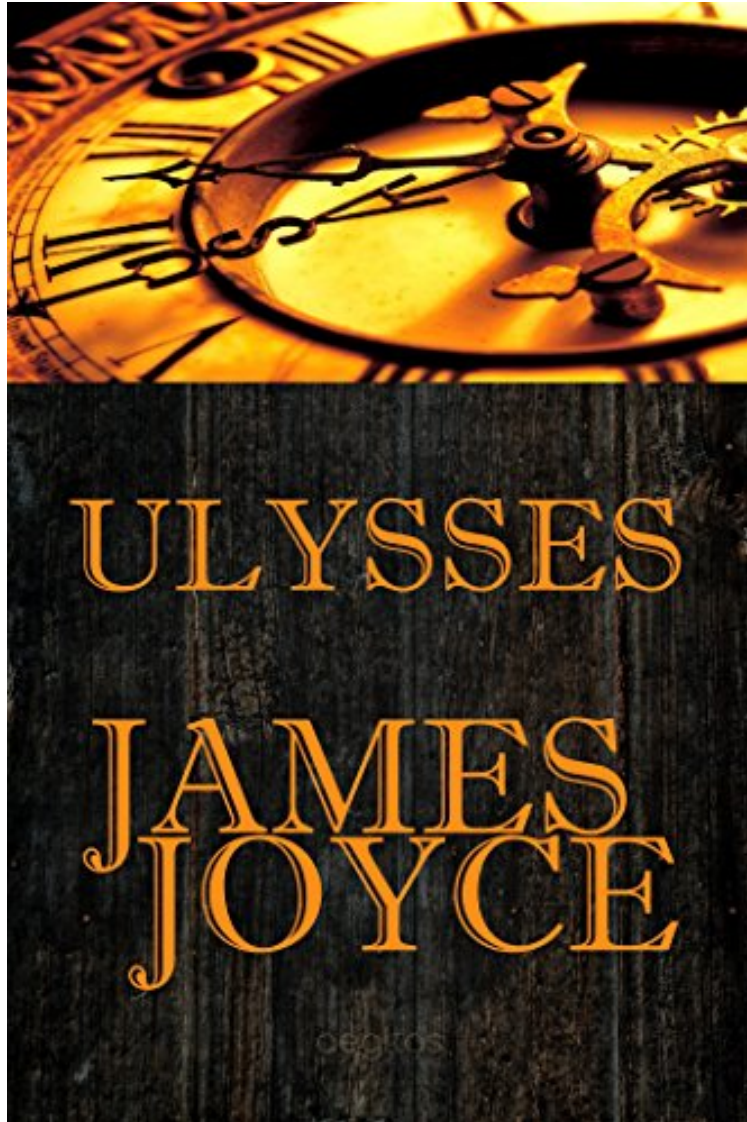


(Pdf free) Ulysses (novel)

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James Joyce

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James Joyce : Ulysses (novel) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Ulysses (novel):

59 of 61 people found the following review helpful. On Deck?By VA Duckldquo;Ulyssesrdquo;: the literary readers's favorite and the casual readers's frustration. It is a difficult book to read - if the experts are right, the difficulty is worth it. Nonetheless, it remains difficult, and for that, any judgement based on the usual ldquo;good story - well toldrdquo; criterion will be less than fair to this masterpiece.My first attempt ended 43 years ago on page 38 (the bookmark was still there.) But the book canrsquo;t be ignored it is on nearly every lsquo;100 greatest booksrsquo; ever written list: there are many 'bests' lists and ldquo;Ulyssesrdquo; is usually in the leadoff, or #2 spot -

that doesn't happen by chance! The difficulty with this read is that the reader is often simply listening to the protagonist's thoughts presented in stream-of-consciousness style, while Joyce is constantly playing with the language; English, French, Latin even Italian, and he plays with the characters and other authors, even his own prior work, and philosophies are explored, and all-the-while the story is an allegory of Homer's (the Greek, not Simpson) *Odyssey*. And yet, still in the back of the mind, you just can't help but wonder if the myopic little Jimmy J. was just having it on with all of us. In fact, he said himself... "I've put in so many enigmas and puzzles that it will keep the professors busy for centuries arguing over what I meant, and that's the only way of insuring one's immortality." (Joyce's reply for a request for a plan of *Ulysses*, as quoted in James Joyce (1959) by Richard Ellmann.)

Apropos the game of baseball, for which it has been said, "There's a whole lot of stuff going on out there" (which the uninitiated is unable to see). I didn't see all that Joyce had to say (yep, uninitiated!) but I saw enough to recognize the enormous importance of this book. If I may modify the definition of 4-stars from "I Like it" to "I Admire it", then I can make the rating system work for this read. If you are a reader, you will want to read this book someday - but wait until you are ready to concentrate on it: Joyce does not throw slow-pitch, it's all curves, sliders and cutters and nasty sinkers! If you strike out, it's your own fault, not his. The story line is a walk through Dublin on the day of June 16th 1904 where we follow the separate strolls of Stephen Dedalus, a budding poet and Leopold Bloom, an advertisement salesman, till they meet in the evening, go on a drunk together then separate onto their own paths again. Simple story? Sure, but you'd better pay attention because, "there's a whole lot of stuff going on out there"!

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. A crafty book without a soul. By Jeremy R. This is an unbelievably unique book, and for that, I am glad that I read it. However, I didn't really like the book. I LOVE A portrait of an artist as a young man. Joyce paints such a strong portrait. Bloom is a very interesting character, but he is presented in such fragments, that his full character never has an opportunity to fully blossom. This book isn't about the characters, it's not about a mood (e.g. brooding or cheerful), it's not about ideas. This book is first and foremost about the language and the form. And it is a very innovative and crafty form. At times, the book is so crafty that it astonishes. At times, Joyce's parodies of language were so interesting that I couldn't help but grin due to the humor of it all. But it isn't a moving work in my opinion. I don't think this book is about connecting our everyday human experience to the powerful truths symbolized in Greek mythology and religion. I don't think it's about Hamlet or Dante. I think this book is really about exploring modern idioms of the English language in novel ways. If you are super interested in crafty language for the sake of crafty language, read this book. If you are reading it for wisdom, beauty, charm, or emotion, then I recommend resetting your expectations. There is a little of all of that in this book, but this book is really about experimental language and from more than anything else. I like it when an author stands for something. Dickens stood for social justice. Tolstoy stood for the human soul. Shakespeare stood for the richness, and paradox, and cruelty, humor of human life. Woolf stood for the rights of women. Kafka stood against alienation. None of these authors are political, but their deepest passions influence their work in wonderful ways. That's why makes their work masterpieces. Joyce seems to stand for his own personal freedom from a stifling Irish Catholic culture. In *Portrait of an Artist*, this stand came through in his book, and it was a glorious expression. I think *Dubliners* described the stifling and paralyzed culture of Ireland in 1900 in a way that was rich and full. The work had a somber beauty, and it was always extremely captivating. However in *Ulysses*, I feel like this stand devolved into a muddled mess, dressed up in incredibly crafty language. As a result, to me, the book is a bit soulless. Joyce started and ended a movement with this book, but he had to sell the book's soul in order to do it. I will probably re-read 5 of the chapters, because they are just so brilliant. However I won't re-read the entire book because I don't think the book works as one cohesive novel.

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Might be the single 20th century must-read. By Barry Freed. Having just finished reading *Ulysses* for the sixth time, I'm again thinking that it's a book that everyone should read. I had a devil of a time reading it the first time. But I had fallen in love with Molly and on the second reading I was able to consume the book. Maybe that's what Joyce wanted..

Ulysses has been labeled dirty, blasphemous, and unreadable. In a famous 1933 court decision, Judge John M. Woolsey declared it an emetic book--although he found it sufficiently unobscene to allow its importation into the United States--and H. G. Wells was moved to decry James Joyce's "cloacal obsession." None of these adjectives, however, do the slightest justice to the novel. To this day it remains the modernist masterpiece, in which the author takes both Celtic lyricism and vulgarity to splendid extremes. It is funny, sorrowful, and even (in a close-focus sort of way) suspenseful. And despite the exegetical industry that has sprung up in the last 75 years, *Ulysses* is also a compulsively readable book. Even the verbal vaudeville of the final chapters can be navigated with relative ease, as long as you're willing to be buffeted, tickled, challenged, and (occasionally) vexed by Joyce's sheer command of the English language. Among other things, a novel is simply a long story, and the first question about any story is: What happens? In the case of *Ulysses*, the answer might be Everything. William Blake, one of literature's sublime myopics, saw the universe in a grain of sand. Joyce saw it in Dublin, Ireland, on June 16, 1904, a day distinguished by its utter normality. Two characters, Stephen Dedalus and Leopold Bloom, go about their separate business, crossing paths with

a gallery of indelible Dubliners. We watch them teach, eat, stroll the streets, argue, and (in Bloom's case) masturbate. And thanks to the book's stream-of-consciousness technique--which suggests no mere stream but an impossibly deep, swift-running river--we're privy to their thoughts, emotions, and memories. The result? Almost every variety of human experience is crammed into the accordion folds of a single day, which makes *Ulysses* not just an experimental work but the very last word in realism.

Ulysses has been labeled dirty, blasphemous, and unreadable. In a famous 1933 court decision, Judge John M. Woolsey declared it an emetic book--although he found it sufficiently unobscene to allow its importation into the United States--and Virginia Woolf was moved to decry James Joyce's "cloacal obsession." None of these adjectives, however, do the slightest justice to the novel. To this day it remains the modernist masterpiece, in which the author takes both Celtic lyricism and vulgarity to splendid extremes. It is funny, sorrowful, and even (in a close-focus sort of way) suspenseful. And despite the exegetical industry that has sprung up in the last 75 years, *Ulysses* is also a compulsively readable book. Even the verbal vaudeville of the final chapters can be navigated with relative ease, as long as you're willing to be buffeted, tickled, challenged, and (occasionally) vexed by Joyce's sheer command of the English language. 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Both characters add their glorious intonations to the music of Joyce's prose. Dedalus's accent--that of a freelance aesthete, who dabbles here and there in what we might call Early Yeats Lite--will be familiar to readers of *Portrait of an Artist As a Young Man*. But Bloom's wistful sensualism (and naive curiosity) is something else entirely. Seen through his eyes, a rundown corner of a Dublin graveyard is a figure for hope and hopelessness, mortality and dogged survival: "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 and hands. More sensible to spend the money on some charity for the living. Pray for the repose of the soul of. Does anybody really?" --James Marcus From Publishers Weekly Starred. Frank and Malachy McCourt and 13 Irish actors bring Joyce's short stories to life in this well-produced audiobook. None of the readers employ a thick accent in the narrative portions, but for dialogue they let their imitative talents shine and their Irish lilt bloom. Brendan Coyle and Charles Keating, reading "A Little Cloud" and "Grace" respectively, give such wonderful expression to the idiosyncrasies of every individual voice that the listener is never confused even when numerous men are talking. Joyce wrote only sparingly in actual dialect, but most of the readers interpret his intentions freely and successfully. Fionnula Flanagan is perfect reading "A Mother," her voice shifting easily between prim and proper tones and fiery indignation punctuated with little sighs. It helps that Joyce's writing is so masterful that when Flanagan and the two other actresses read the three stories that revolve around women, their words sound utterly natural. Not all the performances are on the same level--Stephen Rea's cold, somber voice is apt for the meditative beginning and ending sections of the collection's most famous story, "The Dead," but too flat for the central description of a lively party. This audiobook creates the atmosphere of a fireside storytelling session that will hold any listener in rapt attention. (May) Copyright Reed Business Information, a division of Reed Elsevier Inc. All rights reserved. From School Library Journal Grade 4 Up-- Edens has compiled and arranged illustrations from 25 editions of *Alice in Wonderland* published in the early to mid-1900s. The result is a fascinating look at a variety of illustrative styles. This is far less jarring than one might expect because the original illustrator, John Tenniel, has so strongly influenced his successors that their interpretations are often similar in design. In fact, the fascination in these pictures is the differing details--Alice's dress, her hairstyle, and her expressions tell much about the time period and the artist's viewpoint. Edens has also done a fine job of integrating the pictures with the text. He varies interest by utilizing full-page plates, half plates, vignettes, and even reducing some illustrations to fit the design so the book flows fairly well and these myriad illustrations blend into a whole rather than distract the eye. The reproduction is excellent. A must for collections with historical interest in children's literature and large libraries. --Karen K. Radtke, Milwaukee Public Library Copyright 1990 Reed Business Information, Inc.