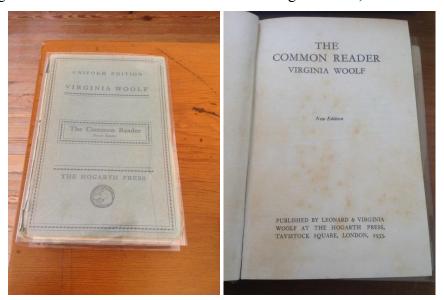
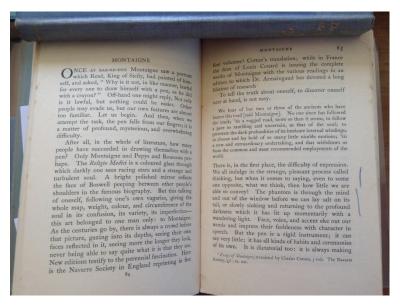
Anexo 3

Libro de Virginia Woolf disponible en la Biblioteca Villa Ocampo, citado en esta tesis, que presenta marcas de lectura.

Woolf, Virginia. The Common Reader. London: The Hogarth Press, 1933.



Woolf, Virginia. «Montaigne». Woolf, Virginia. *The Common Reader*. London: The Hogarth Press, 1933.



ordinary men into prophets, and changing the management of prophets, and changing the management of prophets and changing the management of prophets and prophets of the deal of the deal

Was could I have said to these people? "Tis certain that so office of humanity would have brought them into troubles." There is nothing as much, nor so groudy, nor so ordinarily taily as the laws.

The boundage of the process of the p

nerves and faculties of the soul. She all the Sacouter's show and inward emptiness; dull, callons, and indifferent.

Surely then, if we ask this great matter of the of life to tell us his secret, he will advise us to windraw pages of books, pursue fancy after fand there turn the cach other up the chimney, and leave my they case of the world to others. Retirement and contemplates the cach other up the chimney, and leave my Bovernson.

—these must be the main elements of his prescription, impossible to extract a plain answer freshelt. It is half smilling, half melanchely man, with the leaving the contemplates of the contemplate of the contemplates and the country of the contemplates. The truth is that life in the country divided expression. The truth is that life in the country divided and vegetables and flowers, is often extremely dull the could never see that his own green pers were to much better than other people's. Paris was the piace he loved best in the whole world—"jusgues a severtues et a ses taches". As for reading, he could seldom read any book for more than an hour at a time, and his memory was so bad that he forgot what was in his mind as he walked from one room another. Book learning is nothing to be proud of, and as for the Book learning is nothing to be proud of, and as for the He had always mixed with clever men, and his fine the had always mixed with clever men, and his fine that, though they have their fine moments, thir that, though they have their fine moments, the cleverest tremble on the response of the content of the country to the property of the country that they have been and a positive veneration for them, but he had obered had a positive veneration for them, but he had obered had a positive veneration for them, but he had obered had a positive veneration for them, but he had obered had a positive veneration for them, but he had obered had a positive veneration for them, but he had obered had a positive veneration for them, but he had obered had a positive veneration for them, but he h

we'se of folly. Observe yourself: one moment you seek of folly. Observe yourself: one moment you save easted; the next a broken glass puts your nerves are easted; the next a broken glass puts your nerves are easted; the next a broken glass puts your nerves are easted; the seek of the glass of the seek of the glass o

But no. "Je n'enseigne poinct; je raconte." After all, how could he explain other people's souls

NONTRIENE

Is, in no way impedes the soul's freedome, a caperiment. Without other vectors, undoubtedly it is a class, we contain the policy of the contained of

"... car, comme je sexy par une trop certaine expé-sesses de des consolation en la perte de ses mis que celle que nous aporte la science de n'avoir rien solété alors dire et d'avoir eu avec eux une parfaite et entière commissione.

There are people who, when they travel, wrap themselves up, "se defendans de la contagion d'un air incogneu" in silence and suspicion. When they die they must have the same food they get at home. Every sight and custom is bad unless it resembles those of their own village. They travel only to more than the same them to the same them to the same them to the same than the same that the same than the same that the same th

we may catch cold or get a headache—it is slavy, worth while to risk a little illness for the sale pleasure. "Le plaisire set des principe esteen de profit." Besides if we do what we like, we slavy adobject, but let us leave doctors and wise men any own disman philosophy. For ourselves, who as Nature for her bounty by using every one of the ordinary men and women, let us that eas much a senses she has given us; vary our that, to the warns, kisses of youth and the side, now that, to the warns, kisses of youth and the echoes of a beaufiral wise days and fine, red wine and white, company as solitude. Even sleep, that deplorable cutralment of the joy of life, can be full of dreams; and the most common actions—a walk, a talk, solitude in one's own orchard—can be enhanced and lit up by the associatio of the mind. Beauty is everywhere, and beauty is only two finger's-breadth from goodness. So, is the name of health and sanity, let us not dwell on the ed of the journey. Let death come upon us planing our cabbages, or on horseback, or let us stel awy is some cottage and there let strangers close our yes, for a servant sobbing or the touch of a hand would break us down. Best of all, let death find us at course of particular particulars, and protests, no lamentations; let him find u make no protests, no lamentations; let him find us me particulars.

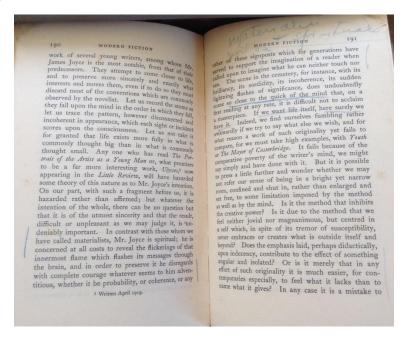
morration.

"But enough of death; it is life that mitters."

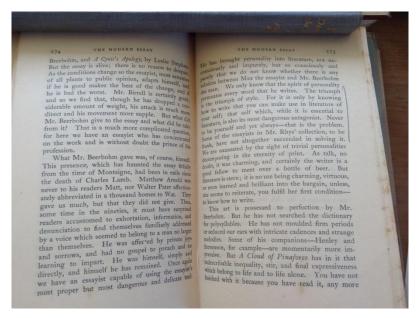
It is life that emerges more and more clearly as he could be easily reach not their end, but their suspension the easily reach not their end, but their suspension her easily reach not their end, but their suspension her easily reach of the constant of the suspension and more indicated. The suspension and was silk tockings with the constant of the cons

him short of money as a boy. This wall one built, not for oneedly that because one's father bore building in the building of t

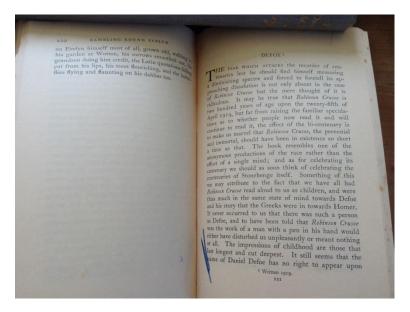
Woolf, Virginia. «Modern Fiction». Woolf, Virginia. *The Common Reader*. London: The Hogarth Press, 1933.



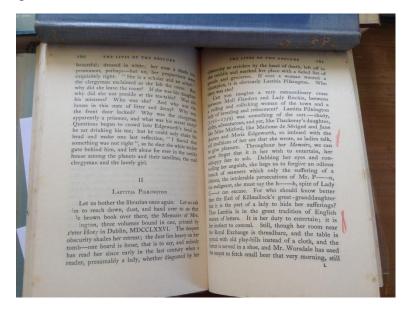
Woolf, Virginia. «The Modern Essay». Woolf, Virginia. *The Common Reader*. London: The Hogarth Press, 1933.



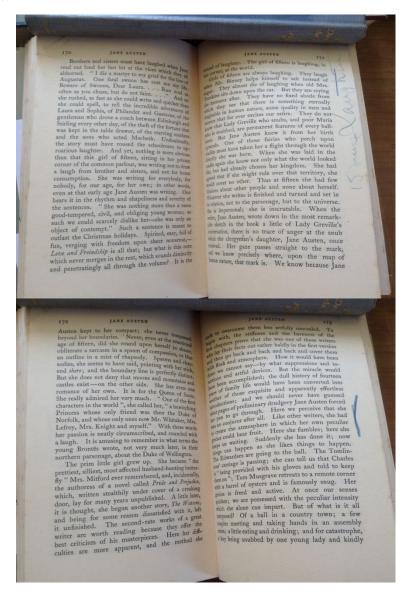
Woolf, Virginia. «Defoe». Woolf, Virginia. *The Common Reader*. London: The Hogarth Press, 1933.



Woolf, Virginia. «The lives of the Obscure». Woolf, Virginia. *The Common Reader*. London: The Hogarth Press, 1933.



Woolf, Virginia. «Jane Austen». Woolf, Virginia. *The Common Reader*. London: The Hogarth Press, 1933.



treated by another. There is no tragedy and no moving out of all proportion to its surface scene is We have been made to see that if Emma seed so in by what sincerity of feeling she would are inspired herself in those graver crises of life where shows watch here, come inevitably before our crise. Austen is thus a mistress of much deeper curotion that what is not there. What she offers in apparently, a the reader's mind and endows with the most enduring form of life scenes which are outwardly trivial. Always the stress is laid upon character. How, we are made to wonder, will Emma behave when Lord Obsorie and Tom Musgrave make their call at five minutes before there, just as Mary is bringing in the try and the knife-case? It is an extremely awkward situation. The young men are accustomed to much greater refinement. Emma may prove herself ill-bred, vulgar, a nonentity. The turns and twists of the dislogue continued to the continue

as the likeness to life, and there remains, to provide the leaver, an exquisite discrimination of human algorithms that to the control of the supence, and the education commonly enjoyed by the middle-class families living in the country, a dwenture, passion were left outside. But of the prosiness, of all this littleness, she evades the country of the prosiness of all this littleness, she evades the country of the prosiness of all this littleness, she revades the country of the prosiness of the prosin

till they reached Newbury, where a comfortale meal uniting dinner and supper, wound up the explorition and fatigues of the day ". Nor does "how they have believes in therethy the tribute of lip homes by the sidescribing a clergy silke. Edmund Bettran, as is describing a clergy silke. Edmund Bettran, as is describing a clergy silke. Edmund Bettran, as is describing a clergy silke. Edmund Bettran, as is described by the standard of the sidescribing a clergy silke. Edmund Bettran, as another the silke the sidescribed by the standard by the

JANE AUSTEN

JANE Would not alter a hair on anybody's head, when the process her with such exquisite delight.

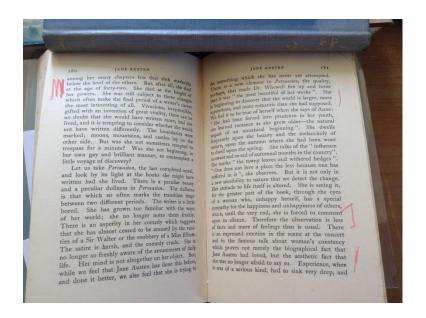
More marked, would we. For even if the pangs of Norganity, or the heat of moral wrath, urged us strength, and the process of such a strength of the pangs of the process of the proc

mixture of good and bad entirely by this means. She lets her rattle on against the clergy, or in favous of a barnentage and ten thousand a year, with all the of and apirit possible; but now and again she shrind one note of her own, very quiety, but in perfect tune, and at once all Mary Crawford's chatter, though it continues to amuse, rings flat. Hence the depth, the beauty, the complexity of her scenes. From such contrasts there comes a beauty, a solemity even, which are not only as remarkable as her wit, but an inseparable part of it. In The Watanns she gives us a fore-taste of this power; she makes us wonder why an ordinary act of kindness, as she describes it, becomes so full of meaning. In her masterpieces, the same gift is brought to perfection. Here is nothing out of the way; it is midday in Northamptonshire; a duly young man is talking to rather a weakly young woman on the stairs as they go up to dress for dinner, with housemaids passing. But, from trivality, fromcommonplace, their words become suddenly full of meaning, and the moment for both one of the most memorable in their lives. It fills itself; it shines; it glows; it hangs before us, deep, trembling, serene for a second, next, the housemaid passes, and this drop, in which all the happiness of life has collected, gently subside all the happiness of life has collected, gently subside all the happiness of life has collected, gently subside all the happiness of life has collected, gently subside all the happiness of life has collected, gently subside all the happiness of life has collected, gently subside all the happiness of life has collected, gently subside all the happiness of life has collected, gently subside all the happiness of life has collected, gently subside all the more natural, then, with this insight inc.

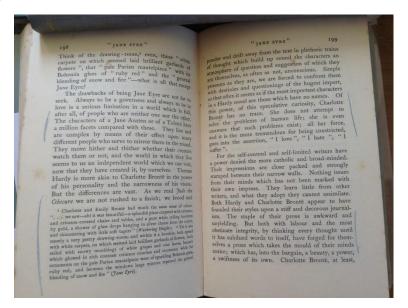
What more natural, then, with this insight into their profundity, than that Jane Austen should have chosen to write of the trivialities of day-to-day existency of parties, picnics, and country dances? No "sug-

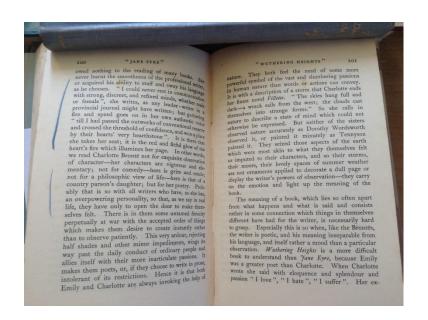
JANE AUSTEN

gestions to alter her style of writing "from the Prince Regent or Mr. Clarke could tempt her; no romance, Regent or Mr. Clarke could tempt her; no romance, and to his own of the prince of the country-house staircase as she saw andle to life on a conference and not his hirarian had a ladeed, the Prince Regent and his librarian had a ladeed, the Prince Regent and very formidable obstacle; they can their heads against with an incorruptible conscience, sere trying to tamper with a constant of the series o

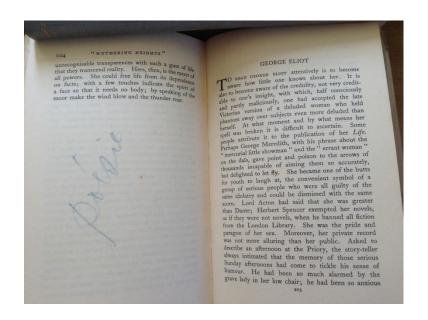


Woolf, Virginia. «Jane Eyre». Woolf, Virginia. *The Common Reader*. London: The Hogarth Press, 1933.



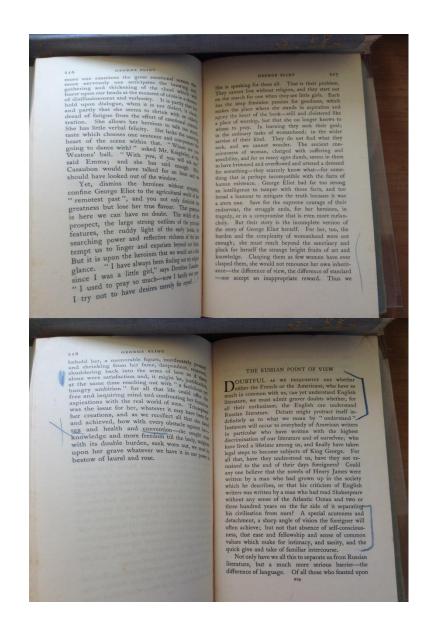


Woolf, Virginia. «George Eliot». Woolf, Virginia. *The Common Reader*. London: The Hogarth Press, 1933.



and pleasure with which we ramble from home smithy, from cottage parlour to rectory gorden, to the fact that George Eliot makes us share their, in not in a spirit of condescension or of cutiosity, lead a spirit of comparty. She is no satiris. The same ment of her mind was too slow and cumbersons, lend itself to comedy. But the gathers in her law, grasp a great groups the main elements of human solurnar and wholesome undoorely together with a finds upon re-reading, has not only kept her figure held the same place and the

to cover a wide range of fools and failures, mothers and children, dogs and flourishing midial fields, horse-deleve, incheepers, curates, and criticals, horse-deleve, incheepers, curates, and criticals, horse-deleve, incheepers, curates, and criticals, horse-deleve, incheepers, curates, and the control of the part of the part. The books are attainingly readable and have no trace of pomposity or pretence. But to the reader who holds a large stretch of her early work in view it will become obvious that the mist of recollection gradually withdraws. It is not that her power diminishes, for, to our thinking, it is at its highest in the mature Middlemark, the magnificent book which with all its imperfections is one of the few world of fields and furne no longup people. But the world of fields and furne no longup people, but the world of fields and furne no longup people. But the world of fields and furne no longup people, but the world of fields and furne no longup people. But the world of fields and furne no longup people. But the world of fields and furne no longup people. But the world of fields and furne no longup people. But the world of fields and furne no longup people. But the world of fields and furne no longup people. But the world of fields and furne no longup people. But the world of fields and furne no longup people. But the world of fields and furne no longup people. But the world of fields and furne no longup people. But the world of fields and furne no longup people. But the mature with the mist people people. But the mature with the mist people people. But the mature with the mist people people. But the world of fields and field and the mature with the mist people people. But the world of fields and field people people. But the mist people people. But the mist people people people people. But the mist people people people people people. But the mist people pe



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