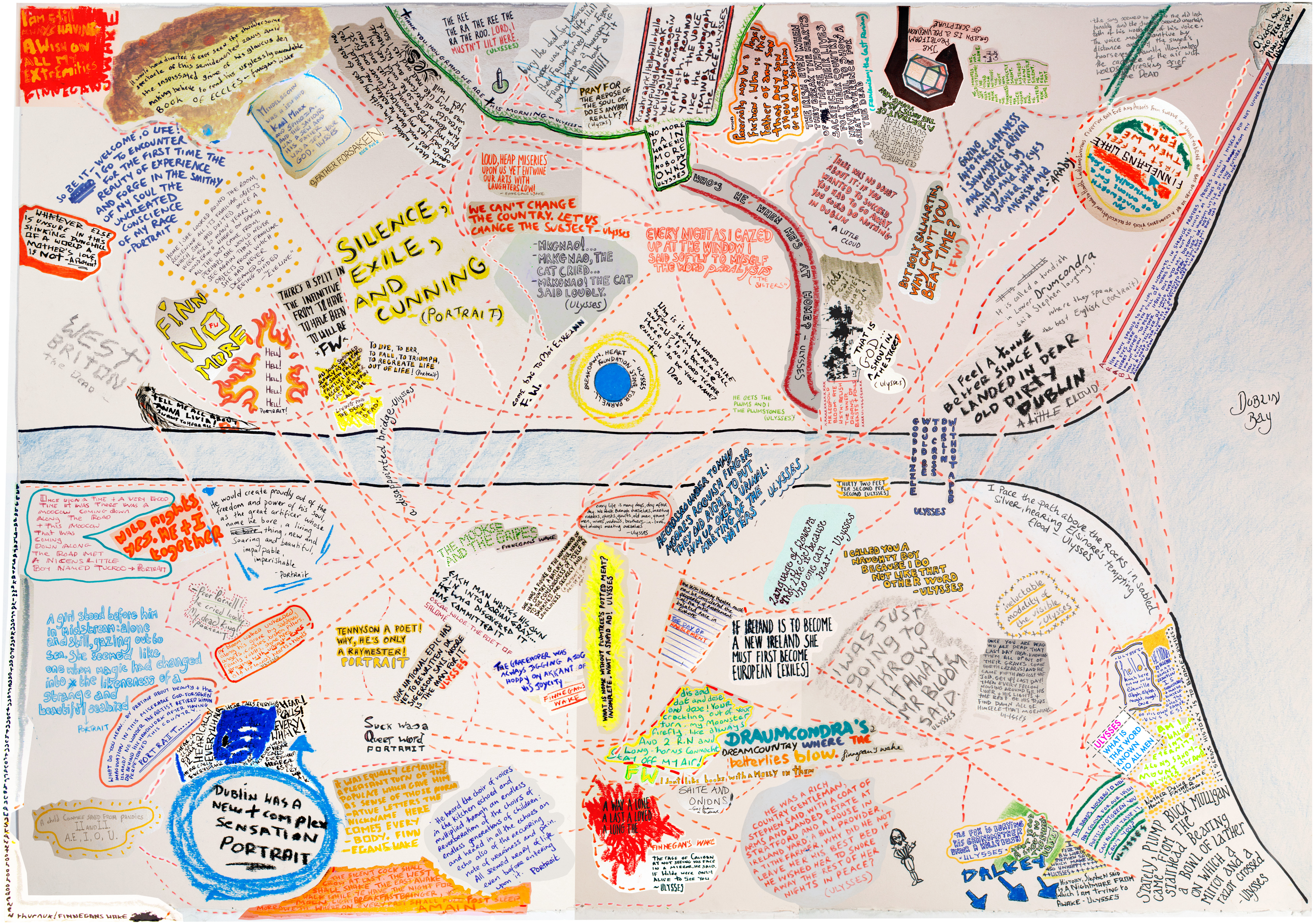
I am still always having a wish on all my extremities
FINNEGANS WAKE
It would have diverted, if ever seen, the shuddersome spectacle of this semidemented zany amid the inspissated grime of his glaucous den making believe to read his usylessly unreadable Book of Eccles ~ Finnegans Wake
Mendelssohn was a jew and Karl Marx and Spinoza. And the Saviour was a jew and his father was a jew. Your God. Ulysses
FATHER FORSAKEN
ECCE PUER
and then I asked him with my eyes to ask again yes and then he asked me would I yes to say yes my mountain flower and first I put my arms around him yes and drew him down to me so he could feel my breasts all perfume yes and his heart was going like mad and yes I said yes I will
THANK YOU. HOW GRAND WE ARE THIS MORNING ~ ULYSSES
THE REE THE RA THE REE THE RA THE ROO. LORD, I MUSTN'T LILT HERE. (ULYSSES)
bury the dead. Say Robinson Crusoe was true to life. Well then Friday buried him. Every Friday buries a Thursday if you come to look at it. ULYSSES
PRAY FOR THE REPOSE OF THE SOUL OF. DOES ANYBODY REALLY? (Ulysses)
Kraahraark! Hellohellohellohello amawfullyglad kraark awfullygladaseeagain hellohello amawf krpthsth. Remind you of the voice like the photograph reminds you of the face. ULYSSES
NO MORE PAIN WAKE NO MORE NOBODY OWNS ULYSSES
Paternity may be a legal fiction. Who is the father of any son that any son should love him or he any son Ulysses
THE IRISH, EVEN WHEN THEY BREAK THE HEARTS OF THOSE WHO SACRIFICE THEIR LIVES FOR THEIR COUNTRY, NEVER FAIL TO SHOW A GREAT REVERENCE FOR THE DEAD (Fenianism; the Last Fenian)
A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN
OLD FATHER OLD ARTIFICER STAND ME NOW AND EVER IN GOOD STEAD
THE PROTEIFORM GRAPH IS A POLYHEDRON OF SCRIPTURE
He was alone. He could not hear nothing. He listened again: perfectly silent. He felt that he waited for some minutes listening. He could feel him near him in the darkness. A painful case
the song seemed to follow the old Irish tonality and the singer seemed uncertain both of his words and of his voice. The voice made plaintive by distance and by the singer's hoarseness faintly illuminated the cadence of the air with words expressing grief — The Dead
O Rocks! she said. Tell us in plain words. Ulysses
So be it. Welcome, O life! I go to encounter for the first time the reality of experience and forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race — Portrait
Whatever else is unsure in this stinking dunghill of a world a mother's love is not — A Portrait
Home! She looked round the room, reviewing all its familiar objects which she had dusted once a week for so many years, wondering where on earth all the dust came from. Perhaps she would never see again those familiar objects from which she had never dreamed of being divided — "Eveline"
LOUD, HEAP MISERIES UPON US YET ENTWINE OUR ARTS WITH LAUGHTERS LOW! — FINNEGANS WAKE
WE CAN'T CHANGE THE COUNTRY. LET US CHANGE THE SUBJECT — Ulysses
SILENCE, EXILE, AND CUNNING (PORTRAIT)
— MKGNAO!... — MRKGNAO, THE CAT CRIED... — MRKGNAO! THE CAT SAID LOUDLY. (Ulysses)
EVERY NIGHT AS I GAZED UP AT THE WINDOW I SAID SOFTLY TO MYSELF THE WORD paralysis ("THE SISTERS")
WHO'S HE WHEN HE'S AT HOME? — ULYSSES
THERE WAS NO DOUBT ABOUT IT: IF YOU WANTED TO SUCCEED YOU HAD TO GO AWAY. YOU COULD DO NOTHING IN DUBLIN — A LITTLE CLOUD
"God's real name was god"
BUT HOLY SALMARTIN, WHY CAN'T YOU BEAT TIME? ('FW')
GAZING INTO THE DARKNESS I SAW MYSELF AS A CREATURE DRIVEN AND DERIDED BY VANITY; AND MY EYES BURNED WITH ANGUISH AND ANGER — ARABY
FINNEGANS WAKE: FIRST WE FEEL THEN WE FALL. An ounceworth of onions for a Remembrance of them
riverrun, past Eve and Adam's, from swerve of shore to bend of bay, brings us by a commodius vicus of recirculation back to Howth Castle and Environs
WEST BRITON the Dead
FINN NO MORE FW
HELL! HELL! HELL! HELL! HELL! PORTRAIT!
THERE'S A SPLIT IN THE INFINITIVE FROM TO HAVE TO HAVE BEEN TO WILL BE FW
His soul swooned slowly as he heard the snow falling faintly like the descent of their last end upon all the living and the dead. THE DEAD
TO LIVE, TO ERR, TO FALL, TO TRIUMPH, TO RECREATE LIFE OUT OF LIFE! (Portrait)
come back to Moi Eireann F.W.
BREAKDOWN. HEART FOUNDATION STONE FOR PARNELL. ULYSSES
Why is it that words like these seem to me so dull and cold? Is it because there is no word tender enough to be your name? The Dead
HE GETS THE PLUMS AND I THE PLUMSTONES (ULYSSES)
THAT IS GOD... A SHOUT IN THE STREET (Ulysses)
MR LEOPOLD BLOOM ATE WITH RELISH THE INNER ORGANS OF BEASTS + FOWLS ULYSSES
It is called a tundish in Lower Drumcondra said Stephen laughing, where they speak the best English (Portrait)
HER NAME SPRANG TO MY LIPS AT MOMENTS IN STRANGE PRAYERS + PRAISES WHICH I MYSELF DID NOT UNDERSTAND. MY EYES WERE OFTEN FULL OF TEARS (I COULD NOT TELL WHY) + AT TIMES A FLOOD FROM MY HEART SEEMED TO POUR ITSELF OUT INTO MY BOSOM. I THOUGHT LITTLE OF THE FUTURE. I DID NOT KNOW WHETHER I WOULD EVER SPEAK TO HER OR NOT OR, IF I SPOKE TO HER, HOW I COULD TELL HER OF MY CONFUSED ADORATION. BUT MY BODY WAS LIKE A HARP + HER WORDS + GESTURES WERE LIKE FINGERS RUNNING UPON THE WIRES. ARABY
TELL ME ALL ABOUT ANNA LIVIA! I WANT TO HEAR ALL! FW
I feel a tonne better since I landed in dear old dirty Dublin — A Little Cloud
DUBLIN BAY
a disappointed bridge — Ulysses
GOOD PUZZLE WOULD BE TO CROSS DUBLIN WITHOUT A PUB ULYSSES
THIRTY TWO FEET PER SECOND PER SECOND [ULYSSES]
Once upon a time + a very good time it was there was a moocow coming down along the road + this moocow that was coming down along the road met a nicens little boy named baby tuckoo → Portrait
WILD NIGHTS. YES. HE + I TOGETHER
He would create proudly out of the freedom and power of his soul, as the great artificer whose name he bore, a living thing, new and soaring and beautiful, impalpable, imperishable — Portrait
every life is many days, day after day. We walk through ourselves, meeting robbers, ghosts, giants, old men, young men, wives, widows, brothers-in-love, but always meeting ourselves — Ulysses
HE CROSSED UNDER TOMMY MOORE'S ROGUISH FINGER. THEY DID RIGHT TO PUT HIM UP OVER A URINAL: MEETING OF THE WATERS — ULYSSES
Language of flowers. They like it because no one can hear ~ Ulysses
I CALLED YOU A NAUGHTY BOY BECAUSE I DO NOT LIKE THAT OTHER WORD — ULYSSES
I pace the path above the rocks in sabled silver, hearing Elsinore's tempting flood — Ulysses
THE MOOKSE AND THE GRIPES — FINNEGANS WAKE
EACH MAN WRITES HIS OWN SIN INTO DORIAN GRAY... HE WHO DISCOVERED IT HAS COMMITTED IT. OSCAR WILDE: THE POET OF SALOME
SHE WAS A FIGURE OF THE WOMANHOOD OF HER COUNTRY, A BATLIKE SOUL WAKING TO THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF ITSELF IN DARKNESS AND SECRECY AND LONELINESS (A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN)
WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT PLUMTREE'S POTTED MEAT? INCOMPLETE. WHAT A STUPID AD! ULYSSES
the Irish literary theatre must now be considered the property of the rabblement of the most belated race in Europe. THE DAY OF RABBLEMENT
IF IRELAND IS TO BECOME A NEW IRELAND SHE MUST FIRST BECOME EUROPEAN [EXILES]
I WAS JUST GOING TO THROW IT AWAY MR BLOOM SAID. ULYSSES
ineluctable modality of the visible — Ulysses
ONCE YOU ARE DEAD YOU ARE DEAD. THAT LAST DAY IDEA. KNOCKING THEM ALL UP OUT OF THEIR GRAVES. COME FORTH LAZARUS! AND HE CAME FIFTH AND LOST THE JOB. GET UP! LAST DAY! THEN EVERY FELLOW MOUSING AROUND FOR HIS LIVER + HIS LIGHTS + THE REST OF HIS TRAPS. FIND DAMN ALL OF HIMSELF THAT MORNING. ULYSSES
— Poor Parnell! he cried loudly. My dead king! PORTRAIT
Mr Bloom walked unheeded along his grove by saddened angels, crosses, broken pillars, family vaults, stone hopes praying with upcast eyes, old Ireland's hearts + hands. ULYSSES
A girl stood before him in midstream: alone and still, gazing out to sea. She seemed like one whom magic had changed into the likeness of a strange and beautiful seabird → PORTRAIT
TENNYSON A POET! WHY, HE'S ONLY A RHYMESTER! PORTRAIT
OUR NATIONAL EPIC HAS YET TO BE WRITTEN DR SIGERSON SAYS. MOORE IS THE MAN FOR IT. ULYSSES
THE GRACEHOPER WAS ALWAYS JIGGING A JOG, HOPPY ON AKKANT OF HIS JOYCITY. FINNEGANS WAKE
WHAT DO YOU MEAN... BY PRATING ABOUT BEAUTY + THE IMAGINATION IN THIS MISERABLE GOD-FORSAKEN ISLAND? NO WONDER THE ARTIST RETIRED WITHIN OR BEHIND HIS HANDIWORK AFTER HAVING PERPETRATED THIS COUNTRY. PORTRAIT
HEAR! CALLS! EVERYWHAIR! HEAR CALLS EVERYWHAIR
Suck was a queer word PORTRAIT
dis and dat and dese and dose! Your crackling out of your turn, my Moonster firefly, like always. And 2 R.N and Long-horns Connacht Stay off my air! FW
DRAUMCONDRA'S DREAMCOUNTRY WHERE THE BETTERLIES BLOW. Finnegan's wake
I dont like books with a Molly in them
SHITE AND ONIONS! — Gas from a Burner
A child Conmee saved from pandies. II and I.I. A.E, I, O, U.
DUBLIN WAS A NEW + COMPLEX SENSATION PORTRAIT
IT WAS EQUALLY CERTAINLY A PLEASANT TURN OF THE POPULACE WHICH GAVE HIM AS SENSE OF THOSE NORMATIVE LETTERS THE NICKNAME HERE COMES EVERYBODY. FINNEGANS WAKE
He heard the choir of voices in the kitchen echoed and multiplied through an endless reverberation of the choirs of endless generations of children: and heard in all the echoes an echo also of the recurring note of weariness and pain. All seemed weary of life even before entering upon it. Portrait
THE SILENT COCK SHALL CROW AT LAST. THE WEST SHALL SHAKE THE EAST AWAKE. WALK WHILE YE HAVE THE NIGHT FOR MORN, LIGHTBREAKFASTBRINGER, MORROWETH WHEREON EVERY PAST SHALL FULL FOST SLEEP. AMAIN
A WAY A LONE A LAST A LOVED A LONG THE FINNEGAN'S WAKE
THE RAGE OF CALIBAN AT NOT SEEING HIS FACE IN A MIRROR, HE SAID. IF WILDE WERE ONLY ALIVE TO SEE YOU ~ ULYSSES
HE WAS A RICH COUNTRY GENTLEMAN, STEPHEN SAID, WITH A COAT OF ARMS AND LANDED ESTATE AT STRATFORD AND A HOUSE IN IRELAND YARD, A BILL PROVIDER, A TITHEFARMER. WHY DID HE NOT LEAVE HER HIS BEST BED IF HE WISHED HER TO SNORE AWAY THE REST OF HER NIGHTS IN PEACE? (ULYSSES)
THE FOX IS BURYING HIS GRANDMOTHER UNDER A HOLLYBUSH ULYSSES
THAT IS GOD A SHOUT IN THE STREET ULYSSES
DALKEY
I FEAR THE BIG WORDS STEPHEN SAID WHICH MAKE US SO UNHAPPY ULYSSES
History, Stephen said, is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake — ULYSSES
THE BARD'S NOSERAG! A NEW ART COLOUR FOR OUR IRISH POETS: SNOTGREEN. YOU CAN ALMOST TASTE IT, CAN'T YOU? ULYSSES
ULYSSES WHAT IS THAT WORD KNOWN TO ALL MEN
AM I WALKING INTO ETERNITY ALONG SANDYMOUNT STRAND ULYSSES
hello! Kinch here put me on to Edenville. Aleph, alpha: nought, nought, one. ULYSSES
HE PROVES BY ALGEBRA THAT HAMLET'S GRANDSON IS SHAKESPEARE'S GRANDFATHER AND THAT HE HIMSELF IS THE GHOST OF HIS OWN FATHER ULYSSES
IT SEEMS HISTORY IS TO BLAME ULYSSES
Nother dying come home father ULYSSES
Stately, plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor crossed — Ulysses
thurnuk! FINNEGANS WAKE