

# **[EPUB] ✨ The Moment, and Other Essays (Harvest Book, Hb 295) Author Virginia Woolf – Soccerjerseys-wholesale.co**

Posted on 03 December 2017 By Virginia Woolf

A Selection Of Twenty Nine Essays Woolf S Essaysare Lighter And Easier Than Her Fiction, And They Exude Information And Pleasure Everything She Writes About Novelists, Like Everything She Writes About Women, Is Fascinating Her Well Stocked, Academic, Masculine Mind Is The Ideal Flint For The Steel Of Her Uncanny Intuitions To Strike On Cyril Connolly, New Yorker Editorial Note By Leonard Woolf

## NEW POST

The Golden Compass

The Three Billy Goats Gruff

Little Bear

Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows

Harry Potter and the Half-Blood Prince

The Poky Little Puppy

## RECENT POST

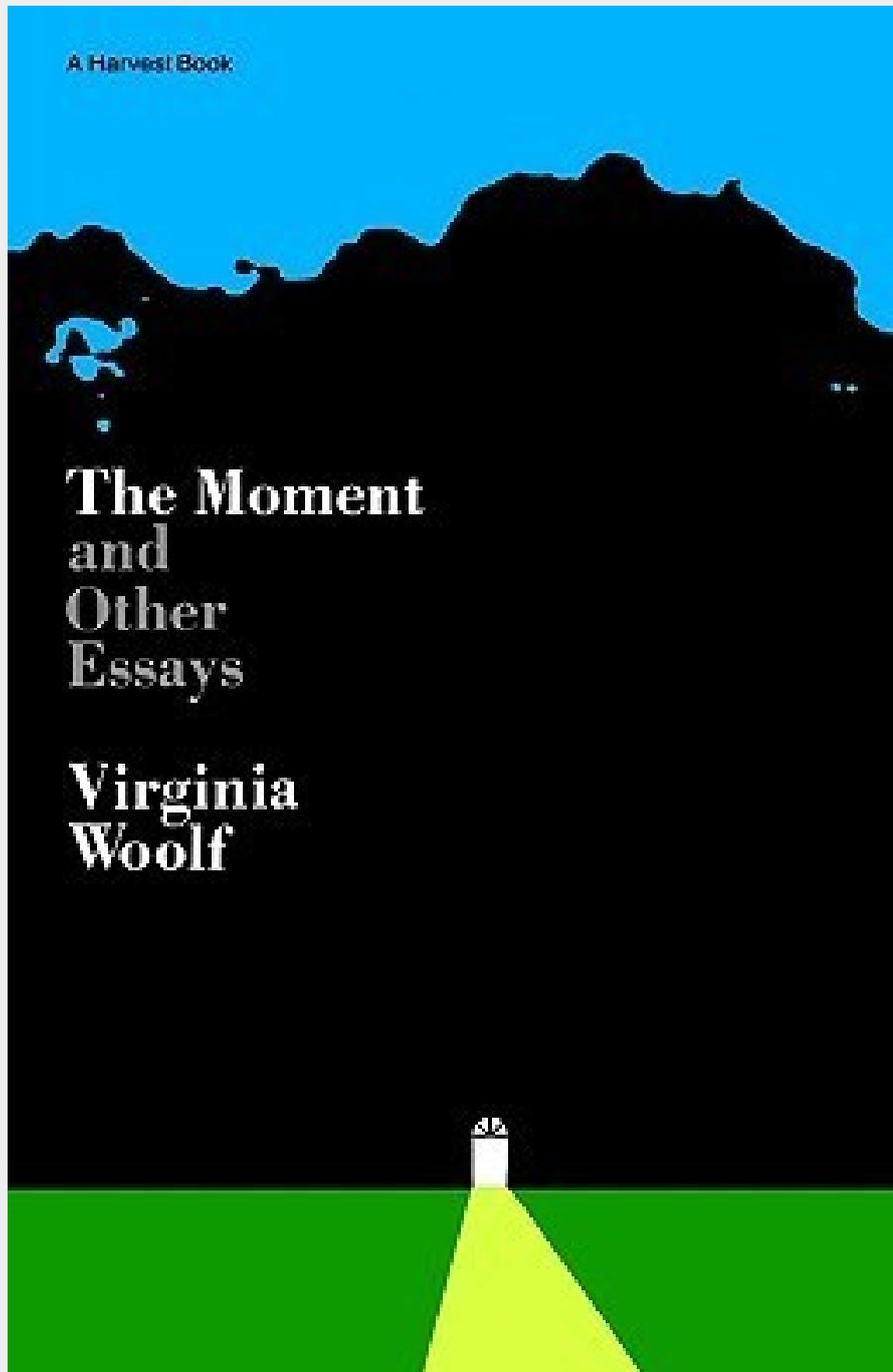
Charlotte's Web

Are You My Mother?

Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone

Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban

Are You There God? It's



Me, Margaret

The Chronicles of Narnia

Hop On Pop

Stuart Little

Curious George

One Fish, Two Fish, Red Fish, Blue Fish

Where the Wild Things Are

The Little Engine That Could

The Hobbit, or There and Back Again

James and the Giant Peach

Where the Red Fern Grows

Because of Winn-Dixie

Island of the Blue Dolphins

Guess How Much I Love

## 10 thoughts on “The Moment, and Other Essays (Harvest Book, Hb 295)”



Samuel Maina Samuel Maina says:

[EPUB] \* The Moment, and Other Essays (Harvest Book, Hb 295)

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The Moment Summer s Night.I have read this essay several times and it is a classic case of stream of consciousness In a very short space, Virgina talks about the Sun, the Owl and the Lamp So much for participants in a pageant.I see allusion to so much stuff in so short a space The darkness of the Owl, The future, seeking out the truth, consciousness, the self confidence of the youth, melancholy.The Faery QueenWow Whenever Virginia writes about a Poet, it is like she gets into the mind of the Poet himself and goes through the passions of the poet himself She writes with so much respect for Spencer, it makes me want to go look for all the Spencer writings that are out there When compared to Tennyson, Spencer is called a perfect gentleman You notice it is not Perfect Gentleman starting with the caps.Spence displays a typical figure, making Tennyson s pattern seem unintelligible an easy butt for satire I agree that reading poetry is a complex art, and the faculty employed when reading is sensual, the eye of the mind opens While it is also true that the mind has different layers The desire of the eye, the desire of the body, desires for rhythm, movement, the desire for adventure each is gratified And this gratification depends upon the poet s own mobility.The conventions used by Spencer are not enough to cut us off from inner meaning allegory For the most exact observer has to leave much of his people s minds obscure His poem, the abundance of an idle brain, true difficulty lies elsewhere It lies in the fact that the poem is a meditation, not a dramatisation.living in a great bubble blown from the Poets brain.I will definitely look for some Spencer.Congreve s Comedies.I am immediately drawn to want to read The Way of the World through The Old Bachelor, The Double Dealer, and Love for Love I seems Congreve was a melancholic man no writer of his time and standing passed through the world privately In his own words, Ease and quiet is what I hunt after, I feel

You

The Mouse and the Motorcycle

Horton Hears a Who!

The Darkangel

The Secret Garden

Old Yeller

The Golden Compass

very sensibly and silently for those whom I love , that is all Of course Virginia was drawn to this, seeing as she was a true melancholic as well Very deep writing that is another level. Congreve, the man of mystery, the man of superb genius who ceased to use his genius at his height, was also, as any reader may guess from almost any page, of the class of writers who are not so entirely submerged in their gift but that they can watch it curiously and to some extent guide it even when they are possessed by it He opines the distance of the stage requires the figures represented to be something larger than the life I think the man was speaking about character. In the art of writing plays we get very deep insights Men and women were never so witty as he makes them they never speak so aptly, so instantly, and with such a wealth of figure and imagery as he would have us believe the distance of the stage requires the figures represented to be something larger than the life explained I believe if a poet should steal a dialogue of any length, from the extempore discourse of the two wittiest men upon earth, he would find the scene but coldly received by the town People on the stage must be larger than life because they are further from us than in the book and cleverer than life because if he set down their actual words we should be bored to distraction. The stage names themselves Tattles and the Foresights, the Wishforts and the Millamants, Vainlove, Fondlewife, Valentines, the Mirabells, and the Angelicas, food for thought. The dramatist in action There are no preliminaries, no introductions the curtain rises and they are in the thick of it Never was any prose so quick Miraculously pat, on the spot, each speaker caps the last, without fumbling or hesitation their minds are full charged it seems as if they had to rein themselves in, bursting with energy as they are, alive and alert to their finger tips It is we who fumble, make irrelevant observations, notice the chocolate or the cinnamon, the sword or the muslin, until the illusion takes hold of us, and what with the

rhythm of the speech and the indescribable air of tension, of high breeding that pervades it, the world of the stage becomes the real world and the other, outside the play, but the husk and cast off clothing. Congreve had a coarseness of language, an extravagance of humour, and a freedom of manners which cast us back to the Elizabethans. It is like Restoration dramatists than of the Elizabethan. A great lady who spits on the floor offends where a fishwife merely amuses. Dr Johnson's dictum: It is acknowledged, with universal conviction, that the perusal of his works will make no man better and that their ultimate effect is to represent pleasure in alliance with vice, and to relax those obligations by which life ought to be regulated. No writer of his time and standing passed through the world privately. Put another way to read Congreve's plays is to be convinced that we may learn from them many lessons much to our advantage both as writers of books and if the division is possible as lovers of life. Congreve's satire seems sometimes, as Scandal says, to have the whole world for its butt. Yet there is underneath a thinking mind, a mind that doubts and questions. Nothing is stressed. Sentiment never broadens into sentimentality. Everything passes as quickly as a ray of light and blends as indistinguishably. To read the comedies is not to relax those obligations by which life ought to be regulated. On the contrary, the slowly we read him and the carefully, the meaning we find, the beauty we discover. On American fiction, I think Virginia went to a great length to try and distinguish between English and American fiction. It is very easy to see she was bent on one side of course. She goes to very great detail of how to understand American writers and their influences. It is easy to pick that she was widely read on the prose and poetry and that is why she could write on matters of fiction after having sampled quite a lot. Bottom line is that in France and in Russia they take fiction seriously. Shout out to Flaubert and Tolstoy. Leaning towers is an essay that stood out for me. I think something happened pre and

post 1914 I got the feeling that in as much as Virginia was writing about Literature writing she was toying with several other ideas like class, environment, education, nationalities and art It is interesting she explores the idea about war and how they affect writing What credit she gives to the leaning towers group is that in as much they did not write great fiction or anything for that matter, they wrote honestly about themselves Autobiographies A writer must first begin by analyzing himself before writing about others An education also gives skill to write beautifully Any great artist or writer got taught, and that enables one to sit on top of the tower where you have great visibility Sitting on a leaning tower gets your vision skewed. O Re reading novels, Virginia talks about method and how interesting it can be for the reader to try to figure out the battles that writers go through before settling on a particular method As readers we all have bias whether reading prose or poetry I would agree with Virginia on the bias that cloud the reader s judgement by considering a few of the questions which the prospect of reading a long Victorian novel at once arouses in us as follows Bias 1 First, there is the boredom of it The national habit of reading has been formed by the drama, and the drama has always recognised the fact that human beings cannot sit for than five hours at a stretch in front of a stage. Bias 2 we cannot doubt that we are by temperament and tradition poetic There still lingers among us the belief that poetry is the senior branch of the service If we have an hour to spend, we feel that we lay it out to better advantage with Keats than with Macaulay. Bias 3 that if we wish to recall our happier hours, they would be those Conrad has given us and Henry James and that to have seen a young man bolting Meredith whole recalls the pleasure of so many first readings that we are even ready to venture a second. When speaking about form it is true that we must receive impressions but we must relate them to each other as the author intended We borrow form from art and the form of the novel differs from the

dramatic form In comparing Esther Waters with Jane Eyre not simply to substitute one word for another, but to insist, among all this talk of methods, that both in writing and in reading it is the emotion that must come first I think that is such a daring statement on emotion especially coming from a man Mr Lubbock Methods are unnamed, but that no writer has so many at his disposal as a novelist He can appear in person, like Thackeray or disappear never perhaps completely, like Flaubert He can state the facts, like Defoe, or give the thought without the fact, like Henry James He can sweep the widest horizons, like Tolstoy, or seize upon one old apple woman and her basket, like Tolstoy again Where there is every freedom there is every licence and the novel, open armed, free to all comers, claims victims than the other forms of literature all put together There is Thackeray always taking measures to avoid a scene, and Dickens save in David Copperfield invariably seeking one There is Tolstoy dashing into the midst of his story without staying to lay foundations, and Balzac laying foundations so deep that the story itself seems never to begin. I will have to look for me some Craft in fiction by Mr Percy Lubbock hoping it is not out of print. On Personalities a discourse on how writers who steep themselves in writing might not necessarily be the best people to sit around because of their weird personalities A man like Keats is an exception to this Critics tell us that we should be impersonal when we write, and therefore impersonal when we read Perhaps that is true, and it may be that the greatest passages in literature have about them something of the impersonality which belongs to our own emotions at their strongest The English judge the Greeks with their literature which they feed from. The true art is in these great artists who manage to infuse the whole of themselves into their works, yet contrive to universalise their identity so that, though we feel Shakespeare everywhere about, we cannot catch him at the moment in any particular spot The people whom we admire most as

writers, then, have something elusive, enigmatic, impersonal about them So much for Jane Austen, Charlotte Bront et al. Pictures reminded me so much of Walter Sickert and Roger Fry it is all in the art Be it pen strokes or strokes from a brush on canvas. Just to say this has been a worthy read So much to pick from the brilliant mind that was Virginia and especially when I look at her influences She encourages me to want to write every time Such a beautiful collection of essays..still debating whether these are better than The common reader because I have come out from reading this with such a long list of book recommendations it is as if I read Susan Sontag. Always a pleasure reading essays.

Reply



**Rashaan Rashaan** says:

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If you haven't read Woolf's essays, you just haven't really breathed in exhilaration She is pure breath and light Reading her fills up your lungs, and makes you dizzy in love with her voice, her insight, and her humor Woolf is a refuge to run to whenever writer's block threatens She is a pinnacle that challenges and inspires She is constantly at my side, pushing me to think harder, write better, and live wider Though some of the pieces in *The Moment and Other Essays* may fly over the head of contemporary readers, particularly the biographical tributes to lost names of people Woolf admired, or didn't, many of these essays are masterful works of art Rather than try to summarize them, please taste for yourself From *The Art of Fiction* That fiction is a lady who has somehow got herself into trouble is a thought that most often struck her admirers For possibly, if fiction is, as we suggest, in difficulties, it may be because nobody grasps her firmly

and defines her severely She has no rules drawn up for her, very little thinking done on her behalf American Fiction Women writers have to meet many of the same problems that beset American writers They too are the casualties of their own peculiarities as a sex apt to suspect insolence, quick to avenge grievances, eager to shape an art of their own In both cases, all kinds of consciousness consciousness of self, of race, of sex, of civilization which have nothing to do with art, have got between them and the paper, with results that are, on the surface, at least, unfortunate The Leaning Tower A writer has to keep his eye upon a model that moves, that changes, upon an object that is not one object but innumerable objects Two words alone cover all that a writer looks at they are, human life..Nobody thinks it strange if you say that a painter has to be taught his art or a musician, or an architect Equally a writer has to be taught For the art of writing is at least as difficult as the other arts And though, perhaps because the education is indefinite, people ignore this education if you look closely you will see that almost every writer who has practised his art successfully has been taught it To Spain You who cross the Channel yearly, probably no longer see the house at Dieppe, no longer feel, as the train moves slowly down the street, one civilisation fall, another rise from the ruin and chaos of British stucco this incredible pink and blue phoenix four stories high, with its flower pots, its balconies, its servant girl leaning on the windowsill looking out.Woolf s voice is authorial Reading her, we can easily picture her at the lectern Her voice bouncing off the tiles and reverberating in the hall outside Yet she regularly steps down from the podium, wraps an arm around you, perhaps leading you for a stroll through the lush garden or the bustling street outside Next you re commiserating in a quiet corner tea cups rattling as she snickers and you stifle a laugh at her poking fun of Mr So and So and Lady Such and Such Then, in a flash, she ll swoop back up again to center stage, commanding full

attention and taking us to task, knowing we can be better and create finer art Like any cherished favorite album or collection of poetry, *The Moment and Other Essays* serves as touchstone Should a writer or reader need the comfort of a wise and intimate voice to prod him back into the Marvelous, Woolf is nothing less than that scintillating light.

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**Jack Coleman Jack Coleman** says:

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Picked this collection of essays out of the Library book sale bin.Old copy from the Hogarth Press 1947,Having read A Room of One s Own I thought I d give this a shot.She was not only a polemisist but an inventivewriter as well as this description of sneeze will attest Here the body is gripped and shaken and the throat stiffens and the nostrils tingle and like a rat shaken by a terrier one sneezes and the whole universe is shaken mountains,snows,meadows,moon higgledy,piggledy,upside down,little splinters flying and the head is jerked up and down Hay fever what a noise I liked this quote from the work of Louis MacNeice 1939 A system that gives the few at fancy prices their fancy lives While ninety nine in the hundred who never attend the banquet Must wash the grease of the ages off the knives Sound familiar

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**Dominic Dominic** says:

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Some moments from this collection are as stunning and sublime as any of her novels Take, for example, the final movement of The Leaning Tower for just a taste of such a moment. Virginia Woolf is a master of so many literary forms, and this collection includes some utterly breath taking sentences Until I have read Trollope, Sterne, Spenser and Dickens, I would get the full impact of some of her essays on the towering achievements of English literature, but it doesn't keep me from enjoying the writing nor her appreciation of the power of words.

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**Greg Greg** says:

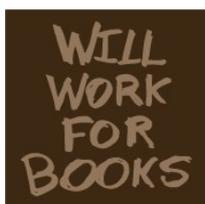
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Three years ago, I read Mrs Dalloway and fell in love with Virginia Woolf Having read her masterful essays and speeches in this collection, I am even enamored with the English writer Like fluid pouring into my mind as smoothly and delicately as freshly spun silk, her words conveyed such comfort and relaxation I never tired after every essay I plan to read another of her novels some time soon, but for the moment, her creative non fiction will be a testament to her incredible writing.

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**Mckinley Mckinley** says:

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Essays about books, plays, authors and literary stuff I

prefer her novels and found several of these interesting.

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**Katie Johnson Katie Johnson** says:

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Partial reading selected essays The Moment Summer s  
NightOn Being IllRoger FryThe Art of FictionThe Leaning  
TowerOn Rereading NovelsPictures

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**Matthew Conroy Matthew Conroy** says:

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I really just wanted to read, On Being Ill , which is  
fantastic, but I read all the rest of the essays Good, but  
nothing jumps out as great.

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**Lorraine Lorraine** says:

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Have already read a good bit of this due to my having  
read The Essays of V Woolf I to V But overall still rather  
enjoyable Her essays always are

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