

## EXTRACT: SUSAN MORRIS

A small painting, or something between a photograph and a drawing of what appears to be a geometry book, hanging from a string from the balcony of an apartment; the wind turning or tearing the pages. They contemplate it carefully. They can make out some geometrical diagrams, superimposed so that they appear on the ruined, puckered, delicate pages. Some lines, drawn to suggest text, cut through with shadow. Or creases. It's hard to tell. There is the book, its string, its position on the balcony, its strange exposure to the elements. Like an old trainer hanging from a phone line, the painting of the book is a kind of meditation on the throwaway. An image that appears to not care at all about itself, about being looked at, about anything. Ana recalls that in *Ulysses*, 'Throwaway' is the name of the horse that won the Ascot Gold Cup race, held on 16 June 1904. References to the race and its winner recur frequently throughout the book, as does the word 'throwaway', not only in relation to the horse but to multiple other throwaways that take the narrative action one way or another. One such is the flyer handed to Bloom that travels across the book's landscape as a crumbled-up piece of rubbish blown by the wind, *sailing eastward past hulls and anchorchains...* The word 'throwaway' acts as a kind of catalyst or trigger in *Ulysses*, directing or interrupting the events of the day while remaining in itself a kind of empty, unrepresented, void.