

# Mark-Up and Sale: The Joyce Cult in Overdrive

Ferenc Takács

To make my point about James Joyce and his literary cult, first I must do a little backtracking and cover the prehistory of this paper. Joyceans, whether of the scholarly sort or of the *aficionado* variety, are of course familiar with the curious complex of ritualised activities, whether verbal or physical, spontaneous or organised, that surrounds, both in Ireland and on the international scene, the work, person, memory or, quite simply, the image of James Joyce. On the local level, this includes, famously, the annual celebration of Bloomsday in Dublin, complete with the accoutrements of pilgrimage, ritual procession, relic worship and the visitation of holy shrines (the latter activity includes, for many Joycean pilgrims, doing the “stations” of the original fictional peregrinations of Bloom and Stephen in *Ulysses*).<sup>1</sup>

There is something odd about all this just as there is something oddly disproportionate, for instance, in the degree and nature of textological attention Joyce’s text commands and is granted. Whenever it is perceived that something needs to be done about the text of *Ulysses*, seemingly infinite resources of scholarly expertise and hard cash are made, in a routinely miraculous manner, available to produce as yet another “scholar’s,” “student’s” or “reader’s” edition, or, alternatively, to restore the text, by a process of careful “unediting,” to the original pristine textual mess it was when it first appeared in 1922.<sup>2</sup> What has happened, indeed what has been happening to the text of *Ulysses* since Hans Gabler and his colleagues produced the “critical and synoptic” edition, could not have happened to any other major Modernist text such as *Mrs Dalloway* or *The Rainbow*; no four different edited versions of these books are concurrently in print, nor does it seem even faintly probable that this would ever be the case. In our culture only a few select texts are accorded this kind of privilege: the works of Shakespeare or Goethe, for example, texts venerated as literary holy writ on the analogy of the Bible, and the Joycean text clearly belongs to this company.

That this worship of a literary author is something that cannot be dismissed as some harmless eccentricity that carries no significance whatsoever, and, anyway, wholly extraneous, accidental, and irrelevant to whatever views we have of the nature, significance and value of James Joyce’s literary work, is best witnessed in what was an attempt at precisely this sort of dismissal. On the occasion of the centenary of Joyce’s birth Richard Ellmann remarked:

[Joyce’s] detractors are repelled by the Joyce fans who obsessively follow Leopold Bloom’s trail around Dublin, or climb the stairs of the Martello tower at Sandycove, or drink at the much refurbished bar in Davy Byrne’s. Still, such activities are not more pernicious, or cultic, than climbing Wordsworth’s Helvellyn, or visiting Hawthorne’s House of the Seven Gables in Salem or Proust’s aunt’s house in Illiers. If Joyce particularly inspires such pilgrimages, it is perhaps because we long to be on closer terms with this *scriptor absconditus*, this indrawn writer, in the hope of

achieving an intimacy with him which he does not readily extend. (58)

Superficially dismissive, on a less obvious plane the passage shows signs of the intrusions of the discourse of cult and religion. As if by circumventing some Freudian censor, terms like “cult” and “pilgrimage” enter the text to serve as explanatory metaphors and finally, now in a wholly positive, though obviously unintended sense, Joyce as *scriptor absconditus* is metaphorically identified with the *deus absconditus* of Christian theology.

That this intrusion of cultic metaphor into the discourse of our speaking about James Joyce, and, similarly, the conspicuous presence of quasi-religious and quasi-cultic patterns of behaviour in the Bloomsday festivities are actually worthy of systematic attention was first brought home, for Hungarian scholars at least, by Péter Dávidházi's ground-breaking study of William Shakespeare's cult in Hungary.<sup>3</sup> Published in 1989, the book employed, as its basic assumption, the literalisation of the cult metaphor and proceeded to discuss, in the appropriate sociological and cultural anthropological frame of interpretation, Shakespeare's “cult” as a *bona fide* quasi-religious practice. It also argued, very convincingly, for the recognition of literary cults as organized, often institutionalized, forms of literary appropriation with ways of interpretation and production of meaning peculiar to them. These ways, Dávidházi stressed, are neither irrelevant nor accidental to other, more technical and critical ways of making sense of the work of a literary author. On the contrary, they contribute to whatever sense and value interpretative communities confer on literary works; indeed, a literary cult is best seen as the interpretative apparatus of such a community (Dávidházi, “God's Second-Born” 1-27, 298-330).

That much of this had some relevance to Joyce's case was fairly easy to see. Taking my clue from Dávidházi's findings and employing the idea of religious cult as a heuristic device by which to gain new insights into the ways Joyce's work functions in our interpretative practice, I proposed, in a number of papers, to see the Joyce cult in similar terms. I discussed its various aspects such as the James Joyce Tower Museum in Sandycove, which I interpreted as the self-consciously ironical shrine or temple of the cult (Takács, “The Ironical Shrine,” 187-96), or the presence of the cultic discourse of diabolization, demonization, stigmatization and exorcism in East-European Marxist views and judgments on Joyce's work (Takács, “The Idol Diabolized” 249-70). Also, attempting to interpret the rituals and myths of the Dublin cult, with Bloomsday in the centre, I outlined the historical transformations of this paradoxical composite of “holy mass and carnival” from its beginnings of the first Bloomsday. This took place on 16 June 1954, when a handful of Dublin *literati* including such members of the local Bohemia of the day as Patrick Kavanagh and Brian O'Nolan set the pattern for all future Bloomsdays in the course of what turned out, and what was no doubt meant to be, something of a drunken joke (Takács, “Holy Mass and Carnival” 387-99).<sup>4</sup>

In tracing the further stages of the development of the Dublin cult I also located signs of the appearance of a new aspect, or rather two distinct, though not unrelated aspects of the cult that had become distinctly visible by the end of the 1980s. These were (and have been ever since) the commercial appropriation of the Joyce cult by the Irish business community, including eminently the local, regional, and national tourist industries, and the political appropriation of the same by agencies, often governmental or government-supported, of Irish cultural nationalism (Takács, “Holy Mass and Carnival” 398-99). As, since 1989, the time of the writing of my paper, these two

aspects have become even more conspicuous and their interrelation has asserted itself in all sorts of spectacular ways in Dublin and elsewhere, this will be the topic I want to make a few points about.

As I have just noted, Joyce's cult in his native city was, originally, the cause or, indeed, the joke of a few Dublin men of letters. It had neither power nor money at its disposal. Celebrating Bloomsday and doing the "Ulysses Tour" remained, for quite some time, something only visiting writers, academics, and American PhD students, mainly of Irish extraction, did. The first breakthrough, the acquisition of the Martello Tower in Sandycove and its dedication as The James Joyce Tower Museum in 1962 took place through private effort and a friendly business deal between private individuals; apart from some money from literary patrons, no public agencies or moneys were involved and no business investment of any note was made (Ryan 52-56). Even after that, no cultic effort could prevent the demolition of the house at 7 Eccles Street of which only the front door survived as an architectural feature of The Bailey (Ryan 120-21, Igoe 127).<sup>5</sup>

This state of affairs started to change some time in the 1970s, when both power and money began their cautious descent on the Joyce cult, a curiosity which, nevertheless, showed some potential, whether for national image-making or commercial gain, as it attracted a growing number of people, including many foreign visitors, to the Irish capital. A modest affair for a long time, the James Joyce Tower Museum received a substantial business investment from *Board Fáilte* (The Irish Tourist Board) and *Fáilte Oirthear Eireann* (Ireland East Tourism), and, in 1980, the structure of the building was modified and a new annexe was built as a joint venture of the two tourist agencies (as commemorated on the characteristic blue plaque of the Tourist Board, the new patron of the Museum, that now graces the building).

This obviously took place in anticipation of the Joyce centenary of 1982. And that year proved something of a turning point as it saw, for the first time, the convergence of power and money, politics and business, Nation and Mammon in the process of appropriating the Joyce cult and thereby heralding a new phase of the Dublin cult. These joint powers were still insufficient to enact the ultimate ritual of public appropriation: the reinterment of the mortal remains of the literary saint in his *natale solum*. Plans were made and committees were formed to symbolically claim Joyce for Ireland by this physical act of translation, but for a variety of reasons the effort failed. On the other hand, the Bloomsday of the centenary year made a similar (and successful) claim to the city's literary patron saint. This time an organized, structured, and municipally endorsed event, celebration on 16 June 1982 had its centre in the ritual reenactment of the "Wandering Rocks" episode of *Ulysses* in which Dublin politics and municipal power were directly represented by the city's mayor Alexis Fitzgerald, who played the part of the visiting Viceroy (McCarthy and Rose 64-65). This conspicuous act of officially identifying Joyce as a potential source of cultural legitimacy with Dublin as a political entity was accompanied by other, perhaps more *sui generis* cultic acts of celebration and commemoration during the centenary year, and some of these now involved contributions from business proper. Even contributions from Big Business: the bust of Joyce unveiled on Stephen's Green was a gift to Dublin from American Express (Burgess 373). A *prima facie* more bizarre, though properly cultic event took place the same year when the status of *Ulysses* as sacred or mythic text was reasserted by the unveiling of a memorial plaque on the house at 52 Clanbrassil Street where

Leopold Bloom was mythically, if not factually, born (Kenner 341).<sup>6</sup>

It was also during the centenary year that Joyce was first made to enter symbolically the public space of his native city: the old Ha'penny Bridge over the Liffey was renamed after Anna Livia, river-goddess (among many other things) of Joyce's *Finnegans Wake*.

In the ensuing decade more was to come in a similar vein. In 1988 Joyce entered O'Connell Street, the central symbolic space of Irish nationalism. Here, across the General Post Office complete with Cuchullain's statue and memories of the 1916 Easter Rising and in line with the monuments of Parnell, Larkin and O'Connell, a sculpture of Anna Livia, symbolic of both Dublin's river and Joyce's heroine, was erected or, in view of the shape of the structure, laid down.

It was, however, in 1990, with the erection of a full-figure statue of James Joyce at the corner of O'Connell Street and North Earl Street, unveiled, of course, on Bloomsday, that the author was finally coopted into the nationalist pantheon and made symbolically part of another cult or religion: that of the nation. It is significant to note that both politics, local and national, and business had its share in this symbolic act. Conversely, power and money both insisted on commemorating themselves by this act of commemoration: the inscription on the plinth of the monument shows the name and the dates of the man whose memory it is dedicated to ("James Joyce 1882-1941"), but then it goes on to the more important business, or politics, of informing us, in some detail, that the statue was "unveiled by the Rt. Hon. / The Lord Mayor of Dublin / Alderman Senator Sean Haughey" (incidentally, the son of Charles Haughey who was *Taoiseach*, or Prime Minister, at the time) and "Presented to the City / By the / North Earl Street Business Association / and / The D.C.C.B.A" (the acronym stands for "Dublin City Centre Business Association").

Since then, following this remarkable mark-up of his image by Irish cultural nationalism, Joyce's presence in the public space of Dublin, whether as national icon or business logo, has been increasing by the speed and force of a veritable invasion. Take, for instance, those bronze plaques sunk in the pavement of the streets where Stephen and Bloom strolled on that June day in 1904 with each plaque quoting a snippet of the text of *Ulysses* appropriate to the place where it is installed. This project was sponsored by Cantrell & Cochrane's, a soft-drink and mineral-water company some time in the early 1990s; the firm must have seen this as the belated settling of a long-outstanding debt as Joyce "advertised," gratuitously of course, C & C by inserting a mention of the company into *Ulysses*.<sup>7</sup>

By that time Joyce's name and image was obviously seen as possessing considerable selling power if business was so ready to use him as advertising icon, logo, reference, or allusion. Apparently, people in the promotion and advertisement section of old Dublin businesses routinely ransack *Ulysses* for references to their firms or products, and if they find one, they are keen to use it in their advertisements. This is what, for instance, Denny's, a Dublin food company did recently, when somebody in the firm discovered that Joyce mentions "their" sausages in the novel.<sup>8</sup> In fact, these days Joyce's name is invoked and pressed into promotional service with boring predictability whenever something big and nationally important happens in Irish business. Witness, for instance, this relatively recent news item: "A new boat is being built in a Finnish shipyard for the Irish Ferries company. *Ulysses*, the world's largest cruise ferry will be launched in Spring 2001 and it will operate between Holyhead (U.K.) and

Dublin Port. Beside the "Leopold Bloom Bar" and "The Martello Observation Lounge," on-board features will also include "The Volta Picture Theatre" (Newsletter 1).

As a result of all this Dublin has been gradually inscribed with, or fully overwritten by, Joyce, in many cases quite literally (witness the Cantrell & Cochrane's project). Glenn Patterson, the Northern Irish novelist described this Dublin quite memorably in a remark he made some years ago: "Dublin is now a James Joyce theme park."<sup>9</sup> There is another way of describing this phenomenon, though. It seems now that a kind of "Stratfordisation" of Dublin has taken place: just as everything in Stratford-on-Avon is a metaphor or metonymy of Shakespeare's symbolic presence, thereby partaking in the sacred power of the cultic author, Dublin is now the symbolic transfiguration, or quite simply the body of Joyce's holy ghost. Of course, this may also be seen as the final symbolic act of emancipation in the troubled history of Ireland and Britain: if physical and symbolic Stratford is a tribute to the greatest dramatic genius in the English language, Ireland now supports its claim to rival greatness in fiction by Joyce's Dublin.

The Bloomsday ritual has also come a long way since 1954. Forty-four years after Patrick Kavanagh's attempt to climb the walls of the Martello Tower in Sandycove, celebration took on a globalized shape.<sup>10</sup> On 16 June 1998 Bloomsday was observed worldwide by a time-zone phased reading of *Ulysses*, and the Internet linkup of various national readings turned the whole thing into a global virtual event. Bloomsday is now, in effect, a public, or national holiday in Ireland, a kind of Dublin carnival; since 1999 a lavishly produced *James Joyce Bloomsday Magazine* has been published annually to enhance the national and cultural significance as well as the carnivalesque entertainment value of the event.

It is also significant to note that the 1998 Internet Bloomsday was the personal initiative of *Taoiseach* (Ireland's Prime Minister) Bertie Ahern. As such it was an obvious attempt, altogether successful, to shift Bloomsday and the Joyce cult into the public context of national politics and exploit its considerable potential for cultural nationalism.

Ever since, Bertie Ahern has been singularly active in the cultic field. In fact you can say with some justification that nowadays wherever there is Joyce, Bertie Ahern cannot be far behind. He was, for instance, present at a recent, rather bizarre cultic act. When the original home of the Joyces on Milbourne Avenue was demolished in 1998, Dublin barrister Brendan Kilty bought up the rubble and proposed to use the debris to build Joyce memorial benches in the parks of the city. As Dublin Corporation lent enthusiastic support to this project of Joycean relic worship, the building of the first bench started with Bertie Ahern duly in attendance, actually doing his bit with a spade as seen in the publicity photograph made of the event (Meade 15).

All this was, however, surpassed by a recent Joyce event whose actors and participants fused cultic worship and public ceremony into a seamless whole while turning the occasion into a political act of truly national significance. What happened was something that vindicated Frank McCourt's exasperated outburst, in the fifteenth chapter of *Yeats is Dead!: A Novel by Fifteen Irish Writers* (a literary joke published in 2001), as prophetic foresight:

[. . .] there's a manuscript out there, a billion-dollar set of scrawls. Six hundred pages of Joyce's sideways passage into lunacy. They could be blank, for all I know. But even if they were they would be priceless. All he had to



do was raise his hand over them, blow his nose in them, wipe the sweat from his brow or the leavings from his arse. *Anything*. All things Joycean are sacred now. (O'Connor 272)

As it turned out, there was a Joycean manuscript "out there": notebooks and some early drafts of parts of *Ulysses* surfaced some time in 2001 and were offered for sale. The purchase was made, the heritage fund of the Irish government and Allied Irish Banks jointly footed the bill which, if not a "billion-dollar" one, is reported to have run to the hefty sum of 12.6 million euros. Government and high finance banded together to acquire for Ireland what was obviously regarded as a sacred object and national relic: obviously, its significance for Joycean scholarship alone would not have justified paying such an astronomical price for the manuscript. That this was the case was highlighted by the ceremonial trappings of the event of the arrival of the manuscript in Ireland. According to newspaper accounts, on May 29 2002, Síle de Valera, Minister for Arts, Heritage, Gaeltacht landed in Dublin Airport, descended the stairs of the plane with a box in her hand containing the manuscript, and ceremoniously handed it over to *Taoiseach* Bertie Ahern; the precious acquisition was, then, taken to the National Library by a stately motorcade procession and solemnly deposited there as sacred relic, national asset and public property. (The occasion had its own unintended ironies, though, including the presence of Síle de Valera, who represented, no doubt only onomastically, an older Ireland that, back then, had consistently refused to have anything to do with James Joyce, the man and his work.)

Despite its ironies, this event may well qualify as the crowning act of the process that has been going on for some time in Ireland: the sustained and systematic effort of incorporating Joyce, or rather the cultic idol of Joyce into the country's national self-image. This incorporation has its obvious uses: it lends a touch of modernity to Irish cultural nationalism and adds a component to the national self-image that, being eminently suitable for tourist consumption, can more effectively "sell" this image both locally and internationally.

This conjunction or convergence of literary cult, nationalist self-image and business propaganda, where the three components mutually appropriate one another while reinforcing one another's effectiveness, is sometimes embodied in a particularly iconic way. To illustrate the semiotic and ideological dynamics of this sort of thing, I want to refer, briefly, to something outside the Joycean pale. There is a current advertisement of the German airline *Lufthansa*, which brings together, in a photographic *montage*, a familiar statue of Johann Wolfgang Goethe and two iconic items of the national airline, a *Lufthansa* flights timetable and an airplane. The suggestion of the resulting image is clearly that of a threefold equation where the three components, Germany and two of its metonymies, Goethe and *Lufthansa*, draw on one another's resources for force and effect; or a kind of syllogism where Goethe is Germany, *Lufthansa* is Germany, so Goethe is *Lufthansa* and *Lufthansa* is Goethe.<sup>11</sup> In Joyce's case, the Irish ten-pound note (no longer current since January 2002, the coming of the Euro) makes a similar point, both iconically and indexically. The banknote is worth the money of its face value, and it carries a portrait of Joyce on its face and an excerpt from the text of *Finnegans Wake* on the reverse. National currency, already a symbolic fusion of nation and finance, is validated here by the image of the cultic literary figure.<sup>12</sup>

This use of Joyce in the national self-image is obviously something that supplements and to some extent replaces an earlier image of the country. This is the roman-

tic-conservative nationalist image, De Valera's Ireland of rural happiness, natural beauty and spiritual peace, which is also exploited for promotional purposes by the Irish tourist industry catering for the golfing and salmon-fishing section of the tourist population (Braidwood 50-51). The Joycean supplement is markedly different in its overtones and suggestions as it is distinctly urban, cosmopolitan, implicitly critical of Irish parochialism and isolation, and very much forward-looking. Quite possibly, its recent ascendancy over the older image is due to its very novelty. Accordingly, the latent, implicit message, the symbolic significance of the Joycean image would be an Ireland going finally modern, emancipating itself from its suffocating traditionalism into some Europe of modernity or postmodernity. Also, an Ireland effecting, under the ministrations of this new myth of Joyce, itself the epiphany of the twin signs of Nation and Mammon, the long awaited marriage of "romantic Ireland" and "the greasy till." In other words, the Joyce cult in its new phase looks very much like the symbolic expression of the new Ireland of our day, the icon and logo of the "Celtic tiger," an Ireland representing a happy fusion of exotic difference for the tourist and globalized uniformity the international business partner finds reassurance in. (That this may well be the case was acutely and very convincingly argued for by Victor Luftig in a paper published originally in 1991 on the implications of the conjunction of Joyce's Dublin, tourism and the new consumerism.) (" 'A Standard of Sophistication and Service' " 841-51).<sup>13</sup>

Now whether this new extension of the cult can be legitimately regarded as something still part of a *literary* cult is a difficult question to answer. Just as the Mozart logo on the labels and wrappings of various Austrian chocolate and liqueur products has only a very tenuous link, for the consumer, with, say, the music of *Così fan tutte*, Joyce, in his new capacity as national icon and tourist-business logo, is now pretty much divorced from his literary role: the overwhelming majority of those who "buy" Dublin or Ireland on the advertising strength of *this* Joyce have never read and will never read *A Portrait*, *Ulysses* or, God forbid, *Finnegans Wake*.

To highlight this shift on a more theoretical plane: all this has something to do with what Marxists call the universal process of commodification in modern capitalist "societal formations," which affects the production of art and literature, too. In the dialectics of the historical process the use of art as surrogate religion, the cult of the artist and his art, a marked feature of the modern era in Western culture, arose as a "sacralising" reaction, itself a form of "ideology" or "false consciousness," to the radical "profanation" or secularisation of art and literature commodification brought about. It arose at that historical juncture and in that country when and where commodification first became sufficiently general to be perceived as a condition affecting an entire culture: in the "advanced" capitalist England of the eighteenth- and nineteenth centuries, where it generated Shakespeare's cult as the model form of this sacralising reaction. What "national icon and business logo" Joyce epitomises is the final twist in the process. Here the "sacralising" counterattempt, arising originally as an ideological or symbolic counterweight to commodification (or produced by commodification as its necessary ideological disguise, excuse or apology) is now itself being commodified, the "protest" against commodification itself is now marketed as a commodity.

This has the deeply ironical consequence that "Shakespeare," "Goethe," and "Joyce" are now business logos in the strictly literal sense. Their use as metaphorical brand-names for Stradford, *Lufthansa* or sausages is now their *literal* application while

their original function of signalling and advertising an author's reputation is, at best, strictly derivative, that is, metaphorical, of their new function.<sup>14</sup>

And this makes the new "mark-up and sale" version of Joyce a spectacle of both supreme glory and shameful mockery. After all, it is both curiously apt and grossly unfair that the man, or the cultic simulacrum of the man, who staked his salvation as an artist on absolute and total refusal to serve the twin gods of Mammon and Nation, and who was duly shunned and rejected by both in return, is now selling sausages for the better business of his country and selling his country to the world for the greater glory of its powers-that-be.

But then the ways of literary cults are strange.

## Notes

<sup>1</sup> The Szombathely Bloomsday feast, now (in 2002) in its sixth year, follows suit: Leopold Bloom's father, Virág Rudolf (to use for once the Hungarian order and spelling of his name which was after all the order and spelling he used) lived here, if only fictionally, so it is fitting that on 16 June the hoisting of Irish and Hungarian national flags at the "Bloom House" identified by a memorial plaque as formerly the property of a certain local Blum family in the nineteenth century, procession, music, and various other activities, including an annual conference on James Joyce, celebrate and commemorate this fact (fiction, rather). It is also in Szombathely where the newly constituted Hungarian James Joyce Society is officially registered.

<sup>2</sup> A recent case in point is Danis Rose's 1997 "reader's edition" of *Ulysses*. As Ms Kinga Máhr, a former student of mine, observed in personal communication, Dr. Rose's attempt to produce a "reader friendly" text was, in cultic terms, a curiously "Protestant" act of heresy as it proposed to make the sacred text available to the laity in a language which is at least closer to the vernacular, or vulgate. The attempt, whether incidentally or inevitably, incurred the wrath of the Joyce Estate and, as a result of legal action on the Estate's part, the edition was deemed a breach of copyright in London's High Court, and remaining copies on sale were ordered to be withdrawn (*The Times*, November 23, 2001).

<sup>3</sup> For a later version of Dávidházi's book with a more comparative emphasis see: Péter Dávidházi. *The Romantic Cult of Shakespeare: Literary Reception in Anthropological Perspective*.

<sup>4</sup> Apart from the photographic and cinematic record, the first Bloomsday was also most vividly recalled at least by two of the original participants. See Cronin 124-25, and Ryan 138-141.

<sup>5</sup> The door has been recently moved to the Dublin James Joyce Centre, and is now on display in the café there.

<sup>6</sup> These are the words on the memorial plaque:

Dublin and East Tourism  
Here, in Joyce's imagination  
was born in May 1866  
LEOPOLD BLOOM  
Citizen, husband, father, wanderer,  
Reincarnation of Ulysses



<sup>7</sup> Bloom spots an advertisement for “Cantrell and Cochrane’s Ginger Ale (Aromatic)” in “The Lotus-Eaters.” See *Ulysses* 62.

<sup>8</sup> See the full-page advertisement in *Bloom’sday Magazine* 38.

<sup>9</sup> In addressing The John Hewitt Summer School, Garron Tower, Northern Ireland, July 1994.

<sup>10</sup> For this episode of the 1954 event see Kenner 318-39.

<sup>11</sup> I spotted the advertisement in a calendar of events of the Goethe Institute in Budapest. See *Goethe-Institut* 64.

<sup>12</sup> Another example of this conjunction of nation, currency and cultic artist is the Austrian-minted 1 Euro coin, which has W. A. Mozart’s portrait on the obverse.

<sup>13</sup> For a Hungarian-language version of the article see Victor Luftig’s “Konzum-Joyce.” Luftig comments on various instances of the use of Joyce for purposes of promoting business, including an advertisement folder of Queen’s Hotel in Ennis. The folder makes much of the fact that the hotel is mentioned in *Ulysses* while it is tactfully silent on the sole fictional reason for the mention: that, according to Joyce’s text, it was here, on the premises of the hotel, that Rudolph Bloom, formerly Virag, committed suicide (“Luftig, Konzum-Joyce” 56).

<sup>14</sup> A further implication of this is that the “sacred” aura of reputation surrounding the “names,” or public images, of authors is itself a very profane product as it is a form of “commodity fetishism” described by Karl Marx in chapter I, section 4 of *Das Kapital*. That even the name of the author is commodified, that it functions in ways not greatly different from what brand-names or trademarks are supposed to do was something the Hungarian poet Attila József acutely pinpointed in a memorable poem “Mondd mit érlel . . .” (“Tell Me What Lies in Store for a Man . . .”), first published in 1932, where he wrote that the “name” of the poet, his reputation or fame, “. . . is just a trademark / like washing powders of utility” (*Poems and Fragments* 84. In the original: “neve, ha van, csak áruvédjegy, / mint akármely mosóporé.”) For cultic approaches it is also significant to note that Marx, in describing this “profane” phenomenon, chose to use the term “fetishism,” a metaphorical borrowing from the terminology of the sacred, quite deliberately. See his reasons for his choice of religious terminology in the same section of *Das Kapital*.

## Works Cited

- Braidwood, John. “Landscape as Commodity: ‘Progress,’ ‘Authority’ and the Challenge of John B. Keane’s *The Field*.” *Modern Filológiai Közlemények* 3.1 (2001): 48-58.
- Burgess, Anthony. *You’ve Had Your Time*. (1990) London: Penguin, 1991.
- Cronin, Anthony. *Dead as Doornails: A Chronicle of Life*. Dublin: Dolmen; London: Calder & Boyars, 1976.
- Dávidházi, Péter. “Isten másodszületője”: *A magyar Shakespeare-kultusz természetrajza*. [“God’s Second-Born”: The Anatomy of the Hungarian Cult of Shakespeare.] Budapest: Gondolat, 1989.
- . *The Romantic Cult of Shakespeare: Literary Reception in Anthropological Perspective*. Houndmills: Macmillan, 1998.
- Ellmann, Richard. “Joyce at 100.” *The New York Review* 39.18 (1982): 58-65.
- Goethe-Institut Budapest \* April - Juli 1996*. [calendar of events]
- Igoe, Vivien. *A Literary Guide to Dublin*. London: Methuen, 1994.

- James Joyce Centre Newsletter*, Spring 2001.
- Joyce, James. *Ulysses*. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1986.
- József, Attila. *Poems and Fragments*. Trans. Thomas Kabdebo. Budapest: Argumentum; Maynooth: Cardinal, n. d.
- Kenner, Hugh. *A Colder Eye: The Modern Irish Writers*. (1983) Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1984.
- Luftig, Victor. "'A Standard of Sophistication and Service': Joyce, Ireland, and the Tourism Trap." Special issue of the *James Joyce Quarterly* 28.4 (1991): 841-51.
- . "Konzum-Joyce." *Magyar Lettre Internationale*, 23 (1996/97): 54-56.
- McCarthy, Jack, and Danis Rose, eds. *Joyce's Dublin : A Walking Guide to Ulysses*. Rev. ed. Dublin: Wolfhound, 1988.
- Marx, Karl. *Capital*. (1867) New York: International, 1977.
- Meade, Declan, ed. *James Joyce Bloomsday Magazine 2000*. Dublin: The James Joyce Centre, 2000.
- O'Connor, Joseph, ed. *Yeats is Dead!: A Novel by Fifteen Irish Writers*. [Roddy Doyle, Conor McPherson, Gene Kerigan, Gina Moxley, Marian Keyes, Anthony Cronin, Owen O'Neill, Hugo Hamilton, Joseph O'Connor, Tom Humphries, Pauline McLynne, Charlie O'Neill, Donal O'Kelly, Gerard Stembridge, and Frank McCourt] London: Cape, 2001.
- Ryan, John. *Remembering How We Stood*. (1975) Dublin: Lilliput, 1987.
- Takács, Ferenc. "The Idol Diabolized: James Joyce in East-European Marxist Criticism." *Literature and Its Cults / La Litterature et ses cultes*. Ed. Péter Dávidházi and Judit Karafiáth. Budapest: Argumentum, 1994. 249-70.
- . "Az ironikus kegyhely (A James Joyce Múzeum Dublinban)." ["The Ironical Shrine (The James Joyce Museum in Dublin)."] *Tények és legendák—Tárgyak és ereklyék*. Ed. Kalla Zsuzsa. Budapest: A Petőfi Irodalmi Múzeum Könyvei\* 1, 1994. 187-96.
- . "Mise és karnevál: a Joyce-kultusz rítusai." ["Holy Mass and Carnival: Rites of the Joyce Cult."] *Irodalomtörténeti Közlemények* 94.3 (1990): 387-99.