



Beta Mode!

New vs Returning

| Name      | Amount |
|-----------|--------|
| Returning | 2045   |
| New       | 131    |
| Total     | 2176   |

Telenachus

Stately, plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead, bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed. A yellow dressinggown, ungirdled, was sustained gently behind him by the mild morning air. He held the bowl aloft and intoned:

*Incommodious host.*

Halted, he peered down the dark winding stairs and called up coarsely :  
— Come up, *fish*. Come up, you fearful *fish*!

Solemnly he came forward and mounted the round gunrest. He faced about and blessed gravely thrice the tower, the surrounding country and the awaking mountains. Then, catching sight of Stephen Dedalus, he bent towards him and made rapid crosses in the air, gargling in his throat and shaking his head. Stephen Dedalus, displeased and sleepy, leaned his arms on the top of the staircase and looked coldly at the shaking gurgling face that blessed him, equine in its length, and of the light uncombed hair, grained and hued like pale oak.

Buck Mulligan peeped an instant under the mirror and then covered the bowl smartly.

— Back to barracks, he said sternly.

He added in a preacher's tone:

— For this, O dearly beloved, is the genuine *Chorus*: body and soul and blood and *cars*. Slow music, please. Shut your eyes, gents. One moment. A little trouble about those white corpuscles. Silence, all.

He peered sideways up and gave a long low whistle of call then paused awhile in rapt attention, his even white teeth glistening here and there with gold points. *Chorus* sings. Two strong shrill whistles answered through the calm.

— Thanks, old chap, he cried briskly. That will do nicely. Switch off the current, will you?

Telenachus

### Filter Displayed Highlights

Annotation

Filter by Annotation...

User

Filter by User...

Tag

Filter by Tag...

### Sort by

Show first



Author: Amanda Visconti

Date: January 29, 2015



0%

100%

Quote: untonsured

**Text:** Tonsuring is the practice of shaving off the crown of a priest or monk's hair (e.g. to show their disdain for caring about their physical appearance)

**All tags** define I disagree that this is the motive for tonsuring; the Wikipedia article discusses the origin of it



Author: C. J. Ray

Date: March 4, 2015



100%

0%

Quote: Introibo ad altare Dei





Beta Mode!

Stephen Dedalus

Stately, plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead, bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed. A yellow dressinggown, ungirdled, was sustained gently behind him by the mild morning air. He held the bowl aloft and intoned:

*In the name of God.*

Halting, he peered down the dark winding stairs and called up coarsely :  
— Come up, *fresh*. Come up, you fearful lot of it.

Solemnly he came forward and mounted the round gunrest. He faced about and blessed gravely thrice the tower, the surrounding country and the awaking mountains. Then, catching sight of Stephen Dedalus, he bent towards him and made rapid crosses in the air, gargling in his throat and shaking his head. Stephen Dedalus, displeased and sleepy, leaned his arms on the top of the staircase and looked coldly at the shaking gurgling face that blessed him, equine in its length, and at the light uncombed hair, grained and hued like pale oak.

Buck Mulligan peeped an instant under the mirror and then covered the bowl smartly.

— Back to barracks, he said sternly.

He added in a prophetic tone:

— For this, O dearly beloved, is the genuine *Cherish*: body and soul and blood and *grass*. Slow music, please. Shut your eyes, gents. One moment. A little trouble about those white corpuscles. Silence, all.

He peered sideways up and gave a long low whistle of call then paused awhile in rapt attention, his even white teeth glistening here and there with gold points. *Cherish*. Two strong shrill whistles answered through the calm.

— Thanks, old chap, he cried briskly. That will do nicely. Switch off the current, will you?

Telenachus

### Filter Displayed Highlights

Annotation

Filter by Annotation...

User

Filter by User...

Tag

Filter by Tag...

### Sort by

Show first



Author: Amanda /isconti

Date: January 29, 2015



0%

100%

Quote: untensured

**Text:** Tonsuring is the practice of shaving off the crown of a priest or monk's hair (e.g. to show their disdain for caring about their physical appearance)

**All tags** define I disagree that this is the motive for tonsuring; the Wikipedia article discusses the origin of it



Author: Cery

Date: March 4, 2015



100%

0%

Quote: Introibo ad altare Dei

Country

| Name               | Amount |
|--------------------|--------|
| United States      | 1051   |
| United Kingdom     | 278    |
| Canada             | 151    |
| Netherlands        | 146    |
| Ireland            | 91     |
| Unknown            | 78     |
| Belgium            | 68     |
| Germany            | 67     |
| Spain              | 50     |
| France             | 25     |
| Korea, Republic of | 24     |
| Singapore          | 17     |
| Italy              | 14     |
| Turkey             | 11     |
| Other              | 105    |
| Total              | 2176   |





Beta Mode!

Device Type

| Name    | Amount |
|---------|--------|
| Desktop | 1917   |
| Tablet  | 238    |
| Phone   | 21     |
| Total   | 2176   |

Telemachus

Stately, plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead, bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed. A yellow dressinggown, ungirdled, was sustained gently behind him by the mild morning air. He held the bowl aloft and intoned:

*In the name of the Father.*

Halted, he peered down the dark winding stairs and called up coarsely :  
— Come up, *Stephen*. Come up, you fearful *Jerk*!

Solemnly he came forward and mounted the round gunrest. He faced about and blessed gravely thrice the tower, the surrounding country and the awaking mountains. Then, catching sight of *Stephen Dedalus*, he bent towards him and made rapid crosses in the air, gargling in his throat and shaking his head. *Stephen Dedalus*, displeased and sleepy, leaned his arms on the top of the staircase and looked coldly at the shaking gurgling face that blessed him, equine in its length, and of the light uncombed hair, grained and hued like pale oak.

Buck Mulligan peeped an instant under the mirror and then covered the bowl smartly.

— Back to barracks, he said sternly.

He added in a preacher's tone:

— For this, O dearly beloved, is the genuine *Chalice*: body and soul and blood and *cross*. Slow music, please. Shut your eyes, gents. One moment. A little trouble about those white corpuscles. Silence, all.

He peered sideways up and gave a long low whistle of call then paused awhile in rapt attention, his even white teeth glistening here and there with gold points. *Clay's whistles*. Two strong shrill whistles answered through the calm.

— Thanks, old chap, he cried briskly. That will do nicely. Switch off the current, will you?

Telemachus

## Filter Displayed Highlights

Annotation Filter by Annotation...

User Filter by User...

Tag Filter by Tag...

## Sort by

Show first



Author: Amanda /isconti

Date: January 29, 2015



0%

100%

Quote: untensored

**Text:** Tonsuring is the practice of shaving off the crown of a priest or monk's hair (e.g. to show their disdain for caring about their physical appearance)

**All tags** define I disagree that this is the motive for tonsuring; the Wikipedia article discusses the origin of it



Author: Clay

Date: March 4, 2015



100%

0%

Quote: Introibo ad altare Dei





Beta Mode!

Operating System

| Name             | Amount |
|------------------|--------|
| OS X             | 944    |
| Windows 7        | 635    |
| Windows NT       | 208    |
| iPad             | 176    |
| Windows XP       | 95     |
| Mobile (Android) | 63     |
| Mobile (iPhone)  | 20     |
| Linux            | 17     |
| Unknown          | 14     |
| Windows Vista    | 3      |
| Windows 8        | 1      |
| Total            | 2176   |

Stephen Dedalus

Stately, plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead, bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed. A yellow dressinggown, ungirdled, was sustained gently behind him by the mild morning air. He held the bowl aloft and intoned:

*It is a good day to be at sea.*

Halting, he peered down the dark winding stairs and called up coarsely :  
— Come up, Stephen. Come up, you fearful Jew!

Solemnly he came forward and mounted the round gunrest. He faced about and blessed gravely thrice the tower, the surrounding country and the awaking mountains. Then, catching sight of Stephen Dedalus, he bent towards him and made rapid crosses in the air, gargling in his throat and shaking his head. Stephen Dedalus, displeased and sleepy, leaned his arms on the top of the staircase and looked coldly at the shaking gurgling face that blessed him, equine in its length, and on the light uncombed hair, grizzled and hued like bay oak.

Buck Mulligan peeped an instant under the mirror and then covered the bowl smartly.

— Back to barracks, he said sternly.

He added in a preacher's tone:

— For this, O dearly beloved, is the genuine Christmas: body and soul and blood and cross. Slow music, please. Shut your eyes, gents. One moment. A little trouble about those white corpuscles. Silence, all.

He peered sideways up and gave a long low whistle of call then paused awhile in rapt attention, his even white teeth glistening here and there with gold points. Clocks chimed. Two strong shrill whistles answered through the calm.

— Thanks, old chap, he cried briskly. That will do nicely. Switch off the current, will you?

Telenachus

## Filter Displayed Highlights

Annotation

Filter by Annotation...

User

Filter by User...

Tag

Filter by Tag...

## Sort by

Show first



Author: Amanda

Date: January 29, 2015



0%

100%

Quote: untensored

**Text:** Tonsuring is the practice of shaving off the crown of a priest or monk's hair (e.g. to show their disdain for caring about their physical appearance)

**All tags** define I disagree that this is the motive for tonsuring; the Wikipedia article discusses the origin of it



Author: Corey

Date: March 4, 2015



100%

0%

Quote: Introibo ad altare Dei





Beta Mode!

Stephen Dedalus

Stately, plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead, bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed. A yellow dressinggown, ungirdled, was sustained gently behind him by the mild morning air. He held the bowl aloft and intoned:

*It is a good day to be here.*

He halted, he peered down the dark winding stairs and called up coarsely :  
— Come up, *lad*. Come up, you fearful *lad*!

Solemnly he came forward and mounted the round gunrest. He faced about and blessed gravely thrice the tower, the surrounding country and the awaking mountains. Then, catching sight of Stephen Dedalus, he bent towards him and made rapid crosses in the air, gargling in his throat and shaking his head. Stephen Dedalus, displeased and sleepy, leaned his arms on the top of the staircase and looked coldly at the shaking gurgling face that blessed him, equine in its length, and of the light uncombed hair, graying and hued like pale oak.

Buck Mulligan peeped an instant under the mirror and then covered the bowl smartly.

— Back to barracks, he said sternly.

He added in a preachy tone:

— For this, O dearly beloved, is the genuine *Chorus*: body and soul and blood and *chairs*. Slow music, please. Shut your eyes, gents. One moment. A little trouble about those white corpuscles. Silence, all.

He peered sideways up and gave a long low whistle of call then paused awhile in rapt attention, his even white teeth glistening here and there with gold points. *Chorus* *Chorus*. Two strong shrill whistles answered through the calm.

— Thanks, old chap, he cried briskly. That will do nicely. Switch off the current, will you?

Telenachus

### Filter Displayed Highlights

Annotation

Filter by Annotation...

User

Filter by User...

Tag

Filter by Tag...

### Sort by

Show first



Author: Amanda

Date: January 29, 2015



0%

100%

Quote: untensored

**Text:** Tonsuring is the practice of shaving off the crown of a priest or monk's hair (e.g. to show their disdain for caring about their physical appearance)

**All tags** define I disagree that this is the motive for tonsuring; the Wikipedia article discusses the origin of it



Author: Ray

Date: March 4, 2015



100%

0%

Quote: Introibo ad altare Dei





Beta Mode!

Day of Week

| Name      | Amount |
|-----------|--------|
| Monday    | 852    |
| Tuesday   | 657    |
| Saturday  | 164    |
| Wednesday | 161    |
| Thursday  | 125    |
| Friday    | 110    |
| Sunday    | 107    |
| Total     | 2176   |

Telemachus

Stately, plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead, bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed. A yellow dressinggown, ungirdled, was sustained gently behind him by the mild morning air. He held the bowl aloft and intoned:

*It mornin' like this.*

Halted, he peered down the dark winding stairs and called up coarsely :  
— Come up, *mate*. Come up, you fearful *hater*!

Solemnly he came forward and mounted the round gunrest. He faced about and blessed gravely thrice the tower, the surrounding country and the awaking mountains. Then, catching sight of Stephen Dedalus, he bent towards him and made rapid crosses in the air, gargling in his throat and shaking his head. Stephen Dedalus, displeased and sleepy, leaned his arms on the top of the staircase and looked coldly at the shaking gurgling face that blessed him, equine in its length, and of the light uncombed hair, grained and hued like pale oak.

Buck Mulligan peeped an instant under the mirror and then covered the bowl smartly.

— Back to barracks, he said sternly.

He added in a preachy tone:

— For this, O dearly beloved, is the genuine *Chorus*: body and soul and blood and *guts*. Slow music, please. Shut your eyes, gents. One moment. A little trouble about those white corpuscles. Silence, all.

He peered sideways up and gave a long low whistle of call then paused awhile in rapt attention, his even white teeth glistening here and there with gold points. *Chorus*. Two strong shrill whistles answered through the calm.

— Thanks, old chap, he cried briskly. That will do nicely. Switch off the current, will you?

Telemachus

### Filter Displayed Highlights

Annotation

Filter by Annotation...

User

Filter by User...

Tag

Filter by Tag...

### Sort by

Show first



Author: Amanda Visconti

Date: January 29, 2015



0%

100%

Quote: untensored

**Text:** Tonsuring is the practice of shaving off the crown of a priest or monk's hair (e.g. to show their disdain for caring about their physical appearance)

**All tags** define I disagree that this is the motive for tonsuring; the Wikipedia article discusses the origin of it



Author: C. J. Day

Date: March 4, 2015



100%

0%

Quote: Introibo ad altare Dei





Beta Mode!

Time of Day

| Name              | Amount |
|-------------------|--------|
| 06:30 PM-07:00 PM | 150    |
| 10:00 PM-10:30 PM | 134    |
| 08:30 PM-09:00 PM | 123    |
| 04:30 PM-05:00 PM | 120    |
| 09:00 PM-09:30 PM | 102    |
| 04:00 PM-04:30 PM | 93     |
| 01:30 AM-02:00 AM | 84     |
| 03:30 PM-04:00 PM | 83     |
| 01:30 PM-02:00 PM | 73     |
| 05:00 PM-05:30 PM | 73     |
| 02:00 AM-02:30 AM | 65     |
| 11:30 AM-12:00 PM | 63     |
| 01:00 PM-01:30 PM | 58     |
| 06:00 PM-06:30 PM | 57     |
| Other             | 898    |
| Total             | 2176   |



Stately, plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead, bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed. A yellow dressinggown, ungirdled, was sustained gently behind him by the mild morning air. He held the bowl aloft and intoned:

*In my name...*

Halting, he peered down the dark winding stairs and called up coarsely :  
— Come up, Stephen. Come up, you fearful parrot.

Solemnly he came forward and mounted the round gunrest. He faced about and blessed gravely thrice the tower, the surrounding country and the awaking mountains. Then, catching sight of Stephen Dedalus, he bent towards him and made roiling crosses in the air, gargling in his throat and shaking his head. Stephen Dedalus, displeased and sleepy, leaned his arms on the top of the staircase and looked coldly at the shaking gurgling face that blessed him, equine in its length, and at the high uncombed hair, graying and hued like wax oak.

Buck Mulligan peeped an instant under the mirror and then covered the bowl smartly.

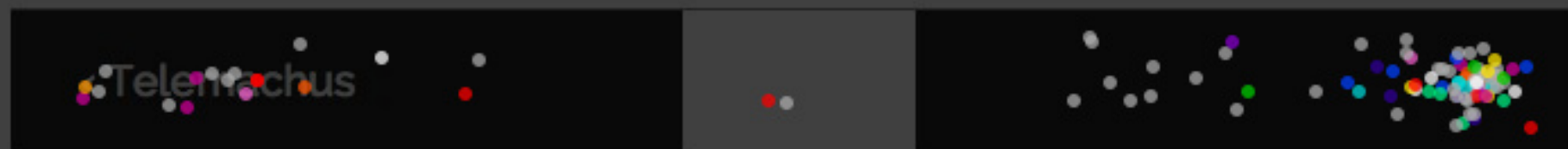
— Back to barracks, he said sternly.

He added in a prophetic tone:

— For this, O dearly beloved, is the genuine Christus: body and soul and blood and tears. Slow music, please. Shut your eyes, gents. One moment. A little trouble about those white corpuscles. Silence, all.

He peered sideways up and gave a long low whistle of call then paused awhile in rapt attention, his even white teeth glistening here and there with gold points. Cuckoo! Two strong shrill whistles answered through the calm.

— Thanks, old chap, he cried briskly. That will do nicely. Switch off the current, will you?



### Filter Displayed Highlights

Annotation Filter by Annotation...

Use Filter by User...

Tag Filter by Tag...

### Sort by

Show first



Author: Amanda Visconti

Date: January 29, 2015



0%

100%

Quote: untonsured

**Text:** Tonsuring is the practice of shaving off the crown of a priest or monk's hair (e.g. to show their disdain for caring about their physical appearance)

**All tags** define I disagree that this is the motive for tonsuring; the Wikipedia article discusses the origin of it



Author: User

Date: March 4, 2015



100%

0%

Quote: Introibo ad altare Dei





Beta Mode!

Statenus

Stately, plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead, bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed. A yellow dressinggown, ungirdled, was sustained gently behind him by the mild morning air. He held the bowl aloft and intoned:

*It mornin' like this.*

Halted, he peered down the dark winding stairs and called up coarsely :  
— Come up, *Stephen*. Come up, you fearful *Jew*!

Solemnly he came forward and mounted the round gunrest. He faced about and blessed gravely thrice the tower, the surrounding country and the awaking mountains. Then, catching sight of Stephen Dedalus, he bent towards him and made roving crosses in the air, gargling in his throat and shaking his head. Stephen Dedalus, displeased and sleepy, leaned his arms on the top of the staircase and looked coldly at the shaking gurgling face that blessed him, equine in its length, and of the light uncombed hair, grizzled and hued like pale oak.

Buck Mulligan peeped an instant under the mirror and then covered the bowl smartly.

— Back to barracks, he said sternly.

He added in a prophetic tone:

— For this, O dearly beloved, is the genuine *Chorus*: body and soul and blood and *eggs*. Slow music, please. Shut your eyes, gents. One moment. A little trouble about those white corpuscles. Silence, all.

He peered sideways up and gave a long low whistle of call then paused awhile in rapt attention, his even white teeth glistening here and there with gold points. *Chorus*. Two strong shrill whistles answered through the calm.

— Thanks, old chap, he cried briskly. That will do nicely. Switch off the current, will you?

Telenachus

### Filter Displayed Highlights

Annotation

Filter by Annotation...

User

Filter by User...

Tag

Filter by Tag...

### Sort by

Show first



Author: Amanda /isconti

Date: January 29, 2015



0%

100%

Quote: untensored

**Text:** Tonsuring is the practice of shaving off the crown of a priest or monk's hair (e.g. to show their disdain for caring about their physical appearance)

**All tags** define I disagree that this is the motive for tonsuring; the Wikipedia article discusses the origin of it



Author: Ray

Date: March 4, 2015



100%

0%

Quote: Introibo ad altare Dei

Time to Click

| Name                  | Amount |
|-----------------------|--------|
| 25.0-30.0 seconds     | 227    |
| 1 minute-1.5 minutes  | 192    |
| 45.0-60.0 seconds     | 191    |
| 10.0-15.0 seconds     | 171    |
| 15.0-20.0 seconds     | 153    |
| 1.5 minutes-2.0 minut | 115    |
| 2.0 minutes-3.0 minut | 114    |
| 6.0-8.0 seconds       | 104    |
| 8.0-10.0 seconds      | 100    |
| 2.0-3.0 seconds       | 88     |
| 35.0-40.0 seconds     | 71     |
| 30.0-35.0 seconds     | 66     |
| 5.0-6.0 seconds       | 63     |
| 4.0-5.0 seconds       | 61     |
| Other                 | 460    |
| Total                 | 2176   |





Beta Mode!

Window Width

| Name             | Amount |
|------------------|--------|
| 1300-1400 pixels | 595    |
| 1200-1300 pixels | 501    |
| 1000-1100 pixels | 363    |
| 1400-1500 pixels | 184    |
| 1500-1600 pixels | 119    |
| 2100-2200 pixels | 97     |
| 1100-1200 pixels | 85     |
| 1600-1700 pixels | 72     |
| 1900-2000 pixels | 70     |
| 700-800 pixels   | 20     |
| 900-1000 pixels  | 20     |
| 2500-2600 pixels | 15     |
| 300-400 pixels   | 10     |
| 1800-1900 pixels | 8      |
| Other            | 17     |
| Total            | 2176   |



Stately, plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead, bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed. A yellow dressinggown, ungirdled, was sustained gently behind him by the mild morning air. He held the bowl aloft and intoned:

*It mornin' like this.*

Halting, he peered down the dark winding stairs and called up coarsely :  
— Come up, *mate*. Come up, you fearful *hater*!

Solemnly he came forward and mounted the round gunrest. He faced about and blessed gravely thrice the tower, the surrounding country and the awaking mountains. Then, catching sight of Stephen Dedalus, he bent towards him and made rapid crosses in the air, gargling in his throat and shaking his head. Stephen Dedalus, displeased and sleepy, leaned his arms on the top of the staircase and looked coldly at the shaking gurgling face that blessed him, equine in its length, and at the light uncombed hair, graying and hued like *bad oak*.

Buck Mulligan peeped an instant under the mirror and then covered the bowl smartly.

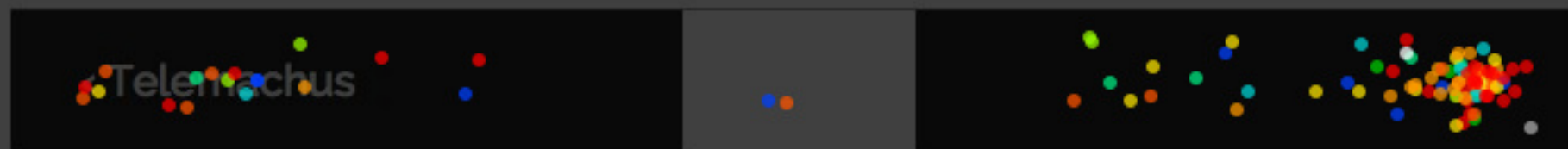
— Back to barracks, he said sternly.

He added in a preachy tone:

— For this, O dearly beloved, is the genuine *Chorus*: body and soul and blood and *chairs*. Slow music, please. Shut your eyes, gents. One moment. A little trouble about those white corpuscles. Silence, all.

He peered sideways up and gave a long low whistle of call then paused awhile in rapt attention, his even white teeth glistening here and there with gold points. *Chorus*. Two strong shrill whistles answered through the calm.

— Thanks, old chap, he cried briskly. That will do nicely. Switch off the current, will you?



## Filter Displayed Highlights

Annotation Filter by Annotation...

User Filter by User...

Tag Filter by Tag...

## Sort by

Show first



Author: Amanda

Date: January 29, 2015



0%

100%

Quote: untensored

**Text:** Tonsuring is the practice of shaving off the crown of a priest or monk's hair (e.g. to show their disdain for caring about their physical appearance)

**All tags** define I disagree that this is the motive for tonsuring; the Wikipedia article discusses the origin of it



Author: Casey

Date: March 4, 2015



100%

0%

Quote: Introibo ad altare Dei