

## 1: Common Reader | Common Reader

*About The Common Reader* *The Common Reader*, a publication of Washington University in St. Louis, offers the best in reviews, articles and creative non-fiction engaging the essential debates and issues of our time.

James Gairdner , 4 vols. But now jackdaws nest on the tower, and of the castle, which once covered six acres of ground, only ruined walls remain, pierced by loop-holes and surmounted by battlements, though there are neither archers within nor cannon without. The place is a ruin. Antiquaries speculate and differ. Not so very far off lie more ruins – the ruins of Bromholm Priory, where John Paston was buried, naturally enough, since his house was only a mile or so away, lying on low ground by the sea, twenty miles north of Norwich. The coast is dangerous, and the land, even in our time, inaccessible. Nevertheless, the little bit of wood at Bromholm, the fragment of the true Cross, brought pilgrims incessantly to the Priory, and sent them away with eyes opened and limbs straightened. But some of them with their newly-opened eyes saw a sight which shocked them – the grave of John Paston in Bromholm Priory without a tombstone. The news spread over the country-side. Margaret, his widow, could not pay her debts; the eldest son, Sir John, wasted his property upon women and tournaments, while the younger, John also, though a man of greater parts, thought more of his hawks than of his harvests. The pilgrims of course were liars, as people whose eyes have just been opened by a piece of the true Cross have every right to be; but their news, none the less, was welcome. The Pastons had risen in the world. People said even that they had been bondmen not so very long ago. What wonder, then, that he lacked a tombstone? For let us imagine, in the most desolate part of England known to us at the present moment, a raw, new-built house, without telephone, bathroom or drains, arm-chairs or newspapers, and one shelf perhaps of books, unwieldy to hold, expensive to come by. The windows look out upon a few cultivated fields and a dozen hovels, and beyond them there is the sea on one side, on the other a vast fen. A single road crosses the fen, but there is a hole in it, which, one of the farm hands reports, is big enough to swallow a carriage. And, the man adds, Tom Topcroft, the mad bricklayer, has broken loose again and ranges the country half-naked, threatening to kill any one who approaches him. That is what they talk about at dinner in the desolate house, while the chimney smokes horribly, and the draught lifts the carpets on the floor. Orders are given to lock all gates at sunset, and, when the long dismal evening has worn itself away, simply and solemnly, girt about with dangers as they are, these isolated men and women fall upon their knees in prayer. In the fifteenth century, however, the wild landscape was broken suddenly and very strangely by vast piles of brand-new masonry. There rose out of the sandhills and heaths of the Norfolk coast a huge bulk of stone, like a modern hotel in a watering-place; but there was no parade, no lodging-houses, and no pier at Yarmouth then, and this gigantic building on the outskirts of the town was built to house one solitary old gentleman without any children – Sir John Fastolf, who had fought at Agincourt and acquired great wealth. He had fought at Agincourt and got but little reward. No one took his advice. Men spoke ill of him behind his back. He was well aware of it; his temper was none the sweeter for that. He was a hot-tempered old man, powerful, embittered by a sense of grievance. The gigantic structure of Caister Castle was in progress not so many miles away when the little Pastons were children. John Paston, the father, had charge of some part of the business, and the children listened, as soon as they could listen at all, to talk of stone and building, of barges gone to London and not yet returned, of the twenty-six private chambers, of the hall and chapel; of foundations, measurements, and rascally work-people. Later, in , when the work was finished and Sir John had come to spend his last years at Caister, they may have seen for themselves the mass of treasure that was stored there; the tables laden with gold and silver plate; the wardrobes stuffed with gowns of velvet and satin and cloth of gold, with hoods and tippets and beaver hats and leather jackets and velvet doublets; and how the very pillow-cases on the beds were of green and purple silk. There were tapestries everywhere. Such were the fruits of a well-spent life. To buy land, to build great houses, to stuff these houses full of gold and silver plate though the privy might well be in the bedroom , was the proper aim of mankind. Paston spent the greater part of their energies in the same exhausting occupation. The Duke of Norfolk might covet this manor, the Duke of Suffolk that. And how could the owner of Paston and Mauteby and Drayton and Gresham be in five or six

places at once, especially now that Caister Castle was his, and he must be in London trying to get his rights recognised by the King? The King was mad too, they said; did not know his own child, they said; or the King was in flight; or there was civil war in the land. Norfolk was always the most distressed of counties and its country gentlemen the most quarrelsome of mankind. Paston chosen, she could have told her children how when she was a young woman a thousand men with bows and arrows and pans of burning fire had marched upon Gresham and broken the gates and mined the walls of the room where she sat alone. But much worse things than that had happened to women. She neither bewailed her lot nor thought herself a heroine. The long, long letters which she wrote so laboriously in her clear cramped hand to her husband, who was as usual away, make no mention of herself. The sheep had wasted the hay. A dyke had been broken and a bullock stolen. They needed treacle badly, and really she must have stuff for a dress. Paston did not talk about herself. Thus the little Pastons would see their mother writing or dictating page after page, hour after hour, long long letters, but to interrupt a parent who writes so laboriously of such important matters would have been a sin. The prattle of children, the lore of the nursery or schoolroom, did not find its way into these elaborate communications. For the most part her letters are the letters of an honest bailiff to his master, explaining, asking advice, giving news, rendering accounts. There was robbery and manslaughter; it was difficult to get in the rents; Richard Calle had gathered but little money; and what with one thing and another Margaret had not had time to make out, as she should have done, the inventory of the goods which her husband desired. This world is but a thoroughfare, and full of woe; and when we depart therefrom, right nought bear with us but our good deeds and ill. The soul was no wisp of air, but a solid body capable of eternal suffering, and the fire that destroyed it was as fierce as any that burnt on mortal grates. For ever there would be monks and the town of Norwich, and for ever the Chapel of Our Lady in the town of Norwich. There was something matter-of-fact, positive, and enduring in their conception both of life and of death. With the plan of existence so vigorously marked out, children of course were well beaten, and boys and girls taught to know their places. They must acquire land; but they must obey their parents. Agnes Paston, a lady of birth and breeding, beat her daughter Elizabeth. Margaret Paston, a softer-hearted woman, turned her daughter out of the house for loving the honest bailiff Richard Calle. The fathers quarrelled with the sons, and the mothers, fonder of their boys than of their girls, yet bound by all law and custom to obey their husbands, were torn asunder in their efforts to keep the peace. With all her pains, Margaret failed to prevent rash acts on the part of her eldest son John, or the bitter words with which his father denounced him. He treated his parents with insolence, and yet was fit for no charge of responsibility abroad. But the quarrel was ended, very shortly, by the death 22nd May of John Paston, the father, in London. The body was brought down to Bromholm to be buried. Twelve poor men trudged all the way bearing torches beside it. Alms were distributed; masses and dirges were said. Great quantities of fowls, sheep, pigs, eggs, bread, and cream were devoured, ale and wine drunk, and candles burnt. Two panes were taken from the church windows to let out the reek of the torches. Black cloth was distributed, and a light set burning on the grave. He was a young man, something over twenty-four years of age. The discipline and the drudgery of a country life bored him. Whatever doubts, indeed, might be cast by their enemies on the blood of the Pastons, Sir John was unmistakably a gentleman. He had inherited his lands; the honey was his that the bees had gathered with so much labour. Yet his own indolent and luxurious temperament took the edge from both. He was attractive to women, liked society and tournaments, and court life and making bets, and sometimes, even, reading books. And so life now that John Paston was buried started afresh upon rather a different foundation. There could be little outward change indeed. Margaret still ruled the house. She still ordered the lives of the younger children as she had ordered the lives of the elder. The boys still needed to be beaten into book-learning by their tutors, the girls still loved the wrong men and must be married to the right. Rents had to be collected; the interminable lawsuit for the Fastolf property dragged on. Battles were fought; the roses of York and Lancaster alternately faded and flourished. Norfolk was full of poor people seeking redress for their grievances, and Margaret worked for her son as she had worked for her husband, with this significant change only, that now, instead of confiding in her husband, she took the advice of her priest. But inwardly there was a change. It seems at last as if the hard outer shell had served its purpose and something sensitive, appreciative, and pleasure-loving had formed within. At any rate Sir John, writing to

his brother John at home, strayed sometimes from the business on hand to crack a joke, to send a piece of gossip, or to instruct him, knowingly and even subtly, upon the conduct of a love affair. And I shall always be your herald both here, if she come hither, and at home, when I come home, which I hope hastily within XI. But still Sir John delayed; no tomb replaced them. He had his excuses; what with the business of the lawsuit, and his duties at Court, and the disturbance of the civil wars, his time was occupied and his money spent. But perhaps something strange had happened to Sir John himself, and not only to Sir John dallying in London, but to his sister Margery falling in love with the bailiff, and to Walter making Latin verses at Eton, and to John flying his hawks at Paston. Life was a little more various in its pleasures. They were not quite so sure as the elder generation had been of the rights of man and of the dues of God, of the horrors of death, and of the importance of tombstones. Poor Margaret Paston scented the change and sought uneasily, with the pen which had marched so stiffly through so many pages, to lay bare the root of her troubles. Perhaps her son had failed in his service to God; he had been too proud or too lavish in his expenditure; or perhaps he had shown too little mercy to the poor. The money that might have bought it, or more land, and more goblets and more tapestry, was spent by Sir John on clocks and trinkets, and upon paying a clerk to copy out Treatises upon Knighthood and other such stuff. There they stood at Paston eleven volumes, with the poems of Lydgate and Chaucer among them, diffusing a strange air into the gaunt, comfortless house, inviting men to indolence and vanity, distracting their thoughts from business, and leading them not only to neglect their own profit but to think lightly of the sacred dues of the dead. For sometimes, instead of riding off on his horse to inspect his crops or bargain with his tenants, Sir John would sit, in broad daylight, reading. There, on the hard chair in the comfortless room with the wind lifting the carpet and the smoke stinging his eyes, he would sit reading Chaucer, wasting his time, dreaming or what strange intoxication was it that he drew from books? Life was rough, cheerless, and disappointing. A whole year of days would pass fruitlessly in dreary business, like dashes of rain on the window-pane.

### 2: The Uncommon Reader by Alan Bennett – review | Books | The Guardian

*The Common Reader*, collection of essays by Virginia Woolf, published in two series, the first in and the second in *Most of the essays appeared originally in such publications as the Times Literary Supplement, The Nation, AthenÆum, New Statesman, Life and Letters, Dial, Vogue, and The Yale Review.*

Troubled by mental instability for most of her life, Virginia composed her great works in bursts of manic energy and with the support of her brilliant friends and family. The world was changing; literature needed to change too, if it was to properly and honestly convey the new realities. Virginia Woolf was born into an intellectually gifted family. Her father, Sir Leslie Stephen, is the author of the massive *Dictionary of National Biography*, a sixty-two volume compilation of the lives of important British citizens. Despite becoming perhaps one of the most intelligent writers of the Twentieth Century, Virginia Woolf always thought of herself as ill educated. Thoby, who had made a number of extremely interesting friends while at Cambridge, instituted Thursday night get togethers with his old college buddies and other great London minds: Virginia and Vanessa sat in on these conversations, which ranged from Art to philosophy to politics, and soon became a part of the Bloomsbury Group themselves. As she came into her own, and comfortable in her new environment, Virginia began to write. She first produced short articles and reviews for various London weeklies. She then embarked on her first novel, *The Voyage Out*, which would consume nearly five years of her life and go through seven drafts. When that book came out to good reviews, she continued producing novels, each one a more daring experiment in language and structure, it seemed, than the last one. Although she had affairs of the heart with other women like Vita Sackville-West and Violet Dickinson, Virginia remained very much in love with Leonard for her entire life. He was her greatest supporter, half-nursemaid, half-cheerleader. He was also a good novelist in his own right, and a publishing entrepreneur, having founded Hogarth Press with Virginia. Together, they scouted great unknown talents like T. Eliot, Katherine Mansfield and E. She was at her best when she took society to task for limiting the opportunities of gifted female writers. Virginia proposed five hundred pounds a year and a private room for female writers with talent. She also published criticism, including two volumes of *The Common Reader*. Despite her success, Virginia battled her own internal demons, and although she could quiet them through rest, sometimes she found it impossible to escape the voices in her head. She likely suffered from manic-depression, though doctors knew little about that disorder at the time. His efforts likely enabled Virginia to achieve as much as she did. On March twenty-eight, , Virginia wrote her husband two notes, both of which told him that if anyone could have saved her, it would have been him. She then picked up her walking stick and headed to the River Ouse. Once on the banks, she filled her pockets with stones, waded into the water, and drowned herself. She was fifty-nine years old.

3: [www.enganchecubano.com](http://www.enganchecubano.com): The Second Common Reader: Annotated Edition (): Virginia Woolf: Books

*"The principle which controls [the essay] is simply that it should give pleasure." writes Virginia Woolf in The Modern Essay "Everything in.*

Hayward is a political theorist focussing on questions central to political life. She earned her Ph. She has a Ph. Her research focuses on the cultural construction of cool jazz around narratives of white privilege, and emphasizes the lived experiences and sounds produced by black and white musicians. Louis, is author of two nonfiction books Buster Keaton: Born in Washington, D. Resides in Cambridge, Mass. Ramanth Cowsik, the James S. Kevin Gaines, professor of history at University of Michigan. Specialist in topics of U. Doctoral degree from Brown University, he resides in Ann Arbor. Steven Fazzari, professor of economics at Washington University in St. Fazzari specializes in macroeconomic links to investment, finance and Keynesian macroeconomic principles. He is currently co-editing a book exploring the origins and responses to the Great Recession. Recipient of several teaching and distinguished faculty awards, he is an alumnus of Stanford University, where he earned his doctoral degree, he resides in St. His recent publications include: Denise Head, Associate Professor of psychology, research assistant of radiology and assistant professor of African and African-American studies at Washington University in St. Professor Head is a research specialist in age-related brain changes and effects on cognition. Anne Jamison, associate professor of English at University of Utah. Resides in Salt Lake City. Neal Lane, physics professor and former Provost of Rice University, where he now lectures on physics and public policy. Lane also served as director of National Science Foundation from Author of Black Apollo of Science: Greil Marcus, music journalist and author of books such as Mystery Train: Alumnus of University of California, Berkeley. Resides in Oakland, Calif. Louis and former dean of the School of Medicine. Author of The Soul of Baseball: He resides in Charlotte, North Carolina. Peter Raven, botanist, environmentalist and president emeritus of the Missouri Botanical Garden. Raven is co-author with Ray F. Evert and Suan E. Eichhorn of the textbook Biology of Plants. Raven resides in St. One of the first western trained scholars of Madhva school of Vedanta i. A Reader Columbia University Press, He resides in Cleveland. A native of Cincinnati, she resides in St. Louis with her husband and children. We seek material that makes our readers think, laugh or look at the world in a different way. Except for poetry and fiction—already accommodated by literary publications nationally and worldwide—The Common Reader will cover a full range of topics. Your submission can be just as wide-ranging, from a profile on a lesser-known or ignored figures or events, to a new twist on familiar scientific and artistic ideas, or first-hand reports from St. Louis and the surrounding Midwest, nationally, and even pressure-points and exotic locales worldwide. Our twofold request is as simple as it is difficult: All unsolicited submissions will be rigorously reviewed by members of our editorial board for suitability. Only submissions sent by post, with your email address for possible future correspondence, will be considered. We are not responsible for lost manuscripts, and will not return any manuscript unaccompanied by an SASE. Louis, offers the best in reviews, articles and creative non-fiction engaging the essential debates and issues of our time.

### 4: The Common Reader: Volume 1: [www.enganchecubano.com](http://www.enganchecubano.com): Virginia Woolf: Books

*The Common Reader is Woolf's own version of literary history, mainly English, but with a few Greeks and Russians thrown into the pile.' The common reader', a term first coined by Dr J "We are nauseated by the sight of trivial personalities decomposing in the eternity of print".*

A yard she hadde, enclosed al aboute With stikkes, and a drye ditch with-oute. He is unabashed and unafraid. If he withdraws to the time of the Greeks or the Romans, it is only that his story leads him there. Therefore when we say that we know the end of the journey, it is hard to quote the particular lines from which we take our knowledge. Chaucer fixed his eyes upon the road before him, not upon the world to come. He was little given to abstract contemplation. He deprecated, with peculiar archness, any competition with the scholars and divines: The answer of this I lete to divynis, But wel I woot, that in this world grey pyne is. What is this world? What asketh men to have? Now with his love, now in the colde grave Allone, withouten any companye, O cruel goddes, that governe This world with binding of your worde eterne, And wryten in the table of athamaunt Your parlement, and your eterne graunt, What is mankinde more un-to yow holde Than is the sheepe, that rouketh in the folde? Questions press upon him; he asks them, but he is too true a poet to answer them; he leaves them unsolved, uncramped by the solution of the moment, and thus fresh for the generations that come after him. In his life, too, it would be impossible to write him down a man of this party or of that, a democrat or an aristocrat. He was a staunch churchman, but he laughed at priests. He was an able public servant and a courtier, but his views upon sexual morality were extremely lax. He sympathised with poverty, but did nothing to improve the lot of the poor. It is safe to say that not a single law has been framed or one stone set upon another because of anything that Chaucer said or wrote; and yet, as we read him, we are absorbing morality at every pore. For among writers there are two kinds: Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Shelley are among the priests; they give us text after text to be hung upon the wall, saying after saying to be laid upon the heart like an amulet against disaster-- Farewell, farewell, the heart that lives alone He prayeth best that loveth best All things both great and small --such lines of exhortation and command spring to memory instantly. But Chaucer lets us go our ways doing the ordinary things with the ordinary people. His morality lies in the way men and women behave to each other. We see them eating, drinking, laughing, and making love, and come to feel without a word being said what their standards are and so are steeped through and through with their morality. There can be no more forcible preaching than this where all actions and passions are represented, and instead of being solemnly exhorted we are left to stray and stare and make out a meaning for ourselves. It is the morality of ordinary intercourse, the morality of the novel, which parents and librarians rightly judge to be far more persuasive than the morality of poetry. And so, when we shut Chaucer, we feel that without a word being said the criticism is complete; what we are saying, thinking, reading, doing, has been commented upon. Nor are we left merely with the sense, powerful though that is, of having been in good company and got used to the ways of good society. For as we have jogged through the real, the unadorned country-side, with first one good fellow cracking his joke or singing his song and then another, we know that though this world resembles, it is not in fact our daily world. It is the world of poetry. Everything happens here more quickly and mere intensely, and with better order than in life or in prose; there is a formal elevated dullness which is part of the incantation of poetry; there are lines speaking half a second in advance what we were about to say, as if we read our thoughts before words cumbered them; and lines which we go back to read again with that heightened quality, that enchantment which keeps them glittering in the mind long afterwards. It is the peculiarity of Chaucer, however, that though we feel at once this quickening, this enchantment, we cannot prove it by quotation. From most poets quotation is easy and obvious; some metaphor suddenly flowers; some passage breaks off from the rest. But Chaucer is very equal, very even-paced, very unmetaphorical. If we take six or seven lines in the hope that the quality will be contained in them it has escaped. My lord, ye woot that in my fadres place, Ye dede me strepe out of my povre wede, And richely me cladden, o your grace To yow broghte I noght elles, out of drede, But feyth and nakedness and maydenhede. In its place that seemed not only memorable and moving but fit to set beside striking beauties. Cut out and taken

separately it appears ordinary and quiet. Chaucer, it seems, has some art by which the most ordinary words and the simplest feelings when laid side by side make each other shine; when separated, lose their lustre. Thus the pleasure he gives us is different from the pleasure that other poets give us, because it is more closely connected with what we have ourselves felt or observed. Eating, drinking, and fine weather, the May, cocks and hens, millers, old peasant women, flowers--there is a special stimulus in seeing all these common things so arranged that they affect us as poetry affects us, and are yet bright, sober, precise as we see them out of doors. And then, as the procession takes its way, out from behind peeps the face of Chaucer, in league with all foxes, donkeys, and hens, to mock the pomps and ceremonies of life--witty, intellectual, French, at the same time based upon a broad bottom of English humour. But no book, no tomb, had power to hold him long. He was one of those ambiguous characters who haunt the boundary line where one age merges in another and are not able to inhabit either. At one moment he was all for buying books cheap; next he was off to France and told his mother, "My mind is now not most upon books. Yet John Paston had now lain for twelve years under the bare ground. The Prior of Bromholm sent word that the grave-cloth was in tatters, and he had tried to patch it himself. Margaret had it in safe keeping; she had hoarded it and cared for it, and spent twenty marks on its repair. She grudged it; but there was no help for it. She sent it him, still distrusting his intentions or his power to put them into effect. A dispute with the Duke of Suffolk in the year made it necessary for him to visit London in spite of the epidemic of sickness that was abroad; and there, in dirty lodgings, alone, busy to the end with quarrels, clamorous to the end for money, Sir John died and was buried at Whitefriars in London. The four thick volumes of the Paston letters, however, swallow up this frustrated man as the sea absorbs a raindrop. For, like all collections of letters, they seem to hint that we need not care overmuch for the fortunes of individuals. The family will go on, whether Sir John lives or dies. It is their method to heap up in mounds of insignificant and often dismal dust the innumerable trivialities of daily life, as it grinds itself out, year after year. And then suddenly they blaze up; the day shines out, complete, alive, before our eyes. It is early morning, and strange men have been whispering among the women as they milk. Only occasionally, under stress of anger for the most part, does Margaret Paston quicken into some shrewd saw or solemn curse. We beat the bushes and other men have the birds. Her sons, it is true, bend their pens more easily to their will. But when Chaucer lived he must have heard this very language, matter of fact, unmetaphorical, far better fitted for narrative than for analysis, capable of religious solemnity or of broad humour, but very stiff material to put on the lips of men and women accosting each other face to face. Sir John was buried; and John the younger brother succeeded in his turn. The Paston letters go on; life at Paston continues much the same as before. Over it all broods a sense of discomfort and nakedness; of unwashed limbs thrust into splendid clothing; of tapestry blowing on the draughty walls; of the bedroom with its privy; of winds sweeping straight over land unmitigated by hedge or town; of Caister Castle covering with solid stone six acres of ground, and of the plain-faced Pastons indefatigably accumulating wealth, treading out the roads of Norfolk, and persisting with an obstinate courage which does them infinite credit in furnishing the bareness of England. ON NOT KNOWING GREEK For it is vain and foolish to talk of knowing Greek, since in our ignorance we should be at the bottom of any class of schoolboys, since we do not know how the words sounded, or where precisely we ought to laugh, or how the actors acted, and between this foreign people and ourselves there is not only difference of race and tongue but a tremendous breach of tradition. All the more strange, then, is it that we should wish to know Greek, try to know Greek, feel for ever drawn back to Greek, and be for ever making up some notion of the meaning of Greek, though from what incongruous odds and ends, with what slight resemblance to the real meaning of Greek, who shall say? It is obvious in the first place that Greek literature is the impersonal literature. Those few hundred years that separate John Paston from Plato, Norwich from Athens, make a chasm which the vast tide of European chatter can never succeed in crossing. But the Greeks remain in a fastness of their own. Fate has been kind there too. She has preserved them from vulgarity. Euripides was eaten by dogs; Aeschylus killed by a stone; Sappho leapt from a cliff. We know no more of them than that. We have their poetry, and that is all. But that is not, and perhaps never can be, wholly true. Pick up any play by Sophocles, read-- Son of him who led our hosts at Troy of old, son of Agamemnon, and at once the mind begins to fashion itself surroundings. It makes some background, even of the most provisional

sort, for Sophocles; it imagines some village, in a remote part of the country, near the sea. Even nowadays such villages are to be found in the wilder parts of England, and as we enter them we can scarcely help feeling that here, in this cluster of cottages, cut off from rail or city, are all the elements of a perfect existence. Here is the Rectory; here the Manor house, the farm and the cottages; the church for worship, the club for meeting, the cricket field for play. Here life is simply sorted out into its main elements. Each man and woman has his work; each works for the health or happiness of others. Here life has cut the same grooves for centuries; customs have arisen; legends have attached themselves to hilltops and solitary trees, and the village has its history, its festivals, and its rivalries. It is the climate that is impossible. If we try to think of Sophocles here, we must annihilate the smoke and the damp and the thick wet mists. We must sharpen the lines of the hills. We must imagine a beauty of stone and earth rather than of woods and greenery. With warmth and sunshine and months of brilliant, fine weather, life of course is instantly changed; it is transacted out of doors, with the result, known to all who visit Italy, that small incidents are debated in the street, not in the sitting-room, and become dramatic; make people voluble; inspire in them that sneering, laughing, nimbleness of wit and tongue peculiar to the Southern races, which has nothing in common with the slow reserve, the low half-tones, the brooding introspective melancholy of people accustomed to live more than half the year indoors. That is the quality that first strikes us in Greek literature, the lightning-quick, sneering, out-of-doors manner. It is apparent in the most august as well as in the most trivial places. Queens and Princesses in this very tragedy by Sophocles stand at the door bandying words like village women, with a tendency, as one might expect, to rejoice in language, to split phrases into slices, to be intent on verbal victory. The humour of the people was not good-natured like that of our postmen and cab-drivers. The taunts of men lounging at the street corners had something cruel in them as well as witty. There is a cruelty in Greek tragedy which is quite unlike our English brutality. Is not Pentheus, for example, that highly respectable man, made ridiculous in the *Bacchae* before he is destroyed? In fact, of course, these Queens and Princesses were out of doors, with the bees buzzing past them, shadows crossing them, and the wind taking their draperies. They were speaking to an enormous audience rayed round them on one of those brilliant southern days when the sun is so hot and yet the air so exciting. The poet, therefore, had to bethink him, not of some theme which could be read for hours by people in privacy, but of something emphatic, familiar, brief, that would carry, instantly and directly, to an audience of seventeen thousand people perhaps, with ears and eyes eager and attentive, with bodies whose muscles would grow stiff if they sat too long without diversion. Music and dancing he would need, and naturally would choose one of those legends, like our *Tristram and Iseult*, which are known to every one in outline, so that a great fund of emotion is ready prepared, but can be stressed in a new place by each new poet. Sophocles would take the old story of *Electra*, for instance, but would at once impose his stamp upon it. Of that, in spite of our weakness and distortion, what remains visible to us? That his genius was of the extreme kind in the first place; that he chose a design which, if it failed, would show its failure in gashes and ruin, not in the gentle blurring of some insignificant detail; which, if it succeeded, would cut each stroke to the bone, would stamp each fingerprint in marble.

### 5: The Common Reader by Virginia Woolf

*the common reader* There is a sentence in Dr. Johnson's *Life of Gray* which might well be written up in all those rooms, too humble to be called libraries, yet full of books, where the pursuit of reading is carried on by private people.

While Dr Jackson was an almost invisible presence, the Pattle family see Pattle family tree were famous beauties, and moved in the upper circles of Bengali society. Sarah and her husband Henry Thoby Prinsep , conducted an artistic and literary salon at Little Holland House where she came into contact with a number of Pre-Raphaelite painters such as Edward Burne-Jones , for whom she modelled. The Jacksons were a well educated, literary and artistic proconsular middle-class family. The Venns were the centre of the evangelical Clapham sect. Sir James Stephen was the under secretary at the Colonial Office , and with another Clapham member, William Wilberforce , was responsible for the passage of the Slavery Abolition Bill in A graduate and fellow of Cambridge University he renounced his faith and position to move to London where he became a notable man of letters. Laura turned out to be developmentally handicapped. She was present the night Minny died [23] and added Lesley Stephen to her list of people needing care, and helped him move next door to her on Hyde Park Gate so Laura could have some companionship with her own children. Julia was 32 and Leslie was Julia, having presented her husband with a child, and now having five children to care for, had decided to limit her family to this. In *To The Lighthouse* [40] Her depiction of the life of the Ramsays in the Hebrides is an only thinly disguised account of the Stephens in Cornwall and the Godrevy Lighthouse they would visit there. The following year, another brother Adrian followed. The handicapped Laura Stephen lived with the family until she was institutionalised in Built in by Henry Payne of Hammersmith as one of a row of single family townhouses for the upper middle class, [55] it soon became too small for their expanding family. At the time of their marriage, it consisted of a basement , two stories and an attic. In July Leslie Stephen obtained the services of J. Penfold , architect, to add additional living space above and behind the existing structure. The substantial renovations added a new top floor see image of red brick extension , with three bedrooms and a study for himself, converted the original attic into rooms, and added the first bathroom. Virginia would later describe it as "a very tall house on the left hand side near the bottom which begins by being stucco and ends by being red brick; which is so high and yetâ€”as I can say now that we have sold itâ€”so rickety that it seems as if a very high wind would topple it over". Downstairs there was pure convention: But there was no connection between them", the worlds typified by George Duckworth and Leslie Stephen. Life in London differed sharply from their summers in Cornwall, their outdoor activities consisting mainly of walks in nearby Kensington Gardens, where they would play Hide-and-Seek , and sail their boats on the Round Pond , [46] while indoors, it revolved around their lessons. Julia Stephen was equally well connected. Her aunt was a pioneering early photographer Julia Margaret Cameron who was also a visitor to the Stephen household. The two Stephen sisters, Vanessa and Virginia, were almost three years apart in age, and exhibited some sibling rivalry. Virginia christened her older sister "the saint" and was far more inclined to exhibit her cleverness than her more reserved sister. Virginia resented the domesticity Victorian tradition forced on them, far more than her sister. Although both parents disapproved of formal education for females, writing was considered a respectable profession for women, and her father encouraged her in this respect. Later she would describe this as "ever since I was a little creature, scribbling a story in the manner of Hawthorne on the green plush sofa in the drawing room at St. Ives while the grown-ups dined". By the age of five she was writing letters and could tell her father a story every night. Later she, Vanessa and Adrian would develop the tradition of inventing a serial about their next-door neighbours, every night in the nursery, or in the case of St. Ives, of spirits that resided in the garden. It was her fascination with books that formed the strongest bond between her and her father. Leslie Stephen, who referred to it thus: There we bought the lease of Talland House: It had, running down the hill, little lawns, surrounded by thick escallonia bushes You entered Talland House by a large wooden gate From the Lookout place one had Rupert and his group of Cambridge Neo-pagans would come to play an important role in their lives in the years prior to the First World War. In a diary entry of 22 March , [73] she described why she felt so connected to Talland House,

looking back to a summer day in August This was a pivotal moment in her life and the beginning of her struggles with mental illness. A girl had no chance against its fangs. No other desires "say to paint, or to write" could be taken seriously". Boys were sent to school, and in upper-middle-class families such as the Stephens, this involved private boys schools, often boarding schools, and university. There was a small classroom off the back of the drawing room, with its many windows, which they found perfect for quiet writing and painting. Julia taught the children Latin, French and History, while Leslie taught them mathematics. They also received piano lessons. But my father allowed it. There were certain facts - very briefly, very shyly he referred to them. The girls derived some indirect benefit from this, as the boys introduced them to their friends. Leslie Stephen described his circle as "most of the literary people of mark Her experiences there led to her essay On Not Knowing Greek. It was Virginia who famously stated that "for we think back through our mothers if we are women", and invoked the image of her mother repeatedly throughout her life in her diaries, her letters and a number of her autobiographical essays, including Reminiscences, [35] 22 Hyde Park Gate [36] and A Sketch of the Past, [37] frequently evoking her memories with the words "I see her In To The Lighthouse [40] the artist, Lily Briscoe, attempts to paint Mrs Ramsay, a complex character based on Julia Stephen, and repeatedly comments on the fact that she was "astonishingly beautiful". She describes her degree of sympathy, engagement, judgement and decisiveness, and her sense of both irony and the absurd. She recalls trying to recapture "the clear round voice, or the sight of the beautiful figure, so upright and distinct, in its long shabby cloak, with the head held at a certain angle, so that the eye looked straight out at you". Her frequent absences and the demands of her husband instilled a sense of insecurity in her children that had a lasting effect on her daughters.

### 6: The Common Reader - Wikipedia

*The Common Reader. likes. "The Common Reader," a publication of Washington University in St. Louis, engages the essential debates and issues of our time.*

### 7: The Uncommon Reader by Alan Bennett

*Everything I Never Told You. The second option for the Common Reader is Everything I Never Told You, by Celeste www.enganchecubano.com the first sentence of the novel, readers learn that Lydia, the middle child of a Chinese-American father and a white mother, is dead.*

### 8: THE COMMON READER--FIRST SERIES

*The Common Reader is published by Washington University in St. Louis online semiannually, fall and spring, accompanied by a print annual issued every December.. Disclaimer: The opinions, beliefs, and viewpoints expressed by the various authors and forum participants on this website do not necessarily reflect the opinions, beliefs and viewpoints of The Common Reader, Washington University in St.*

### 9: About the Common Reader - Common Reader - Public Affairs - Missouri State University

*The Common Reader, two essay collections by Virginia Woolf Disambiguation page providing links to articles with similar titles This disambiguation page lists articles associated with the title The Common Reader.*

*A selection of sacred songs Ibooks taking notes on Complete German for Dimwits/6 Audiocassette Tapes/Complete Learning Guide and Tapescript Under the Red Robe (Large Print Edition) Silencer: History and Performance, Volume 1 U-Boat War Patrol Photographies of mourning: melancholia and ambivalence in Van DerZee, Mapplethorpe, and Looking for Langs Understanding Object-Oriented Programming With Java Abrahams visits in Pirke de Rabbi Eliezer Reconstruction of the auricle. Calculus early transcendentals 7th edition james stewart Parables and commonplaces A.K. Ramanujan National Ski Patrol System recognition act of 1979, S. 43 V. 1. Approach, background and conclusions. De grauwe economics of monetary union The God of the hills. The Analysts Journal 1945 Commemorative Edition Outside relations and the decline of the missions List of all calculus formulas Relative victories Strangers on a Train (Penguin Joint Venture Readers) Americanah book A soprano on her head Edit a in microsoft er Jacksonville celebrates America Fundamentals of Investing plus MyFinanceLab Student Access Kit and OTIS Student Access Kit (10th Edition Anecdote Biographies Of Thackeray And Dickens Handbook of games and simulation exercises. The Horse and Jockey from Artemision Basic tutorial autocad 2010 The three little pigs story printable Syntactic Theory and First Language Acquisition Time travels light Security essentials Effects of rapid population growth on health The teaching of mathematics from counting to calculus Dinosaurs Geography With Pen (BipQuiz) Gynecological Tumors Banking and debt recovery in emerging markets Molecular Basis of Nerve Activity*