

Ulysses quotations analysis.

Task:

- (10-15 mins) In pairs, discuss what you think are the 10 most powerful and effective quotation from this list below, then say why you think so. Post your choices [here](#).
- (30 mins) Pick at least 5 quotations out of these and evaluate them using your own bank of analytical phrases and vocabulary and post each piece of analysis here. (with the original quotation)
- (10 mins) Read other peoples work and pick out what you consider to be the 5 most effective pieces of analysis by other students.

Sample sentences:

1. This quotation explores the idea/notion of....
2. Joyce use language in this quotation to symbolise....
3. Joyce employs the use of powerful imagery to create a feeling of....
4. Joyce uses language to great effect here. The alliterative phrase _____ creates a sense of....

More sample sentences [here](#).

A man of genius makes no mistakes. His errors are volitional and are the portals of discovery.

Stephen Dedalus

Mr Leopold Bloom ate with relish the inner organs of beasts and fowls. He liked thick giblet soup, nutty gizzards, a stuffed roast heart, liver slices fried with crustcrumbs, fried hencod's roes. Most of all he liked grilled mutton kidneys which gave to his palate a fine tang of faintly scented urine.

—What is it? says John Wyse. —A nation? says Bloom. A nation is the same people living in the same place. —By God, then, says Ned, laughing, if that's so I'm a nation for I'm living in the same place for the past five years.

- *I am the resurrection and the life.* That touches a man's in most heart.
- It does, Mr Bloom said. *Stephen Dedalus*

“Love loves to love love.”

British Beatitudes! ... Beer, beef, business, bibles, bulldogs, battleships, buggery and bishops.

“Shakespeare is the happy hunting ground of all minds that have lost their balance.”

Your heart perhaps but what price the fellow in the six feet by two with his toes to the daisies? No touching that. Seat of the affections. Broken heart. A pump after all, pumping thousands of gallons of blood every day. One fine day it gets bunged up: and there you are. Lots of them lying around here: lungs, hearts, livers. Old rusty pumps: damn the thing else. The resurrection and the life. 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 and his lights and the rest of his traps. Find damn all of himself that morning.

Hold to the now, the here, through which all future plunges to the past.

Stephen Dedalus

Force, hatred, history, all that. That's not life for men and women, insult and hatred. And everybody knows that it's the very opposite of that that is really life.

What? says Alf.

Love, says Bloom. I mean the opposite of hatred.

“The movements which work revolutions in the world are born out of the dreams and visions in a peasant's heart on the hillside.”

“I fear those big words, Stephen said, which make us so unhappy.”

“The heaventree of stars hung with humid nightblue fruit.”

“The supreme question about a work of art is out of how deep a life does it spring.”

“What's in a name? That is what we ask ourselves in childhood when we write the name that we are told is ours.”

“Think you're escaping and run into yourself. Longest way round is the shortest way home.”

“History, Stephen said, is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake.”

“A man of genius makes no mistakes. His errors are volitional and are the portals of discovery.”

“Love loves to love love.”

“Yes when I put the rose in my hair like the Andalusian girls used or shall I wear a red yes and how he kissed me under the Moorish wall and I thought well as well him as another 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 yes.”

- Molly soliloquy

“The sea, the snotgreen sea, the scrotumtightening sea.”

“Her antiquity in preceding and surviving succeeding tellurian generations: her nocturnal predominance: her satellitic dependence: her luminary reflection: her constancy under all her phases, rising and setting by her appointed times, waxing and waning: the forced invariability of her aspect: her indeterminate response to inaffirmative interrogation: her potency over effluent and refluent waters: her power to enamour, to mortify, to invest with beauty, to render insane, to incite to and aid delinquency: the tranquil inscrutability of her visage: the terribility of her isolated dominant resplendent propinquity: her omens of tempest and of calm: the stimulation of

her light, her motion and her presence: the admonition of her craters, her arid seas, her silence: her splendour, when visible: her attraction, when invisible.”

“God made food; the devil the cooks.”

“Shakespeare is the happy hunting ground of all minds that have lost their balance.”

“The movements which work revolutions in the world are born out of the dreams and visions in a peasant's heart on the hillside.”

“Hear those big words, Stephen said, which make us so unhappy.”

“The heaventree of stars hung with humid nightblue fruit.”

“Mr Leopold Bloom ate with relish the inner organs of beasts and fowls. He liked thick giblet soup, nutty gizzards, a stuffed roast heart, liverslices fried with crustcrumbs, fried hencods' roes. Most of all he liked grilled mutton kidneys which gave to his palate a fine tang of faintly scented urine.”

“Open your eyes now. I will. One moment. Has all vanished since? If I open and am for ever in the black adiaphane. *Basta!* I will see if I can see.

See now. There all the time without you: and ever shall be, world without end.”

“What incensed him the most was the blatant jokes of the ones that passed it all off as a jest, pretending to understand everything and in reality not knowing their own minds.”

“If Socrates leaves his house today he will find the sage seated on his doorstep. If Judas go forth

tonight it is to Judas his steps will tend.' Every life is many days, day after day. We walk through ourselves, meeting robbers, ghosts, giants, old men, young men, wives, widows, brothers-in-law. But always meeting ourselves."

"As you are now so once were we."

"When one reads these strange pages of one long gone one feels that one is at one with one who once..."

"Drugs age you after mental excitement. Lethargy then. Why? Reaction. A lifetime in a night. Gradually changes your character."

"I'll tickle his catastrophe."

"It is as painful perhaps to be awakened from a vision as to be born."

"INELUCTABLE MODALITY OF THE VISIBLE: AT LEAST THAT IF NO MORE, thought through my eyes. Signatures of all things I am here to read, seaspawn and seawrack, the nearing tide, that rusty boot. Snotgreen, bluesilver, rust: coloured signs. Limits of the diaphane. But he adds: in bodies. Then he was aware of them bodies before of them coloured. How? By knocking his sponce against them, sure. Go easy. Bald he was and a millionaire, *maestro di color che sanno*. Limit of the diaphane in. Why in? Diaphane, adiaphane. If you can put your five fingers through it, it is a gate, if not a door. Shut your eyes and see.

Stephen closed his eyes to hear his boots crush crackling wrack and shells. You are walking through it howsomever. I am, a stride at a time. A very short space of time through very short times of space. Five, six: the *nacheinander*. Exactly: and that is the ineluctable modality of the audible. Open your eyes. No. Jesus! If I fell over a cliff that beetles o'er his base, fell through the *nebeneinander* ineluctably. I am getting on nicely in the dark. My ash sword hangs at my side. Tap with it: they do. My two feet in his boots are at the end of his legs, *nebeneinander*. Sounds solid: made by the mallet of *Los Demiurgos*. Am I walking into eternity along Sandymount strand? Crush, crack, crick, crick. Wild sea money. Dominie Deasy kens them a'.

*Won't you come to Sandymount,
Madeline the mare?*

Rhythm begins, you see. I hear. A catalectic tetrameter of iambs marching. No, agallop: *deline the mare.*

Open your eyes now. I will. One moment. Has all vanished since? If I open and am for ever in the black adiphane. *Basta!* I will see if I can see.

See now. There all the time without you: and ever shall be, world without end.”

“You behold in me, Stephen said with grim displeasure, a horrible example of free thought.”

“Read your own obituary notice; they say you live longer. Gives you second wind. New lease of life.”

“Roared, a bird, it held its flight, a swift pure cry, soar silver orb it leaped serene, speeding, sustained, to come, don't spin it out too long long breath he breath long life, soaring high, high resplendent, aflame, crowned, high in the effulgence symbolistic, high, of the ethereal bosom, high, of the high vast irradiation everywhere all soaring all around about the all, the endlessnessnessness...”

a darkness shining in brightness which brightness could not comprehend.”

A woman's womb word is made flesh but in the spirit of the maker all flesh that passes becomes the word that shall not pass away. This is the postcreation.”

“Ineluctable modality of the visible: at least that if no more, thought through my eyes. Signatures of all things I am here to read, seaspawn and seawrack, the nearing tide, that rusty boot. Snotgreen, bluesilver, rust: coloured signs. Limits of the diaphane. But he adds: in bodies. Then he was aware of them bodies before of them coloured. How? By knocking his sponce against them, sure. Go easy. Bald he was and a millionaire, MAESTRO DI COLOR CHE SANNO. Limit of the diaphane in. Why in? Diaphane, adiphane. If you can put your five fingers through it it is a gate, if not a door. Shut your eyes and see.”

“The mouth can be better engaged than with a cylinder of rank weed.”

voices blend and fuse in clouded silence: silence that is infinite of space: and swiftly, silently the sound is wafted over regions of cycles of cycles of generations that have lived.”

“Thought is the thought of thought.”

“She would follow, her dream of love, the dictates of her heart that told her he was her all in all, the only man in all the world for her for love was the master guide. Come what might she would be wild, untrammelled, free.”

“Reading two pages apiece of seven books every night, eh? I was young. You bowed to yourself in the mirror, stepping forward to applause earnestly, striking face. Hurray for the Goddamned idiot! Hray! No-one saw: tell no-one. Books you were going to write with letters for titles. Have you read his F? O yes, but I prefer Q. Yes, but W is wonderful. O yes, W. Remember your epiphanies on green oval leaves, deeply deep, copies to be sent if you died to all the great libraries of the world, including Alexandria? Someone was to read them there after a few thousand year, a mahamanvantara. Pico della Mirandola like. Ay, very like a whale. When one reads these strange pages of one long gone one feels that one is at one with one who once...”

were always loyal to lost causes...Success for us is the death of the intellect and of the imagination.
~ Professor MacHugh”

“Alone, what did Bloom feel?

The cold of interstellar space, thousands of degrees below freezing point or the absolute zero of Fahrenheit, Centigrade or Réaumur: the incipient intimations of proximate dawn.”

“When I makes tea I makes tea, as old mother Grogan said. And when I makes water I makes water.”

“Stephen jerked his thumb towards the window, saying:

— That is God.

Hooray! Ay! Whrrwhee!

— What? Mr Deasy asked.

— A shout in the street, Stephen answered, shrugging his shoulders.”

“If he had smiled why would he have smiled? To reflect that each one who enters imagines himself to be the first to enter whereas he is always the last term of a preceding series even if the first term of a succeeding one, each imagining himself to be first, last, only and alone whereas he is neither first nor last nor only nor alone in a series originating in and repeated to infinity.”

“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.”

“I am, a stride at a time. A very short space of time through very short time of space.”

“What? Corpus. Body. Corpse. Good idea the Latin. Stupifies them first. Hospice for the dying. They don't seem to chew it; only swallow it down.”

“If anyone thinks that I amn't divine
He'll get no free drinks when I'm making the wine
But have to drink water and wish it were plain
That I make when the wine becomes water again.”

“he said it was sweeter and thicker than cows then he wanted to milk me into the tea...”

“however, he brought to mind instances of cultured fellows that promised so brilliantly nipped in the bud of premature decay and nobody to blame but themselves.”