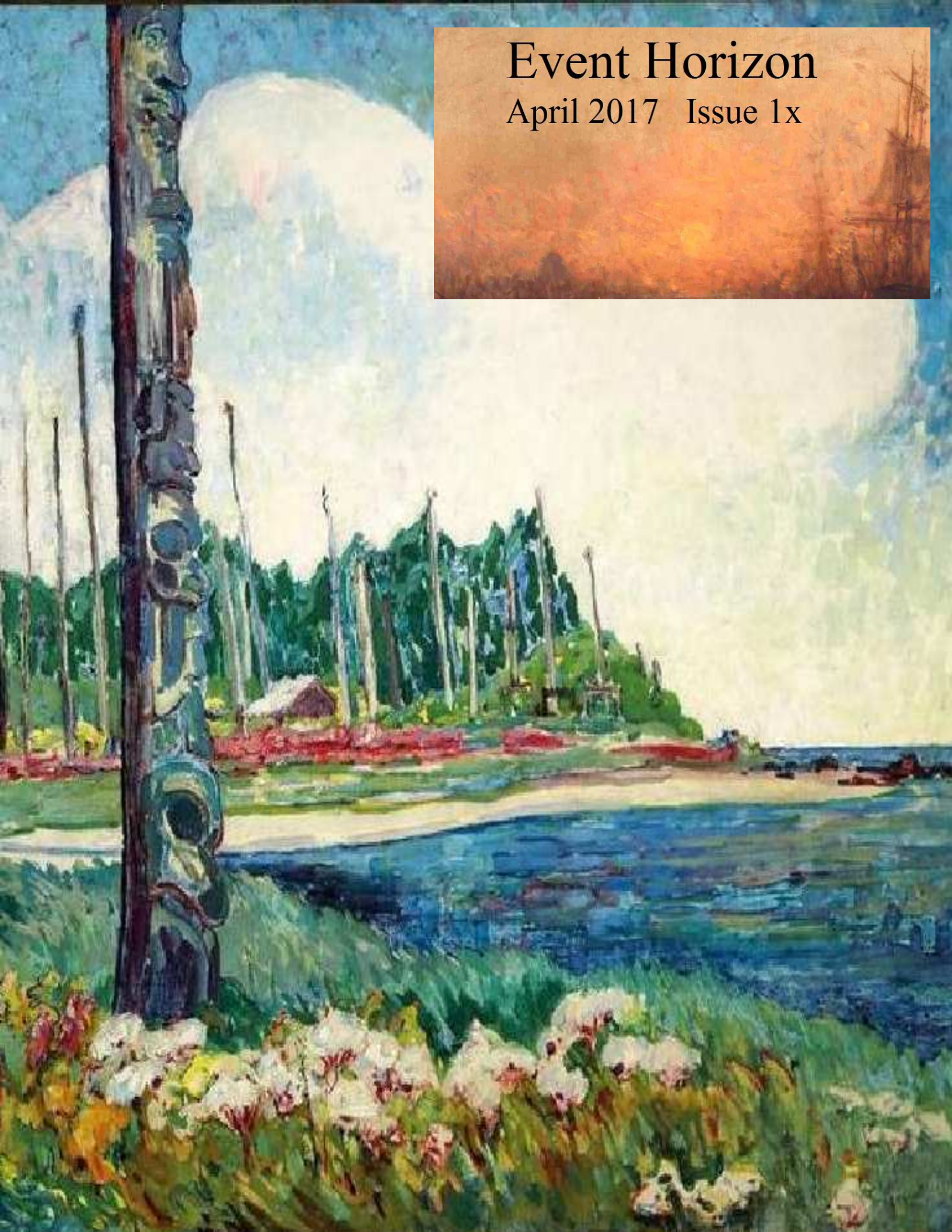


Event Horizon

April 2017 Issue 1x



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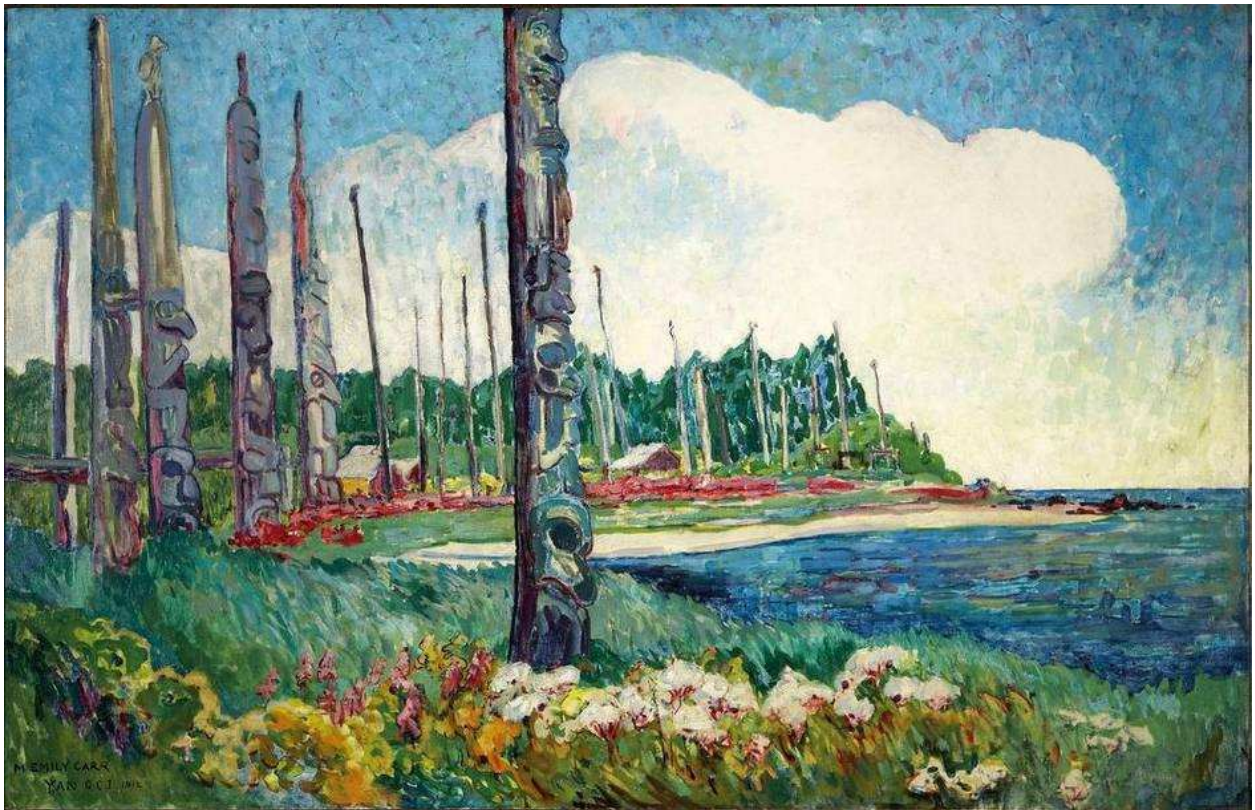


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April 2017 Issue 1x

a literary and graphic arts periodical



On the Cover Emily Carr Yan, Q.C.I 1912 Oil on canvas 98.8 x 152.5 Art Gallery of Hamilton Gift of Roy G. Cole, 1992 (Art Gallery of Ontario)

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What Stumped the Blue Jays

by Mark Twain

Animals talk to each other, of course. There can be no question about that; but I suppose there are very few people who can understand them. I never knew but one man who could. I knew he could, however, because he told me so himself. He was a middle-aged, simple-hearted miner who had lived in a lonely corner of California, among the woods and mountains, a good many years, and had studied the ways of his only neighbors, the beasts and the birds, until he believed he could accurately translate any remark which they made. This was Jim Baker. According to Jim Baker, some animals have only a limited education, and use only very simple words, and scarcely ever a comparison or a flowery figure; whereas, certain other animals have a large vocabulary, a fine command of language and a ready and fluent delivery; consequently these latter talk a great deal; they like it; they are conscious of their talent, and they enjoy "showing off." Baker said, that after long and careful observation, he had come to the conclusion that the bluejays were the best talkers he had found among birds and beasts. Said he:

There's more to a bluejay than any other creature. He has got more moods, and more different kinds of feelings than other creatures; and mind you, whatever a bluejay feels, he can put into language. And no mere commonplace language, either, but rattling, out-and-out book talk - and bristling with metaphor, too - just bristling! And as for command of language - why you never see a bluejay get stuck for a word. No man ever did. They just boil out of him! And another thing: I've noticed a good deal, and there's no bird, or cow, or anything that uses as good grammar as a bluejay. You may say a cat uses good grammar. Well, a cat does - but you let a cat get excited once; you let a cat get to pulling fur with another cat on a shed, nights, and you'll hear grammar that will give you the lockjaw. Ignorant people think it's the noise which fighting cats make that is so aggravating, but it ain't so; it's the sickening grammar they use. Now I've never heard a jay use bad grammar but very

seldom; and when they do, they are as ashamed as a human; they shut right down and leave.

You may call a jay a bird. Well, so he is, in a measure - because he's got feathers on him, and don't belong to no church, perhaps; but otherwise he is just as much a human as you be. And I'll tell you for why. A jay's gifts, and instincts, and feelings, and interests, cover the whole ground. A jay hasn't got any more principle than a congressman. A jay will lie, a jay will steal, a jay will deceive, a jay will betray; and four times out of five, a jay will go back on his solemnest promise. The sacredness of an obligation is a thing which you can't cram into no bluejay's head. Now, on top of all this, there's another thing; a jay can outswear any gentleman in the mines. You think a cat can swear. Well, a cat can; but you give a bluejay a subject that calls for his reserve powers, and where is your cat! Don't talk to me - I know too much about this thing. And there's yet another thing; in the one little particular of scolding - just good, clean, out-and-out scolding - a bluejay can lay over anything, human or divine. Yes, sir, a jay is everything that a man is. A jay can cry, a jay can laugh, a jay can feel shame, a jay can reason and plan and discuss, a jay likes gossip and scandal, a jay has got a sense of humor, a jay knows when he is an ass just as well as you do - maybe better. If a jay ain't human, he better take in his sign, that's all. Now I'm going to tell you a perfectly true fact about some bluejays. When I first begun to understand jay language correctly, there was a little incident happened here. Seven years ago, the last man in this region but me moved away. There stands his house - been empty ever since; a log house, with a plank roof - just one big room, and no more; no ceiling - nothing between the rafters and the floor. Well, one Sunday morning I was sitting out here in front of my cabin, with my cat, taking the sun, and looking at the blue hills, and listening to the leaves rustling so lonely in the trees, and thinking of the home away yonder in the states, that I hadn't heard from in thirteen years, when a bluejay lit on that house, with an acorn in his mouth, and says, "Hello, I reckon I've struck something." When he spoke, the acorn dropped out of his mouth and rolled down the roof, of course, but he didn't care; his mind was all on the thing he had struck. It was a knothole in the roof. He cocked his head

to one side, shut one eye and put the other one to the hole, like a possum looking down a jug; then he glanced up with his bright eyes, gave a wink or two with his wings - which signifies gratification, you understand - and says, "It looks like a hole, it's located like a hole - blamed if I don't believe it is a hole!"

Then he cocked his head down and took another look; he glances up perfectly joyful, this time; winks his wings and his tail both, and says, "Oh, no, this ain't no fat thing, I reckon! If I ain't in luck!--why it's a perfectly elegant hole!" So he flew down and got that acorn, and fetched it up and dropped it in, and was just tilting his head back, with the heavenliest smile on his face, when all of a sudden he was paralyzed into a listening attitude and that smile faded gradually out of his countenance like breath off'n a razor, and the queerest look of surprise took its place. Then he says, "Why, I didn't hear it fall!" He cocked his eye at the hole again, and took a long look; raised up and shook his head; stepped around to the other side of the hole and took another look from that side; shook his head again. He studied awhile, then he just went into the details - walked round and round the hole and spied into it from every point of the compass. No use. Now he took a thinking attitude on the comb of the roof and scratched the back of his head with his right foot a minute, and finally says, "Well, it's too many for me, that's certain; must be a mighty long hole; however, I ain't got no time to fool around here, I got to tend to business; I reckon it's all right - chance it, anyway."

So he flew off and fetched another acorn and dropped it in, and tried to flirt his eye to the hole quick enough to see what become of it, but he was too late. He held his eye there as much as a minute; then he raised up and sighed, and says, "Confound it, I don't seem to understand this thing, no way; however, I'll tackle her again." He fetched another acorn, and done his level best to see what become of it, but he couldn't. He says, "Well, I never struck no such a hole as this before; I'm of the opinion it's a totally new kind of a hole." Then he begun to get mad. He held in for a spell, walking up and down the comb of the roof and shaking his head and muttering to himself; but his feelings got the upper hand of him, presently, and he broke loose and cussed himself black in the face. I never see a bird take on so about a little thing. When he got

through he walks to the hole and looks in again for half a minute; then he says, "Well, you're a long hole, and a deep hole, and a mighty singular hole altogether - but I've started in to fill you, and I'm d****d if I don't fill you, if it takes a hundred years!"

And with that, away he went. You never see a bird work so since you was born. The way he hove acorns into that hole for about two hours and a half was one of the most exciting and astonishing spectacles I ever struck. He never stopped to take a look anymore - he just hove'em in and went for more. Well, at last he could hardly flop his wings, he was so tuckered out. He comes a-drooping down, once more, sweating like an ice pitcher, drops his acorn in and says, "Now I guess I've got the bulge on you by this time!" So he bent down for a look. If you'll believe me, when his head come up again he was just pale with rage. He says, "I've shoveled acorns enough in there to keep the family thirty years, and if I can see a sign of one of em I wish I may land in a museum with a belly full of sawdust in two minutes!"

He just had strength enough to crawl up onto the comb and lean his back agin the chimbley, and then he collected his impressions and begun to free his mind. I see in a second that what I had mistook for profanity in the mines was only just the rudiments, as you may say.

Another jay was going by, and heard him doing his devotions, and stops to inquire what was up. The sufferer told him the whole circumstance, and says, "Now yonder's the hole, and if you don't believe me, go and look for yourself." So this fellow went and looked, and comes back and says, "How many did you say you put in there?" "Not any less than two tons," says the sufferer. The other jay went and looked again. He couldn't seem to make it out, so he raised a yell, and three more jays come. They all examined the hole, they all made the sufferer tell it over again, then they all discussed it, and got off as many leather-headed opinions about it as an average crowd of humans could have done.

They called in more jays; then more and more, till pretty soon this whole region beared to have a blue flush about it. There must have been five thousand of them; and such another jawing and disputing and ripping and cussing, you never heard. Every jay in the whole lot put his

eye to the hole and delivered a more chuckle-headed opinion about the mystery than the jay that went there before him. They examined the house all over, too. The door was standing half open, and at last one old jay happened to go and light on it and look in. Of course, that knocked the mystery galley-west in a second. There lay the acorns, scattered all over the floor. He flopped his wings and raised a whoop. "Come here ! " he says. "Come here, everybody; hang'd if this fool hasn't been trying to fill up a house with acorns!" They all came a-swooping down like a blue cloud, and as each fellow lit on the door and took a glance, the whole absurdity of the contract that that first jay had tackled hit him home and he fell over backward suffocating with laughter, and the next jay took his place and done the same.

Well, sir, they roosted around here on the housetop and the trees for an hour, and guffawed over that thing like human beings. It ain't any use to tell me a bluejay hasn't got a sense of humor, because I know better. And memory, too. They brought jays here from all over the United States to look down that hole, every summer for three years. Other birds, too. And they could all see the point, except an owl that come from Nova Scotia to visit the Yosemite, and he took this thing in on his way back. He said he couldn't see anything funny in it. But then he was a good deal disappointed about Yosemite, too.

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How the Whale Got His Throat

by Rudyard Kipling

IN the sea, once upon a time, O my Best Beloved, there was a Whale, and he ate fishes. He ate the starfish and the garfish, and the crab and the dab, and the plaice and the dace, and the skate and his mate, and the mackereel and the pickereel, and the really truly twirly-whirly eel. All the fishes he could find in all the sea he ate with his mouth—so! Till at last there was only one small fish left in all the sea, and he was a small 'Stute Fish, and he swam a little behind the Whale's right ear, so as to be out of harm's way. Then the Whale stood up on his tail and said, 'I'm hungry.' And the small 'Stute Fish said in a small 'stute voice, 'Noble and generous Cetacean, have you ever tasted Man?'

'No,' said the Whale. 'What is it like?'

'Nice,' said the small 'Stute Fish. 'Nice but nubbly.'

'Then fetch me some,' said the Whale, and he made the sea froth up with his tail.

'One at a time is enough,' said the 'Stute Fish. 'If you swim to latitude Fifty North, longitude Forty West (that is magic), you will find, sitting *on* a raft, *in* the middle of the sea, with nothing on but a pair of blue canvas breeches, a pair of suspenders (you must *not* forget the suspenders, Best Beloved), and a jack-knife, one ship-wrecked Mariner, who, it is only fair to tell you, is a man of infinite-resource-and-sagacity.'

So the Whale swam and swam to latitude Fifty North, longitude Forty West, as fast as he could swim, and *on* a raft, *in* the middle of the sea, *with* nothing to wear except a pair of blue canvas breeches, a pair of suspenders (you must particularly remember the suspenders, Best Beloved), *and* a jack-knife, he found one single, solitary shipwrecked Mariner, trailing his toes in the water. (He had his mummy's leave to paddle, or else he would never have done it, because he was a man of infinite-resource-and-sagacity.)

Then the Whale opened his mouth back and back and back till it nearly touched his tail, and he swallowed the shipwrecked Mariner, and the raft he was sitting on, and his blue canvas breeches, and the suspenders (which you *must not* forget), *and* the jack-knife—He swallowed them all down into his warm, dark, inside cup-boards, and then he smacked his lips—so, and turned round three times on his tail.

But as soon as the Mariner, who was a man of infinite-resource-and-sagacity, found himself truly inside the Whale's warm, dark, inside cup-boards, he stumped and he jumped and he thumped and he bumped, and he pranced and he danced, and he banged and he clanged, and he hit and he bit, and he leaped and he creeped, and

he prowled and he howled, and he hopped and he dropped, and he cried and he sighed, and he crawled and he bawled, and he stepped and he lepped, and he danced hornpipes where he shouldn't, and the Whale felt most unhappy indeed. (*Have you forgotten the suspenders?*)

So he said to the 'Stute Fish, 'This man is very nubbly, and besides he is making me hiccough. What shall I do?'

'Tell him to come out,' said the 'Stute Fish.

So the Whale called down his own throat to the shipwrecked Mariner, 'Come out and behave yourself. I've got the hiccoughs.'

'Nay, nay!' said the Mariner. 'Not so, but far otherwise. Take me to my natal-shore and the white-cliffs-of-Albion, and I'll think about it.' And he began to dance more than ever.

'You had better take him home,' said the 'Stute Fish to the Whale.

'I ought to have warned you that he is a man of infinite-resource-and-sagacity.'

So the Whale swam and swam and swam, with both flippers and his tail, as hard as he could for the hiccoughs; and at last he saw the Mariner's natal-shore and the white-cliffs-of-Albion, and he rushed half-way up the beach, and opened his mouth wide and wide and wide, and said, 'Change here for Winchester, Ashuelot, Nashua, Keene, and stations on the *Fitchburg Road*;' and just as he said 'Fitch' the Mariner walked out of his mouth. But while the Whale had been swimming, the Mariner, who was indeed a person of infinite-resource-and-sagacity, had taken his jack-knife and cut up the raft into a little square grating all running criss-cross, and he had tied it firm with his suspenders (*now*, you know why you were not to forget the suspenders!), and he dragged that grating good and tight into the Whale's throat, and there it stuck! Then he recited the following *Sloka*, which, as you have not heard it, I will now proceed to relate—

By means of a grating

I have stopped your ating.

For the Mariner he was also an Hi-ber-ni-an. And he stepped out on the shingle, and went home to his mother, who had given him leave to trail his toes in the water; and he married and lived happily ever afterward. So did the Whale. But from that day on, the grating in his throat, which he could neither cough up nor swallow down, prevented him eating anything except very, very small fish; and that is the reason why whales nowadays never eat men or boys or little girls.

The small 'Stute Fish went and hid himself in the mud under the Door-sills of the Equator. He was afraid that the Whale might be angry with him.

THE LONELY HOUSE.

by Emily Dickinson

I know some lonely houses off the road
A robber 'd like the look of, —
Wooden barred,
And windows hanging low,
Inviting to
A portico,
Where two could creep:
One hand the tools,
The other peep
To make sure all's asleep.
Old-fashioned eyes,
Not easy to surprise!

How orderly the kitchen 'd look by night,
With just a clock, —
But they could gag the tick,
And mice won't bark;
And so the walls don't tell,
None will.

A pair of spectacles ajar just stir —
An almanac's aware.
Was it the mat winked,
Or a nervous star?
The moon slides down the stair
To see who's there.

There's plunder, — where?
Tankard, or spoon,
Earring, or stone,
A watch, some ancient brooch
To match the grandmamma,
Staid sleeping there.

Day rattles, too,
Stealth's slow;
The sun has got as far
As the third sycamore.
Screams chanticlear,
"Who's there?"
And echoes, trains away,
Sneer — "Where?"
While the old couple, just astir,
Fancy the sunrise left the door ajar!

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Up and Coming and on the Edge: Artemisia Gentileschi

by Wikipedia, excerpted and revised

Artemisia Gentileschi is an Italian Baroque painter, today considered one of the most accomplished painters in the generation following that of Caravaggio. In an era when women painters are not easily accepted by the artistic community or patrons, she is the first woman to become a member of the Accademia di Arte del Disegno in Florence.

She has painted many pictures of strong and suffering women from myth and the Bible – victims, suicides, warriors.

Her best-known work is *Judith Slaying Holofernes* which "shows the decapitation of Holofernes, a scene of horrific struggle and blood-letting". That she is a woman painting in the seventeenth century and that she was raped and participated in the prosecution of the rapist long has overshadowed her achievements as an artist. For many years she has been regarded as a curiosity. Today she is regarded as one of the most progressive and expressive painters of her generation.



Artemisia Gentileschi: self-portrait





Susanna and the Elders

her first work



Judith and her maidservant



Testimony of the Rape Trial

Left: *Judith Slaying Holofernes*



Costs More - Worth It



Is *Little Nemo* the Future of Comics? Zenas McCay

by Wikipedia, excerpted and revised

Zenas Winsor McCay is an American cartoonist and animator. He is best known for the comic strip *Little Nemo* and the animated film *Gertie the Dinosaur*. He joined the *New York Herald* in 1903, where he created popular comic strips such as *Little Sammy Sneeze* and *Dream of the Rarebit Fiend*. His signature strip *Little Nemo in Slumberland* is a fantasy strip in an Art Nouveau style, about a young boy and his adventurous dreams. You can see McCay's strong graphic sense and mastery of color and linear perspective. McCay experiments with the formal elements of the comic strip page, arranging and sizing panels to increase impact and enhance the narrative. He makes bold, prodigious use of linear perspective, particularly in detailed architecture and cityscapes. He textures his editorial cartoons with copious fine hatching, and has made color a central element in *Little Nemo*. His comic strip work has influenced the current generation of cartoonists and illustrators and will probably point the way for generations to come.

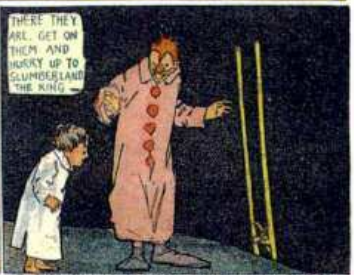


LITTLE NEMO

IN SLUMBERLAND

I KNOW!! I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO. I'LL LET HIM USE MY STILTS

THAT'S IT, YOU BRING HIM HERE HERE AND OUR KING WILL DANCE WITH JOY YES!

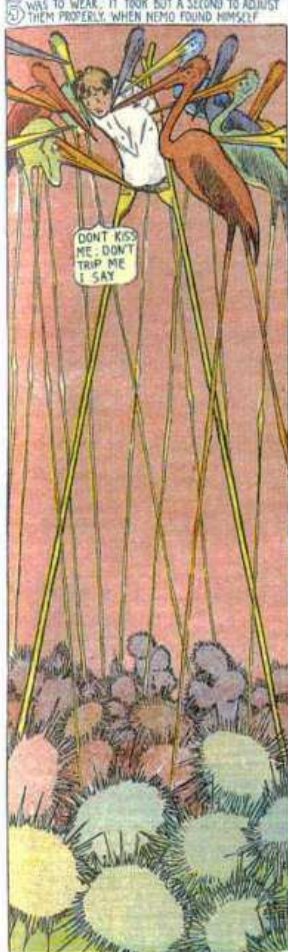
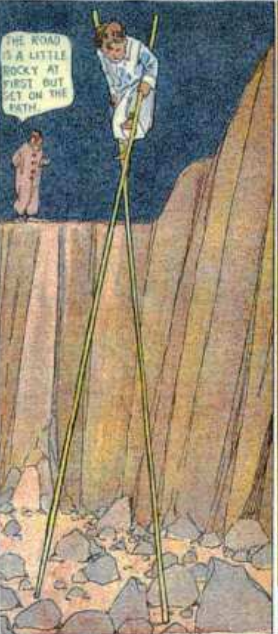


LITTLE NEMO WHILE VERY SLEEPY COULD NOT RESIST THE PLEASINGS OF CHICKEEN TO ACCOMPANY HIM, SO HE AROSE RELUCTANTLY

KING MORPHIUS MESSENGER WAS SO PERSUASIVE AND IN SUCH A HURRY THAT NEMO BECAME GREATLY EXCITED, FINALLY

NEMO JOINED CHICKEEN AT ONCE AND TOGETHER THEY MASTERCED AWAY TO BEGIN THE ONLY SURE WAY TO SLUMBERLAND, PASSING

THROUGH A LARGE FOREST THEY PRESENTLY CAME TO A DEEP CHASM WHEN NEMO BEHELD THE STILTS WHICH HE



100 COURAGED NEMO COMPLETELY THOSE AFFECTIONATE BIRDS ALL TRYING TO KISS HIM AT

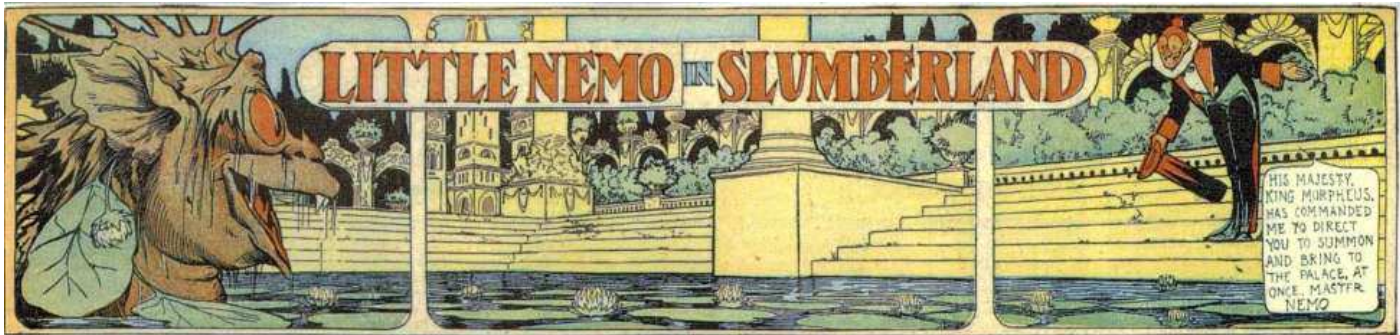
111 ONCE-STEPPING IN FRONT OF HIM AND EN-TANGLING THEIR LONG LEGS IN HIS STILTS, SINT

122 NEMO FLYING FACE FOREMOST DOWN INTO THE THORNY CACTUS, BED HIT CRIED OUT

133 LOUDLY FOR HELP BUT ONLY A

144 UNTIL HIS MAMA ARRIVED WHEN HE AWAKE.

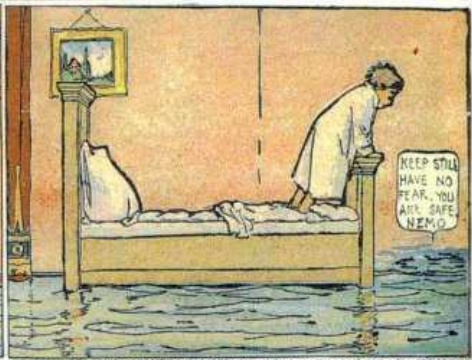
(COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY THE NEW YORK HERALD CO.)



1 LITTLE NEMO WAS SLEEPING SOUNDLY WHEN HE HEARD A STRANGE VOICE CALLING HIM. YOU ARE WANTED IN SLUMBERLAND.



2 HE PROCEEDED TO REPLY WHEN HE DISCOVERED THE FLOOR FLOODED WITH WATER WHICH WAS RISING RAPIDLY AND FRIGHTENED HIM.



3 NEMO HAD NOT YET LEARNED TO SWIM, ALTHOUGH HE WAS TEMPTED TO JUMP UNTIL THE VOICE AGAIN CALLED, HAVE NO FEAR, NEMO.



4 THE IDEA OF JUMPING HAD BY THIS TIME ENTIRELY VANISHED FROM HIS MIND, SO HE BEGAN TO CALL TO HIS FRIEND, THE STRANGE VOICE, HEY YOU!



5 AT LAST THE BED BUMPED AGAINST LAND TO WHICH HE LIPPED WITHOUT HESITATION AS A STORM WAS RAGING AND THE SEA WAS FURIOUSLY ANGRY.



6 AFTER THE STORM SUBSIDED HE DISCOVERED THE LAND HE WAS ON TO BE MOVING SWIFTLY THROUGH THE WATER BUT THE VOICE ALLAYED HIS FEARS.



7 ALTHOUGH NEMO WAS A GAME LITTLE CHAP, HE FELT HE MUST GO HOME. HE HAD GONE FAR ENOUGH, SOME OTHER TIME HE WOULD COME, LATER ON.



8 SO HE LET GO BUT AFTER SOME QUICK THINKING HE BEGAN TO REGRET THAT HE HAD NOT REMAINED ABOARD THE WHALE AS HE WAS INSTRUCTED.



9 NEMO RESOLVED, HOWEVER, TO MAKE THE MOST OF IT AND GET HOME. ALTHOUGH HE WAS BECOMING QUITE DISCOURAGED, HE WOULD NOT GIVE UP.



10 BUT WHEN HE CAME BEFORE THE MAGNOLIA HE ALL BUT COLLAPSED THAT PARTY'S EFFORTS TO CONSOLE HIM BEING USELESS HE BEGAN TO SCREAM.



11 THE MAGNOLIA GRABBED UP THE SCREAMING BOY AND STARTED AT ONCE FOR SLUMBERLAND WITH THE SPEED OF A ROCKET KICKING AND -



12 YELLING UNTIL HE AROUSED HIS MAMA NEMO AWAKE.

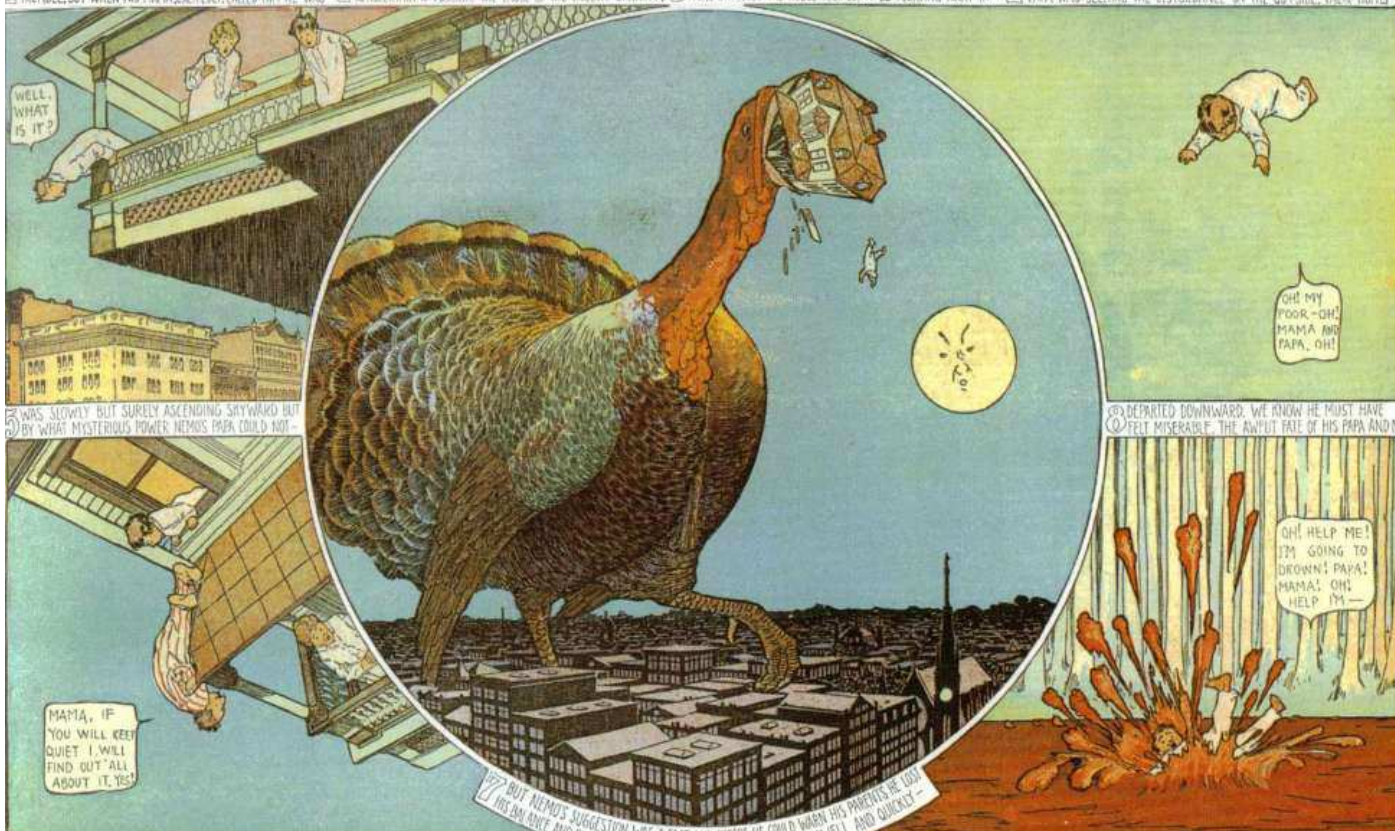


1 ALONG ABOUT MIDNIGHT, NEMO THOUGHT HE FELT THE HOUSE TREMBLE, BUT WHEN HIS MAMA EXCITEDLY CALLED HIM HE WAS

2 SO CONVINCED HIS PAPA WAS GREATLY EXCITED AND PROBABLY SHAKING AND CREAMING OF THEIR HOME, OUTSIDE THE NIGHT

3 TO ASCERTAIN IF POSSIBLE THE CAUSE OF THE NOCTURNAL SHAKING. 4 WAS STILL YET THE HOUSE SEEMED TO BE FLOATING AWAY IN

5 AIR. NEMO PERSUADED HIS MAMA TO REMAIN INSIDE THE HOUSE WHILE PAPA WAS SEEKING THE DISTURBANCE ON THE OUTSIDE, THEIR HOME.

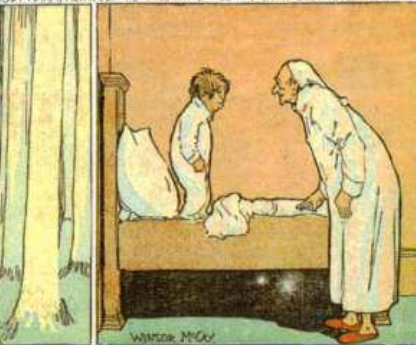


6 WAS SLOWLY BUT SURELY ASCENDING SKYWARD BUT BY WHAT MYSTERIOUS POWER NEMO'S PAPA COULD NOT

7 MAKE OUT. NEMO SUGGESTED THAT IT MIGHT BE SOME MONSTER, GRANT BUT HIS PAPA CALLED HIM A RATTLE BRAIN AND ORDERED HIM TO PACIFY HIS MAMA WHO WAS MAKING ELABORATE PLANS TO FIGHT.

8 BUT NEMO'S SUGGESTION WAS A FACT AND BEFORE HE COULD WARN HIS PARENTS HE WAS

9 DEPARTED DOWNWARD. WE KNOW HE MUST HAVE FELT MISERABLE THE AWFUL FATE OF HIS PAPA AND MAMA.

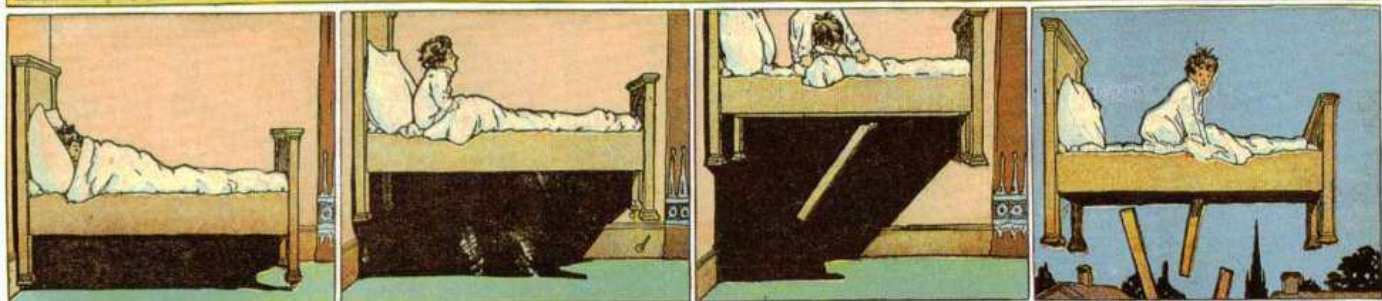


10 IN AN EFFORT, NEMO HAD NEVER WON PRIZES FOR FEATS OF SWIMMING BUT HE MANAGED TO GET TO SHORE, SO AWFULLY EXHAUSTED

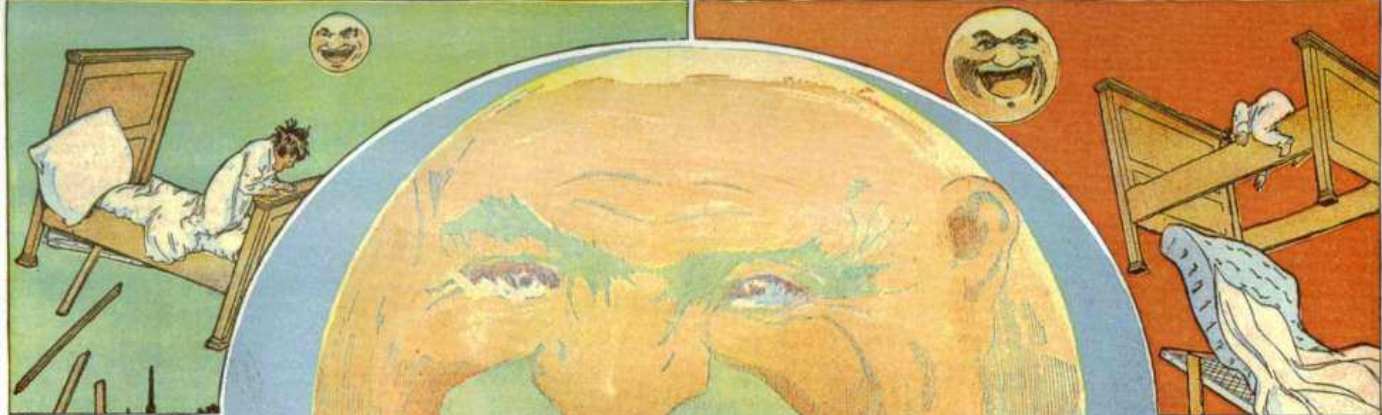
11 THAT HE COULD NOT FIND HIS WAY INTO THE HOUSE, HIS ONE AIM WAS TO FIND OUT WHAT HAD BECOME OF PAPA AND MAMA. SO HE PLUNGED INTO

12 THE GREAT OCEAN OF CLOUDY STALKS, ON THE BANKS OF THE LAKE. 13 HE SOON BECAME LOST HOWEVER AND BEGAN BAWLING.

14 UNTIL HIS GRANDPA CAME IN AND QUIETED HIM.



LITTLE NEMO WAS NICELY SNOOZING WHEN A FEELING OF (5) CEILING WARD, AND WHILE IT ASTONISHED HIM, IT ALSO INTERESTED HIM. HE FELT THE BED ASCENDING AND HIM CONSIDERABLY. NEMO WAS RATHER INCLINED TO ENJOY THE SENSATION WHEN HE WAS STARTLED BY A SLAT DROPPING FROM UNDERNEATH AND FROM THEN ON HE WAS ALL EXCITEMENT.



DELIGHTFUL TRIP THROUGH THE SKY, BUT THE WASHING OF HIS BED PIECE BY PIECE, (6) KEPT HIM SO BUSY GUESSING THAT SIGHT-SEEING WAS OUT OF THE QUESTION. THE

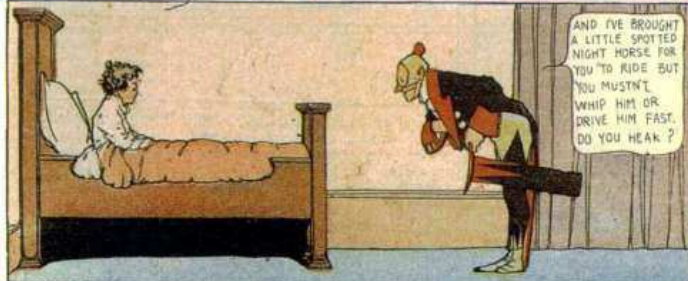


HE ARRIVED AT THE MOON, WHERE HE WAS NOT CORDIALLY RECEIVED, ALTHOUGH HE WAS ALL BUT EXHAUSTED AND ANXIOUS TO LAND SOME PLACE. NEMO HESITATED WHEN HE SAW THE VAST DOORWAY, HOWEVER.

NIGHT WAS CLEAR, BUT WINDY. NEMO WAS REALLY SHIPWRECKED IN THE AIR, AND WHILE THE GALE WHISTLED THROUGH THE RIGGING, NEMO WAS SEEN DESPERATELY STRUGGLING WITH THE RAMPARTS OF HIS BED. BUT IT SEEMED OUR BRAVE BOY MUST SOON PERISH UNTIL



HE CAUGHT HIS HEAD AND DISCOURAGED HEAD. IT WAS ALMOST DARK FOR LUNATIC TO PURSUE. LITTLE NEMO BUT HE MEANT NO. (10) HE WISHED ONLY TO BRING NEMO TO SLUMBERLAND WHERE A WEeping PRINCESS AWAITED, BUT NEMO COULD NOT, WOULD NOT LISTEN. HIS ONLY THOUGHT WAS HOME AND HOW TO GET THERE. WHEN HE RAN COMPLETELY AROUND THE MOON SOME (11) DOZENS OF TIMES HE BECAME SO BITTERLY EXHAUSTED THAT HE DROPT UP THE CHASE AND SCREAMED UNTIL HE AWAKED.



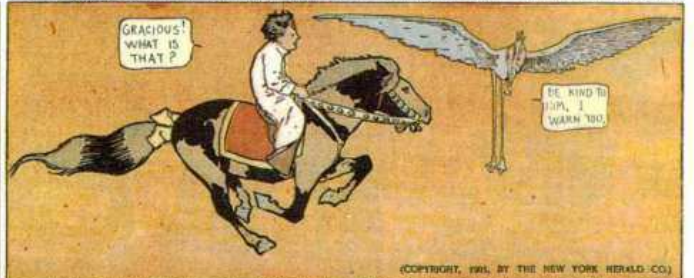
1 LITTLE NEMO HAD JUST FALLEN ASLEEP WHEN AN OOMP APPEARED WHO SAID, "YOU ARE REQUESTED TO APPEAR BEFORE HIS MAJESTY MORPHEUS OF SLUMBERLAND."



2 NEMO WAS SURPRISED AS WELL AS DELIGHTED TO RECEIVE THE KING'S INVITATION, SO HE SCRAMBLED OUT OF BED AND MOUNTED THE PRANCING PONY WHICH NOW APPEARED.



3 SLUMBERLAND IS A LONG WAY OFF THROUGH MANY MILES OF WEIRD SCENES," SAID OOMP, "BUT BE GOOD TO YOUR HORSE, AND YOU WILL ARRIVE THERE SAFE AND SOUND."



4 AFTER TRAVELING SOME THOUSANDS OF MILES HE MET THE OOMP IN DISGUISE WHO CAUTIONED HIM AGAIN TO BE CAREFUL ABOUT SPEEDING HIS FAITHFUL MOUNT.



5 NEMO OBEYED UNTIL HE CAME UP WITH A GREEN KANGAROO WHO CHALLENGED HIM TO A RACE. HE ACCEPTED BECAUSE HE THOUGHT IT WOULD BE SO EASY TO WIN WITH SOMNUS.



6 WHEN HE FOUND THE RACE WAS TO BE A FREE-FOR-ALL HURDLE RACE WITH ALL MANNER OF STRANGE LOOKING CREATURES ALSO CONTESTING, HE PROCEEDED TO WITHDRAW FROM IT.



7 NOT SO WITH SOMNUS, HER SPUNK WAS UP NEMO FOUND HER BEYOND HIS CONTROL AND RUNNING AWAY. TRY AS HE MIGHT NEMO COULD NOT HOLD HER BACK.



8 THEY FAIRLY FLEW THROUGH THE SKY UNTIL SOMNUS STUMBLED ON A STAR. NEMO CLUTCHED AT THE SADDLE, BUT COULD NOT HOLD FAST, SO OVER HE WENT.



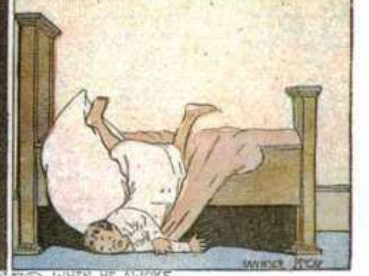
9 DOWN, DOWN, DOWN HE SHOT THROUGH MILES AND MILES OF SPACE.



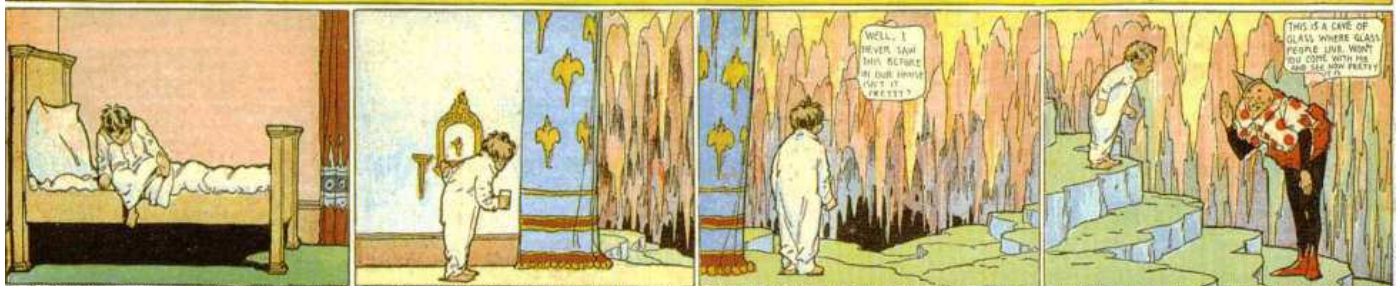
10 OVER AND OVER HE TURNED IN HIS DESCENT CAUSING INTENSE ANGUISH.



11 AND BECOMING SO DIZZY THAT HE THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO DIE HE BEGAN TO SCREAM.



12 WHEN HE AWOKE.



1 IT WAS ABOUT MIDNIGHT WHEN NEMO BECAME SO THIRSTY THAT HE MUST GET UP AND GET A DRINK OF WATER. WHILE DOING SO
2 HE NOTICED SOMETHING ABOUT THE HOUSE THAT HE HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE, WHERE HIS PLAY ROOM SHOULD BE, A CAVE OF GLASS NOW
3 APPEARING HIS CURIOSITY LED HIM INTO THE PLACE, WHICH HELD HIM SPEECHLESS, WITH ITS MARVELOUS BEAUTY, ON HIS TOUR OF INSPECTION
4 HE MET BULLDOGE, WHO INTRODUCED NEMO TO HIS POLITENESS AND HIS WONDERFUL DESCRIPTION OF HOW HIMSELF AND ALL THE PEOPLE WHO



5 LIVED THERE, WERE MADE OF GLASS AND OF THE LITTLE GREEN CRYSTALLETTES, WHOM NEMO MUST MEET AND KNOW.
6 WHEN HE WAS INTRODUCED TO CRYSTALLETTE, HE FELL DEEPENLY IN LOVE WITH HER, BUT HE MUST NOT TOUCH HER AS SHE WAS ONE OF THE MOST TREASURED OF DEPTHS, KNOWN TO EYES
7 SHE INVITED NEMO TO HER HOME IN SLUMBERLAND, WHICH DELIGHTED HIM IMMENSELY, AND THEY PROCEEDED DOWN THE GLISSING AVENUE IN GRAND STYLE UNTIL BULLDOGE BEGAN TO STRUGGLE TO TAKE HER HAND, ALTHOUGH CAUTIONED REPEATEDLY THAT CRYSTALLETTE AS WELL AS THE OTHERS

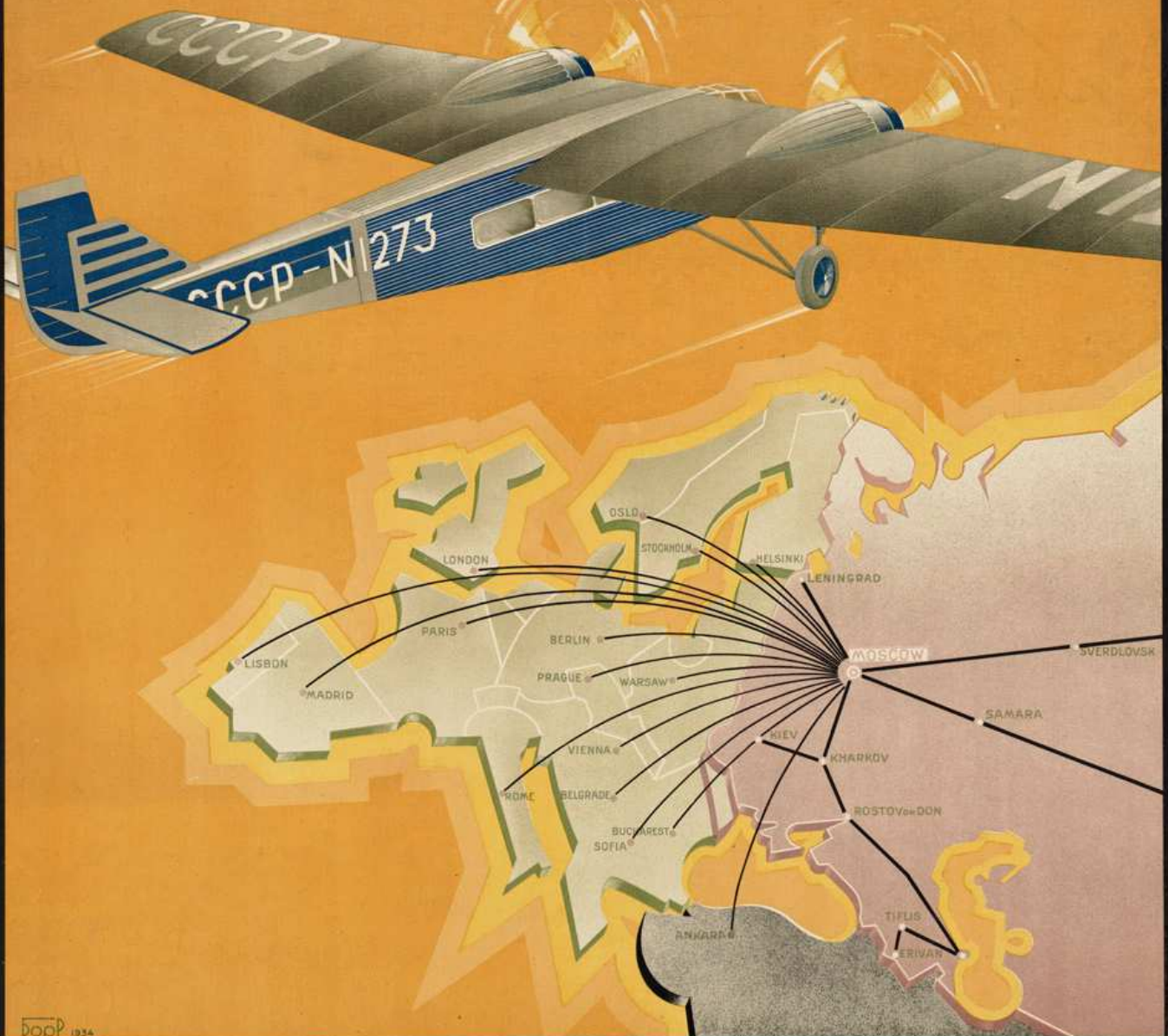


8 WERE OF GLASS, AND WOULD BREAK EASILY, NEMO INSISTED ON MAKING TROUBLE. "DON'T YOU LIEK BREAK HER AND US TOO?" BULLDOGE SCREAMED, BUT NEMO, BLIND AND DEAF WITH INFATUATION, LEAPED FORWARD AND WELL, IT WAS THE LAST OF HER CRYSTALLETTE WAS SHOWN AND THOUSANDS OF
9 THREE, KNOWING HIS SECRET, PAINTED, TALKING AGAINST AND SPARKING BULLDOGE AND THE GLASS GUARDS, THE NOISE UP ALL THE CRASHING AND JANGLING
10 GLASS CAN ONLY BE IMAGINED. NEMO WAS UTTERLY DUMFOUNDED, WHAT WAS A MINUTE BEFORE THE



11 BEAUTIFUL GREEN CRYSTALLETTE, AND HER, RE-ENTANGLED AND DE-TWEELED RETINUE, WERE NOW A HEAP OF SPLITTERS, A MASS OF
12 JAGGED FRAGMENTS, NEMO UNWITTINGLY AND FRIGHTENED, MADE A WILD DASH FOR HIM, WISER BUT Sadder THAN WHEN HE
13 CAME. THE PASTER HE RAN THE LOUDER HE YELLED FOR HIS PAPA OR ANYBODY WHO WOULD COME, WITH
14 THE GROANS OF THE DYING GUARDSMEN STILL RINGING IN HIS EARS, HE AWOKE

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Virginia Woolf is a celebrated author and a keen observer of current literary lights. This reflection on Jane Austen and her work widens our appreciation of both writers



Jane Austen by Virginia Woolf

It is probable that if Miss Cassandra Austen had had her way we should have had nothing of Jane Austen's except her novels. To her elder sister alone did she write freely; to her alone she confided her hopes and, if rumour is true, the one great disappointment of her life; but when Miss Cassandra Austen grew old, and the growth of her sister's fame made her suspect that a time might come when strangers would pry and scholars speculate, she burnt, at great cost to herself, every letter that could gratify their curiosity, and spared only what she judged too trivial to be of interest.

Hence our knowledge of Jane Austen is derived from a little gossip, a few letters, and her books. As for the gossip, gossip which has survived its day is never despicable; with a little rearrangement it suits our purpose admirably. For example, Jane "is not at all pretty and very prim, unlike a girl of twelve . . . Jane is whimsical and affected," says little Philadelphia Austen of her cousin. Then we have Mrs. Mitford, who knew the Austens as girls and thought Jane "the prettiest, silliest, most affected husband-hunting butterfly she ever remembers ". Next, there is Miss Mitford's anonymous friend "who visits her now [and] says that she has stiffened into the most perpendicular, precise, taciturn piece of 'single blessedness' that ever existed, and that, until *Pride and Prejudice* showed what a precious gem was hidden in that unbending case, she was no more regarded in society than a poker or firescreen. . . . The case is very different now", the good lady goes on; "she is still a poker—but a poker of whom everybody is afraid. . . . A wit, a delineator of character, who does not talk is terrific indeed!" On the other side, of course, there are the Austens, a race little given to panegyric of themselves, but nevertheless, they say, her brothers "were very fond and very proud of her. They were attached to her by her talents, her virtues, and her engaging manners, and each loved afterwards to fancy a resemblance in some niece or daughter of his own to the dear sister Jane, whose perfect equal they yet never expected to see." Charming but perpendicular, loved at home but feared by strangers, biting of tongue but tender of heart—these contrasts are by no means incompatible, and when we turn to the novels we shall find ourselves stumbling there too over the same complexities in the writer.

To begin with, that prim little girl whom Philadelphia found so unlike a child of twelve, whimsical and affected, was soon to be the authoress of an astonishing and unchildish story, *Love and Freindship*,¹ which, incredible though it appears, was written at the age of fifteen. It was written, apparently, to amuse the schoolroom; one of the stories in the same book is dedicated with mock solemnity to her brother; another is neatly illustrated with water-colour heads by her sister. These are jokes which, one feels, were family property; thrusts of satire, which went home because all little Austens made mock in common of fine ladies who "sighed and fainted on the sofa".

Brothers and sisters must have laughed when Jane read out loud her last hit at the vices which they all abhorred. "I die a martyr to my grief for the loss of Augustus. One fatal swoon has cost me my life. Beware of Swoons, Dear Laura. . . . Run mad as often as you *chuse*, but do not faint. . . ." And on she rushed, as fast as she could write and quicker than she could spell, to tell the incredible adventures of Laura and Sophia, of Philander and Gustavus, of the gentleman who drove a coach between Edinburgh and *Stirling* every other day, of the theft of the fortune that was kept in the table drawer, of the starving mothers and the sons who acted Macbeth. Undoubtedly, the story must have roused the schoolroom to uproarious laughter. And yet, nothing is more obvious than that this girl of fifteen, sitting in her private corner of the common parlour, was writing not to draw a laugh from brother and sisters, and not for home consumption. She was writing for everybody, for nobody, for our age, for her own; in other words, even at that early age Jane Austen was writing. One hears it in the rhythm and shapeliness and severity of the sentences. "She was nothing more than a mere good-tempered, civil, and obliging young woman; as such we could scarcely dislike her—she was only an object of contempt." Such a sentence is meant to outlast the Christmas holidays. Spirited, easy, full of fun, verging with freedom upon sheer nonsense,—*Love and Freindship* is all that; but what is this note which never merges in the rest, which sounds distinctly and penetratingly all through the volume? It is the sound of laughter. The girl of fifteen is laughing, in her corner, at the world.

Girls of fifteen are always laughing. They laugh when Mr. Binney helps himself to salt instead of sugar. They almost die of laughing when old Mrs. Tomkins sits down upon the cat. But they are crying the moment after. They have no fixed abode from which they see that there is something eternally laughable in human nature, some quality in men and women that *for ever* excites our satire. They do not know that Lady Greville who snubs, and poor Maria who is snubbed, are permanent features of every ballroom. But Jane Austen knew it from her birth upwards. One of those fairies who perch upon cradles must have taken her a flight through the world directly she was born. When she was laid in the cradle again she

knew not only what the world looked like, but had already chosen her kingdom. She had agreed that if she might rule over that territory, she would covet no other. Thus at fifteen she had few illusions about other people and none about herself. Whatever she writes is finished and turned and set in its relation, not to the parsonage, but to the universe. She is impersonal; she is inscrutable. When the writer, Jane Austen, wrote down in the most remarkable sketch in the book a little of Lady Greville's conversation, there is no trace of anger at the snub which the clergyman's daughter, Jane Austen, once received. Her gaze passes straight to the mark, and we know precisely where, upon the map of human nature, that mark is. We know because Jane Austen kept to her compact; she never trespassed beyond her boundaries. Never, even at the emotional age of fifteen, did she round upon herself in shame, obliterate a sarcasm in a spasm of compassion, or blur an outline in a mist of rhapsody. Spasms and rhapsodies, she seems to have said, pointing with her stick, end *there*; and the boundary line is perfectly distinct. But she does not deny that moons and mountains and castles exist--on the other side. She has even one romance of her own. It is for the Queen of Scots. She really admired her very much. "One of the first characters in the world", she called her, "a bewitching Princess whose only friend was then the Duke of Norfolk, and whose only ones now Mr. Whitaker, Mrs. Lefroy, Mrs. Knight and myself." With these words her passion is neatly circumscribed, and rounded with a laugh. It is amusing to remember in what terms the young Brontë's wrote, not very much later, in their northern parsonage, about the Duke of Wellington.

The prim little girl grew up. She became "the prettiest, silliest, most affected husband-hunting butterfly" Mrs. Mitford ever remembered, and, incidentally, the authoress of a novel called *Pride and Prejudice*, which, written stealthily under cover of a creaking door, lay for many years unpublished. A little later, it is thought, she began another story, *The Watsons*, and being for some reason dissatisfied with it, left it unfinished. The second-rate works of a great writer are worth reading because they offer the best criticism of his masterpieces. Here her difficulties are more apparent, and the method she took to overcome them less artfully concealed. To begin with, the stiffness and the bareness of the first chapters prove that she was one of those writers who lay their facts out rather baldly in the first version and then go back and back and back and cover them with flesh and atmosphere. How it would have been done we cannot say--by what suppressions and insertions and artful devices. But the miracle would have been accomplished; the dull history of fourteen years of family life would have been converted into another of those exquisite and apparently effortless introductions; and we should never have guessed what pages of preliminary drudgery Jane Austen forced her pen to go through. Here we perceive that she was no conjuror

after all. Like other writers, she had to create the atmosphere in which her own peculiar genius could bear fruit. Here she fumbles; here she keeps us waiting. Suddenly she has done it; now things can happen as she likes things to happen. The Edwardses are going to the ball. The Tomlinsons' carriage is passing, she can tell us that Charles is "being provided with his gloves and told to keep them on"; Tom Musgrave retreats to a remote corner with a barrel of oysters and is famously snug. Her genius is freed and active. At once our senses quicken; we are possessed with the peculiar intensity which she alone can impart. But of what is it all composed? Of a ball in a country town; a few couples meeting and taking hands in an assembly room; a little eating and drinking, and for catastrophe, a boy being snubbed by one young lady and kindly treated by another. There is no tragedy and no heroism. Yet for some reason the little scene is moving out of all proportion to its surface solemnity. We have been made to see that if Emma acted so in the ball-room, how considerate, how tender, inspired by what sincerity of feeling she would have shown herself in those graver crises of life which, as we watch her, come inevitably before our eyes. Jane Austen is thus a mistress of much deeper emotion than appears upon the surface. She stimulates us to supply what is not there. What she offers is, apparently, a trifle, yet is composed of something that expands in 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 Osborne and Tom Musgrave make their call at five minutes before three, just as Mary is bringing in the tray 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 dialogue keep us on the tenterhooks of suspense. Our attention is half upon the present moment, half upon the future. And when, in the end, Emma behaves in such a way as to vindicate our highest hopes of her, we are moved as if we had been made witnesses of a matter of the highest importance. Here, indeed, in this unfinished and in the main inferior story, are all the elements of Jane Austen's greatness. It has the permanent quality of literature. Think away the surface animation, the likeness to life, and there remains, to provide a deeper pleasure, an exquisite discrimination of human values. Dismiss this too from the mind and one can dwell with extreme satisfaction upon the more abstract art which, in the ball-room scene, so varies the emotions and proportions the parts that it is possible to enjoy it, as one enjoys poetry, for itself, and not as a link which carries the story this way and that.

But the gossip says of Jane Austen that she was perpendicular, precise, and taciturn--"a poker of whom everybody is afraid". Of this too there are traces; she could be merciless enough; she is one of the most consistent satirists in the whole

of literature. Those first angular chapters of *The Watsons* prove that hers was not a prolific genius; she had not, like Emily Brontë, merely to open the door to make herself felt. Humbly and gaily she collected the twigs and straws out of which the nest was to be made and placed them neatly together. The twigs and straws were a little dry and a little dusty in themselves. There was the big house and the little house; a tea party, a dinner party, and an occasional picnic; life was hedged in by valuable connections and adequate incomes; by muddy roads, wet feet, and a tendency on the part of the ladies to get tired; a little principle supported it, a little consequence, and the education commonly enjoyed by upper middle-class families living in the country. Vice, adventure, passion were left outside. But of all this prosiness, of all this littleness, she evades nothing, and nothing is slurred over. Patiently and precisely she tells us how they "made no stop anywhere till they reached Newbury, where a comfortable meal, uniting dinner and supper, wound up the enjoyments and fatigues of the day". Nor does she pay to conventions merely the tribute of lip homage; she believes in them besides accepting them. When she is describing a clergyman, like Edmund Bertram, or a sailor, in particular, she appears debarred by the sanctity of his office from the free use of her chief tool, the comic genius, and is apt therefore to lapse into decorous panegyric or matter-of-fact description. But these are exceptions; for the most part her attitude recalls the anonymous lady's ejaculation—"A wit, a delineator of character, who does not talk is terrific indeed!" She wishes neither to reform nor to annihilate; she is silent; and that is terrific indeed. One after another she creates her fools, her prigs, her worldlings, her Mr. Collinses, her Sir Walter Elliotts, her Mrs. Bennets. She encircles them with the lash of a whip-like phrase which, as it runs round them, cuts out their silhouettes for ever. But there they remain; no excuse is found for them and no mercy shown them. Nothing remains of Julia and Maria Bertram when she has done with them; Lady Bertram is left "sitting and calling to Pug and trying to keep him from the flower-beds" eternally. A divine justice is meted out; Dr. Grant, who begins by liking his goose tender, ends by bringing on "apoplexy and death, by three great institutionary dinners in one week". Sometimes it seems as if her creatures were born merely to give Jane Austen the supreme delight of slicing their heads off. She is satisfied; she is content; she would not alter a hair on anybody's head, or move one brick or one blade of grass in a world which provides her with such exquisite delight.

Nor, indeed, would we. For even if the pangs of outraged vanity, or the heat of moral wrath, urged us to improve away a world so full of spite, pettiness, and folly, the task is beyond our powers. People are like that--the girl of fifteen knew it; the mature woman proves it. At this very moment some Lady Bertram is trying to keep Pug from the flower beds; she sends Chapman to help Miss Fanny a little

late. The discrimination is so perfect, the satire so just, that, consistent though it is, it almost escapes our notice. No touch of pettiness, no hint of spite, rouse us from our contemplation. Delight strangely mingles with our amusement. Beauty illumines these fools.

That elusive quality is, indeed, often made up of very different parts, which it needs a peculiar genius to bring together. The wit of Jane Austen has for partner the perfection of her taste. Her fool is a fool, her snob is a snob, because he departs from the model of sanity and sense which she has in mind, and conveys to us unmistakably even while she makes us laugh. Never did any novelist make more use of an impeccable sense of human values. It is against the disc of an unerring heart, an unfailing good taste, an almost stern morality, that she shows up those deviations from kindness, truth, and sincerity which are among the most delightful things in English literature. She depicts a Mary Crawford in her mixture of good and bad entirely by this means. She lets her rattle on against the clergy, or in favour of a baronetage and ten thousand a year, with all the ease and spirit possible; but now and again she strikes one note of her own, very quietly, 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 solemnity even, which are not only as remarkable as her wit, but an inseparable part of it. In *The Watsons* she gives us a foretaste 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 dull 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 triviality, from commonplace, 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 subsides again to become part of the ebb and flow of ordinary existence.

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 existence, of parties, picnics, and country dances? No "suggestions to alter her style of writing" from the Prince Regent or Mr. Clarke could tempt her; no romance, no adventure, no politics or intrigue could hold a candle to life on a country-house staircase as she saw it. Indeed, the Prince Regent and his librarian had run their heads against a very formidable obstacle; they were trying to tamper with an incorruptible conscience, to disturb an infallible discretion. The child who formed her sentences so finely when she was fifteen never ceased to form them, and never

wrote for the Prince Regent or his Librarian, but for the world at large. She knew exactly what her powers were, and what material they were fitted to deal with as material should be dealt with by a writer whose standard of finality was high. There were impressions that lay outside her province; emotions that by no stretch or artifice could be properly coated and covered by her own resources. For example, she could not make a girl talk enthusiastically of banners and chapels. She could not throw herself whole-heartedly into a romantic moment. She had all sorts of devices for evading scenes of passion. Nature and its beauties she approached in a sidelong way of her own. She describes a beautiful night without once mentioning the moon. Nevertheless, as we read the few formal phrases about "the brilliancy of an unclouded night and the contrast of the deep shade of the woods", the night is at once as "solemn, and soothing, and lovely" as she tells us, quite simply, that it was.

The balance of her gifts was singularly perfect. Among her finished novels there are no failures, and among her many chapters few that sink markedly below the level of the others. But, after all, she died at the age of forty-two. She died at the height of her powers. She was still subject to those changes which often make the final period of a writer's career the most interesting of all. Vivacious, irrepressible, gifted with an invention of great vitality, there can be no doubt that she would have written more, had she lived, and it is tempting to consider whether she would not have written differently. The boundaries were marked; moons, mountains, and castles lay on the other side. But was she not sometimes tempted to trespass for a minute? Was she not beginning, in her own gay and brilliant manner, to contemplate a little voyage of discovery?

Let us take *Persuasion*, the last completed novel, and look by its light at the books she might have written had she lived. There is a peculiar beauty and a peculiar dullness in *Persuasion*. The dullness is that which so often marks the transition stage between two different periods. The writer is a little bored. She has grown too familiar with the ways of her world; she no longer notes them freshly. There is an asperity in her comedy which suggests that she has almost ceased to be amused by the vanities of a Sir Walter or the snobbery of a Miss Elliott. The satire is harsh, and the comedy crude. She is no longer so freshly aware of the amusements of daily life. Her mind is not altogether on her object. But, while we feel that Jane Austen has done this before, and done it better, we also feel that she is trying to do something which she has never yet attempted. There is a new element in *Persuasion*, the quality, perhaps, that made Dr. Whewell fire up and insist that it was "the most beautiful of her works". She is beginning to discover that the world is larger, more mysterious, and more romantic than she had supposed. We feel it to be true of herself when she says of Anne: "She had been

forced into prudence in her youth, she learned romance as she grew older--the natural sequel of an unnatural beginning". She dwells frequently upon the beauty and the melancholy of nature, upon the autumn where she had been wont to dwell upon the spring. She talks of the "influence so sweet and so sad of autumnal months in the country". She marks "the tawny leaves and withered hedges". "One does not love a place the less because one has suffered in it", she observes. But it is not only in a new sensibility to nature that we detect the change. Her attitude to life itself is altered. She is seeing it, for the greater part of the book, through the eyes of a woman who, unhappy herself, has a special sympathy for the happiness and unhappiness of others, which, until the very end, she is forced to comment upon in silence. Therefore the observation is less of facts and more of feelings than is usual. There is an expressed emotion in the scene at the concert and in the famous talk about woman's constancy which proves not merely the biographical fact that Jane Austen had loved, but the aesthetic fact that she was no longer afraid to say so. Experience, when it was of a serious kind, had to sink very deep, and to be thoroughly disinfected by the passage of time, before she allowed herself to deal with it in fiction. But now, in 1817, she was ready. Outwardly, too, in her circumstances, a change was imminent. Her fame had grown very slowly. "I doubt", wrote Mr. Austen Leigh, "whether it would be possible to mention any other author of note whose personal obscurity was so complete." Had she lived a few more years only, all that would have been altered. She would have stayed in London, dined out, lunched out, met famous people, made new friends, read, travelled, and carried back to the quiet country cottage a hoard of observations to feast upon at leisure.

And what effect would all this have had upon the six novels that Jane Austen did not write? She would not have written of crime, of passion, or of adventure. She would not have been rushed by the importunity of publishers or the flattery of friends into slovenliness or insincerity. But she would have known more. Her sense of security would have been shaken. Her comedy would have suffered. She would have trusted less (this is already perceptible in *Persuasion*) to dialogue and more to reflection to give us a knowledge of her characters. Those marvellous little speeches which sum up, in a few minutes' chatter, all that we need in order to know an Admiral Croft or a Mrs. Musgrove for ever, that shorthand, hit-or-miss method which contains chapters of analysis and psychology, would have become too crude to hold all that she now perceived of the complexity of human nature. She would have devised a method, clear and composed as ever, but deeper and more suggestive, for conveying not only what people say, but what they leave unsaid; not only what they are, but what life is. She would have stood farther away from her characters, and seen them more as a

group, less as individuals. Her satire, while it played less incessantly, would have been more stringent and severe. She would have been the forerunner of Henry James and of Proust—but enough. Vain are these speculations: the most perfect artist among women, the writer whose books are immortal, died "just as she was beginning to feel confidence in her own success".



Virginia Woolf

Jane Austen





M. EMILY GARY
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