

**From 1904 Dublin to the Megacity:**

**Public Access**

**in James Joyce's *Ulysses***

**and Katarina Schröter's *The Visitor***

Catherine Flynn

# ULYSSES

BY

JAMES JOYCE

## **Telemachiad**

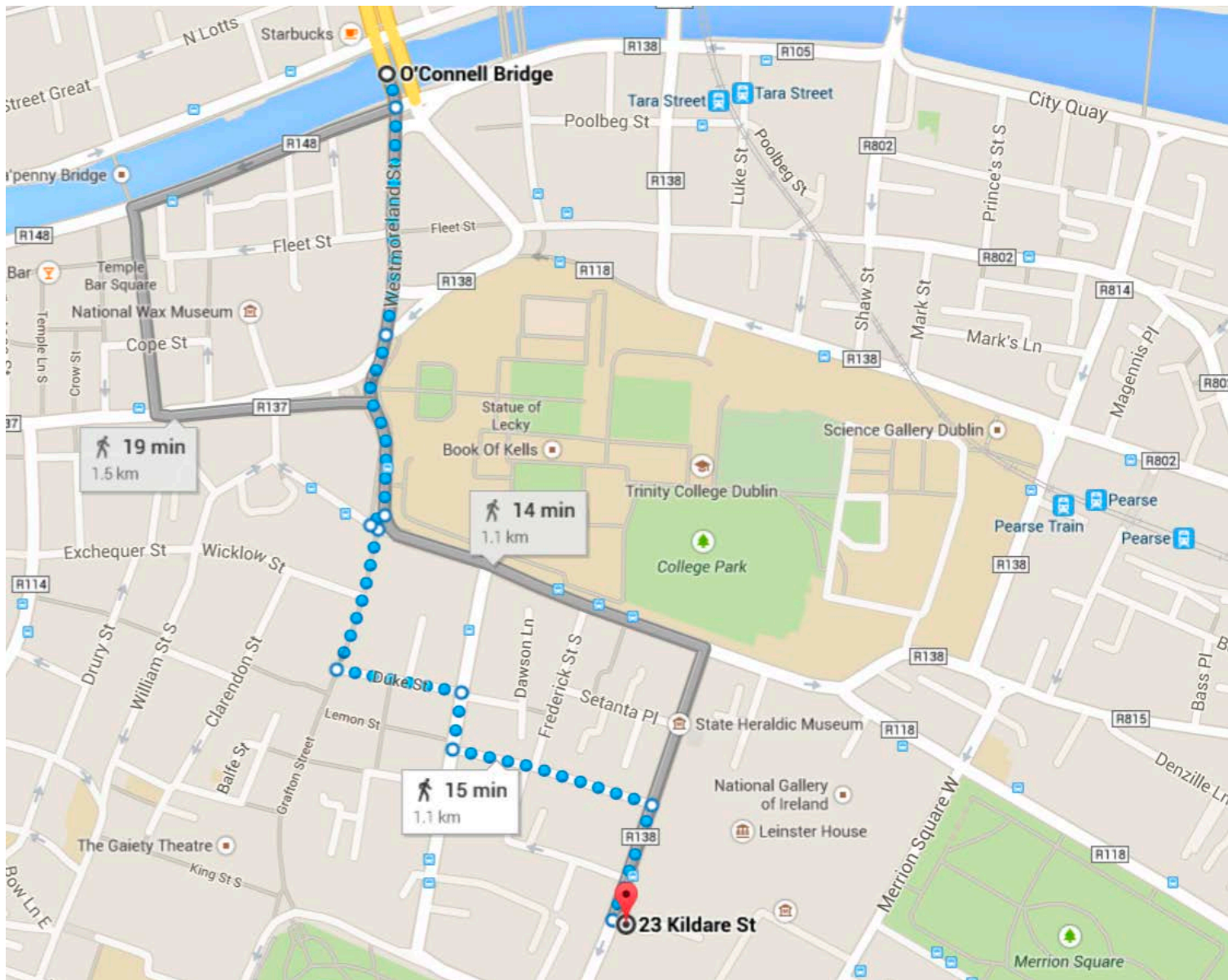
1. "Telemachus,"
2. "Nestor,"
3. "Proteus"

## **Odyssey**

4. "Calypso,"
5. "Lotus Eaters,"
6. "Hades"
7. "Aeolus"
- 8. "Lestrygonians"**
9. "Scylla and Charybdis"
10. "Wandering Rocks"
11. "Sirens"
12. "Cyclops"
13. "Nausicaa"
14. "Oxen of the Sun"
15. "Circe"

## **Nostos**

16. "Eumaeus"
17. "Ithaca"
18. "Penelope"



“Lestrygonians”

Swish and soft flop her stays made on the bed. Always warm from her. Always liked to let her self out. Sitting there after till near two taking out her hairpins. Milly tucked up in beddyhouse. Happy. Happy. That was the night...

*--O, Mr Bloom, how do you do?*

*--O, how do you do, Mrs Breen?*

--No use complaining. How is Molly those times? Haven't seen her for ages.

--In the pink, Mr Bloom said gaily. Milly has a position down in Mullingar, you know.

--Go away! Isn't that grand for her?

--Yes. In a photographer's there. Getting on like a house on fire. How are all your charges?

--All on the baker's list, Mrs Breen said.

How many has she? No other in sight.

She folded the card into her untidy bag and snapped the catch.

Same blue serge dress she had two years ago, the nap bleaching. Seen its best days. Wispy hair over her ears. And that dowdy toque: three old grapes to take the harm out of it. Shabby genteel. She used to be a tasty dresser. Lines round her mouth. Only a year or so older than Molly.

*See the eye that woman gave her, passing. Cruel. The unfair sex.*

He looked still at her, holding back behind his look his discontent. Pungent mockturtle oxtail mulligatawny. I'm hungry too. Flakes of pastry on the gusset of her dress: daub of sugary flour stuck to her cheek. Rhubarb tart with liberal fillings, rich fruit interior. Josie Powell that was. In Luke Doyle's long ago. Dolphin's Barn, the charades. U.P.: up.

Change the subject.

--Do you ever see anything of Mrs Beaufoy? Mr Bloom asked.

--Mina Purefoy? she said.

--*You're in black, I see. You have no...*

--No, Mr Bloom said. I have just come from a funeral.

Going to crop up all day, I foresee. Who's dead, when and what did he die of? Turn up like a bad penny.

--O, dear me, Mrs Breen said. I hope it wasn't any near relation.

May as well get her sympathy.

--Dignam, Mr Bloom said. An old friend of mine. He died quite suddenly, poor fellow. Heart trouble, I believe. Funeral was this morning.

\_Your funeral's tomorrow While you're coming through the rye.  
Diddlediddle dumdum Diddlediddle...\_

--Sad to lose the old friends, Mrs Breen's womaneyes said melancholily.

Now that's quite enough about that. Just: quietly: husband.

--And your lord and master?

*Mrs Breen turned up her two large eyes. Hasn't lost them anyhow.*

—O, don't be talking! she said. He's a caution to rattlesnakes. He's in there now with his lawbooks finding out the law of libel. He has me heartscaled. Wait till I show you.

Hot mockturtle vapour and steam of newbaked jumpuffs rolypoly poured out from Harrison's. The heavy noonreek tickled the top of Mr Bloom's gullet. [...]

Opening her handbag, chipped leather. Hatpin: ought to have a guard on those things. Stick it in a chap's eye in the tram. Rummaging. Open. Money. Please take one. Devils if they lose sixpence. Raise Cain. Husband barging. Where's the ten shillings I gave you on Monday? Are you feeding your little brother's family? Soiled handkerchief: medicinebottle. Pastille that was fell. What is she?...

—There must be a new moon out, she said. He's always bad then. Do you know what he did last night?

*Her hand ceased to rummage. Her eyes fixed themselves on him, wide in alarm, yet smiling.*

—*What? Mr Bloom asked.*

*Let her speak. Look straight in her eyes. I believe you. Trust me.*



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Change the subject.

--Do you ever see anything of Mrs Beaufoy? Mr Bloom asked.

--Mina Purefoy? she said.

--She was taken bad on the Tuesday...

Mr Bloom touched her funnybone gently, warning her:

--Mind! Let this man pass.

A bony form strode along the curbstone from the river staring with a rapt gaze into the sunlight through a heavystinged glass. Tight as a skullpiece a tiny hat gripped his head. From his arm a folded dustcoat, a stick and an umbrella dangled to his stride.

--Watch him, Mr Bloom said. He always walks outside the lampposts.  
Watch!

--Who is he if it's a fair question? Mrs Breen asked. Is he dotty?

--His name is Cashel Boyle O'Connor Fitzmaurice Tisdall Farrell, Mr Bloom said smiling. Watch!

--He has enough of them, she said. Denis will be like that one of these days.

She broke off suddenly.

--There he is, she said. I must go after him. Goodbye. Remember me to Molly, won't you?

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—Bad luck to the jewman that made them, Ben Dollard said. Thanks be to God he's not paid yet.

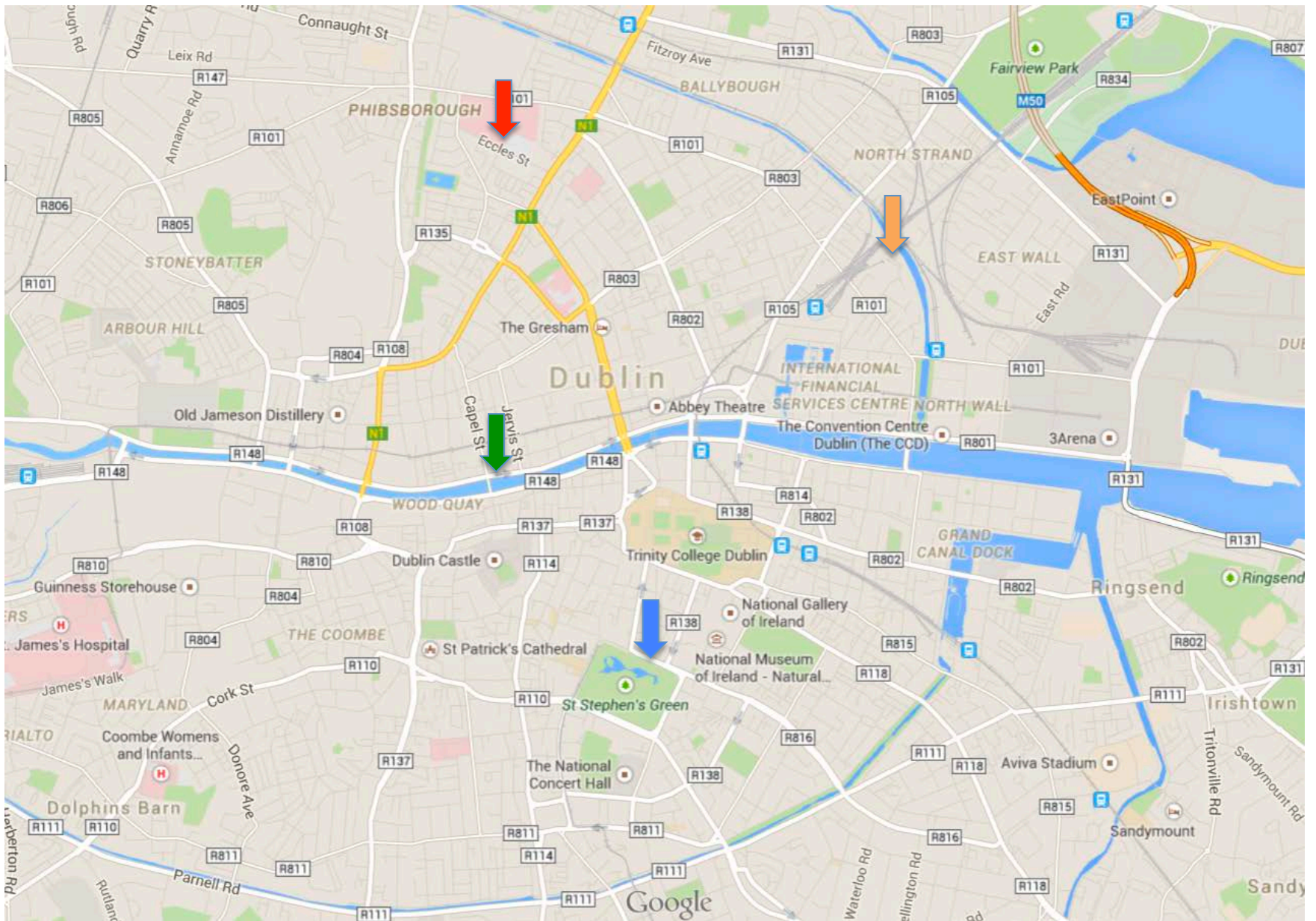
—And how is that *basso profundo*, Benjamin? Father Cowley asked.

**Cashel Boyle O'Connor Fitzmaurice Tisdall Farrell, murmuring, glassyeyed, strode past the Kildare street club.**

Ben Dollard frowned and, making suddenly a chanter's mouth, gave forth a deep note.

—Aw! he said.

—That's the style, Mr Dedalus said, nodding to its drone.



“Wandering Rocks”

—It's very close, the constable said.

Corny Kelleher sped a silent jet of hayjuice arching from his mouth while a generous white arm from a window in Eccles street flung forth a coin.

—What's the best news? he asked.

—I seen that particular party last evening, the constable said with bated breath.

\* \* \* \* \*

A onelegged sailor crutched himself round MacConnell's corner, skirting Rabaiotti's icecream car, and jerked himself up Eccles street. Towards Larry O'Rourke, in shirtsleeves in his doorway, he growled unamiably:

—*For England...*

Two barefoot urchins, sucking long liquorice laces, halted near him, gaping at his stump with their yellowslobbered mouths.

He swung himself violently forward past Katey and Boody Dedalus, halted and growled:

—*home and beauty.*

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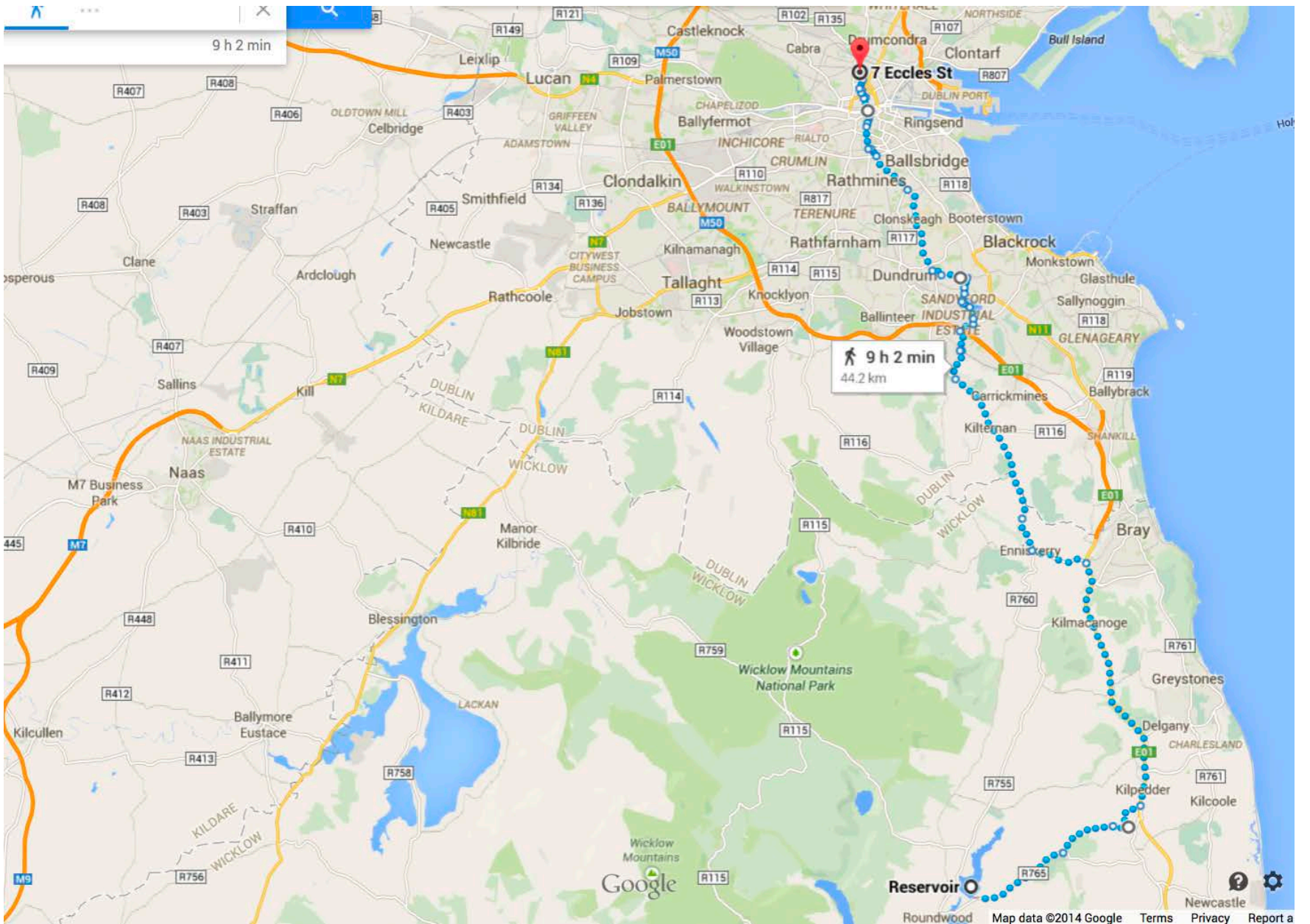
### **Nostos**

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Did it flow?

Yes. From Roundwood reservoir in county Wicklow of a cubic capacity of 2400 million gallons, percolating through a subterranean aqueduct of filter mains of single and double pipeage constructed at an initial plant cost of 5 pounds per linear yard by way of the Dargle, Rathdown, Glen of the Downs and Callowhill to the 26 acre reservoir at Stillorgan, a distance of 22 statute miles, and thence, through a system of relieving tanks, by a gradient of 250 feet to the city boundary at Eustace bridge, upper Leeson street, though from prolonged summer drouth and daily supply of 12 1/2 million gallons the water had fallen below the sill of the overflow weir for which reason the borough surveyor and waterworks engineer, Mr Spencer Harty, C. E., on the instructions of the waterworks committee had prohibited the use of municipal water for purposes other than those of consumption (envisaging the possibility of recourse being had to the impotable water of the Grand and Royal canals as in 1893) particularly as the South Dublin Guardians, notwithstanding their ration of 15 gallons per day per pauper supplied through a 6 inch meter, had been convicted of a wastage of 20,000 gallons per night by a reading of their meter on the affirmation of the law agent of the corporation, Mr Ignatius Rice, solicitor, thereby acting to the detriment of another section of the public, selfsupporting taxpayers, solvent, sound.





“Ithaca”

An aerial photograph of a dense urban landscape, likely a major city like São Paulo, Brazil. The image shows a vast expanse of high-rise buildings and residential blocks, with a central thoroughfare filled with traffic. The sky is overcast and hazy. The text "the visitor" is overlaid in the center in a white, lowercase, sans-serif font. The word "the" is smaller and positioned above "visitor".

the  
visitor

[clip from *The Visitor*]







“I had the intuition, that I would need a real companion... I found that with Paola, I just understood the moment I worked with her, that **it was in fact helpful that she was a woman. Just because the image we gave was even less aggressive. The camera was still my protection but a genderless one.** This helped a lot to get out of a certain pattern (man protecting courageous woman.)

And: we had time to develop a language, by the way as well with very little words. We talked a lot in the beginning, then we stopped talking, we never talked while filming or before. We are very different, but we met in this specific world we created. That was very special. Without Paola, this whole movie would not have been possible.

She was wearing very ordinary clothes, depending on the climate. Nothing special. We didn't talk a lot before about **her methods to make the camera be a comfortable tool, as it was not so much about making the camera invisible than to use it in a reassuring way. This was by the way a discovery I made: the camera can be incredibly helpful, comforting, space-creating.** It doesn't need to be an aggressor at all **it can be an eye that opens people up, that creates a space.”**

—Katarina Schröter

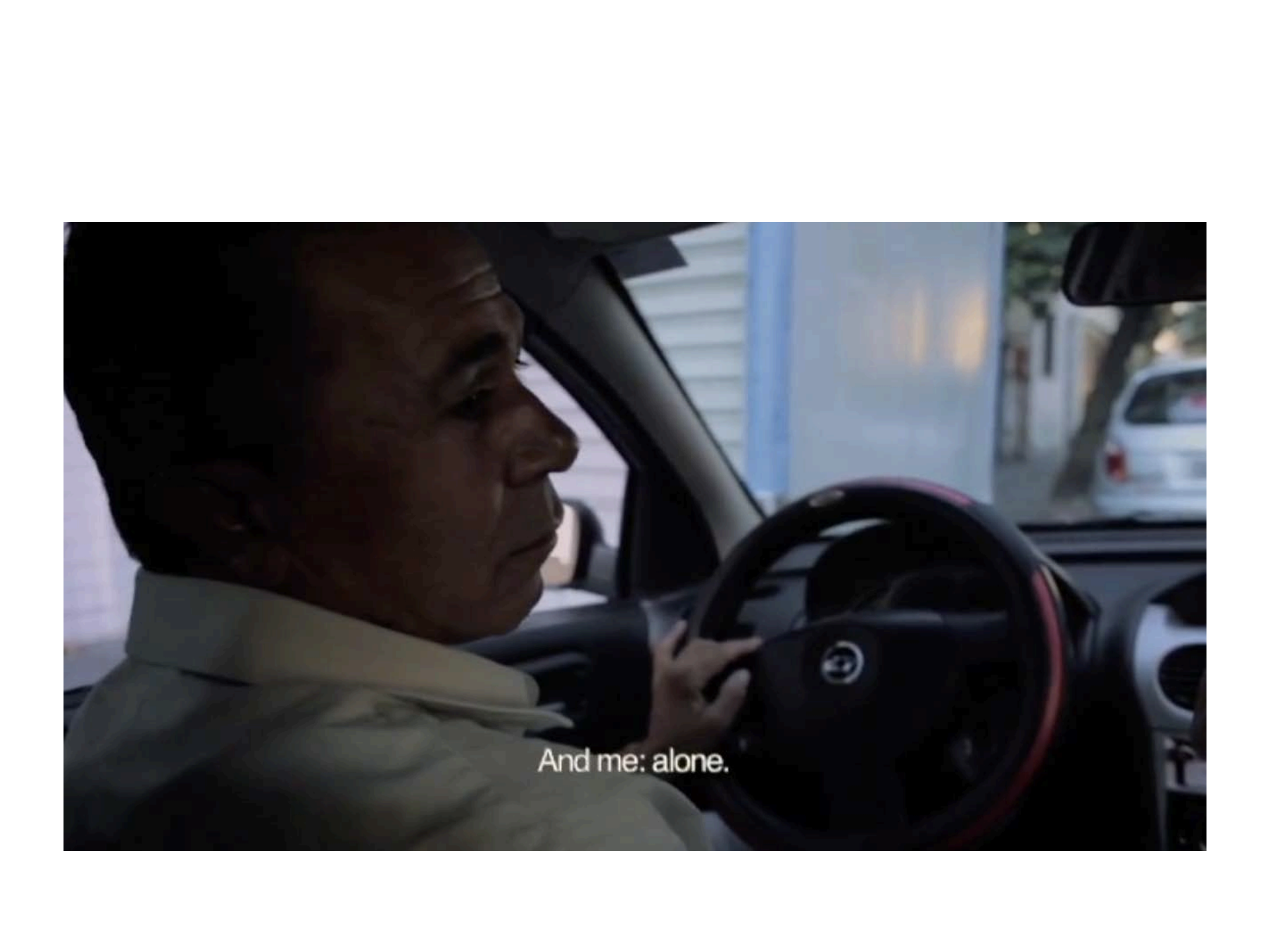
“a real will to meet, to think together, to understand in order to act adequate to the present situation. ‘It’ was never hit [in theoretical, discursive approaches by sociologists and architects]. I understood that to get close to the need I felt, I had to be as simple as possible, I had to be wordless and without any preconceived notion.”

—Katarina Schröter







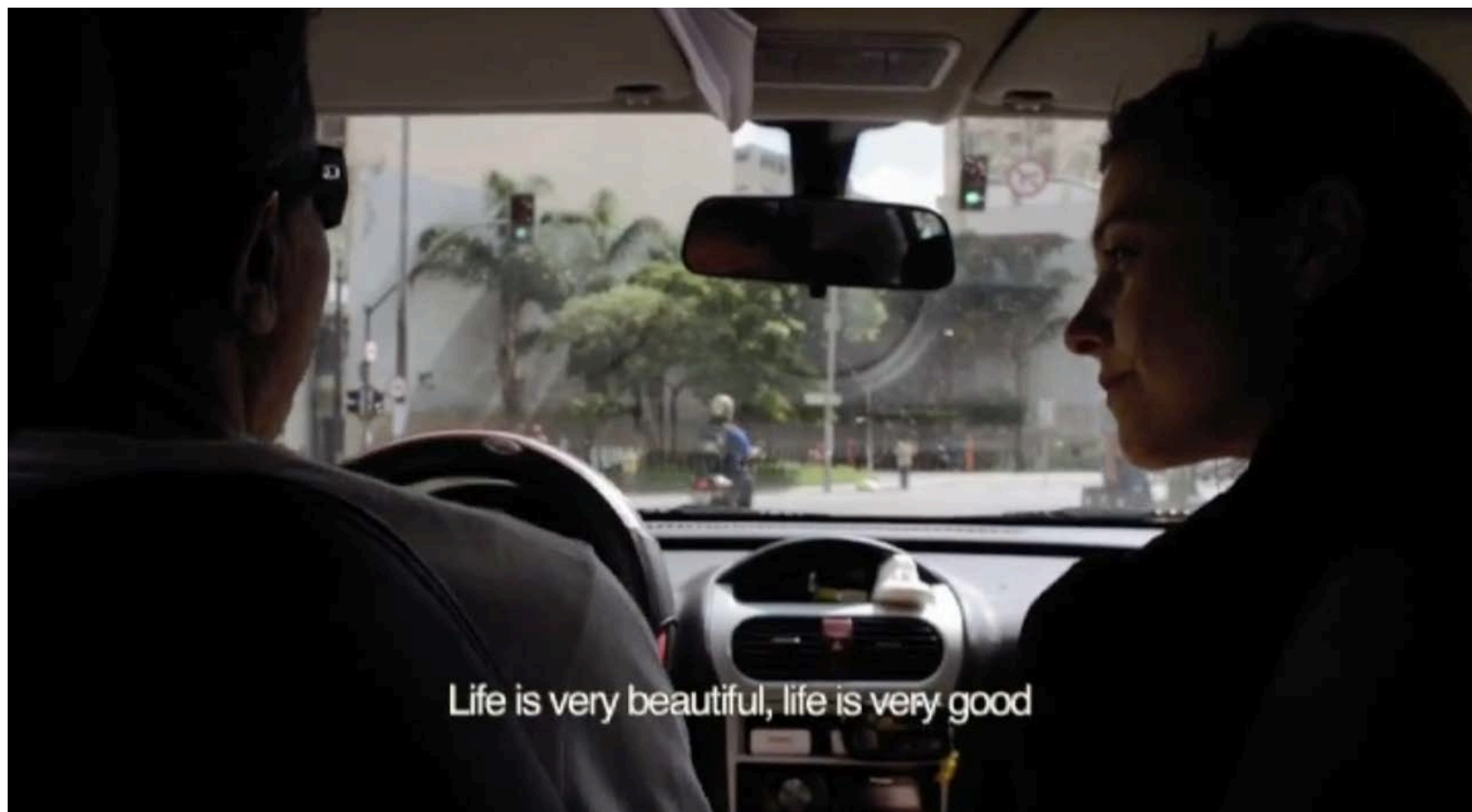
A close-up, profile view of a man with short dark hair, wearing a light-colored collared shirt, driving a car at night. He is looking forward, and his hands are on the steering wheel. The car's interior, including the dashboard and a red-accented steering wheel, is visible. Through the windshield, a blurred white car and a building with a blue vertical stripe are seen in the background. The lighting is dim, suggesting dusk or night.

And me: alone.





but you can't see yourself.



Life is very beautiful, life is very good

“Cosmopolitanism would seem to mimic capital in seizing for itself the privilege (to paraphrase Wall Street) of knowing no bodies: of being, in Donna Haraway’s words, ‘a conquering gaze from nowhere,’ a gaze that claims ‘the power to see and not be seen, to represent while escaping representation.’ We may also remember that the gendered and classed privilege of mobile observation in a world of tight borders and limited visibility corresponds to a traditional self-image of criticism itself—criticism as disinterestedness, neutrality, objectivity—that the left rightfully shies away from.” (182)

**“Not disembodied freedom, but diverse embodiednesses and incomplete servitudes have to become the common sense view of intellectual work” (10).**

—Bruce Robbins, *Secular Vocations: Intellectuals, Professionalism, Culture*.

[clip from *The Visitor*]