

Memory, Forgetting, and Joyce in the Third Millennium: Nationalism in the Era of Consumerism*

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Abstract

James Joyce aspires in *Ulysses* to be a topographer of his birthplace and a historiographer of his nation. Such an ambition operates in memory and forgetting, a double mechanism coinciding with that of nationalism. As a gigantic memory tank of Dubliners' everyday life at the turn of the twentieth century, *Ulysses* celebrates pre-consumerist euphoria as an alternative to nationalist memory to better accommodate otherness in the self. In representing a city in terms of incipient consumerism, *Ulysses* uncannily anticipates not only what its citizens are to become, but how Joyce is to be received in the first decade of the third millennium. Indeed in her all-too-eager embrace of an affluent, desensitized present with a cosmopolitan interest in otherness for self-interest, Ireland has not only constructed a consumable past to meet its political and commercial needs, but also enshrined Joyce in a compromised cultural memory. While this commercialized memory helps stabilize the present, it also runs the risk of distorting both Joyce and the Irish past, making it harder to understand the present.

Keywords

James Joyce, *Ulysses*, memory, forgetting, nationalism,
cosmopolitanism, modernity

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James Joyce has half-jokingly boasted that he intends to “give a picture of Dublin so complete” that should Dublin disappear from the earth, the future generations can reconstruct it out of *Ulysses* (Budgen 69). In other words, he aspires to preserve the memory of a city to forestall the possibility that it be forgotten. Not incidentally, more than a topographer of his birthplace, Joyce also aspires to be a historiographer of his nation. For apart from an inscription of Dublin’s geographical specifics, *Ulysses* is intended to be an alternative Irish history, as Joyce informs Carlo Linati on September 21, 1920 that it is meant to be “an epic of two races (Israelite-Irish)” as well as “a little story of a day (life)” (*Letters* 1:146). Among all the possibilities, this alternative epic of an Irish day can be understood as a gigantic memory tank of Dubliners’ everyday life at the turn of the twentieth century; as such a reservoir it uncannily anticipates the affluent Europeans they are to become in the first decade of the third millennium in its representation of potentially cosmopolitan¹ Irish life as something “normal” in an anomalous state, its picture of incipient modernity co-existing with chauvinist nationalism.

Joyce’s megalomaniac rhetoric notwithstanding, his ambition to preserve the memory of Irish life and geography finds a peculiar resonance in the discourses on nationalism. Memory and forgetting, suggests Benedict Anderson with a sideward glance to Ernest Renan, is the double mechanism of nationalism. Noting the plethora of toponyms in new nations commemorating their lands of origin, he suggests that for a national identity to congeal, which calls for a unified historical consciousness, there is always a collective impulse to retrieve the remembrances of monumental events from the past, and at the same time suppress the memory of traumatic experiences, including fratricidal violence (187-203). Out of this amnesia comes a notion of identity which, because it cannot be “remembered,” must be narrated in homogeneous, empty time (204). In other words, underneath the plenitude of triumphalist national historiography is the brutal will of the victors to impose a hegemonic master history on the vanquished: thus the historical errors on the part of the victimizer to erase the traumatic remembrances of the victimized. These errors are subject to a rectification engineered by the unsettling resurgences of resentment from the downtrodden or the marginalized, who would threaten the cohesion of the nation-states upon realizing their defeats and the injustice they had suffered (Leerssen, “Monument” 216-17). This dialectical dynamic between memory and forgetting tends toward tortuous protraction since trauma, far more than the ex-

¹ Amanda Anderson defines cosmopolitanism as “characteristically elaborated within an experience of cultural multiplicity and at least limited self-reflexivity, and against a specific form of parochialism” (272).

perience of injury, is a “wound-licking impulse” which revisits the painful memory for want of official recognition or catharsis (Leerssen, “Monument” 220-21).

On the threshold of experiencing its “birth pang,” Ireland at the turn of the twentieth century registers just such a dynamic between remembrance and amnesia. By that time there were already two antagonistic master narratives on the Irish past: the unionist memory of “an endless repetition of repelled assaults,” and the nationalist past which highlighted “heroic defeat” as its recurring motif (MacDonagh 1, 13-14). The dialectics between these two narratives ran an uneven course. Although the official memory of Protestant Ireland received the sanction of church and state after Charles II was proclaimed King of Ireland in 1660, the nationalist presentation of the past as “triumphant failures” (McBride 23), culled from redemptive folk memory rooted in the rituals of the Fenian funeral procession and the 1898 centenary, earned popular support as soon as it was invented in the late nineteenth century (McBride 35), and culminated in the blood sacrifice in Easter 1916, which ushered Ireland into new nationhood in 1922. This monumental event facilitates the retroactive ordering of previous rebellions into a sequence of inspirational defeats (McBride 35), but in no way arrests the moving cause of this chain. Instead, it anticipates a series of far less redemptive sacrifices in the years to come: the Anglo-Irish War in 1919-1921, the Treaty in 1921—followed by the Civil War in the next two years at the cost of Michael Collins’s life—which defines the “unfinished business” that still disturbs Ireland today despite the Good Friday Agreement in 1998.

Written between 1914 and 1922, *Ulysses* inscribes symptoms of trauma incurred from these historical wounds by transposing Irish memory onto a realm where past and present, public and private meet. In it, Dubliners are seen to inhabit a polis laden with a long colonial history to be invoked through personal memories or public discourses. The Martello tower where Stephen Dedalus stays with Buck Mulligan and Haines, for instance, is such a meeting point of official and private memories. Constructed by William Pitt on the Irish coast against the possibility of a French invasion during the Napoleonic Wars, this tower is a monument testifying to the imperial design to deploy Ireland as a line of defense against a foe who was Ireland’s one-time ally in her anti-colonial struggle. The cabman’s shelter that Bloom and Stephen visit during the small hours of June 17, 1904, is another depository of a cultural memory in great circulation among Dubliners. Its owner is said to be Skin-the-Goat, the mastermind of the Invincibles responsible for the Phoenix Park murders of Lord Fredrick Cavendish and T. H. Burke in 1882, one of the bloodiest anti-colonial acts in modern Irish history. Associated with this

memory is Charles Stewart Parnell, “Erin’s uncrowned king” (*Ulysses* [henceforth *U*] 16.1496) who is implicated in these murders. Although Bloom remembers the fallen leader as a gentleman who elegantly takes time to thank him for picking up his silk hat as he storms *The United Irishman* (*U* 16.1333-39; 1495-1528), other Dubliners’ memory of Parnell verges on the mythic. Indeed his death in 1891 is denied—he is hiding out in South Africa or somewhere else under an alias—and legends about his return proliferate to such an extent that no one would be surprised to find coverage of his homecoming on the newspaper (*U* 16.1297-1306). These folk myths stem from the Irish aspiration for national liberation which, articulated through the trope of the promised land in which Parnell is compared to Moses, reverberates in contemporary discourses. Professor McHugh’s recitation of John F Taylor’s speech at the Trinity College Historical Society in 1901, for instance, duplicates the barrister’s attempt to conjure a homogenous, empty time echoing such a general aspiration. Repudiating Gerald Fitzgibbon’s proposal to Anglicize Ireland as a solution to the Irish question, Taylor counters with the revival of the Irish language. To this end he likens his unionist opponent to an Egyptian high priest who coerces the Jews into assimilating to the dominant culture, only to meet strong resistance from them. With this analogy Taylor suggests that national redemption resides in a militant refusal to be Anglicized, much as the delivery of the Jews to the promised land is empowered by the tables of the law, “graven in the language of the outlaw” (*U* 7.868-69), that Moses receives from God on Mount Sinai. In this way, Ireland’s missed opportunity with Parnell’s death is bridged by a homogenous historical consciousness conjured by nativism which takes recourse to a trope formerly reserved for the fallen leader.

Mobilizing a trope surrounding an alien ancient culture, this narrative is anchored in “an originary present” (Benedict Anderson 205)—a present whose crisis dictates a quest for an origin—to delineate a vision of Ireland’s delivery from the oppressive present, a delivery to be enabled by her origin. Such a redemptive historiography rests on a cultural past to be homogenized as Gaelicism, whose trace is to be found in the peasantry. As a consequence, revisions and translations of Irish folk literature, along with the recirculation of the Irish language and sports, become the dominant genre on the nineteenth-century cultural scene. Such a general ethos is registered in *Ulysses*, where A. E. hosts night gatherings of young native talents and plans for a collection of Irish verse, a project attractive not only to Irish poets but also to Haines, a liberal Englishman who visits Dublin to collect Irish folklore. This revival of the Irish past and language begins as an apolitical agenda, but soon becomes so highly politicized that its original aspiration turns out to be untenable

(Leerssen, *Remembrance* 157-59). When pushed to its extreme, this nativist view of the nation, having turned into “the badge of nationality and nationalism” (Leerssen, *Remembrance* 159), can veer toward an insidious chauvinism which, coupled with the existing anti-Semitism, paradoxically leads towards intolerance of a race which has been evoked to prefigure the Irish destiny in the nationalist trope. In other words, in its fierce insistence on racial purity to the denial of hospitality to other races, nationalism fails to live up to the cosmopolitan potential promised by its figuration of the Irish as the Jews; instead, it demonstrates a “cultural anxiety” over the cosmopolitan (Cheng 20) .

For all his effort to be assimilated into mainstream culture, as a cosmopolitan Irish Jew Bloom remains a marginalized figure, even in the company of more liberal-minded Dubliners. A “[s]ympathetic human man” (*U* 6.344) as Bloom sees him, Martin Cunningham nonetheless mindlessly excludes Bloom time and again. On the carriage to Patrick Dignam’s funeral, Cunningham unnerves Bloom by reminding him that he does not belong to the small community on board; as a consequence, Bloom suddenly becomes all thumbs in his frantic attempt to shut the carriage door:

—Are *we* all here now? Martin Cunningham asked. *Come along, Bloom.*

Mr Bloom entered and sat in the vacant place. He pulled the door after him and *slammed it twice* till it shut tight. (*U* 6.8-10; emphases added)

Nor does Cunningham even try to conceal his anti-Semitism in Bloom’s presence. He initiates a racist discourse on a sick Jew they roll past:

—*Of the tribe of Reuben*, [Martin Cunningham] said. [...]

—In all his pristine beauty, Mr Power said.

Mr Dedalus looked after the stumping figure and said mildly:

—The devil break the hasp of your back!

Mr Power, collapsing in laughter, shaded his face from the window as the carriage passed Gray’s statue.

—*We* have all been there, Martin Cunningham said broadly.

His eyes met Mr Bloom’s eyes. He caressed his beard, adding:

—Well, *nearly all of us*. (*U* 6.251-61; emphases added)

What is more, he rudely thwarts Bloom's attempt to direct the conversation along a more charitable route by recounting an actual Reuben's generous reward of a boatman who rescues his drowning son. This rudeness is pursued by Simon Dedalus, whose verdict on what Bloom sees as an act of generosity ultimately silences the well-wishing Jew: "One and eightpence too much" (*U* 6.261-91).

This hostility toward the Jews seems to be the norm in Joyce's Dublin, as is revealed in the next round of rough treatment Bloom receives at work. He walks outside the building which houses *Freeman's Journal*, totally unaware of the newsboys who follow in his wake to imitate his gait. Seeing this ludicrous spectacle, Lenehan is amused by the newsboys' disrespectful game at Bloom's expense, to such an extent that he reenacts the prank by dancing "in swift caricature" (*U* 7.444-50). Myles Crawford, for his part, becomes unduly impatient when Bloom detains him to report on the progress he has made on Alexander Keyes's advertisement order. He vents his anger at Bloom with obscene curses ("Will you tell him [Keyes] he can kiss my arse? [...] He can kiss my royal Irish arse"), and strides on to a pub with his gang, leaving the bewildered Bloom to stand "weighing the point and about to smile" (*U* 7.980-95).

But this is not the worst part for Bloom that day. At Barney Kiernan's he becomes the object of the barflies' malicious gossip, in the course of which he emerges as an unreliable freemason (*U* 12.300), a betrayer who makes Bantam Lyons lose money on the horse race by feeding him the wrong tip (*U* 12.1550-57), and an effeminate Jew who shops for his wife:

- Do you call that a man? says the citizen.
- I wonder did he ever put it out of sight, says Joe.
- Well, there were two children born anyhow, says Jack Power.
- And who does he suspect? says the citizen. (*U* 12.1654-57)

Bloom is, in Joe Hynes's words, "a bloody dark horse" (*U* 12.1558) even though he has been generous enough to give Hynes a small loan (*U* 7.119). If the barflies manage to be amiable in Bloom's presence, the citizen does not even pretend to be friendly. Irritated by Bloom's scientific discourse in response to the barflies' marveling at the erection observed in an Invincible's body after his execution, he terminates it by restoring this grotesque scene to its context of martyrdom, which calls for a nationalist ritual in "memory of the dead": "*Sinn Fein!* [...] *Sinn fein amhain!* The friends we love are by our side and the foes we hate before us" (*U* 12.519-24). His animosity swells when Bloom not only refuses to endorse his

reductive attribution of Ireland's failures to imperial "syphilization" (*U* 12.1197) and colonial misrule, but interprets such a view as an inevitable consequence of "put[ting] force against force" (*U* 12.1361) which ultimately leads to the perpetuation of "national hatred among nations" (*U* 12.1417-18). Such a cosmopolitan perspective throws into sharp relief his already vulnerable position as a Jew, as Wyse Nolan eggs him on to define the nation as "the same people living in the same place. [... or] in different places." Rather than partaking of the general laughter at this pedestrian (re)vision, Nolan coldly reminds Bloom of his cultural inauthenticity with a rhetorical question: "What is your nation if I may ask?" (*U* 12.1422-30). The atmosphere dramatically changes with Bloom's gallant response, which inadvertently confirms his status as a "frightening figure of the inauthentic Irishness within the [national] self" (Cheng 32): "Ireland [...] I was born here. Ireland" (*U* 12.1431). As Bloom chooses not to be intimidated but goes on to elaborate the contribution of the Jews to western civilization including Catholicism, the cornerstone of Irish culture, the citizen finally "persecutes" him with a biscuit tin, hardly aware that Bloom has perfectly expounded the cosmopolitan implications inherent in the nationalist analogy of Judaism and Celticism.

The homogeneity of nativism that Irish nationalism aspires to, however, is at best deceptive. Haines, for instance, finds himself speaking Gaelic to a non-Irish-speaking milkwoman, who takes her mother tongue for French (*U* 1. 424-34). As for the revival of folk literature, the highly stylized rewriting of Irish legends is lampooned by the anonymous narrator of "Cyclops" (*U* 12.68-99), and Dan Dawson's florid encomium of the Irish landscape published in the *Evening Telegraph* invites Ned Lambert's derision (*U* 7.243-53). Most poignant of all, the redemptive historiography invented through the trope of the promised land is self-defeating; thus J. J. O'Molloy regretfully comments on John F Taylor's high-flown speech that Professor McHugh has just recited: "And yet he [Moses] died without having entered the land of promise" (*U* 7.873). While Stephen readily agrees with McHugh's response that "That is oratory" (*U* 7.879), he cannot help evoking from his all too retentive "Akasic records" the memory of Daniel O'Connell, another Irish Moses whose eloquence at the largest monster gatherings in Tara and Mullaghmast—two historical sites respectively associated with a glorious past and colonial massacre—brings great promise of the repeal of the Act of Union, but ultimately proves to be a prophecy of another defeat:

Gone with the wind. Hosts at Mullaghmast and Tara of the kings.

Miles of ears of porches. The tribune's words, howled and scattered to the four winds. A people sheltered within his voice. Akasic records of all that ever anywhere wherever was. (*U* 7.880-83)

False promise of such nature is unattractive to Stephen as long as it is framed in the language of the law, even though it is intended to defend the outlawed plebeians (McGee 185): "Love and laud him: me no more" (*U* 7.883). For him this promise runs the risk of duplicating the imperialist ideology as it subsumes the subaltern under its cause by pretending to speak for the silenced group. As site and history are mutually implicated in cultural memory, Nelson's pillar, a structure commemorating the empire's achievement in geographical expansion which comes into Stephen's view as he walks with Professor McHugh and company toward the Mooney's, readily serves as the setting of his parody of Taylor's nationalist allegory, which he calls "A Pishgah Sight of Palestine" or "The Parable of the Plums" (*U* 7.1057-58). In it, Stephen delineates two old virgins from a Dublin slum (Gifford 46, 151) who, carrying a parcel of bread and plums for their outing, laboriously mount Nelson's pillar to command a view of Dublin. What meets their pious eyes, as they reach the top of the pillar, is a panorama of a city primarily comprising major Catholic churches: "Rathmines' blue dome, Adam and Eve's, saint Laurence O'Toole's" (*U* 7.1011-12). Such a bird's-eye view, which coincides with the imperialist perspective in the form of Nelson's statue, somehow defamiliarizes a city they have known all too well, to the extent that they become giddy and have to sit down to take a rest. As they do so, they peer up at the statue of the "onehanded adulterer" (*U* 7.1018), but soon find themselves too tired to look up or down. So they start eating plums, in the course of which they spit plumstones onto the city. With this story of two subaltern women's uneventful trip to a Dublin monument, Stephen exposes the presumptions, in the nationalist "apocalypse," of a promised land imminent for Ireland. Instead of a heartening vision of a productive land flowing with milk and honey, the sight of a "priestridden" (*Portrait* [henceforth *P*] 38) Dublin is so unsettling to the eyes of the provincial and sterile old women that are Stephen's parochial Ireland that they have to turn to the imperialist-adulterous Moses for an alternative vision, but only to find it not an option either. They thus settle down to the *status quo* of mere survival, with a very slim chance of making their city into a bountiful land from just their plumstones. In other words, if the subaltern women do speak at all, they articulate their vision not in words but in what they do (McGee 188).

This non-redemptive view of the nation accords with Stephen's disenchant-

ment with the master history of Ireland, which holds England solely responsible for the historical errors of her successive failures, as is revealed in the confrontation between the citizen and Bloom at Barney Kiernan's. For Stephen internal betrayal figures as importantly as imperialism in Ireland's defeat, a perspective he tests out on Haines, the milkwoman, and Buck Mulligan. In this view Haines is not merely a liberalist Oxford scholar specializing in Irish culture, or a rich Englishman "stinking with money" (*U* 1.155) and ready to offer him a loan upon his request as Mulligan cynically puts it; instead, the English folklorist in many ways proves himself to be "[t]he sea's ruler" (*U* 1.574), indeed the epitome of the empire. For one thing, his patronizing attempt to speak Gaelic to the non-Gaelic-speaking milkwoman highlights not only the loss of the mother tongue consequent upon the imperial suppression of the Irish language, but also Ireland's self-willed servility, her submission to her conqueror and betrayer. The milkwoman's civility to Haines and Mulligan, oblivious to his presence, suggests as much to Stephen:

Silk of the kine and poor old woman, names given her in old times. A wandering crone, lowly form of an immortal messenger from the secret morning. [...] She bows her old head to a voice that speaks to her loudly, her bonesetter, her medicineman: me she slights. (*U* 1.403-19)

For another thing, Haines's recurring nightmares symptomatically trouble him to such an extent that he is compelled to leave the place. Stephen's irritation at the Englishman's presence culminates in his rude retort to Haines's rational though insensitive challenge to his religious faith:

—After all, I should think you are able to free yourself [of your religion]. You are your own master, it seems to me.
 —I am a servant of two masters, Stephen said, an English and an Italian. [...] The imperial British state [...] and the holy Roman catholic and apostolic church.

To this hostile repudiation Haines genteelly responds: "I can quite understand that. [...] We feel in England that we have treated you rather unfairly. It seems history is to blame" (*U* 1.636-49).

Such a liberal view of history, however, is unpalatable to a colonial intellectual like Stephen, who feels he is divested of his entitlement to Irish heritage by the imperial master on the one hand, and by the internal betrayers exemplified by

Buck Mulligan, the opportunist “[u]rsurper” (*U* 1.744), on the other. Bitterness over his dispossession resurfaces as he strolls on the Sandymount beach, a site burdened with recollections of foreign invasions and the catastrophes that constitute Irish history:

Galleys of the Lochlanns ran here to beach, in quest of prey, their bloodbeaked prows riding low on a molten pewter surf. Dane vikings, torcs of tomahawks aglitter on their breasts where Malachi wore the collar of gold. A school of turtlehide whales stranded in hot noon [...]. Then from the starving cagework city a horde of jerkined dwarfs, my people, with flayers’ knives, running, scaling, hacking in green blubbery whalemeat. Famine, plague and slaughters. Their blood is in me, their lusts my waves. I moved among them on the frozen Liffey, that I, a changeling, among the spluttering resin fires. I spoke to no-one: none to me. (*U* 3.300-09)

Overwhelmed by the long history of failures but impotent to reverse its course, Stephen can only see it as “a nightmare from which [he is] trying to awake” (*U* 2.377).

In improvising the Parable of the Plums, intended as a counter-memory of Ireland, Stephen is peculiarly attentive to monetary details surrounding the protagonists’ trip to Nelson’s pillar: one and fourpence for brawn and panloaf, and two threepenny bits for admissions to the pillar (*U* 7.939-43). All these expenses are paid out of the “[t]wo and three in silver and one and seven in coppers” (*U* 7.934) from their moneybox. This incongruous juxtaposition of the momentous and the momentary betrays another aspect of Irish culture in the early twentieth century, when Ireland was experiencing modernity for the first time in history. In the wake of the industrial revolution in the eighteenth century, the mass production of commodities was established between 1880 and 1930, leading to the emergence of consumer society in the 1920s (Slater 12-13), about the time when *Ulysses* was published in book form. However, actual consumerism was preceded by the visibility of its basic images (Richards 248). Indeed, Joyce’s Dublin demonstrates signs of consumerism, to such an extent that almost all of its citizens are subject to the “calculating money economy” (Simmel 327) that characterizes modernity. In this regard Bloom is a typical modern consumer. He is well informed about the price of various commodity goods, and has a retentive memory about the monetary

worth of objects in his possession. He knows that 80 Eccles Street is valued at “only twentyeight” (*U* 4.236), a gallon of porter costs “one and fourpence” (*U* 5.309), and Cuffe’s cattle are worth “about twentyseven quid each” (*U* 6.393); he even knows about the value of the sex service at Bella Cohen’s brothel, and reclaims from her a half-pound overcharge on Stephen’s behalf, to her admiring chagrin (*U* 15.3582-90). As for the goods he has purchased, he spends “[t]hree and six” on the picture frame of “The Bath of the Nymph” hanging over his bed (*U* 4.371), and the red wallpaper from Dockrell’s in his residence at Lombard Street West costs him “one and ninepence a dozen” (*U* 8.171-72). In this respect June 16, 1904 is another typical day for Bloom: among other things he purchases a threepence pork kidney, a copy of *Freeman’s Journal* at one pence, two Banbury cakes totaling one pence, a packet of notepaper and envelopes for two pence, a fourpence pig’s foot, and a sheep’s trotter for three pence; these expenses he methodically enters into his account book on the early morning of June 17, 1904 (*U* 17.1455-78).

Bloom is not alone in demonstrating symptoms of “rationally calculating economic egoism” (Simmel 327). In fact, most Dubliners command an expertise of some kind along this line as they experience incipient consumerism. Gerty MacDowell, for instance, invests “[t]hree and eleven” (*U* 13.499-500) on her silk stockings. Tom Kernan, on his part, purchases a second-hand “[s]tylish coat” from the fashionable Scott of Dawson Street, and congratulates himself on his own shrewdness for having it retailed at Neary at “half [a] sovereign,” thereby saving quite a fortune because Scott never makes any coat “under three guineas” (*U* 10.743-45). Even generosity carries a monetary value, as Simon Dedalus shrewdly reinterprets Reuben’s reward given the boatman who rescues his drowning son as a bad bargain: “One and eightpence too much” (*U* 6.261-91). This is also the case with cultural products. When Haines proposes to make a collection of his sayings, Stephen’s immediate response is candidly money-oriented: “Would I make any money by it?” (*U* 1.490). With this reply Stephen partakes of this general impulse for calculation, for all his tendency toward metaphysical rumination, though this view is not shared by Haines.

Nor does Buck Mulligan endorse Stephen’s offensive valuation of his talent for bad timing, even though it is he who initiates this idea by half-seriously proposing that Stephen sell his epigram to Haines: “I told him [Haines] your symbol of Irish art. He says it’s very clever. Touch him for a quid, will you? A guinea, I mean” (*U* 1.290-91). He remonstrates with Stephen, but only to receive another blunt confession: “The problem is to get money. From whom? From the milkwoman or from him” (*U* 1.497-98). Stephen’s remark betrays a sense of disempowerment

symptomatic of colonial economy, where social relations involve “little calculations of or tussles for advantage, however small, or [...] claims to status, however trivial” (Gibson 88). Indeed Joe Hynes takes advantage of Bloom by thrice turning a deaf ear to the Jew’s hint that his loan is three weeks overdue (*U* 7.119). Even Stephen speculates about a metaphysical way of evading his debt to A. E. by adopting another form of being: “Wait. Five months. Molecules all change. I am other now. Other I got pound. [...] But I, entelechy, form of forms, am I by memory because under everchanging forms,” before he reluctantly acknowledges his indebtedness to the generous poet: “A. E. I. O. U.” (*U* 9.205-13).

But it is in the Dubliners’ trivial claims to status through keeping up their appearance that their little calculations most poignantly reveal their lack of power in colonial modernity. As mentioned, Gerty spends “[t]hree and eleven” (*U* 13.499-500) on her silk stockings, an extravagant sum roughly translating into four days’ worth of Eveline’s wages, but this is just about her limits economically. What she cannot afford she does by herself. She hand-dyes her shirt a trendy electric blue, puts her hat on the waterjug overnight to keep it in shape, and spends the whole Tuesday afternoon at Clery’s summer sale to hunt for a “slightly shopsoiled” butterfly bow to match her eggblue chenille hat (*U* 13.155-56). She readily congratulates herself on her ingenuity, totally unaware or unwilling to acknowledge that the effect achieved might not measure up to her labor. Bloom, for instance, does not seem to appreciate all Gerty’s calculating investments in fashioning herself. He knows that the rose perfume she puts on the cotton inserted in her shirt pocket, in lieu of a handkerchief, is “[s]weet and cheap: soon sour” (*U* 13.1009). What is more, he favors her expensive stockings over the rumpled stockings of A. E. or the woman he met in Grafton Street (*U* 13.929-31), but fails to notice the tremendous effort she puts into embellishing her hat except to understand that the hat’s wide beam is intended to “hide her face” (*U* 13.838).

Dublin males, on their part, adopt other survival skills to make themselves presentable. As mentioned above, Tom Kernan purchases a second-hand stylish coat and remakes it at an incredible bargain price. Bloom, in turn, plans to turn an old dyed suit inside out (*U* 6.830-31). Even the affluent and dandyish Buck Mulligan is not above possessing a pair of second-hand breeches, which he gives away to Stephen in addition to other gifts of clothing in order to dress up his Bohemian friend (*U* 1.112-19). This representation of Dubliners’ want of adequate clothing was historically accurate, Andrew Gibson suggests, since the use of second-hand clothing was very common in Joyce’s time, so common that it contributed to the spread of disease (89), though this connection is totally absent from Joyce’s Dublin.

Indeed health is not a primary concern in a colony where survival is the order of things. Bloom and Molly even undertook “the other business” (*U* 11.487) of selling second-hand clothes and stage costumes when they were “on the rocks” (*U* 11.485) in Holles Street. Tellingly enough, Bloom’s plan for renovating his second-hand suit is triggered by the pathetic sight of threads hanging on Ned Lambert’s otherwise elegant suit: “His wife I forgot he’s not married or his landlady ought to have picked out those threads for him” (*U* 6.831-32).

This desperate attempt to maintain a respectable façade of selfhood reveals that self-representation is a modern imperative, even in a colony where people can ill afford it. In view of this gap between economic disempowerment and compulsive consumption for individual distinction, a brief excursion into the history of fashion would be helpful at this juncture. Fashion originated from a desire to imitate the aristocrat in order to elevate oneself to a status otherwise unattainable (Slater 19, 156). In other words, fashion is a sign of what Thorstein Veblen calls “conspicuous consumption” (27). It flourished in the nineteenth century, when empires transported from their colonies exotic materials for clothing, and the rise of mass production made new fashions more affordable to the populace (Boucher 386). In this context, fashion becomes an indicator of modernization and, by extension, economic supremacy and military power. Then, as a commodity it is integrated into the daily life of the common people so that it finally takes on the nature of a necessity. A cross-reading of Walter Benjamin’s and Georg Simmel’s discourses on modernity can shed light on this shift. Simmel suggests that modern life is characterized by an exorbitant excess of stimuli stemming from modernization, including urbanization, new forms of transportation and new occupations. Such stimuli are close to what Benjamin calls “shocks,” which come from a flood of visual stimuli consequent upon the concentration of populations in the modern city (37-38). The urgent task for modern metropolitans, in this milieu, is to protect the self from excessive stimuli. For Benjamin distance is the key to the survival of modernity. Such a view is culled from Charles Baudelaire’s *flâneur*, a figure Benjamin posits as the ideal observer of modernity precisely because of his detachment from the crowd as he strolls down the streets of Paris. Simmel, on his part, observes two possible survival strategies of modern times: one is the adoption of a blasé outlook in order to lift one’s threshold of response to stimuli, which is close to the peripatetic perspective of Benjamin’s *flâneur*, and the other is self-fashioning (326, 331). Fashion thus becomes highly relevant to modern life in that it protects the self from stimuli. It is to be noticed that as a technology of the self, fashion calls for a certain expertise, thereby introducing fashion magazines or “maps of modernity” (Slater 86) onto the market. Modern

culture, in other words, is an “expertise culture” (Bauman 200-05) in which one paradoxically becomes both laborer and commodity in order to produce a self so that this self remains untouched by the hassle of modernity.

Joyce’s Dublin is not without citizens who are highly receptive to such an “expertise culture.” Blazes Boylan, for instance, arrests the eyes of other Dubliners on June 16, 1904, with an elegant mass-produced dark blue suit matched by a sky-blue necktie, which in turn matches the color of his eyes and socks. Dennis J Maginni also distinguishes himself with his meticulous apparel—“silk hat, slate frockcoat with silk facings, white kerchief tie, tight lavender trousers, canary gloves and pointed patent boots” (*U* 10.56-58). Gerty MacDowell is another expert in self-fashioning, albeit in a far more degenerate way for want of financial power. She learns from *Princess Novelette* about the magic of eyebrowline (*U* 13.111), and from *Lady’s Pictorial* that “electric blue will be worn” (*U* 13.151), which knowledge she methodically puts into practice. Interestingly, in spite of her momentary regret that she missed opportunities because of her humble origin, a disadvantage aggravated by her father’s alcoholism, her perspective as captured by the narrator of the first part of “Nausicaa” remains upbeat, as if she is blind to her bleak marriage prospect due to economic stagnancy in general, and her age and handicap in particular:

Had kind fate but willed her to be born a gentlewoman of high degree in her own right and had she only received the benefit of a good education Gerty MacDowell might easily have held her own beside any lady in the land and have seen herself exquisitely gowned with jewels on brow and patrician suitors at her feet vying with one another to pay their devoirs to her. (*U* 13.99-105)

Had her father only avoided the clutches of the demon drink [...] she might now be rolling in her carriage, second to none. (*U* 13.290-92)

Indeed glossed in a style that is largely “namby-pamby jammy marmalady drawery” (Budgen 205), Gerty emerges in the early part of this chapter as an aristocratic Irish beauty, an image reflecting more a fantasy of an ideal self than reality:

Gerty MacDowell [...] was [...] as fair a specimen of winsome Irish girlhood as one could wish to see. [...] There was an innate refinement, a languid queenly hauteur about Gerty which was unmistakably

evidenced in her delicate hands and higharched instep. (*U* 13.96-98)

This desensitization to the bleak reality through an idealized self is not uncommon among Dubliners. While Bloom pays visual tribute to Ned Lambert for all his sartorial degeneracy (“Nice soft tweed Ned Lambert has in that suit. Tinge of purple. [...] Dressy fellow he was once. Used to change three suits in the day” [*U* 6.828-31]), Tom Kernan is aware of Mr Grimm’s silent compliment of like nature: “Saw him looking at my frockcoat. Dress does it. Nothing like a dressy appearance” (*U* 10.738-39), and does not hesitate to award himself the title “[k]night of the road” (*U* 10.748), suppressing the fact that he may have overdressed himself—however pathetically—for a trade that is inadequate to make both ends meet as his wife complains (“We were waiting for him to come home with the money. He never thinks he has a home at all” [*Dubliners* 154; henceforth *D*]), since it is going the way of knights soon (*D* 152-53).

Although critics have noted that *Ulysses* demonstrates “little awareness of Dublin’s urban poor” (Gibson 88), this feature may well be a register of the blasé outlook and self-fashioning, Simmelian skills for protecting the self from the turbulence of modern life, as well as the more positive side of this double mechanism in the context of colonial modernity. In this respect Bloom’s comment on Maginni’s attire, in relation to a quack doctor’s advertisement, is most insightful: “Dr Hy Franks. Don’t cost him a red like Maginni the dancing master self advertisement” (*U* 8.98-99). On the literal level, Bloom is pondering the economy of Maginni’s strategy in dressing up to become a walking advertisement for his dancing school. A figurative reading of this remark, however, reveals the relation between advertisement and selfhood: by fashioning a distinguished self, Maginni is presenting himself as a commodity to be promoted in an advertisement. In this sense there are tenuous boundaries between object and subject in commodity culture. Indeed such is Benjamin’s view of modern subjectivity. Primarily setting this speculation on modernity in the streets of Paris, Benjamin also points out that the closed space in department stores is an extension of the open space, where shocks come from merchandise and the crowd. Another aspect of shocks is also introduced in this environment: the *flâneur*, Benjamin’s privileged observer of modernity, experiences an intoxication or narcotic effect as he is overwhelmed by the flood of crowd and commodities on display. Such a sensation, Benjamin argues, is euphoric, as the *flâneur* takes on the nature of commodities to be observed by the crowd (55).

Indeed this is the case with Bloom when he walks on Grafton Street, to be

greeted by the sight of a plethora of commodities, visual shocks which temporarily lift him from depression over the traumatic memories of his son's death and his subsequent estrangement from Molly:

I was happier then. Or was that I? Or am I now I? [...] Could never like it again after Rudy. Can't bring back time. [...]

Grafton street gay with housed awnings lured his senses. Muslin prints, silkdames and dowagers, jingles of harnesses, hoofthuds low-ringing in the baking causeway. [...] He passed, dallying, the windows of Brown Thomas, silk mercers, Cascades of ribbons. Flimsy China silks. A tilted urn poured from its mouth a flood of bloodhued poplin: lustrous blood. (*U* 8.608-24)

Such euphoria steers him to a plan to purchase lotion for Molly “[f]or her birthday perhaps,” even though it is still three months away (*U* 8.628-29). This reversal of mood seems to suggest that consumption and window-shopping promise to maintain one's psychological well-being.

Available to the immediate potential consumer like Bloom in this context, such a promise of euphoria also underlies the operation of advertising, which means “information” in its Latin etymology but began to carry the connotation of “persuasion” in the mid-nineteenth century (Barnard 27-30). In other words, advertising in the era of mass production of commodity goods was deployed as a means to persuade customers to buy the product in question. Other than this primary function of promoting commodities, it has another function, the creation of a structure of meaning (Williamson 11). In semiotic terms, it begins by constructing a unique “image” of the commodity—the anticipated emotion, personality, lifestyle, etc. of the consumer—through transforming the signifier of the commodity into one from another system, primarily into signifiers of established personages or exiting objects. By decontextualizing the signifier from another system in order to relate abstract emotions to concrete objects, advertising does not induce actual emotions but notions of such emotions, which will not be activated until consumption takes place (Williamson 24-31). It is to be noted that temporality in advertising is put under great pressure in such a way that the event in its narrative has always already occurred, whereas its anticipated emotion bypasses the present to direct itself to the future (Williamson 152). In other words, advertising operates in an “imaginary nostalgia” for the present (Appadurai 77) that is totally distinct from the consumer's experiential time. Such a “time lag” coincides with the consumer's desire for an

experience not available to him/her in the *status quo*, thereby securing his/her connivance with this impossible logic. The problem is: What does the consumer want? After all, (s)he is not a homogenous entity but an individual defined by his/her race, gender, and age, among other things. To this vexed issue advertising does not have a convincing answer, except to cover the differences of potential customers under one umbrella, “uniqueness” as defined by one’s “totemic identity” (Williamson 51-53), or “authenticity” manufactured by “coherent selfhood.” In this view, the structure of meaning produced by advertising includes not only the image of the commodity but also the consumer’s self-image (Williamson 48). In consequence, the desired object to be promoted is the commodity *as well as* the consumer’s selfhood (Williamson 60).

In the context of colonial Ireland, this imaginary nostalgia for an ideal present as dictated by the logic of advertising not only allows individuals to escape from their oppressive present in real life—be it Bloom’s failed marriage, Gerty MacDowell’s frustrated desire for love and marriage, or numerous Dubliners’ financial hardship—but also opens up the possibility of an alternative community imagined in homogenous, empty time in lieu of the one produced through nationalist nostalgia for the past. It is in such a consumer community, where Dubliners may experience the euphoria of attaining the promised land of fulfilled material desire—in the present through consumption, or in the future through (self) advertisement—that generosity grows in spite of the petty calculations prevailing among them. Such is the case with Ben Dollard, Father Cowley, and Simon Dedalus. Barely able to keep body and soul together in the Iveagh home (*U* 11.1014-15), a charity lodging house for the poor working class, Ben Dollard nonetheless attempts to produce a “totemic identity” by sporting a worn-out cheap blue suit (*U* 10.940-41), which invites Simon Dedalus’s derision: “Hold that fellow with the bad trousers. [...] That’s a pretty garment, isn’t it, for a summer’s day? [...] They were made for a man in his health, Ben, anyhow” (*U* 10.905-15). In response Ben Dollard parries with a stoic protest: “I threw out more clothes in my time than you ever saw” (*U* 10.916-17). By engaging each other in mutual mockery, they reconfirm their camaraderie of (non)fashion, which builds on a blasé tolerance of make-do self-fashioning closely associated with a cooperative commitment to those in dire need. Indeed Ben Dollard comes to meet Father Cowley with the purpose of steering the clergyman away from immediate eviction (*U* 10.885-98). This help seems to be offered in return for Father Cowley’s timely tips several years earlier for borrowing a concert dress suit from Molly, who carried a large collection of used stage costumes (*U* 11.476-97). Like so many situations where Dubliners resort

to second-hand clothing to fashion a desired self, the result of this contingent arrangement verges on the farcical, as Bloom recalls, since the suit does not fit the stout man at all: "Trousers tight as a drum on him. Musical porkers. Molly did laugh when he went out. Threw herself back across the bed, screaming, kicking. With all his belongings on show" (*U* 11.556-58). Still, Ben Dollard is grateful because the Blooms' generosity "save[s] the situation" (*U* 11.480). This is probably the first time Bloom is included in a community that is otherwise anti-Semitic despite its deployment of the Jewish race to authenticate its national past.

In consideration of commodity culture's potential to create a friendly community of euphoria, where subjects and objects are interchangeable to some extent, it is perhaps not a coincidence that in "Circe," a super memory tank which rearranges the previous chapters of the whole novel (Kenner 356), objects are endowed with human faculties, while characters constantly "forget" their old selves to take up the consciousness of the other. Under such an unruly principle of remembrance and amnesia, soap sings (*U* 15.337-39), a fan talks (*U* 15.2754-2803), the boots take over Blazes Boylan's utterance from "Sirens" ("Haw haw have you the horn?") (*U* 15.3733-34, 11.433), and Simon Dedalus's negative assessment of the Reuben incident ("One and eightpence too much.") turns into Bloom's regretting his impulse shopping, and into a voice's comment on Bloom's value as a prostitute (*U* 15.658; 15.3098), to name but a few. Out of this subversive phantasmagoria of established categories emerges Bloomusalem, a utopian "[u]nion of all, jew, moslem and gentile" (*U* 15.1686) where commodity goods are the order of things under the rule of Bloom the consumer-turned-sovereign. Indeed Bloom's bodyguard distributes commodities to his subjects, ranging from food items and clothing to lotteries and cheap reprints of trash books (*U* 15.1568-85). Granted that this new world of "universal brotherhood" (*U* 15.1691-92), like all events in this carnivalesque, topsy-turvy swirl of empty and pure "ecstasy" of signs (Baudrillard 190), is soon to be replaced by a nation where Bloom stands out as a criminal accused of violating codes of textual and sexual authenticity (*U* 15.1711-73), it gives us a glimpse into the promised land of consumerism in its hilariously uncanny retrieval and revision of the memory of humiliations and frustrations Bloom experiences that day as an inauthentic Irish subject. By offering the reader an alternative mechanism of memory and forgetting comparable to that of nationalism, Joyce has indeed managed to create "a loveliness which has not yet come into the world" in his own time (*P* 251), a loveliness that lifts traumatic memory from the "originary present" in the nationalist mode to a cosmopolitan consumerist future where inauthenticity, the given of everyday life in its modernity, is allowed its

rightful place.

Joyce, after all, does not live to see the realization of the “new Bloomusalem in the Nova Hibernia of the future” (*U* 17.1544-45) that he delineates in his epic of two races. Nor does he have the chance to revisit a Dublin that is less familiar than he remembered. Nelson’s pillar, of all things, is already gone. 7 Eccles Street, the Blooms’ residence, has also been torn down, with its door now preserved in James Joyce Center. Granted that Sweney the chemist’s still stands on the site where Bloom purchases lemon soaps for Molly, Davy Byrne’s has moved across the street. Forty-foot, for its part, no longer exists (Beja) and, unlike Nelson’s pillar, there is no immediate prospect of its reconstruction. This topographic remapping of Joyce’s Dublin accords with another cycle of memory and forgetting in a new nation eighty years after *Ulysses* was published in ambivalent reminiscence of Joyce’s vision. Indeed Ireland since the third quarter of the twentieth century has been revising her national memory, as is revealed in the official policy for monuments and public ceremonies. In March 1966, the upper part of Nelson’s pillar was exploded by the IRA a few weeks before the fiftieth anniversary of the Easter Rising. As if to endorse what American media saw as “a typically Irish way of settling problems,”² the government calmly completed this erasure of colonial memory by requesting the IRA to blow off the remains of the whole pillar three days after the explosion, lest it should become a public hazard. If nationalist sentiment still received official tolerance in this incident, the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Easter Rising in 1991 saw a drastic change in the cultural climate. By that time Ireland had become a member of a trans-European economic community, making commemorations of inspirational defeats less urgent than economic concerns. In order to dilute the association of an erstwhile memorable event with violence engineered by the IRA, supposedly the avatars of the Easter rebels, the Dublin city government intervened in the media in such a way as to suppress the memory of this blood sacrifice, to the great offense of relatives of the executed revolutionaries (Kiberd, “Elephant” 11). Such a de-politicizing policy suggests that Ireland has shifted from “a highly politically oriented commemoration world” to one that is an “uneasy combination” of politics and commerce (Boyce 257). This shift is palpable in the official plan to replace Nelson’s pillar with a monument that will bespeak tradition and cosmopolitanism, the double spirit of the “Celtic tiger” that is Ireland in the third millennium, by hosting an architectural competition for “a symbol for Dublin for

² This is quoted by Ryle Dwyer from the observation of William P. Fay, Irish Ambassador to the United States in the mid 1960s.

the 21st century,” as *The Irish Times* reported in 1998 (“Monument”). In January 2003 Dublin Spire, the winning entry in this competition, stood where Nelson’s Pillar was. This high-rising stainless steel spire is at once ancient and modern, ancient in its evocation of the pinnacle of a cathedral and modern in its use of hard metal and a lighting device in step with postmodern structures in major metropolises worldwide. On June 16, 2004, this monument conveniently became the location for staging the “Parable of the Plum” in celebration of the centennial of Bloomsday. However, Stephen Dedalus’s troubled subaltern vision of a colonial Ireland was replaced by a multicultural carnival, in which two old Irish women mounted the spire presided over by Nelson’s statue to command a view of Dublin comprising a young children’s gala, hip hop, a Chinese dragon dance and so on.

Given Joyce’s ambivalence toward modernity, nationalism and his fictional *alter ego*, it is uncertain whether this multicultural entertainment show plays out his vision *via* Stephen or plays into the ideology of postcolonial amnesia. Still, such a modified cultural memory allows the south not only to move toward that ideal present of consumer cosmopolitanism that Joyce anticipates in his Bloomusalem, but also to rediscover a writer who used to be inaccessible because of his difficulty, and who had hurt it by his unpalatable construction of an inauthentic Irish identity.³ Indeed today’s Ireland has benefited from modernization, without experiencing industrialization (Nolan), to become one of the most prosperous countries in the world, one whose demand for foreign labor compels it to offer migrant workers the kind of calculating hospitality unavailable to Bloom.⁴ This unprecedented economic success is intertwined with the official negotiation of two extreme positions, the desire for a grand narrative of the Irish past that will help direct its future, and the resistance to such a narrative that might jeopardize its effort to modernize itself. Still, the need to present “a thematic past” for both commercial and political purposes remains (Boyce 265-66), as is revealed in Ireland’s compromise in the standing issue of language. Although Gaelic was adopted as the first official language of the Republic (*Dréacht-Bunreacht* 8), thereby fulfilling the dream of Irish nationalists since the nineteenth century, it has failed to take root in Irish life despite de Valera’s compulsory measures built into the educational system and state employment policy in the early 1930s (Foster 518) and the official policy for language “preservation” in 1961 (Brown 207), as only a small portion of the population—smaller than that of colonial Ireland—is proficient enough in this language to watch

³ Conversation with Emer Nolan on 24 November 2004, Seoul.

⁴ In recent years more than 14,000 work permits have been issued to non-EU nationals to work in Ireland (“Exploitation”).

and read Irish-language TV programs and newspapers (Kiberd, *Inventing Ireland* 570)⁵, not to mention the fact that these programs are useful to the Irish people only when they come in the form of local news, music or dancing (Hindley 177-78). Instead, English remains the language of everyday use as well as international competition (Lee 648-64; Brown 209), to such an extent that on entering into the EEC in 1973 Ireland became the only member that did not require translation of all documents (Hindley 37), even though signs for street names and major buildings in Dublin are bilingual. In this way, the Irish language has become more a *totem* of Irish heritage (Hindley 178) than a *praxis* of that heritage: it is, to put it bluntly, a self-advertisement in the heritage industry, arising from the marriage of commerce and history, where the national language, now taken for granted, is meant to give the *feeling* of cultural authenticity rather than *articulate* that authenticity. Such an industry also includes Joyce. Premises named in *Ulysses*, such as Ormond's Hotel and Davy Byrne's, advertise themselves by displaying a plaque to this effect; "Fresh Handmade Cosmetics," a shop at the intersection of College Green and Grafton Street, even sported a sign which reads "Lemon Soaps Wanted" during the centennial Bloomsday festival, even though it has nothing to do with the chemist's where Bloom purchases lemon soaps for Molly. What is more, apart from the established ritual of a Bloomsday walking tour to commemorate Bloom's itinerary, literary tours to locations referred to in *Ulysses*, of official (the Irish Tourist Board's "literary bars crawl") or individual operations, have also become staple tourist attractions. These tours also come in print or CD form, as maps of Joyce's Dublin or

⁵ Reg Hindley has mapped out the difficulty in navigating the numerous statistics, official or scholarly, on the Irish-speaking population, which comes from varying techniques and principles of sampling, "time lags" in sampling, and misleading "loyal lies." Taking all these factors into consideration, he largely endorses the view that about 3 percent of the Irish population command "native speaker's competence," and 11 percent admit to "understanding most conversations" in Irish (35, 45-64, 178). Although these figures are outdated by 15 years, I believe they still reflect the general situation in this century since no clues suggest that Irish has reversed its fate toward virtual defunctness since Hindley published his findings. As for what Hindley calls "loyal lies," I have been greatly amused by their varieties in the course of my research. According to *Fios Feasa*, an Irish Language school, "how many [Irish speakers] you count depends mostly on how big or small you want the end figure to be. In the most recent censuses (1991), over a million people in the Republic and over 140,000 in the Six Counties reported themselves as having a reasonable proficiency in the language. What that self-assessment actually means is endlessly debated." Whatever it means, concludes the anonymous author of *Fios Feasa*: "The Irish language has become fashionable." Such a view is, however, contradicted by the FAQs section in the official website of the 19th International James Joyce Symposium in Dublin, 2004. Here answer to the query as to the language used in Ireland is: "Although Irish is the official language of Ireland, it is rarely spoken" (cf. "Changing Fortunes"; "Present Social Context"; "FAQs").

playing of songs in or readings from Joyce's works. In this way Joyce has become not only a monument of Irish cultural heritage but also a hot commodity in the heritage industry.

As such a commodity, Joyce is enshrined in a cultural memory devoid of nostalgia for both the nationalist traumatized past and the consumerist unfulfilled present in its all-too-eager embrace of an affluent, desensitized present with a cosmopolitan interest in otherness for self-interest (cf. Amanda Anderson 285). While this commercialized memory helps stabilize the present, it also runs the risk of distorting both Joyce and the Irish past, making it harder to understand both the writer and the present. Joyce, after all, is not unaware of the utopic-dystopic tensions of consumerism for all his efforts to advertise modernity (Wicke 608) as an alternative to parochial nationalism; his dramatization in "Circe" of the rapid displacements of desired subjects-objects suggests as much. Nor does he endorse a stabilized present in its unreflective fascination with the other as an easy way out of a long history of trauma, despite his original representation of Dublin in terms of normalcy (Leerssen, *Remembrance* 231), as is revealed in his reluctance to sanitize his "epic of two races" into a tale of plenitude, one where Bloom the good Samaritan wins out over Stephen the anti-Semitic, prospective national poet in order to establish a happy trio with Molly in a land where the euphoria of consumption translates into authentic well-being, and hospitality to other races moves beyond calculating accommodation to genuine worldliness. Joyce, in a word, does not pretend to offer any release from "mixed feelings" (Clifford 369) about utopia in any form. If it is this relentless scrutiny of *his* present that enables Joyce to make the Irish people better understand *their* own, then they in turn should probably resist the impulse to foreclose their present at the expense of justice (cf. Eagleton 13) and faith, a divided present comprising the unfinished business in Northern Ireland, unequal power relations between Irish employers and foreign labor from underdeveloped countries,⁶ an uneasy expectation of the entry of Eastern European countries into the EEC, and, finally, a lack of self-belief (Kiberd, *Inventing Ireland* 570; Lee 658-74).

⁶ Filipino nurses were paid 30 percent less than their Irish equivalents, and forced to live five or six in one bedroom in some hovels. Brazilian workers employed by a meat plant in the west of Ireland were also paid considerably lower than their Irish colleagues. See "Exploitation of Immigrant Workers Gives Lie to Welcoming Image."

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