

Chapter 11

Dinner Time: Eating, moving, becoming.

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‘Movement is no less outside me than in me; and the Self itself in turn is only one case among others in duration. But then all kinds of problems arise’ (Deleuze, 1966 [1988] p.75).

Introduction

What a humdrum word migration is. It achieves its neutrality through recourse to science and evades the passions by reducing the process of human mobility to a series of biological needs and rational choices. Those of us who hang out with ‘migrants’ on a professional basis know there is so much more to movement than the dreary incentives of ‘push and pull factors’. Such frameworks lack the capacity to tell anything like a full picture (Halfacree, 2004). We need better ways to capture the sense of destiny that our interlocutors speak of - the determination to ‘become’ someone by moving. There is a deficit in our terminology – we lack forms of expression that capture the desire for the fullness of being that migration promises. Perhaps we should stop talking about migrations and start talking about odysseys?

This chapter alludes to the episodic line of such expeditions by moving from a discussion about the section of James Joyce’s *Ulysses* called Calypso, to thinking about Henri Bergson’s notion of duration, before reaching some observations of a meal in Cameroon (where I undertake my own empirical research). The question it poses however is fairly consistent: how might a focus on food help us think about the relations between movement, space and time in a way that can develop our understanding of migrant selfhood? Time, it argues, may be a unity but subjectivity is always marked by incompleteness. The argument is prompted by geographical writing that emphasizes a human subject’s continuous sense of becoming and the experiences that occur over the *duration* of that subject’s movement including not only positions in timespace, but also in rhythm, force, energy or affect (Dittmer and Latham, 2015; Merriman, 2012). The argument is that food can usefully contest the idea that the time-space of the migrant-subject has any essential boundary marked by an inside/outside that is contiguous with the space of the subject’s body and a beginning/end that is contemporaneous with the times of the subject’s ‘migration’.

There are multiple ways that food studies and migration studies interact. For example food has close associations with space – it comes from somewhere, is prepared somewhere and is eaten somewhere and these somewheres are often central to the meanings it is given by migrants (and others) (Cook et al., 2006, 2008, 2011). Second, food has always been closely associated with memory and as such is tightly bound into the experience of migrant temporality. Third, perhaps the most extra-ordinary thing about food is that it crosses the threshold between our body and the world, between outside ‘me’ and inside ‘me’; it challenges the common-sense spaces and times of the self by being at once not of us yet part of us (Bell and Valentine, 1995). It is, literally, incorporated (Roach, 2013). Not only do we voluntarily allow this stuff inside our bodies it is actually temporarily constitutive of our bodies and, metabolically speaking, powers human migration. To use more Deleuzian terms perhaps, we enfold food into our flesh so that what is outside becomes what is inside and in so doing we precisely challenge the distinction between interiority and exteriority as the boundary of the subject – our insides are nothing more than a fold of the outsides (Deleuze, 1991).

Research on migration has documented how people are changing food practices around the world (Abranches, 2013, 2014). Much of this work has highlighted how migrants alter the food cultures in their new homes as part of the process of home-making (Bodomo and Ma, 2012; Naidu and Nzuzza, 2014; Tuomainen, 2009). In contrast to these studies, which focus on food cultures in the places that people have moved *to*, this chapter is interested in how visiting or returning family members and friends influence the ways in which food is chosen, bought, stored, cooked, shared

and eaten in the places they came *from*. Through considering return or circular migration the aim is also to question beginnings and endings as well as insides and outsides of the timespaces of migration. This is where our first excursion begins by thinking about what we can learn about movements through timespace, food and the boundary of the body from reflecting on a moment in James Joyce's novel *Ulysses*.

Breakfast in Dublin

It is a little after eight in the morning on the 16th June 1904. Leopold Bloom is walking through Dublin's streets in search of a kidney for breakfast (with his lucky potato in his pocket). The warmth of the sun prompts a day-dream of an imaginary oriental journey, but he is brought back to the 'here and now' when he passes St Joseph's National School and listens to the children learning place-names by rote: 'Inishturk. Inishark. Inishboffin. At their joggerfry. Mine. Slieve Bloom' (Joyce, 1922)¹. He buys his meat from the Hungarian Jewish butcher and heads home. A cloud covers the sun and his thoughts turn gloomy: he reflects on his 'apostasy'², on the barren Middle East and on the Jewish diaspora:

A dead sea in a dead land, grey and old. Old now. It bore the oldest, the first race. A bent hag crossed from Cassidy's clutching a naggin bottle by the neck. The oldest people. Wandered far away over all the earth, captivity to captivity, multiplying, dying, being born everywhere (Joyce, 1922).

Back home he picks up the post, prepares tea and bread and takes his wife, Molly, her breakfast in bed upstairs. They talk about the novel she was reading the night before and discuss metempsychosis and reincarnation. She smells burning. He rushes downstairs and eases the kidney and its juices from the pan just in time. The cat gets the carbonized bits. 'Then he put a forkful into his mouth, chewing with discernment the toothsome pliant meat. Done to a turn. A mouthful of tea. Then he cut away dies of bread, sopped one in the gravy and put it in his mouth.' In his mind he plans a journey to see his daughter, Milly. Feeling 'a gentle loosening of his bowels', he eases his belt and heads out to the toilet in the outhouse. He grabs a copy of a magazine *Tit Bits* to read while 'asquat the cuckstool'.

Leopold Bloom works in advertising and knows that no commodity is more valuable than time (later in the day he is going to a funeral after all). In Roy Sellars' words Bloom seeks 'to reclaim time' (1995, p.180) that is to say, he reads on the toilet in order to avoid wasting time. To eat is to produce an absence, whilst to defecate is to produce a presence and this act of re-creation is accompanied by an act of recreation (Anderson 2013, 180):³

Quietly he read, restraining himself, the first column and, yielding but resisting, began the second. Midway, his last resistance yielding, he allowed his bowels to ease themselves quietly as he read, reading still patiently, that slight constipation of yesterday quite gone. Hope it's not too big bring on piles again. No, just right. So. Ah! Costive one tabloid of cascara sagrada⁴. Life might be so. It did not move or touch him but it was something quick and neat. Print anything now. Silly season. He read on, seated calm above his own rising smell. Neat certainly. (Joyce, 1922)

Joyce plays on the word 'column' (Sellars, 1995). First there is the novel's own pulsing column of prose that we are reading, its rhythm syncopated by punctuation and the interjections of thought. Second there are the columns of text in the magazine story Bloom is reading and down which his eyes pass and third, there is the tube-like column of excreta descending from his gut as part of his bowel movement. Reading and defecating come together when 'he tore away half the prize story and wiped himself with it.' Joyce scholars added another layer of meaning to this final act for us

when they established that one line from the ‘prize-winning story’ being used as toilet paper (‘Matcham often thinks of the master-stroke by which he won the laughing witch who now...’) came from a story that Joyce had himself submitted unsuccessfully to *Tit Bits* himself many years earlier (Gifford, 1988; Joyce S., 2003). This act of recycling by Joyce keeps breaking down the boundary between the inside spaces of the fiction and the facts of the world outside the novel just as it bundles the past into the present. On the last page of the book Joyce explicitly reminds the reader of the timespace of the process of its production: ‘Trieste – Zurich – Paris 1914-1921’.

Reading *Ulysses* can feel like reading an ethnographic fieldwork diary that cuts constantly between our visual observations and our ideas as social researchers. Bloom’s migrations are as ordinary and everyday as they are epic. Bloom’s modest, if almost unceasing, actual mobility sets him in relationship not only explicitly/ironically to heroic Odysseus, but also to the literary figure of the Wandering Jew – the eternal alien, a perma-migrant, never at home. Joyce never really clarifies the nature of Bloom’s Judaism. Yet, throughout *Ulysses* the judgments made by other characters about Bloom’s Jewish identity are a powerful means by which Joyce represents the intersubjective world of early 20th Century Dublin and notions of migrant belonging. In contrast to his Jewish identity, Bloom is more certain of his autochthony, his Irishness, his personal joggerfry (‘Mine. Slieve Bloom’⁵). What could be more Irish than the talismanic potato he carries in his pocket?⁶ Later in the day when someone jokingly steals his potato he calls it an heirloom and a relic bearing memories of his mother and of the 1840s famine. Food as metempsychosis – bringing the past into the present.

Geographers interested in analysing literary texts in search of insights into spatiality are often drawn to discussions of movement and the movements of Leopold Bloom’s body are a prominent component of Calypso - both his body moving through space (he walks through the city, he walks upstairs, he walks through his garden) and the spaces of the world moving through his body/mind (tea, kidney, shit, the Orient, the Middle East). Yet the presence of the city in Calypso is as much experiential as it is locational. As readers we get directions, but more importantly feelings, stimuli. Perhaps by following those who have explored the role of the city in *Ulysses* and draw a strong distinction between urban space and mental space (Begnall, 2002), we move too quickly to outside/inside the body as the frame for distinguishing between Bloom’s public existence (his presence in the world), and his private ‘inner’ dialogue (his thoughts and daydreams) to map his subjectivity. After all Joyce’s technique sets out precisely to blur this boundary: consider his daydream about the Jewish diaspora quoted earlier (a thought) into which is suddenly injected an observation ‘A bent hag crossed from Cassidy’s clutching a noggin bottle by the neck’ (a person in the city) half way through a sentence.

What other insides/outside are folded together in Bloom’s movements? This is where food seems to me to be so elucidating. What moves in a bowel *movement*? Both the peristalsis of the muscles of the human gut and its dead and living contents (Roach, 2013). When, sitting in the jakes, Bloom assesses Matcham’s Masterstroke (the story) the text says ‘It did not move or touch him but it was something quick and neat’. That is to say the story had no significant emotional effect though it was acknowledged to be deftly written. Bloom himself does not physically move at this point (‘He read on, seated calm above his own rising smell’). Yet ‘he’ is also moving in the form of the smelly air. Bloom’s multiple ‘movements’ (or non-movements) of muscle, mind, body and air are folded into each other and into the story and into the food in his gut. Which brings us, very literally, back to Deleuze: ‘The outside is not a fixed limit but a moving matter animated by peristaltic movements, folds and foldings that together make up an inside: they are not something other than the outside, but precisely the inside of the outside’ (Deleuze, 1986 [1988] pp.96-97). How can we think about the timespace of becoming someone through migration whilst blurring the inside and outside of the subject?

Out to lunch in Paris

We all know that breakfast is the most important meal of the day, so let's have a light lunch. When Deleuze writes 'movement is no less outside me than in me; and the Self itself in turn is only one case among others in duration' (1966 [1988] p.75), he is interpreting the ideas of Henri Bergson⁷. The key term here is 'duration', which has been the object of significant analysis in human geography and elsewhere (Grosz, 2005; Massey, 2005). In *Time and Free Will* (his doctoral thesis) Bergson writes: 'Pure duration is the form which the succession of our conscious states assumes when our ego lets itself live, when it refrains from separating its present state from its former states' (1889 [1910], p.100). Thirty years later in *Duration and Simultaneity* (at the other end of his working life) he put it this way:

...time is at first identical with the continuity of our inner life. What is this continuity? That of a flow or passage, but a self-sufficient flow or passage, the flow not implying a thing that flows, and the passing not presupposing states through which we pass; the thing and the state are only artificially taken snapshots of the transition; and this transition, all that is naturally experienced, is duration itself (Bergson 1922 [1965] p.43).

As Doreen Massey (2005) explains it Bergson's notion of duration is an attempt to describe the subject's experience of becoming as continuous without recourse to events that are positioned within measurable elements of time (such as a sequence of minutes).⁸

Methodologically Bergson distinguishes between the 'intellect' and 'intuition' as two different means by which to study time, but which lead to an understanding of two different types of time: spatialized time (associated with the intellect) and real time (or duration, which is associated with intuition) (Bergson 1922 [1965], p.53). Spatialized time can be represented, divided into static elements, and used to position inert, stable objects (such as the 30 years that separate the start and end of Bergson's career). The intellect can then develop analytical frameworks made of symbols and concepts to interpret these elements. Whilst the intellect is a practical tool that we cannot do without, the way it visualizes self-actualization makes it harder to discern duration. By representing experience as a linear sequence of snapshots it creates an illusion of movement. This appears to be measurable because it takes place in geometric space, but actually it is that space that is being measured not the movement itself. In contrast, real time (duration) is an unbroken flow, unmeasurable, indivisible. Intuition is the tool to study duration.

Great art has the capacity to intuit a sense of duration. One of the ways in which *Ulysses* rings true to Bergsonian duration is that it captures the sense that our feelings, thoughts and memories are jumbled up together, rather than being neatly separated, positioned and delineated even to the extent between the human and the non-human (the city) become confused. As Mike Crang has argued in relation to Bloom's Dublin:

The city carries the proleptic force of memory, interjecting involuntary memories and associations triggered by the places encountered. Characters do not construct a trajectory over time, rather the city disrupts their temporality. The spaces are thus agentive in not merely telling the story but unsettling the story, almost overwhelming the characters (2008, p.319).

Notwithstanding Joyce's constant reminders that we are reading a piece of prose he has produced, the experience of reading *Ulysses* is akin to the experience of duration.

Doreen Massey argues that Bergson's two-fold distinction between spatialized time and real time has had profound consequences in terms of our understanding of space. 'It is not so much that Bergson 'deprioritised' space, as that in *the association of it with representation* it was deprived of dynamism, and radically counterposed to time' (2005, 21). Recovering this dynamism is central to her agenda of treating a reunited timespace as the 'dimension of multiple trajectories' (2005, 24).

Recalling that my starting point was to account better for migrant's questions of destiny, for their desire for fullness of being, in the way we tell migration stories, this focus on multiplicity seems like a promising route towards an empirical discussion. The project here is about trying to break away from the idea that a 'migration' is only positioned in timespace, only to be understood as a line passing over the surface of the earth at a particular moment in time – rather the argument is that it is also part of the process of becoming – of self-actualization.⁹

Coffee?

Dinner in Cameroon.

We have to earn dinner by doing a research interview. The interview is about a house built by a man we will call Aloysius, it is part of a project looking at new housing in a small town in Cameroon that is being built by prosperous African families (categorized as 'the new African Middle Class'). Many of these households centre on individuals who have lived overseas and who return to Cameroon on either a temporary or permanent basis. Aloysius, for example, has lived in the southern USA for over two decades, where he and his wife have built up a middle-sized chain of shops, which now has scores of employees. Aloysius left Cameroon as a young man without many assets, but now he is a wealthy man by any standards. He flies backwards and forwards across the Atlantic several times a year, sometimes with his family (he has two children) and sometimes alone and he stays in Cameroon for periods between a week and a couple of months. He has significant business interests in Cameroon in large scale agriculture, construction and quarrying. He sees these investments as part of his development contribution to his home country and anticipates spending more time here in the future. He is the paradigmatic elite transnational.

Aloysius' house has a high wall round it, a large gatehouse with cameras as well as human gatekeepers and a sweeping drive round a semi-circular lawn. The building itself was inspired by a new development he had visited outside Houston; it is in a Hacienda style. It is white, with a flat-roofed double height portico and tiled roofs with a shallow pitch. A wide verandah surrounds the house and there are five cars parked in the drive. It is one of the largest, most impressive houses in town. A shallow glass porch leads to a heavy wooden door and the entrance hall. Inside the double height hall is painted dark salmon pink, with the detailed stucco work picked out in white and gold. A carpeted staircase with an ornate gilt balustrade sweeps up the left hand wall and across the back on the first floor leading the eye past a large full-length photo-portrait of Aloysius and his wife. Coming back via the large chandelier the eye is drawn to the floor which has square black and white tiles set diagonally, with a wide strip of pink marble running down the middle. In the centre is a compass rose, also picked out in stone. The furniture is, broadly speaking, in a Baroque style.

The interview, takes place in this hall, at a bar. Perched on bar stools, Aloysius starts by producing an oversize bottle of French brandy from under the counter and offers me some. I opt for an imported beer, while he explains that he brings almost everything he drinks in Cameroon by sea-borne container from America, even bottled water. He adds a lot of food to the container too. The breakfast cereals his kids like, for example. The furniture and the art hanging on the walls is all imported too. There are paintings of ships and botanical images, mirrors and mirrored images of waterfalls. He takes African art from Cameroon to decorate his home in America. Here, in his African home, it lacks distinction and even causes offense to some Christians, who endow it with mystical powers.

Aided perhaps by the drink the interview flowed easily through my list of topics (accessing the land, his design ideas, the building process, what the building means to him, how he uses it, his aesthetic tastes). Aloysius is interested, generous and seems to enjoy talking about himself and his house. He warms to the overall theme of trying to think through the ways in which houses like this articulate with ideas about development and migration - in particular in relation to the importation of new ideas about domestic space, and about ways of domestic living. He tells a story about how he

designed his house to be open-plan. Inspired by American homes he said he wanted a feeling of 'flow'. He left the build half-way through and returned a few months later to find all the spaces between rooms had been blocked by doors. He instantly had them removed so that people and air could circulate more easily between the hall, the family parlour, the kitchen, the dining room, the living room and back to the hall. He explicitly saw this open, mobile passage through the house in metaphorical terms: this was the kind of open, transparent, mobile person he had become in America, in contrast to some opaque, immobile~~ity~~ alternative self that he could have been ~~ifs~~ he hadn't moved.

After several hours of talking we were taken on a full tour of the house. The immaculate kitchen included a private parlour, where an aged relative sat watching the TV. It was an irregular polygon of a space – the ceiling was almost kite shaped, yet the floor was kind of a straight-sided arc. There were large new modern appliances: fridges, freezers, and a microwave. There was a smart circular glass table where four people could eat. There was a big central island, illuminated by a fluorescent strip where a middle-aged man was hard at work cooking. There was a huge shallow tray of *egusi* seeds – already neatly cracked by hand (the job of the aged relative?) with the kernels separated from the husks awaiting transformation into *egusi* pudding. My field notes note that I started to salivate. The stucco work from the hall continued into the room and even here a line of gilt decoration circumnavigated the cornice.

Over the course of the afternoon a small crowd had gathered in Aloysius' hall. Some joined in the discussion about houses, migration and development at the bar, others waited quietly in settees. I couldn't really tell who they were (family, friends, colleagues, neighbours?), but it was clear there were a mix of people based in Cameroon and overseas. The interview expanded into a general conversation about houses and development and after another few drinks we all moved to the dining room and took our places at the highly polished wooden dining table, laid with floral napkins and cut glass wine goblets, all taken from a glamorous decorative dresser beside the table.

A wide range of dishes was brought to table and a handsome dinner service was waiting for us. The food was resolutely Cameroonian, and Cameroonian food is spectacularly diverse (and delicious). There were multiple dishes from multiple regions of Cameroon, some of which (such as *ndole*) have almost lost their regional identities because of their transnational popularity and others (such as *eru* and water fufu¹⁰) remain quite closely tied to sub-national associations even though they are also very popular. *Eru* can sometimes be tough, but all the guests commented on its softness and the quality of the palm oil used, which had come from Aloysius' rural village of birth. We discussed how well the *eru* went with slices of 'Congo-beef' (fried snail) with guests divided on whether or not the mollusc was a delicacy. All these dishes were familiar, yet there was something different about the way they were prepared, presented and consumed. At times this was almost awkward. We had all been given cutlery, yet it would have been weird to eat fufu with a knife and fork (though completely normal to eat jollof rice¹¹ that way) and no one did. None of the dishes had been cooked over fire. The chef we had seen earlier managed to bring them all to the table warm and fresh, rather than preparing them earlier and leaving them in a thermos flask. We all spent the rest of the evening sitting round the table, eating, drinking, talking, becoming friends.

I've been working in Cameroon for over twenty years and eaten with elites many times before, but though the dishes were the same this occasion felt different somehow. It felt much more like the kind of dinner party I'm used to in London – conversation ranged widely over politics, business, sports, memories, education, theology, funny anecdotes but it wasn't so much the content as the way that the talk was conducted that felt different. Was it because it was an almost entirely male gathering? But that seemed to be happenstance as much as habit – Aloysius' wife was still in the USA. It was exploratory, experimental talk. As the evening went on I realized that most of the others were orchestrating the kind of business negotiations that constitute 'social capital' – discussing potential investments, sounding out partners. It wasn't formal, indeed it felt much less formal than many other occasions I've been to in Cameroon, but it did feel like a performance (that some present had rehearsed more often than others).

I don't want to give the wrong impression to those who don't know Cameroon – there is nothing that unusual about friends sitting round a table sharing jokes, arguing about ideas and offering opinions about politics, eating good food and drink, using nice crockery and cutlery - far from it. But there was something unfamiliar about both the know-how of this group of diners and their sense of who they were – their personhood. When we talk of the 'fullness of being' it means more than just being full. Deleuze's 'fold' is a critique of typical accounts of the subject that presume a simple interiority and exteriority, but the fold can also be a name for one's relation to (and over) oneself – the self-production of subjectivity, self-mastery, self-actualization. The practice of weaving the thread of talk into a shared line, the jousting of opinion, the way of making 'public talk' all seemed to announce a leisurely way of eating/being that was 'imported' from outside. I want to emphasize again, that I am not suggesting that return migration is bringing an articulate verbal dining practice or culture to Cameroon that didn't exist before, but that the particular character of the performance of such talk, as a self-conscious informal recreational activity felt, to me to be somehow novel, to be different, it is just another iteration of how to socialize.

Conclusions

The things that comprise a meal (food, crockery, table, dining room), the skills that comprise dining (knowing how to eat different dishes, how to banter, how to sit) and the meanings of the food and wine (high quality, African, French) all reflected who Aloysius was right now – a successful, happy, transnational migrant who was passionate about his family, his businesses and his country. His self is the accumulation of the experiences and memories of the duration of his life-journey, which includes but is not fully captured by his journeys as a migrant and which cannot be doggedly disaggregated into those separate journeys. But Aloysius was 'only one case among others in duration.' In our own different routes through the meal, (and the meal through us) all his guests were on their own journeys of becoming – folding the stories of their lives and journeys between inside and outside. Looking back over my fieldwork diary (written up the next day rather than that night) I can see I was left with more questions than answers after that meal: Who was the cook? How were the ingredients gathered and stored? How are the new technologies (associated with food storage and preparation) decelerating and accelerating the preparation of food? How are the embodied timetables of eating changing over daily and seasonal scales as a result of transnational migration? How are wider social ideas of dinner time and leisure time being disciplined by the norms of return migrants? Does Aloysius entertain like this every night? If so, how does he stay so thin?

The starting point for this chapter was a frustration with the capacity of the academic field of migration studies to engage with the emotional aspiration to move as part of a project of 'being someone'. Such interests slip quickly to questions of the subject and specifically to the relationship between movement and subject-formation. Yet, across the social science and in particular in geography there is increasing scepticism about understanding 'movement' as a process positioned by timespace co-ordinates. Rather, by learning more about concepts like 'duration', there is an ongoing attempt to find ways to capture movement as a 'simultaneity of stories-so-far' (Massey, 2005, p.24) and the migrant's subject as one among many possible subject-stories. There may only be one Odyssey, but there are many, many odysseys. One strategy for exploring these differences in becoming is to move beyond thinking about the embodied migrant subject moving in timespace but starting to consider rhythm, force, energy or affect as vectors along which duration may unfold (Merriman, 2012). In this context, food seems like a promising prism for challenging existing notions of the embodied migrant-subject because of the way it breaks down tidy boundaries of interiority and exteriority, beginning and end.

Notes

1. The quotations are taken from the online Gutenberg edition of *Ulysses* based on the pre 1923 print edition: (<https://archive.org/stream/ulysses04300gut/ulyss12.txt>) so no page numbers are given.
2. Bloom was baptized as a Protestant first, and then (in order to marry Molly) as a Catholic.
3. As he sat Bloom read a short story called 'Matcham's Masterstroke by Mr Philip Beaufoy. Beaufoy was a real author who frequently contributed stories to journals in his day. In 1927 Beaufoy published *How to Succeed as a Writer: Twenty Methods of Earning Money by the Pen*. Philip Beaufoy was, however, a *nom de plume* for Zaleq Philip Bergson, born in 1871, twelve years after his older brother – the philosopher Henri Bergson (John Simpson, 2012). There is no reason to assume Joyce knew that when he was writing about Beaufoy he was writing about Henri Bergson's younger brother since Beaufoy's real identity only emerged after he died. It would seem to be just chance – a fine example of how the line between fiction and reality is folded– with a real character introduced to a fiction, who turns out to be fictive identity for a real person, who turns out (probably unknown to Joyce) to be the actual brother of a philosopher whose ideas shaped the intellectual milieu in which *Ulysses* was produced.
4. Literally 'sacred bark' - a laxative derived from the North American buckthorn (*Rhamnus purshiana*)
5. The Slieve Bloom mountains form a geologically ancient rolling landscape between County Laois and County Offaly in central Ireland.
6. In anglophone Cameroon the idiomatic name for potatoes is 'Irish'.
7. Bergson and Joyce both died in 1941, though Bergson was over 20 years older than Joyce. The directness of Bergson's influence over Joyce's ideas is much debated (Anderson, 2013; Gillies, 1996; Klawitter, 1966) but Bergson certainly appears in Joyce's fiction – as Bitchson in *Finnegan's Wake* and we know Joyce owned a copy of Bergson's book *Creative Evolution* prior to the publication of *Ulysses* (Anderson, 2013, p.178). Gillies (1996, p.136) lays out the ground of their conceptual 'meeting' (time, self, memory) though I have not found out whether they ever met in the flesh - though they both lived in Paris from 1921 to 1940. It seems reasonable to say that Bergson had a significant influence over the intellectual milieu of the time/place when Joyce was writing in a way that is easy to miss given his subsequent decline of influence within philosophy until his recuperation by Deleuze.
8. Elizabeth Grosz turns the terms around a little: 'Becoming is the operation of self-differentiation, the elaboration of a difference within a thing, a quality or a system that emerges or actualizes only in duration' (2005,p.4),
9. During the first attempt to draft this section of the chapter my flow of thought was interrupted on four separate occasions by a knocking on my front door in London causing me to scuttle down two flights of stairs from the loft. On three occasions there were deliveries (two for neighbours) and on the fourth there was a charity appeal for UNICEF. All four of these couriers were of African heritage (the one making the charity appeal was also a woman). The banality of their labour compared to the indulgence of my own...the contrasting banality of my own becoming compared to the drama of their possible precarity ...are these comparisons Grosz's 'force of differentiation'? ... Joyce's blurring of thought and observation, Massey's sense of multiplicity?
10. Eru is a sauce made from the leaves of two vine species (one known as 'water-leaf' in Cameroonian English) *Gnetum africanum* and *Gnetum buchholzianum* and enriched with palm oil, meat and flavourings.
11. The geographical origins of jollof rice are disputed.

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