

# Letter from Chicago

Winter 2010

Saturday, February 20, 2010

The Parthenon Restaurant, 314 S. Halsted, Chicago  
Noon to 3:00 pm † Free Valet Parking

## Northanger Abbey

Lunch, Panel and Book Discussion

William Phillips—Gothic Inspirations

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Ronnie Jo Sokol—Plot Development

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Natalie Goldberg—Friendship

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Jeffrey Nigro—The Role of Bath

### LUNCH REGISTRATION FORM

Members: \$25; Guests: \$35

Registration deadline: February 15, 2010

Member Name \_\_\_\_\_

Guest(s) Name(s) \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

E-mail \_\_\_\_\_ Phone \_\_\_\_\_ Amount enclosed \$ \_\_\_\_\_

#### You can register by

1. Going online to [www.jasnachicago.org](http://www.jasnachicago.org) and pay using your Visa or MasterCard.
- or
2. Mailing your check—payable to JASNA-GCR—and this form to Elsie Holzwarth, 1410 East 55th Street, Chicago, IL 60615-5409.

## February Luncheon

In rereading *Northanger Abbey*, I was struck by the way Jane Austen emphasizes Catherine Morland's very ordinary qualities as she grows up a tomboy with her brothers. She isn't a striking beauty, she hasn't an ironic wit or particular brilliance, and she lacks ambition. She thinks she'd like to play the piano but is impatient with practicing and glad to stop lessons. Her parents are kind and sensible but let their daughters "shift for themselves" when it comes to their education and feminine accomplishments. When neighbors kindly take Catherine to Bath, her mother's sole advice is for her to stay warm and keep an account of her expenses. We are told that Catherine is as "ignorant and unformed as any young woman of seventeen." Yet she has an affectionate heart, an open and pleasant disposition and "when in good looks, pretty." This unlikely heroine marries Austen's most appealing man. Okay, those who are infatuated with Colin Firth's Darcy will argue that Henry Tilney is not the best suitor of all—but reread this novel and you will be struck by his intelligence, imagination and wit. Is he like Austen's favorite brother Henry? Why would this sophisticated man fall in love with Catherine? Member **Shirley Holbrook** reminded me that Catherine is good and appealing—she shows much empathy, even if she's quite naive—and she is a reader. Now she focuses on her Gothic novels, but she is capable of learning and being directed in her reading. "Maybe," argued Shirley, "she'll even read Jane Austen!"

*Northanger Abby* will be the focus of our panel and open discussion at our winter meeting at the Parthenon. This hilarious novel is the theme for the upcoming AGM in Portland. Join our discussion as you enjoy family style servings of saganaki, gyros, salad, moussaka, pastitsio,

dolmades, Athenian chicken and Baklava. Come hungry for food and conversation!

Panelist **Ronnie Jo Sokol** will direct attention to plot development, particularly some "flaws" in the structure that Austen had never corrected when she gave up trying to get the book published. (As you recall, *NA* is a posthumous novel.) I will focus on the role of friendship, especially those changing relationships that reflect Catherine's coming of age. **Jeff Nigro** will address the role of Bath and reflect on the dangers and pitfalls in this elegant and complex social setting. **William Phillips** has been reading the Gothic novels that Catherine Morland and Isabella Thorpe loved. He will share his insights about which characters most reflect Austen's satiric views of these novels. Following our panel presentations, Ronnie Jo will moderate the group discussion.

## ***Pride and Prejudice: the Musical***

Good news about *Jane Austen's Pride and Prejudice: A Musical Play*. Chamber Opera Chicago scheduled three performances at the Athenaeum Theatre, 2936 N. Southport, on February 27 and March 6 at 7:30 pm and March 7 at 3 pm. Playwrights/composers Lindsay Warren Baker and Amanda Jacobs introduced and performed selections for our Chicago AGM brunch in 2008 to great acclaim. This will be the Chicago premiere of the full production. Baker and Jacobs focus on Jane Austen revising her rejected novel, *First Impressions*, and show the author interacting with her characters. Their play "illuminates two compelling, intertwined love stories: Austen's romantic novel and the author's own passion for her work."

Tickets available via Ticketmaster or call 312-902-1500.

# Three Gothic Novels

William Phillips

## Some 18th Century Creepiness

Given *Northanger Abbey* as the theme of the 2010 AGM, a lot of us are showing an interest in the Gothic genre. In *The Jane Austen Book Club*, Grigg, the one male participant, hosts the discussion of *NA*. Grigg is a bit like Catherine Morland, thinking **Anne Radcliffe's** *The Mysteries of Udolpho* (1794) is great with its black veils and skeletons, and he's a bit like Henry Tilney, showing insight into the novel he's a part of. Grigg certainly understands the influence of *Udolpho* on *NA* better than any other character. My own growing interest in *NA* suggested that I should read a few Gothic classics.

**Horace Walpole** is credited with having invented the Gothic genre with his slim volume (really a novella), *The Castle of Otranto* (1764). According to **E.F. Bleiler** (1966), Walpole also gets credit for the interest in the Medieval during the 18th and 19th centuries. Bleiler admits that *Otranto* is not deathless prose. He notes that some contemporary critics think Walpole was pulling off a massive social joke. *Otranto* can certainly be read that way (particularly in 2010). However, no less a cultural force than **Sir Walter Scott** praises *Otranto* in his introduction to an 1803 edition. Scott credits Radcliffe's "genius" but then pretty much puts her down in relation to Walpole. (Old boys' club? Can't stand quite so many words written by someone other than himself? Who knows?) He praises Walpole for avoiding unnecessary physical description and for sticking to the kind of 'primitive' belief system (in the supernatural) that would have existed at the time during which *Otranto* is set. For example, a giant helmet crushes the heir to Otranto (off stage) in the opening scene, providing the 'hook' for the whole story. I won't test your credulity with more detail.

Several of us saw a recent stage version of the tale written and produced by the First Folio ensemble in west suburban Oak Brook. When **Jeff Nigro** and I went to see it, we thought the company couldn't quite make up its mind whether to play it for laughs or be serious (so that Sir Walter Scott would have liked it). My advice is to read *Otranto* and decide for yourself; it is, after all, brief. The fact that it is only 12% of the length of *Udolpho* may well be its most endearing quality, according to me.

Many would argue that *Udolpho* is at the pinnacle of the Gothic genre. Its length and density, however, do not make a decision to read it one to be taken lightly. I'm convinced that Henry Tilney was pulling Catherine's leg (or at least tugging a bit at her muslin) when he says that he couldn't put it down and finished it in two days with his hair standing on end the whole time. If that isn't Henry's great joke, then it is ample proof of the idleness of the idle rich; he would have had to do nothing else for two days. Perhaps it's both. As my bus reading, it took me the better part of a month to finish *Udolpho's* nearly 300,000 words on my workday trips. It's clear to me that Austen spent a lot of time with this novel. I'll be arguing elsewhere that in addition to being a 'source' of *NA*, *Udolpho* provided Austen with a lot more stuff she used in other novels, but that's a discussion for another time and place.

*Udolpho* is unquestionably over-long and there is nothing much to terrify today's reader. Nevertheless, it has much to recommend it. Radcliffe always provides a naturalistic explanation for apparently super-natural events. Scott deplored this; I liked it. Emily's literal journey, from the headwaters of the Garonne through Roussillon, via Venice, to the mountain fastness of *Udolpho* and back, expertly parallels her developmental journey.

Radcliffe can certainly be criticized for anachronisms, but finding them is part of the fun. One favorite is Emily's reference to painter Domenico Zampiere (1581–1641), who would have been three years old at the beginning of this story in 1584.

The female characters are sometimes irritating to me; however Radcliffe's 1794 reference to the vulnerability of women in 1584 is worthy (another influence on Austen?). It has only been very recently that female characters could regularly be credited with very much bravery. I have the same reaction to lots of great literature of an earlier time (Desdemona, honey—get out of the house!).

The scenic descriptions are wonderful. Having driven through the northern reaches of the Pyrenees plus Roussillon,



Northanger Abbey's Blaize Castle

and having spent time in Venice, I was much impressed with Radcliffe's descriptions of these places she never saw. Her fabulously creepy and crumbling fortress of *Udolpho* is

indeed atmospheric. It puts *Otranto* to shame for establishing a mood of mystery and anxiety. I thought of the Wicked Witch of the West's castle or Hogwarts School with Valdemort's sign floating above it.

Scott was correct when he says Radcliffe engages in very lengthy scenic descriptions and interpolates long bits of poetry into her text. Environmental descriptions (mostly interior) are found to a lesser extent in **Matthew Lewis'** *The Monk* (1796). Like Radcliffe, though, Lewis includes lots of poetry. One irony is that Walpole, who had traveled extensively, wrote with almost no exterior description

and relatively little interior. Lewis, who traveled extensively late in his life, had only been to Holland and Germany prior to writing *The Monk* (at age 19), set mostly in Spain and France (as well as Germany).

Interestingly, given her remarkably painterly descriptions of southern France (alluded to by Catherine in *NA*), Radcliffe's only foreign travel (ever) was to Holland and Germany. She was a perceptive user of others' travel writing, however. Jacqueline Howard (Intro to Penguin Classic edition of *Udolpho*) notes that Radcliffe drew heavily on Hester Thrale Piozzi's descriptions of Venice.

Let's turn briefly to *The Monk*. Unless you have literary credentials to maintain or other technical reasons, I wouldn't inflict this novel on yourself. Ambrosio's descent from virtue into depravity and finally damnation is not that engagingly told. The writing style is long-winded, disjointed, sesquipedalian, often incomprehensible. For me, the writing choices provide the true "terror" in the novel.

I'm not a reader who requires a totally linear narrative. However, try this for digression. Volume I, Chapter ii ends with Ambrosio falling into his first sexual embrace. The next chapter begins the back story of Raymond and Agnes (one of the nice couples) which straddles the boundary into Volume II and occupies more text than the whole length of *Otranto* before we return to the evil monk. Ambrosio's violent end in the last few pages is no compensation for the long slog through *The Monk*. My advice: DON'T read this novel; just read ABOUT it.

Each novel has its "Gothic heavy," but *Udolpho's* Montoni is much more thoroughly and believably drawn than either Manfred (*Otranto*) or Ambrosio (*The Monk*). All three tales have the required convoluted family relationships to unravel. Here too, those in *Udolpho* get the highest marks for believability in context. Read *Otranto* because it doesn't cost you much. Read *Udolpho* because it is challenging, often beautifully written, and clearly an influence on Austen. Leave *The Monk* on the shelf.

## Letter from Chawton

*“Everybody is very much concerned at our going away, and everybody is acquainted with Chawton, and speaks of it as a remarkably pretty village, and everybody knows the house we describe, but nobody fixes on the right.”*

Jane Austen to her sister Cassandra,  
December 9, 1808

By the time my JASNA-GCR friends read this article, I will have left the “remarkably pretty village” which Jane Austen, in the letter above, described to her sister Cassandra in eager anticipation, almost exactly half a year before she would move to Chawton and make it her home. My month’s stay here has been delightful, and I am not quite reconciled to the speed with which my days have passed. Hampshire loves its traditions and celebrates them in style, and it seems only days since the village had its luminous November Guy Fawkes Bonfire celebrations; yet by now, Alton and Winchester have switched on their Christmas lights and begun the Advent season. To understand my reluctance to leave, you must have the same idea of heaven as I: reading in a rare-books library and living in Austen-land. I had both for the month of November, and I am sad to see it all come to an end.

The weather was perfect for almost the entire month. “Seasons of mists and mellow fruitfulness,” as Keats described it in his *Ode to Autumn*, which he penned on one of his walks around the river meadows that surround the lovely, ancient city of Winchester, where, of course, Jane Austen died and is buried. I followed in Keats’ and Austen’s footsteps, recreating the excursions that she made into the country, to Alton, and to neighboring villages, each one almost as picturesque as Chawton. You can still pass through the arbors and climb up hills from where you may enjoy



At the gate to Chawton House Gardens

country, and the area around Chawton is a pastoral arcadia that still inspires writers, painters and scholars.

And then there is Chawton House Library itself, not to be confused with Jane Austen House Museum, also located here. The Jane Austen House Museum, her home from 1809, is devoted exclusively to her memory and legacy. Neighboring Chawton House was one of several estates owned by her brother Edward Austen-Knight, who offered his sisters, their mother and a friend the former bailiff’s cottage in the village. Austen would walk up to the great house when her brother was in residence; she dined and danced here, and one descendant of the Knight family claimed that she wrote in one of the rooms, as well, although that assertion remains yet to be proven. Chawton House is now perhaps grander than when Austen knew it, restored by Sandy Lerner and the trust she founded, transformed into a library for women writing during “the long eighteenth century.”

The reason for my visit has been to research my book on Austen and love, and I have consulted eighteenth-century novels, conduct books, religious works, marriage guides, and philosophical

treatises. The Chawton House staff has been most helpful: Librarian Jacqui Grainger has been an excellent resource, who found answers to my questions about Austen's possible connections and inspirations. Educational Officer Sarah Parry has been kindness itself, turning out to be an authority on the history of the country house. Gillian Dow organizes the fellows' programs, among them the seminars, meetings between the researchers, University of Southampton staff, and students. Friends of Chawton House Library and interested members of the public add a friendly, collegiate atmosphere over tea and cakes to the otherwise academic setting of the Fellows' lectures.

The seminar at which I gave my lecture had record attendance, I am happy to say: to Austen and the subject of love must go the credit. However, before Austenites apply to Chawton House, they should understand this important fact: the library is dedicated to eighteenth-century women's literature in general, and Austen is only one among the many female writers to whom its collection pays tribute. Among four fellows in residence this autumn, I was the only who worked on Austen and excited to be living in the village just for the sake of breathing "the spirit of the place." Thus, I spent several of my lunch breaks walking down to Jane Austen's House and visiting Louise West, whom JASNA AGM attendees know from her wonderful work as the museum's educational director. Sarah Parry, who has also been visiting our annual JASNA meetings to report on Chawton House, sometimes accompanied me. We both loved the new shop, and I bought plenty!

Yesterday night, the winds raged (*Northanger Abbey* again), and Chawton House lost power in the evening hours. But housed in the beautifully restored

building that was once the stables, I did not mind. I felt as if I were back in Austen's time, warming myself by the glow of the fire and reading by candlelight. At heart, I was even sad when the lights came back on, and the evening, so like the ones I imagined Austen spent, was at an end. Chawton still feels much as it did in Austen's time. The village is a true haven where can one envision oneself back in her world and find inspiration to write, as she did when she lived at Chawton cottage.

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## Birthday Tea

Although our Program Chair Elisabeth Lenckos could not be with us, the annual Jane Austen Birthday Tea was another smashing success. **Jane Hunt**, a member of The Fortnightly, enlightened us on the history of this beautiful and distinguished club. **William Phillips** wrote and directed the Reader's Theatre in *First Find a Good Place to Plant Potatoes: Tales of Chawton Cottage, 1809–2009*. The fine cast was **Anna Cooper-Stanton, Jeffrey Nigro, Lori Davis** and **Anne Davis**. This was the culmination of our commemoration of the bicentenary of Austen's move to Chawton "where five novels were written or put into final form" with a total of 730,000 words. Austen moved there with her mother (the potato planter), sister Cassandra and friend Martha Lloyd. Not only were we amused and entertained, but also educated. Who realized that Martha Lloyd, by later marrying Austen's brother Francis, would, after his knighthood in 1837, be the only one who could be called "Lady Austen"? **Rebecca Dolin** gave a champagne toast to Austen and **Ronnie Jo Sokol** made a toast to one of her great admirers **Maggie Cantrall**. As always, the tea fare was delicious and the companionship delightful.

# Tea Photos



Readers' Theatre: Anna Cooper-Stanton, Jeff Nigro, Anne Davis, Lori Davis, William Phillips



Toasters Rebecca Dolin and Ronnie Jo Sokol



Registrar Martha Jameson



## Not just your Grandmother's Jane Austen! A Truth Universally Acknowledged: 33 Writers on Why We Read Jane Austen.

Ed. By Susannah Carson  
Random House, 2009. v + 292 pages,  
Hardcover. \$25.00.

My only regret is that I did not receive my copy of this book in time to recommend it for your holiday gift list. Surely this is a book to provide hours of entertainment to any reader of Jane Austen, serious or frivolous, or, like me, a fan and collector of all things Austen. Fortunately, this book has received much press and blog coverage since it was first released in November, and it is not too late to put it on your gift list for upcoming occasions—or to gift yourself! I would certainly return to reread my favorite commentators over a cup of tea or possibly some steaming cappuccino. (Austen fans cross cultures.)

I returned with delight to Michael Amis's article on *Pride and Prejudice* which first appeared in the *New Yorker* in 1999. He was the first one I recall pointing out "Austen's celebration of 'the amorous effects of brass': that is, of money, and old money, too." Americans know how sexy that can be—think of Fitzgerald's Jay Gatsby chasing his Daisy and our fascination with the lives of the Kennedy clan. Amis's essay examines how Austen "makes Mrs. Bennets of us all."

A number of the collected works has been seen in print before. In fact, one of my GCR mugs, which Margo Goia designed to raise funds for our GCR programs, has a sentence from E.M. Forster: "I am a Jane Austenite, and therefore slightly imbecile about Jane Austen." This 1993 mug now holds my cup of tea; the full essay can be savored in this collection. My 1995 mug includes a statement by Virginia Woolf: "Whatever she writes is finished and turned and set in its relation, not to the parsonage, but to the universe." This quotation appears midway in

an essay written after a "pilgrimage to Winchester Cathedral" and subsequent reflection on "the affection that Austen and her work inspire." Woolf focuses on the how and why of this personal investment in Austen—and I recommend this selection to you. Other essays also can be read elsewhere, but here are treasures ready to discover. Read how Lionel Trilling, in interviewing students for his prospective seminar on Jane Austen, discovered their passion felt for no other class—"something they wanted from Jane Austen." Writer



Eudora Welty's essay focuses on Austen's sparking vitality; critic Ian Watt examines the cultural background of Austen's language. Fay Weldon's book, *Letters to Alice on first reading Jane Austen*, written while adapting the 1985 BBC *Pride and Prejudice* (with Elizabeth Garvie), is

excerpted here. I recommend the full book, but here is a letter sure to delight.

Quite a few pieces were commissioned for this collection; let me mention just three. Susanna Clarke points out important differences in women's choices today, but we can still understand how marriage then became a career choice—"a parson's wife (Elinor, Fanny and Catherine), a landowner's wife (Elizabeth and Emma), or a ship's captain's wife (Anne)." You will love the article by Amy Heckerling which explains how she came to write *Clueless* for teens. Benjamin Nugent explains why today's adolescents need to read Austen: "to open their eyes to defeats and victories they otherwise wouldn't even have noticed . . . it can also feel like waking up." Buy this book and send it to your favorite high school English teacher!

## Austen on Stage

I caught the preview of First Folio Shakespeare Festival's original adaptation by David Rice of *The Castle of Otranto*, the Horace Walpole tale of gothic dread. To current viewers *Otranto* reads (and plays) like an extended cliché, but that's easily forgiven. As author of the debut Gothic, Walpole could counter, "In my novel, it's all, well, novel."

Though Catherine Morland never mentions *Otranto*, I entered the theatre as her proxy, quivering with dread-filled delight at first sight of the stage. If only a staircase in Northanger had led to this skull-strewn catacomb! Spending an evening with Manfred (a villain "with gimlet-eyed gusto" and the prospective father-in-law of an innocent girl) would have sated any urge to turn General Tilney into a wife murderer. Perhaps Catherine and Mr. Tilney could have avoided that blowup. And what if Mr. Tilney had escorted me to the play? I imagined Tilney beside me, equally engrossed in chuckling at the show and, possibly, at himself for caring. Walpole once wrote to Anne, Countess of Ossory, "This world is a comedy to those that think, a tragedy to those that feel." Accordingly, *Otranto* is a campy comedy as well as a pulse pounder. If Austenland decides to add rides, the Catherine Morland ride could be First Folio's *Castle of Otranto*.



But why didn't Miss M. ever gush over *Otranto*? Perhaps Catherine decided to give the cut direct to *Otranto*'s charming hero, Theodore, for choosing the *second* girl he charms. Any romance reader knows

that once Theodore helps Princess Isabella

escape the lecherous clutches of Manfred, he's obligated to fall in love with her. Like goslings, romance readers latch on to the first potential partner who shows kindness or interest in the heroine—however improbable the match. Most readers need a lot of convincing that a first-encountered isn't "the one": he has to be her brother (*Star Wars*), unattracted to women (*Dark Labyrinth, It Had to Be You*), married (*All She Ever Wanted*), out on bail for solicitation (*Summer on Blossom Street*). Jennifer Crusie, editor of *Flirting with Pride and Prejudice*, says she takes pains to make sure Mr. Right knew the girl first, if ever he won't show up until after her readers meet Mr. Not-Quite-So-Right. Seeing Princess Isabella left in the dust made me grateful that Austen played by the rules. Catherine Morland, and indeed every heroine in the Big Six, winds up with the first man with whom she establishes a rapport.

I must admit I've harbored cruel thoughts of Marianne Dashwood. Returning home from Emma Thompson's *Sense and Sensibility*, I called a friend: "I just had one question. When Marianne was dying, why did Elinor cry?" Let's admit it: until she nearly expires from a thorough wetting, Marianne is uncooperative, self-focused, excluding, imprudent, uncivil, self-indulgent, ungrateful, and intolerant. If she were Lydia Bennett, we'd smack her. But, she deserved the chance to grow up.

I didn't realize how much Marianne's youth was her sole defense until I sat front row center in The Theatre of Western Springs' *Sense and Sensibility* and saw Marianne played by a woman who was in grade school when Kennedy was shot. Knowing that Mary Martin played Peter Pan just didn't help. What I saw was a woman my age acting like a brat. Marianne's repentance speech couldn't come soon enough; however, with the age difference



erased, never before had her marriage to Colonel Brandon seemed so understandable. Less understandable was the interpretation of Edward Ferrars, whom Joe Stead, a reviewer with no preconceptions, called “hapless,” “a cheerful

loafer,” and “meek but mannerly.” Yet Vicki Ann Blair’s interpretation of Elinor was charming and fresh. With excellent comedic timing, her wry acceptance of her increasingly untenable situation elicited our compassion, and we laughed ruefully with her. Elinor and Mrs. Jennings remind us why this is a romantic comedy.

I would love to throw money at GreenMan Theatre Troupe for a number of reasons. Their *Pride and Prejudice* showed deep respect for Austen’s novel. They chose Christina Calvit’s careful adaptation and let Austen’s work guide their interpretation. Indeed, a goal was to know the story in a fuller way by the end of their seven weeks of rehearsals. Such a commitment resulted in nuanced performances—proof being Maria Knoll Benner’s Mrs. Bennet, who did not begin and remain at one shrill decibel, a common failing of Mrs. Bennets. Explaining her performance, Benner said she tried to “look at her from the inside, not just the outside.” And it didn’t take Holly Robison’s admission that she loved Elizabeth Bennet to convince me; she was one of the finest Lizzies I’ve ever seen, even on screen. Here was another production that sharpened my opinions as much as it entertained me.

I came to realize that Darcy’s my deal breaker. No big surprise, I guess. I’ve long believed he’s the hardest Austen role to play well. Darcy has so much to communicate—to excuse—with so few chances. For most of a production, Darcy is like a loosely bound and



completely gagged man; he needs to use speaking looks and slight gestures to communicate his frustration, vulnerability, and passion. And when the gag is removed, his words must sell. The GreenMan production hammered this home for me. Scott Surowiecki’s silences did not further his point, but when he opened his mouth, it was all over. When I saw the show, he hadn’t conquered the Darcy accent, despite much coaching and effort. An entire cast of excellent actors couldn’t quite make up for a missing Mr. Darcy. Yet memories remain of skillfully woven dances, Lizzie’s flawless delivery, Mrs. Bennet’s humanity, Charlotte’s deliberate contentment, and Lady Catherine’s presence.

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### In Memoriam: Maggie Cantrall



Margarete (“Maggie”) Cantrall had her own love of the theatrical. “We attended the Stratford Canada Shakespeare Festival for about 20 years,” remembers **Yuki Shelton**. Yuki and

Maggie also took a tour with David Grey, a JASNA founder, which followed Anne Marie Edwards’ book *In the Steps of Jane Austen*. Maggie then shared her slides with **Ronnie Jo Sokol** when she made the trip to Austen-country. Maggie was an early member of our region whom Yuki met more than 20 years ago when meetings were held at the Newberry Library. Ronnie Jo notes, “One of Maggie’s passions was looking for citations referring to Jane Austen in other authors’ writing. She especially hunted down Austen citations in detective fiction. Her Austen Birthday Tea toasts were always well researched and educational.” Maggie was one of the quilters who created our Jane Austen quilt replica.

Yuki rightly says, “She was an outstanding JASNA member.” Maggie taught at various educational institutions, including Downers Grove North High School and College of DuPage.

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LETTER FROM CHICAGO  
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**Saturday February 20  
Lunch**

# Calendar

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**Wishing all a healthy and happy 2010.**

- January 24** Three-part new adaptation of *Emma* begins on PBS Masterpiece Classic. Reprise of *Northanger Abbey* on February 14 and of *Persuasion* on February 21.
- February 20** Luncheon, panel and book discussion on *Northanger Abbey*, The Parthenon Restaurant, 314 S. Halsted St., Chicago. Noon–3:00 pm. Free valet parking.
- April 24** Annual Gala. *Horrors, Hats, and Helpless Young Heroines: Aspects of Northanger*. Maggiano's Little Italy, 111 W. Grand, Chicago. Continental breakfast and lunch. 9:00 am–3:00 pm

Our website is [www.jasnachicago.org](http://www.jasnachicago.org)