etc.

We are here in a place that questions of the origin of negation, must be deployed. And not even the "Ich bin der Geist der stets sin that always says yes. The yes we are reversible alternatives, to all these...
Can one sign with a perfume? In the same way that one cannot replace yes by a thing that it would supposedly describe (in fact it describes nothing, states nothing even if it is a sort of performative implied in any statement: yes I am stating, it is stated that, etc.) nor even by the thing it is supposed to approve or affirm, likewise one cannot replace the yes by the names of concepts supposed to describe this act or this operation, if it is even an act or an operation. The concept of activity or actuality does not seem to me apt to account for a yes. And one cannot replace this quasi-act by “approval,” “affirmation,” “confirmation,” acquiescence,” “consent.” The word “affirmative” used in the military in order to avoid all kinds of technical risks does not replace the yes, but still presupposes it: yes, I do say “affirmative.”

What does this yes, which names, describes, designates nothing, and which has no reference outside marking, gives us to think? Outside marking and not outside language for the yes can occur without words, in any case without the word yes. Because of its radically non-constative or non-descriptive scope, even if it says yes to a description or to a narration, yes is through and through, and par excellence, a performative. But this characterization seems to me insufficient. First because a performative must be a sentence, and a sentence sufficiently endowed with meaning by itself, in a given conventional context, to produce a particular event. Now I do believe, yes, that—to state this in a classical philosophical code—yes is the transcendental condition of every performative dimension. A promise, an oath, an order, a commitment, always imply a yes, I sign. The I in the I sign says yes and says yes to itself even if it signs a simulacrum. Any event brought about by a performative mark, any writing in the broad sense, engages a yes, whether or not phenomenalized, that is, verbalized or adverbalized as such. Molly says yes, she recalls yes, the yes she says with her eyes to ask for yes with her eyes, etc.

We are here in a place that is not yet the space where the great questions of the origin of negation, of affirmation and denegation can and must be deployed. And not even the space where Joyce was able to reverse the “Ich bin der Geist der stets verneint” by saying that Molly is the flesh that always says yes. The yes we are referring to now is “prior” to all these reversible alternatives, to all these dialectics. They presuppose and include it. Before the Ich in Ich bin affirms or denying, it posits itself or pre-poses itself: not as an ego, a conscious or unconscious ego, masculine or feminine subject, spirit or flesh, but as the pre-performative force that, in the form of an “I” for instance, marks that the I addresses itself to some other, however indeterminate he or she may be: “Yes-I,” “yes-I-say-to-the-other,” even if I says “no” and even if I addresses itself without speaking. The minimal
and basic yes, telephonic hello or tap through a prison wall, marks, before meaning [vouloir dire] or signing: “I-there,” listen, answer, there is some mark, there is some other. Negativities may ensue, but even if they engulf everything, such a “yes” can no longer be erased.

I had to yield to the rhetorical necessity of translating this minimal and undetermined, almost virginal, address into words, and words such as “I,” “I am,” “language,” etc., at the place where the position of the I, of being and of language are still derivative with respect to this yes. This is the whole difficulty for those who want to say something about the yes. A metalanguage will always be impossible on this subject to the extent that it will itself suppose an event of the yes that it will not be able to understand. This will be the same for any accounting or computation, for any calculation aiming to adjust a series of yeses to the principle of reason and its machines. Yes marks that there is an address to the other.

This address is not necessarily a dialogue or an interlocution, since it supposes neither voice nor symmetry, but in advance the haste of a response that is already asking. For there is some other, thus if there is some yes, the other is no longer produced by the same or the ego. Yes, condition of every signature and performative, addresses itself to some other, which it does not constitute, and it can only begin by asking, as a response to an always prior demand, to ask him or her to say yes. Time only appears from this singular anachrony. These commitments may remain fictitious, fallacious, always reversible, and the address may remain divisible or undetermined; this changes nothing in the necessity of the structure. It breaks a priori any possible monologue. Nothing is less a monologue than Molly’s “monologue” even if, within certain conventional limits, one is justified in considering it as belonging to the genre or kind “monologue.” But a discourse situated between two qualitatively different “Yeses,” two “Yeses” in capital letters, thus two gramaphoned “Yeses,” could not be a monologue, at most a soliloquy.

But we understand why the appearance of a monologue can impose itself here, precisely because of the yes, yes. The yes says nothing and asks nothing but another yes, the yes of an other which we will see is analytically—or by an a priori synthesis—implied in the first yes. The latter only poses itself, proposes itself, marks itself in the call for its confirmation, in the yes, yes. It begins with the yes, yes, by the second yes, by the other yes, but since it is still only a yes that recalls (and Molly remembers and recalls herself from the other yes), one is always tempted to call this anamnesis a monologue. And a tautology. The yes says nothing but the yes, another yes that resembles the first yes even if it says yes to the coming of a wholly other yes. It seems monotautological or specular, or imaginary, because it opens the position of the I, itself the condition of any performativity. Austin recalls that the grammar of the performative par excellence is that of

a sentence in the first person of the accept, I refuse, I command, I do, I explicit performative and it cannot be instance, in: “I swear that he promises.”

Recall Bloom at the chemist’s things, about perfumes. And also belong to the element of perfume. I did it for a moment, transformed this part of the pharmakon, and titled it “Of the Molly remembers all these yeses, and yeses as so many consents to that which asked me would I yes to say yes my pseudonymized on the postcard as yes, yes. Three we ask. We are running out of time, I hurry Yes. Three we ask. Molly remembers all these yeses, and yeses as so many consents to that which asked me would I yes to say yes my pseudonymized on the postcard as yes, yes. Three we ask. We are running out of time, I hurry

The “yes, I will” seems tautologi—presupposed by the so-called primary and “I” as “I will.” Well, do recall, I speak to himself about perfume. Three we have” (U 5.498–99). What perfume does your? Fume too. What perfume does your? Turkish. Massage. Dirt gets rolled up in it. Also I think I. Yes I. Do it in this passage (“Also I think I. Yes I”), one has the minimal proposition, no manifests the hetero-tautology of the thinking, positing of self and will or the I thinks I, etc. As for the “Curio becomes in French “Drôle d’envie qu’of the other, comes from elsewhere
a sentence in the first person of the present indicative: yes, I promise, I accept, I refuse, I command, I do, I will, etc. ... "He promises" is not an explicit performative and it cannot be so except if an "I" is implied, as for instance, in: "I swear that he promises, etc."

Recall Bloom at the chemist's. He speaks to himself, among other things, about perfumes. And also recall that Molly's yeses, the herb, also belong to the element of perfume. I could have, and I thought about doing it for a moment, transformed this paper into a treaty of perfumes, that is, of the pharmakon, and titled it "Of the Perfumative in Ulysses." Recall that Molly remembers all these yeses, and remembers herself through all these yeses as so many consents to that which smells good, namely perfume: "he asked me would I yes to say yes my mountain flower (Bloom's name, Flower, pseudonymized on the postcard as poste restante, evaporates here) and first I put my arms around him yes and drew him down to me so he could feel my breasts all perfume yes (...)

The "yes, I will" seems tautological, it unfolds the repetition called and presupposed by the so-called primary yes, which in sum only says "I will" and "I" as "I will." Well, do recall, I was saying, Bloom at the chemist's. He speaks to himself about perfumes: "(...) had only one skin. Leopold, yes. Three we have" (U 5.498–99). A line further: "But you want a perfume too. What perfume does your? Peau d'Espagne. That orangeflower" (U 5.499–501). From there, he goes to the bath, then to a massage: "Hammam. Turkish. Massage. Dirt gets rolled up in your navel. Nicer if a nice girl did it. Also I think I. Yes I. Do it in the bath" (U 5.502–4). If one isolates this passage ("Also I think I. Yes I!") as one always has the right, and not, one has the minimal proposition, moreover equivalent to the I will, which manifests the hetero-tautology of the yes that is implied in every cogito as thinking, positing of self and will to position of self. But despite the umbilical, narcissistic or navel-gazing [nombrilque] scene, navel cord again, despite the archi-narcissistic and auto-affective appearance of this "Yes-I!" that dreams of massaging itself, of washing itself, of appropriating itself, of making itself clean by itself in the caress, the yes addresses itself to some other and can only appeal to the yes of the other, and begins by responding. We are running out of time, I hurry up and use an even more telegraphic style. The French translation for "I think I. Yes I!" is quite insufficient, since it proposes "Je pense aussi à. Oui, je," instead of "Je pense je," I think the I or the I thinks I, etc. As for the "Curious longing I!" that follows immediately, becomes in French "Drôle d'envie que j'ai là, moi." The response, the yes of the other, comes from elsewhere to bring him out of his dream, in the
somewhat automatic form of the yes of a chemist. "Yes, sir, the chemist said" (U 5.507), who twice tells him how much he owes: "Yes, sir, the chemist said. You can pay altogether, sir, when you come back" (U 5.514–15). The dream of a perfumed bath, a clean body, and a smooth massage goes on as far as the Christly repetition of a "this is my body," a repetition thanks to which one crosses oneself in ecstasy like the anointing of the Lord: “Enjoy a bath now: clean trough of water, cool enamel, the gentle tepid stream. This is my body" (U 5.565–66). The following paragraph refers to the anointing of Christ ("oiled by scented melting soap" [U 5.568]), the navel, the flesh ("his navel, bud of flesh," the remainder of the umbilical cord as remainder of the mother), and it's the end of the chapter with, again, the word "flower," Bloom's other signature: "a languid floating flower" (U 5.571–72).

The great dream of perfumes unfolds in "Nausicaa"; it is a movement of fidelity to Molly that begins with a "Yes. That's her perfume" and articulates itself as a grammar of perfumes. This self-position of the self in the yes returns unceasingly, each time in a different form, all through the journey. One of those places, among others (I cite it because it is quite close to one of the A. E. I. O. U.) is the one that calls the "I" an "entelechy of forms." But "I" is there both mentioned and used:

But I, entelechy, form of forms, am I by memory because under everchanging forms.

1 that sinned and prayed and fasted.

A child Connec saved from pandies.

I, I and I. I.


A bit further: "Her ghost at least has been laid for ever. She died, for literature at least, before she was born" (U 9.215–16). This is the section about the ghost and the French Hamlet "laisant au livre de lui-même" (U 9.114). John Eglinton says there, concerning the French, that "Yes ( . . ). Excellent people, no doubt, but distressingly shortsighted in some matters" (U 9.127–28).

Elsewhere, at the end of "Nausicaa," Bloom writes then erases something in the sand:

Write a message for her. Might remain. What?

I. ( . . )

AM. A. (U 13.1256–64)

The self-position in the yes, or the Ay, is nonetheless neither tautological nor narcissistic, nor is it egological even if it initiates the movement of circular reappropriation, the determined modalities. It keeps open yet performative, not yet transcending all performativity, a priori for any and transcendentality. For that very reason says what is or the being of what is, the responsibility of the yes: yes, we responded—to the call of being, etc. then situate the possibility of the yes where transcendentality, the or logic, fundamental ontology, and the of the gift and of sendings that they cannot develop this argument as I do elsewhere. I will content myself with starting this journey of postal sendings in Ulysses: postcard, etc.

The self-affirmation of the yes recalling itself to itself, by saying to oneself presupposition, quite comical sending-back from oneself to oneself and yet never arrives at itself. Molly (herself alone), she recalls that she to say yes, and she begins or ends other in her, but in order to tell that asks her, yes, to say yes. These send the situation of the questions/answer scene of “sending oneself to oneself” literally postal form. As well as always and failure themselves. The circle of but mention three examples. First, was sending herself love notes com Milly Bloom ( . . ) / You are my look end “pieces of folded brown paper in at least, what the French translation text is less clear, but never mind). She sends herself everything, like in en abyme in the literality of the self herself to herself through the post card from a living soul except the odd fe in them ( . . )" (U 18.698–99). For by him: “but he never forgot himse the room on some blind excuse [. .]"
a chemist. "Yes, sir, the chemist said" such he owes: "Yes, sir, the chemist you come back" (U 5.514–15). The joy, and a smooth massage goes on as "my body," a repetition thanks to the anointing of the Lord: "Enjoy a camel; the gentle tepid stream. This paragraph refers to the anointing of the Lord: "Enjoy a navel, the flesh er of the umbilical cord as remain­ in Nausicaa"; it is a movement to one of the A. E. I. O. U.) is ty of forms." But "I" is there both ways. The self-affirmation of the yes can only address itself to the other by recalling itself to itself, by saying to itself yes, yes. The circle of this universal presupposition, quite comical in itself, is like a sending to oneself, a sending-back from oneself to oneself that at the same time never leaves itself and yet never arrives at itself. Molly says to herself (apparently speaking to herself alone), she recalls that she says yes by asking the other to ask her to say yes, and she begins or ends up by saying yes by responding to the other in her, but in order to tell that other that she will say yes if the other asks her, yes, to say yes. These sendings and sendings back always mimic the situation of the questions/answers of the Scholastics. And we see the scene of "sending oneself to oneself" replayed many times in Ulysses in its literally postal form. As well as always marked with derision, like phantasm and failure themselves. The circle does not close. For lack of time, I will but mention three examples. First, Milly, who at the age of four or five was sending herself love notes comparing herself to a "looking glass" ("0 Milly Bloom ( ... ) You are my lookingglass" [U 4.287–88]). She left to that end "pieces of folded brown paper in the letterbox" (U 4.285–86). Four lines above, she is sent or sent back by him: "but he never forgot himself when I was there sending me out of the room on some blind excuse [... ]" (U 18.694–95).
It is thus a question of sending oneself. And in the end, of sending someone to oneself who says yes, without needing, in order to say it, what the idiom or slang babelizes in the name of "getting off" ["s'envoyer," "s'envoyer soi-même en l'air"] or "getting off with somebody" ["s'envoyer quelqu'un"]. The "sending oneself" barely allows itself a detour via the virgin mother when the father imagines that he sends himself the seed of a consubstantial son: "a mystical estate, an apostolic succession, from only begetter to only begotten (. . .)" (U 9.838-39). This is one of the passages on "Amor matris, subjective and objective genitive, may be the only true thing in life. Paternity may be a legal fiction" (U 9.842-44). My third example precedes it slightly and comes immediately after the Was Du verlachst wirst Du noch dienen: "He Who Himself begot middle the Holy Ghost and Himself sent Himself, Agenbuyer, between Himself and others, Who (. . .)" (U 9.493-94). Two pages further:

—Telegram! he said. Wonderful inspiration! Telegram! A papal bull!

He sat on a corner of the unlit desk, reading aloud joyfully:
—The sentimentalist is he who would enjoy without incurring the immense debtorship for a thing done. Signed: Dedalus. (U 9.548-51)

To be more and more aphoristic and telegraphic, I would say to conclude that the Ulyssian circle of sending oneself governs a reactive yes-laughter, the manipulative operation of hypermnestic reappropriation, when the phantasm of a signature wins out, and a signature gathering the sending in order to gather itself by itself. But when, and this is only a question of rhythm, the circle opens, reappropriation is renounced, the specular gathering of the sending can be joyfully dispersed in the multiplicity of unique yet countless sendings, then the other yes laughs, the other, yes, laughs.

Now, the relation of a yes to the Other, of a yes to the other and a yes to the other yes, must be such that the contamination of the two yeses remains fatal. And not only as a threat: but also as a chance. With or without words, heard in its minimal event, a yes demands a priori its own repetition, its own memorizing, and that a yes to the yes inherits the arrival of the "first" yes, which is therefore never simply originary. One cannot say yes without promising to confirm it and to remember it, to harbor it, countersigned in another says yes, without promise and memory, without the promise of memory. Molly remembers, recalls herself [se rappelle].

This memory of a promise initiates the circle of reappropriation, with all the risks of technical repetition, automated archives, gramophony, simu-

lacrum, of errancy without an address to memory. Having come after of the demand, and from the other yes entrusts itself to the memory of the other yes. All the risks are at first breath of the other. And the for the other, already, always a second out of sight, in advance connected to:

We cannot separate the twin of Like Shem and Shaun, like writing me to secure, not so much the sign event that only happens by asking, or demanding. A differential vibration of yes-laughters that cannot be on one single sending, from oneself to which call for the countersigning of in an entirely different writing, an another timbre.

I return to you, to the common department of Joycean studies, and Chairman, or Chairperson, decided about a "program," the first phase of a typology of all the yeses in Ulysses, "Wake." The chairperson agrees (the yes) to buy an nth-generation computer operation could go quite what I have myself computed into the yeses legible in the original than a quarter, at least 79, are to be (i), an even greater number in French phrases, or rhythmic pauses that are "well," "he nodded," etc., even at

Another count would be necessary reserved for those used in Ulysses with "mon père, oui," which is in F cerno whose "yes" stands as near as the spirit saying "no" ("You prayed soul for that (. . .)" [U 3.130-32]), the explicit yes, the chairperson would be impossible for the computer and mastery. These are two impossible and which I reduce to two main
And in the end, of sending someone away, in order to say it, what the idiom says off ['s'envoyer,' "s'envoyer soi-même" ['s'envoyer quelqu'un']]. The detour via the virgin mother when the seed of a consubstantial son: "a chair..." From only begetter to only begotten, passages on "Amor matris, subjective thing in life. Paternity may not begets, that of subjective thing in life, subjective thing in life..."

The other, already, always a second breath. It remains so out of sound and of sight, in advance connected to some "gramophone in the grave."

We cannot separate the twin yeses, and yet they remain wholly other. Like Shen and Shaun, like writing and the post. Such a coupling seems to me to secure, not so much the signature of Ulysses, but the vibration of an event that only happens by asking, only succeeds in asking [qui n'arrive qu'à demander]. A differential vibration of several tonalities, of several qualities of yes-laughters that cannot be stabilized in the indivisible simplicity of one single sending, from oneself to oneself, or from a single co-signing, but which call for the countersigning of the other, for a yes that would resonate in an entirely different writing, another language, another idiosyncrasy, with another timbre. I return to you, to the community of Joycean studies. Suppose that a department of Joycean studies, under the authority of an Elijah Professor, Chairman, or Chairperson, decided to put my reading to the test by instituting a "program," the first phase of which would consist in sketching a great typology of all the yeses in Ulysses, before moving on to the yes in Finnegans Wake. The chairperson agrees (the chair, the flesh [la chair], always says yes) to buy an nth-generation computer that would be up to the task. The proposed operation could go quite far, I could keep you for hours describing what I have myself computed with a pencil: the mechanical counting of the yeses legible in the original, more than 222 in all, of which more than a quarter, at least 79, are to be found in Molly's so-called monologue (!), an even greater number in French, if we include the types of words, phrases, or rhythmic pauses that are effectively translated by "oui" ("ay," "well," "he nodded," etc.), even at times in the absence of the word "yes."

Another count would be necessary in each language, with a special treatment reserved for those used in Ulysses. What should we do, for example, with "mon père, oui," which is in French in the original, or with that "O si certo" whose "yes" stands as near as possible to Satanic temptation, that of the spirit saying "no" ("You prayed to the devil (. . .). O si, certo! Sell your soul for that (. . .)" [U 3.130-32]). Beyond this very perilous counting of the explicit yeses, the chairperson would decide or promise two tasks which would be impossible for the computer of which we have today the concept and mastery. These are two impossible tasks for the reasons I have given and which I reduce to two main types.
By hypothesis, we would have to organize the different categories of yeses according to a large number of criteria. I have found at least ten categories of modalities. This list cannot be closed, since each category can be divided into two, depending on whether yes appears in a manifest monologue as a response to the other within oneself or in a manifest dialogue. We would have to take into account the different tonalities of these alleged modalities of the yes, in English and in all languages. Now, even if we suppose that we could give the computer the relevant instructions to discern these subtle changes in tone, which is already quite doubtful, the over-marking of every yes with the remainder of a quasi-transcendental yes-laughter can no longer give rise to a diacritical analysis ruled by binary logic. The two qualitatively different yes-laughters call out to each other and imply each other irresistibly as soon as they both demand and risk the signed pledge. One doubles the other: not as a countable presence, but as a specter. The yes of memory, the recapitulating mastery, the reactive repetition immediately duplicates the light, dancing yes of affirmation, the open affirmation of the gift. Reciprocally, two responses or two responsibilities refer to each other without having any relation between them. The two sign yet prevent the signature from gathering itself. All they can do is call for another yes, another signature. And furthermore, one cannot differentiate between two yeses that must gather together like twins, to the point of simulacrum, the one being the gramophony of the other.

I hear this vibration as the very music of Ulysses. The computer today cannot enumerate these interlacings, despite all the many ways it is already able to help us. Only a computer which has not yet been invented could answer that music in Ulysses, by attempting to integrate its other language and writing, and therefore by adding its own score. What I say or write here today advances one proposition, a small piece in comparison with that other text that the unheard-of computer would be.

Hence the second form of the argument. The operation assigned to the computer or the institute by the “chairperson,” its very program, in fact, presupposes a yes—some would call it a speech act—which, in responding as it were to the event of the yeses in Ulysses and to their call, to that which in their structure is or proffers the call, both belongs and does not belong to the analyzed corpus. The chairperson’s yes, like that of the program of whoever writes on Ulysses, responding and countersigning in some way, can neither be counted nor discounted, anymore than the yeses that it calls for in turn. It is not just binarity, but also and for the same reason totalization, which proves impossible, as well as the closing of the circle, and Ulysses’ return, and Ulysses himself, and the sending to oneself of some indivisible signature.
to organize the different categories of criteria. I have found at least ten cannot be closed, since each category whether yes appears in a manifest within oneself or in a manifest distant the different tonalities of these and in all languages. Now, even computer the relevant instructions one, which is already quite doubtful, the remainder of a quasi-transcendental diacritical analysis ruled by binary yes-laughters call out to each other as they both demand and risk the not as a countable presence, but as a regulating mastery, the reactive repeating się of affirmation, the open two responses or two responsibilities by relation between them. The two uttering itself. All they can do is call furthermore, one cannot differenti-together like twins, to the point of ony of the other.

Music of Ulysses. The computer today despite all the many ways it is already in has not yet been invented could trying to integrate its other language own score. What I say or write here piece in comparison with that other be the argument. The operation assigned "chairperson," its very program,
and call it a speech act—which, in the yeses in Ulysses and to their call, offers the call, both belongs and does chairperson's yes, like that of the responding and countersigning in discounted, anymore than the yeses inarity, but also and for the same able, as well as the closing of the himself, and the sending to oneself

Yes, yes, this is what provokes laughter, and one never laughs alone, as Freud said correctly, never without sharing something of the same repression.4

Or, rather, this is what provokes laughter [donne à rire] as it(d) makes one think [donne à penser]. And as it(d) gives [la donne], quite simply, beyond laughter and beyond the yes, beyond the yes/yes, beyond the ego/not-ego, which can always turn into a dialectic.

But, is it possible to sign with a perfume?

Only another event can sign, or countersign to bring it about that an event has already happened. This event, which one naïvely calls the first event, can only affirm itself through the confirmation of the other: a wholly other [tout autre] event.

The other signs. And the yes relaunches itself infinitely, much more than, and quite differently from, "yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes," Mrs. Breen's week of seven yeses when she listens to Bloom tell her the story of Marcus Tertius Moses and Dancer Moses: "Mrs. Breen (eagerly) Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes" (U 15.575–76).

I decided to stop here because I almost had an accident as I was jott­ing down this last sentence, when, on leaving the airport, I was driving home returning from Tokyo.

Notes


3. TN: In English in the original.

The credit line for the translation reads: "Traduction intégrale d'Ulysse par Auguste Morel, assisté de Stuart Gilbert, entièrement revue par Valery Larbaud et l'auteur [Complete translation of Ulysses by Auguste Morel, assisted by Stuart Gilbert, entirely reviewed by Valery Larbaud and the author]." Derrida's citations from this edition will be rendered into English within the notes when not included in the main text; here, "sheaf of events."

5. TN: In English in the original.
6. TN: In English in the original.
7. TN: In English in the original.
8. TN: Joyce, Ulysses, 694.
9. The treatment of this question would be heavily overdetermined by the Irish idiom, which weighs silently and obliquely on the entire text. In its own way, Irish also avoids yes and no in their direct form. To the question, "Are you sick?", it replies neither by yes nor no, but by "I am" or "I am not." "Was he sick?" "He was" or "he was not," etc. The way in which the hoc could have taken on the meaning of "yes" is no doubt not foreign to this process. Oe (hoc illud) and oc have thus served to designate languages by the way in which people were saying yes in them. Italian was sometimes called the si language. Yes, the name of the language. TN: One finds in Latin two distinct terms for signifying assent (yes): hoc ille, "this (is) it," and hoc, "this," which became oil and oc, respectively. See TW 39/53.
10. TN: In English in the original.
11. TN: In English in the original.
12. TN: Gabler's edition of Ulysses was launched at the same symposium at which Derrida delivered this talk.
13. Since then, the week after this lecture, a student and friend whom I met in Toronto called my attention to another calculation. This one resulted in a much higher number, probably because it included all the ay—I note in passing that since it is pronounced like the word I, it raises a problem to which I will return. Here is this other calculation, from Noel Riley Fitch in Sylvia Beach and the Lost Generation: A History of Literary Paris in the Twenties and Thirties (New York: Norton, 1983). If I cite the entire paragraph, it is because of its importance beyond the arithmetic of the yes: "One consultation with Joyce concerned Benoist-Méchin's translation of the final words of Ulysses: 'and his heart was going like mad and yes I said Yes I Will.' The young man wanted the novel to conclude with a final 'yes' following the 'I will.' Earlier Joyce had considered using 'yes' (which appears 354 times in the novel) as his final word, but had written 'I will' in the draft that Benoist-Méchin was translating. There followed a day of discussion in which they dragged in all the world's greatest philosophers. Benoist-Méchin, who argued that in French the 'oui' is stronger and smoother, was more persuasive in the philosophical discussion. 'I will' sounds authoritative and Luciferian. 'Yes,' he argued, is optimistic, an affirmation to the world beyond oneself. Joyce, who may have changed his mind earlier in the discussion, conceded hours later, 'yes,' the young man was right, the book would end with 'the most positive word in the language.'"
14. TN: Derrida plays here on the homoonomy in French between oui (yes) and ouï (hearing), between oui dire (saying yes) and oui-dire (hearsay).
15. TN: Derrida plays here on point c'est tout, literally "one point, the end a discussion, and "mettre les points.
16. TN: In English in the original.
17. TN: Petit-Rœulx, Belgium: C English translation (which was dedicated (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins University chapter Derrida refers to is now the fifth (New York: Norton, 1983). If I cite the entire paragraph, it is because of its importance beyond the arithmetic of the yes: "One consultation with Joyce concerned Benoist-Méchin's translation of the final words of Ulysses: 'and his heart was going like mad and yes I said Yes I Will.' The young man wanted the novel to conclude with a final 'yes' following the 'I will.' Earlier Joyce had considered using 'yes' (which appears 354 times in the novel) as his final word, but had written 'I will' in the draft that Benoist-Méchin was translating. There followed a day of discussion in which they dragged in all the world's greatest philosophers. Benoist-Méchin, who argued that in French the 'oui' is stronger and smoother, was more persuasive in the philosophical discussion. 'I will' sounds authoritative and Luciferian. 'Yes,' he argued, is optimistic, an affirmation to the world beyond oneself. Joyce, who may have changed his mind earlier in the discussion, conceded hours later, 'yes,' the young man was right, the book would end with 'the most positive word in the language.'"
18. TN: In English in the original.
19. TN: In English in the original.
20. Elsewhere, in the brothel, it is Israel," and there is also the Lucas Mort world chant as they cast dead sea fruit into Adana Echad" (U 15.327-28). A A Dead Sea, and of the gramophone, of Things Past. "He stopped laughing: I like Ulysses in the Odyssey when he the spiritualist who tries in vain to elicit identity, like the visitor at an exhibition voice which the gramophone restores emitted by a human being, I was obliged the familiar voice seemed to be I had ever heard." The Past Recaptured (1971), 188-99. Biographies: "Those of Claudel, Marcel Proust, André Gide (and to or hostile toward his work. Valery's only one brief meeting with Proust, wh Ulysses" Fitch, Sylvia Beach and the Lon ing . . . galaxy of events . . . "TN: "a p 21. TN: James Joyce, Ulysses, 13 22. TN: Martin Heidegger, Sem 1993), 277; the English is translated in 23. TN: Play on Langue d'oil, wh language, the word of signifying yes. 24. I am told that James Joyce citation is obviously dedicated to him. 25. TN: In a letter to Frank E "Though probably more obscene than perfectly sane full amoral fertilisable un indifferent Welt. Ich bin der [sic] Flesh translates as "Woman. I am the flesh of Mephistopheles' characterisation of der stets verneint [I am the spirit that Faust I & II, trans. Stuart Atkins, Go Princeton University Press, 1994), 36,
15. TN: Derrida plays here on two idiomatic expressions in French: “Un point c’est tout,” literally “one point, that is all,” which means “period!” as a way to end a discussion, and “mettre les points sur les i,” which means to spell things out.

16. TN: In English in the original.

17. TN: Petit-Reuelx, Belgium: Cistre, 1984. Rabaté revised this book for its English translation (which was dedicated to Derrida), James Joyce, Authorized Reader (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins University Press, 1991). In the English version, the chapter Derrida refers to is now the fifth chapter and is titled “Spinning Molly’s Yarn.”

18. TN: In English in the original.

19. TN: In English in the original.

20. Elsewhere, in the brothel, it is still the circumcised who say the “Shema Israel,” and there is also the Lactis Morsis, the Dead Sea: “THE CIRCUMCISED: (in dark guttural chant as they cast dead sea fruit upon him, no flowers) Shema Israel Adonai Eloheu Adanan Echad” (U 15.3227–28). And while we are speaking of Ulysses, of the Dead Sea, and of the gramophone, and soon of laughter, here is, from Remembrance of Things Past: “He stopped laughing: I should have liked to recognize my friend, but, like Ulysses in the Odyssey when he rushes forward to embrace his dead mother, like the spiritualist who tries in vain to elicit from a ghost an answer which will reveal its identity, like the visitor at an exhibition of electricity who cannot believe that the voice which the gramophone restores unaltered to life is not a voice spontaneously emitted by a human being, I was obliged to give up the attempt.” A little higher up: “The familiar voice seemed to be emitted by a gramophone more perfect than any I had ever heard.” The Past Recaptured, trans. Andreas Mayor (New York: Vintage, 1971), 188–89. Biographies: ‘Those of the earlier generation—Paul Valéry, Paul Claudel, Marcel Proust, André Gide (all born around 1870)—were either indifferent to or hostile toward his work. Valéry and Proust were indifferent. (... ) Joyce had only one brief meeting with Proust, who died within months after the publication of Ulysses’ (Fitch, Sylvia Beach and the Lost Generation, 95). “... coincidence of meeting ... galaxy of events ... ” TN: “a person-to-person call” in English in the original.


22. TN: Martin Heidegger, Sein und Zeit (Tübingen: Max Niemeyer Verlag, 1993), 277; the English is translated from Derrida’s translation of this passage.

23. TN: Play on Langue d’oil, which was the ancient northern Gallo-Romance language, the word of signifying yes.

24. I am told that James Joyce’s grandson is here, now, in this room. This citation is obviously dedicated to him.

26. TN: Joyce, Ulysse, 560: “It’s me who operates all the telephones in this network here.”
27. TN: Joyce, Ulysse, 560: literally, “Me, I say but yes,” figuratively, “I say yes.”
28. TN: In English in the original.
29. TN: In English in the original.
30. TN: In English in the original.
34. TN: Both words in English in the original.
35. TN: the interspersed French here reads, “He comes! It’s me! The laughing man! The primal man! . . . Ladies and gentlemen, make your bets! . . . The bets are finished! . . . No more bets! [literally, nothing goes anymore].”
36. TN: In editions prior to Gabler’s, the text of the telegram was “Mother dying come home father.”
37. TN: The French reads: “It’s screamingly funny, you know. Myself, I don’t believe in the existence of God. Don’t tell this to my father.” “He’s a believer!” “My father, yes.”
38. TN: The German reads: “what you ridicule, you will yet serve.”
39. TN: In French, the expression “revenir de tout” also has the colloquial sense of having done it all, with the connotation of having lost, as a consequence, all of one’s illusions.
41. TN: Joyce, Ulysse, 216: “I Owe You.”
42. TN: In English in the original.
43. TN: “Molly Bloom is the creation of a man; and James Joyce is, perhaps, as one-sidedly masculine as D. H. Lawrence was one-sidedly feminine” (Frank Budgen, James Joyce and the Making of “Ulysses” [Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1989], 269).
44. TN: Budgen, James Joyce, 270.
46. TN: Joyce, Ulysse, 94: “Strange desire that I have here.”
48. TN: Joyce, Ulysse, 68: “She sent herself.”
49. TN: Derrida plays here on the sexual connotation of the expression “s’envoyer en l’air” or “s’envoyer quelqu’un,” literally “to send oneself up in the air”

or “to send oneself some one,” and which “getting off with someone.”
50. Here are a few examples [TN follows the reference to the Gabler edition]

51. For instance: 1. The “yes” a said. What did I say?” (U 1.197); 2. The monologic self-approval: “Two in the (2.34–35), or “Yes, I must” (3.60); 3. The “yes” marking an agreement on the wonderful” (3.140); 5. The “yes” of ample bedwarmed flesh. Yes, yes” (4.2
who operates all the telephones in this
me, I say but yes," figuratively, "I say yes."

The text of the telegram was "Mother
famously funny, you know. Myself, I'm a
God. Don't tell this to my father." "He's
You ridicule, you will yet serve." 

Un vrai de tout" also has the colloquial
ration of having lost, as a consequence,
reference to Freud's famous closing to
analysis: "Wo es war, soll ich
Where it was, there ego shall be" (in
Complete Psychological Works of Sigmund

"I say but yes;" figuratively, "I say yes."
from Mallarmé's "Hamlet et Fortin-

sexual connotation of the expression literally "to send oneself up in the air"
or "to send oneself someone," and which in slang is equivalent to "getting off," and
"getting off with someone."

50. Here are a few
follows the reference to the Gafter edition: 1.25/10: oui purely and simply added;
Oui mais for "Well but"; 6.289/106: Oh mais oui for "O, he did!" 6.536/114: Je crois
que oui for "I believe so"; 6.695/119: Oh mais oui for "O, to be sure"; 7.123/135: fit
out de la tête for "noddled"; 7.185/137: oui for "Ay"; 7.364/143: Pardi, oui for "So it
was"; 8.584–85/188: Je crois que oui for "I believe there is"; 8.781/194: Oui, merci
Oui-da, il me la fallait for "Marry, I wanted it"; 9.387/221: Oui. Un oni juvenile de M.
Bon for "Yes, Mr. Best said youngly" [TN: In compiling his original list, Derrida
used the 1948 Gallimard edition. As one of the emendations to the translation that
Moby Dick was published in the 1950s, this line was changed to Oui, fit juvenillement M.
"Ay"; 10.25–26/247: Oh oui for "Very well, indeed" [TN: A mistake in Derrida's
collation: "Oh oui" translates as "oh yes"; "Very well, indeed" is several lines earlier];
10.219/254: Dame oui for "Ay"; 10.870/274: Elle fit oui for "She nodded"; 10.906/275:
Oui, essayez voir for "Hold him now"; 11.56/289: Oui, Oui for "Ay, ay"; 11.451/301:
oui, essayez voir for "hold him now"; 11.496/303: Mais oui, mais oui, appuyait M.
Dedalus for "Ay, ay, Mr. Dedalus nodded"; 11.627/307: Oui, mais for "But (.)"; 11.824/313:
Oui, certaingement for "It certainly is"; 11.992/319: Oui, chantez-vous ça for "Ay do";
in collation: The Oui translates as "Yes" a few lines earlier and this "Ay" is translated as
are"; 13.936/419: Oui for "See!"; 13.1206–7/429: Elle regardait la mer le jour où
elle m a dit oui for "Looking out over the sea she told me"; 14.609/453: Oui da for
"Ay"; 15.264/494: Je crois que oui for "I suppose so"; 15.220/560: Moi je dis que oui
for "I say you are"; 15.4297/633: Oui, je sais for "O, I know"; 16.465/671: Ben oui
Si, si for "Ay, ay"; 18.266/811: oui for "well" [TN: "well" is a mistake made in the
first edition; Gabler corrects to "west"]; 18.268/811: oui bien sûr for "but of course";
oui for "say they are." In total, more than fifty displacements of various kinds. A
systematic typology could be attempted.

51. For instance: 1. The "yes" as a question: oui? Allo?: "Yes?" Buck Mulligan
said. What did I say?" (U 1.197); 2. The "yes" of rhythmical breathing in the form of
a monologic self-appraisal: "Two in the back bench whispered. Yes. They knew (. . . )"
(2.34–35), or "Yes, I must" (3.62); 3. The "yes" of obedience: "Yes, sir" (3.85); 4.
The "yes" marking an agreement on some fact: "O yes, but I prefer Q. Yes, but W
is wonderful" (3.140); 5. The "yes" of passionate, desiring, breathing: "Be near her
ample bedwarmed flesh. Yes, yes" (4.238–39); 6. The "yes" of calculating, precise,
determined breathing: “Yes, exactly” (5.310); 7. The “yes” of distracted politeness, as in “Yes, yes” (6.7); 8. The “yes” of emphatic confirmation: “Indeed yes, Mr. Bloom agreed” (6.542); 9. The “yes” of patent approval: “Yes, Red Murray agreed” (7.55); 10. The “yes” of insistent confidence: “Yes, yes. They went under” (7.568). This list is by definition open and the difference between monologue or manifest dialogue can also lend itself to all those parasitings and grafts that are most difficult to take entirely into account.

52. Closure is thus impossible. It poses new and destabilizing questions to the institution of Joycean studies. This is due to a variety of reasons. First, to those I just mentioned about the structure of a yes. Second, those pertaining to the new relation that Joyce deliberately and mischievously instituted—from a certain date—between the “prior-to-text” and the so-called completed or published work. He watched over [veillé sur] his archive. We know now that at a given point, aware of how the archive of the “work in progress” would be treated, he made it a part of the work itself and began to save rough drafts, sketches, approximations, corrections, variations, and studio works (I am thinking here of Ponge’s La Fabrique du Pré [Geneva: Skira, 1971], or the manuscripts of La Table [Montreal: Éditions du Silence, 1982]). He thus deferred his signature at the very moment of the “ready for press.” He has thus given to generations of academics, guardians of his “open work,” a new, and in principle infinite, task. Rather than surrender accidently and posthumously to the “genetic criticism” industry, he instead, one might say, constructed the concept for it and programmed its routes and dead ends. The diachronic dimension, the incorporation or rather the addition of variants, the manuscript form of the work, the “page proofs,” the typographical errors themselves, indicate essential moments in the work and not the accident of a “this is my corpus.”

“I am exhausted, abandoned, no more young. I stand, so to speak, with an unposted letter bearing the extra regulation fee before the too late box of the general postoffice of human life” (U 15.2777-80).

53. TN: In English in the original.