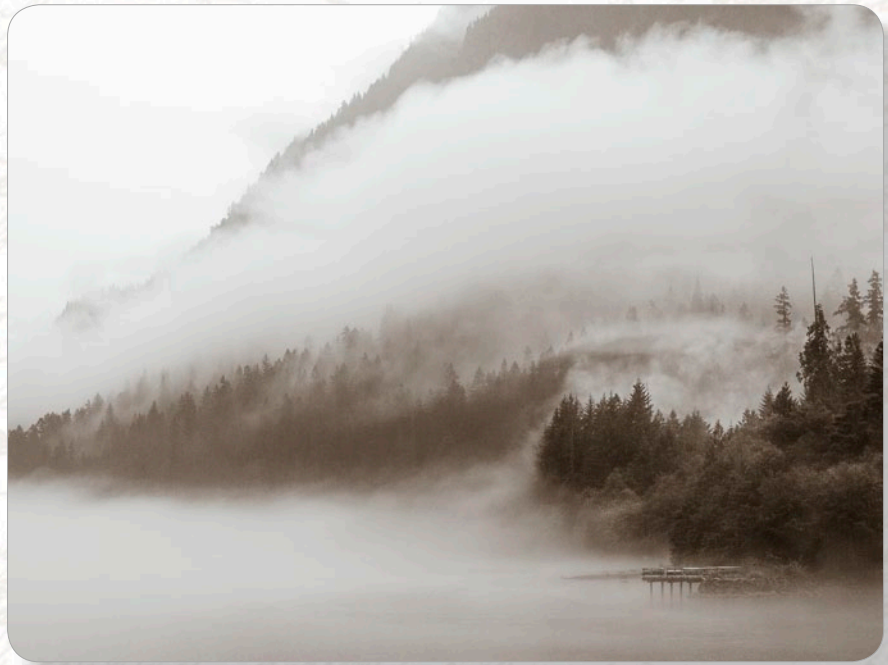




SKETCHES

*A Chapbook Series by
Brooks Jensen*



Fog in the Hills and Aits

Brooks Jensen

An ePublication of Photographs by Brooks Jensen

Inspired by Charles Dickens



Fog everywhere. Fog up the river, where it flows among green aits and meadows; fog down the river, where it rolls deified among the tiers of shipping and the waterside pollutions of a great (and dirty) city. Fog on the Essex marshes, fog on the Kentish heights. Fog creeping into the cabooses of collier-brigs; fog lying out on the yards and hovering in the rigging of great ships; fog drooping on the gunwales of barges and small boats. Fog in the eyes and throats of ancient Greenwich pensioners, wheezing by the firesides of their wards; fog in the stem and bowl of the

From the opening page of
the 1852 novel *Bleak House*
by Charles Dickens



Chapter XLV
afternoon pipe of the wrathful skipper, down in his close cabin; fog cruelly pinching the toes and fingers of his shivering little 'prentice boy on deck. Chance people on the bridges peeping over the parapets into a nether sky of fog, with fog all round them, as if they were up in a balloon and hanging in the misty clouds.



Gas looming through the fog in divers places in the streets, much as the sun may, from the spongy fields, be seen to loom by husbandman and ploughboy. Most of the shops lighted two hours before their time—as the gas seems to know, for it has a haggard and unwilling look.

Charles Dickens



Chapter XLV.



Stop him!

But Richard's great darkness rest upon the all alone. The clouds had
the clouds had the sun rest. The clouds had the sun rest. The clouds had the sun rest.
The clouds had the sun rest. The clouds had the sun rest. The clouds had the sun rest.
The clouds had the sun rest. The clouds had the sun rest. The clouds had the sun rest.
The clouds had the sun rest. The clouds had the sun rest. The clouds had the sun rest.



...which he has not experienced as many of his
...not on the ground, but on the ground, not a patch of
...the clouds had the sun rest. The clouds had the sun rest. The clouds had the sun rest.
The clouds had the sun rest. The clouds had the sun rest. The clouds had the sun rest.
The clouds had the sun rest. The clouds had the sun rest. The clouds had the sun rest.
The clouds had the sun rest. The clouds had the sun rest. The clouds had the sun rest.
The clouds had the sun rest. The clouds had the sun rest. The clouds had the sun rest.

Chapter XLVI.



Stop him!

212... *[faint handwritten text]*

Chapter XLVI.



Stop him!

212... *[faint handwritten text]*



Let us go to the... *[faint handwritten text]*

... *[faint handwritten text]*

Let us go to the... *[faint handwritten text]*

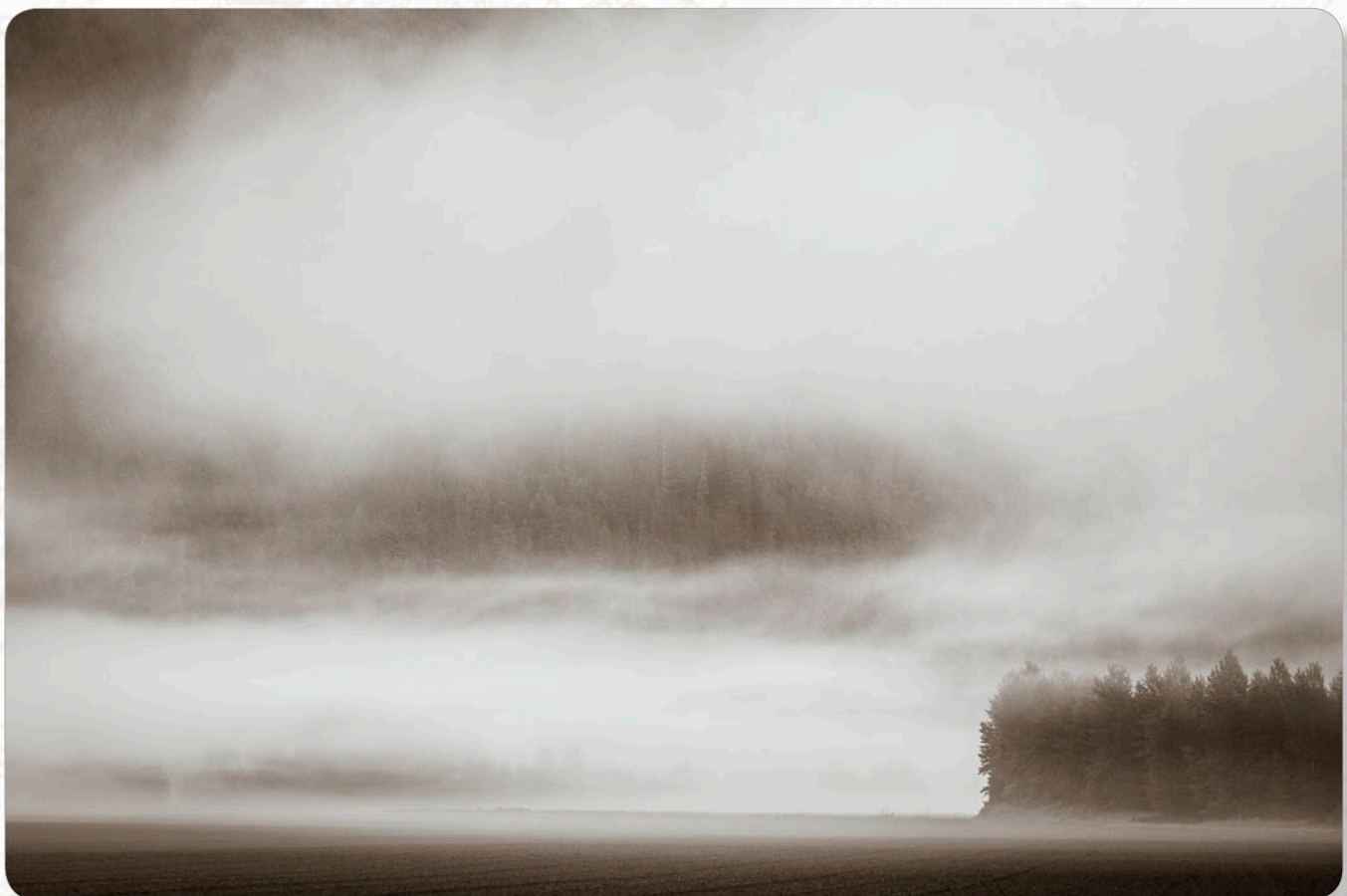
... *[faint handwritten text]*

Chapter XLV.



Stop him!

Handwritten notes in cursive script, including phrases like 'The... of... to all... it has... in...'



Handwritten notes in cursive script, including phrases like 'The... of... it has... in...'

Chapter XLVI.

Chapter XLVI.



Faded handwritten text at the bottom of the page, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the document.



Chapter XLV



Stop him!



Faint handwritten text at the top of the page, including the words 'Stop him!' and 'it has no more...'

Faint handwritten text at the bottom of the page, including the words 'The day again when...' and 'The day again when...'

Chapter XLV



Stop him!





Chapter XLV



Stop him!

Handwritten notes in cursive script, including phrases like 'The... of the... it has... of the...'



Handwritten notes in cursive script, including phrases like 'The... of the... it has... of the...'

Chapter XLV



Chapter XLV

Faint handwritten notes at the top of the page, including the words 'The Duke's' and 'The Duke's'.



Extensive faint handwritten notes at the bottom of the page, including the words 'The Duke's' and 'The Duke's'.



Just on the other side, it's just *there*, we know it is, just beyond our grasp, hidden in the fog. Enlightenment, wealth, love, fame, answers—life is lived in the fog.

Dickens used fog in his great passage from *Bleak House* to symbolize the law, but the metaphor goes much deeper, I think. What area of life is not shrouded in a foggy limitation beyond which we cannot see? As it was called by that Christian mystic lost to history, the “cloud of unknowing”—it is the impenetrable mist of our very existence. Perhaps *that* is the innermost nature of life—fog, everywhere we look, everywhere we are, the sun just beyond our grasp, tantalizingly close, yet not quite attainable, glimpsed but not ours.





Sketches

An ePublication Series by
Brooks Jensen

Fog in the Hills and Aits
First Edition, August 2012

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www.brooksensenarts.com

Published and produced by
Brooks Jensen
Anacortes, Washington, USA

Background image from the original handwritten manuscript
of *Bleak House* by Charles Dickens.

This project has also been produced as a hand-made artist chapbook of 10 pages.
For more information, visit www.brooksensenarts.com

Layout and design completed during August 2012.