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"I, All Too Impatient, Go on Before": The afterlife of Stefan Zweig and the regeneration of the grotesque Beware of Pity and Dawn in the Evening: a novel

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**“I, All Too Impatient, Go on Before”:
The Afterlife of Stefan Zweig and the Regeneration of the
Grotesque *Beware of Pity*
and
*Dawn in the Evening: A Novel***

A thesis submitted in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the award
of the degree

**Doctor of Philosophy
from
UNIVERSITY OF WOLLONGONG**

**by
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**Faculty of Law, Humanities and the Arts
2015**

CERTIFICATION

I, Jennifer Leigh Levasseur, declare that this thesis, submitted in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the award of Doctor of Philosophy, in the Department of Creative Writing (Faculty of Law, Humanities and the Arts), University of Wollongong, is wholly my own work unless otherwise referenced or acknowledged. The document has not been submitted for qualifications at any other academic institution.

Jennifer L. Levasseur
13 March 2015

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*Note: The thesis is written in standard Australian English. Because of its setting, the novel employs standard American English.

Abstract

This dissertation is made up of two parts. The first is a thesis that analyses the complicating factor of author suicide in the reader's ability to engage with literature and suicide's ability to rewrite an author's oeuvre, as explored through a case study of Austrian writer Stefan Zweig (1881-1942). The second, an original novel about art, suicide, and the grotesque body set in contemporary New Orleans, is thematically influenced by issues unearthed in the Zweig study, including suicide as a message, the grotesque verses the "finished" body, and romantic love as manipulation.

One of the world's most popular writers in the 1920s and '30s, Stefan Zweig inadvertently relegated his work to the status of footnote with his 1942 suicide. After escaping the threat of Nazi persecution and through his suicide in Brazil, the Austrian author forever wedded his biography to his artistic output. Why did this happen to Zweig, and how do we read the fiction of a suicide, particularly if self-harm features in his work? How does a literal self-inflicted death complicate and supplant Roland Barthes's figurative "death of the author"?

Zweig's masterpiece and the culmination of his life's work, his sole novel, *Beware of Pity* (*Ungeduld des Herzens*, 1939), was published in exile and has become burdened with the weight of his salacious death. Though it maintains cult status and is the subject of a popular renaissance, *Beware of Pity* remains understudied. In the 1980s, scholars called for a re-evaluation of the novel. This has been unanswered. Instead, speculation about his death endures as the centrepiece in Zweig scholarship.

Through a case study of Zweig's afterlife and an analysis of the popular and scholarly reaction to his work pre- and post-suicide, this thesis explores the changing role of the author within a body of work and the ways it affects the reader and reconfigures the writing itself. It answers the void in serious scholarship of *Beware of Pity* by providing a detailed reading of the novel through Mikhail Bakhtin's theory of the grotesque body, a particularly apt image for the death and regeneration of both Zweig and his novel.

Because of the recent resurgence of interest in Zweig in English-speaking countries (particularly in the United States and England) and because much of Zweig scholarship has been conducted in English or is quickly translated, this thesis restricts itself to English-language translations of Zweig's works, scholarship completed in

English (or available in translation), and international English-language media. Zweig became an English citizen in 1940, believing that the next phase of his life would find its haven in an English-speaking country. Less than two years after leaving England and rejecting the United States, though, he died in despair in Brazil.

Dawn in the Evening—a contemporary literary novel set in New Orleans that questions how the people we love transform us—follows Sam Mitchell through a day that reconfigures her life, its ghosts, and every person she thought she knew, including herself. Sam Mitchell, thwarted artist and muse, has sacrificed herself to the painter obsessed with her socialite mother, her broken body serving as a correction to her mother's easy, damaging perfection. As a transplant recipient, Sam views herself as a victim of her own survival. After her beloved father's unexpected death—and her young lover's ultimatum—she must face the choices that have left her, at forty, unemployed, beholden to a man who used and abandoned her, distraught by the death of her final family member, and certain only of the value of the paintings her body inspired.

Dawn in the Evening is about the lives we bequeath one another, of misappropriated love, of the danger of fidelity, and of how we are formed by the people we claim. It questions the transformative nature of love and art, and the places where those two forces connect.

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Introduction

The act of suicide reconfigures a writer's oeuvre. While Roland Barthes suggests that a reader must kill the author's presence to fully experience fiction on its own terms, a writer's self-murder corrupts the reader's autonomy and rewrites the works themselves, especially when the fiction contains suicidal characters. The death itself becomes the primary text, while the novels and stories become supplements used to decode and contextualise the unexplainable act. Austrian author Stefan Zweig's fame, suicide, and posthumous legacy offer an illustrative case study through which to explore the power of suicide to upend reader response.

Zweig's sole novel, *Beware of Pity* (*Ungehduld des Herzens*, 1939), became a casualty of its author's suicide. While it became an instant international bestseller despite its exile publication and remains a cult classic, few studies of the book have been undertaken. I argue that Zweig's suicide—and the manner in which his first four posthumous works were received—laid the groundwork for his afterlife: a continual unfolding of biographical detail that fuels readers' desire to solve the murder mystery. This thesis offers an alternative reading of the novel—the culmination of Zweig's craft, politics, and themes—that honours the book as art rather than as confession.

Overview: Stefan Zweig and *Beware of Pity*

By the 1920s and '30s, the internationally celebrated Austrian storywriter and biographer Stefan Zweig (1881-1942) became the most widely translated and one of the most popular authors in the world. He counted as his colleagues the illustrious writers of his generation, including Rainer Maria Rilke, James Joyce, Thomas Mann, Joseph Roth, Irmgard Keun, and Arthur Schnitzler. Writing appeared effortless for the compulsively prolific Zweig.

Despite its publication immediately prior to the official outbreak of war in Europe and its ban in Germany, his sole novel, *Beware of Pity*, became another popular and critical success throughout England, the United States, and parts of Europe. Like many of Zweig's works, it spawned a major film, this one a UK production starring Lilli Palmer (1946). The novel unfolds as an extended confession of Austro-Hungarian Lieutenant Hofmiller who, in the weeks before Archduke Ferdinand's assassination, insults a crippled girl by asking her to dance. Hofmiller's gaffes mount as his

fascination with Edith's broken body increases and his notion of himself alters through his proximity to her. His immersion in her decadent world and closeness to her persistent body eventually leads to the girl's suicide and Hofmiller's guilt-ridden rush into war.

Zweig, reserved and private, wanted his work to remain his only legacy. His suicide—after escaping Europe, attaining British citizenship, and maintaining financial security through international royalties—unsettled his legacy and threw his carefully protected reputation into chaos. The scandal of his death and the subsequent posthumous publications, including his memoir, *The World of Yesterday* (1943), and his most celebrated novella, *The Royal Game* (1944), maintained his popularity—even as it enacted a profound shift in the collective understanding of his life and work—until it dwindled in the decades following his suicide. The late 1970s sparked a slow-burning revival that has flared in recent years. This resurgence, however, has focused on Zweig's biography rather than his work.

Statement of Problem

This thesis examines a two-tiered problem facing Zweig studies. The first concerns the lack of analysis devoted to understanding the state of Zweig research as a whole, particularly its focus on the biography rather than the work, to the point excluding specific texts from study. This must be recognized in order to understand why the gaps have occurred and to ascertain how to address them. Speculation about Zweig's friendships, his political views, travels, and death have become focal points of research. Because of this, his literature has been relegated to the position of decoder in order to explain and elevate the life. This biographification of the work has created an alternate—rather than supplementary—text. The shifting focus makes Zweig of interest because he killed himself rather than because of the substance of his work. Without analysis, the field will continue to maintain its trajectory toward almost exclusively biographical study, in effect dismissing Zweig's fiction to solidify his role as a cultural figure of the interwar period and, more markedly, of voluntary death.

In "The Death of the Author," Roland Barthes provides a seminal understanding of how the writer's presence affects a given text. The visible author distracts, muddies, complicates, and enhances a work of fiction by the simple fact that readers

acknowledge him. Barthes calls on the reader to dispatch the author in order to view the text unhindered.

Since Zweig's 1942 suicide, however, the inverse effect has occurred. Before 1942, readers and critics discarded Zweig's role as an author with a rich biography, allowing his person a veil of privacy even while his face became as recognizable as a film star's. After the suicide, Zweig's role as the author of his works became amplified, transforming his literary output into a stage on which to discover his identity. While Barthes suggests that "to give writing its future, it is necessary to overthrow the myth: the birth of the reader must be at the cost of the death of the Author" ("Death" 148), Zweig's suicide has overwhelmed the reader. Zweig's writing is fundamentally not the work he left behind. We have become fixated on how his work can help us read his death: the detective of his life and death now subsumes the reader of his work. Using Zweig as a case study, this thesis examines the ways in which a writer's literal death by suicide pre-empts the reader's ability to enact Barthes's figurative "death of the author." Instead, the writer's suicide becomes a text requiring interpretation.

The second problem in Zweig studies concerns the lack of study specifically on his novel, *Beware of Pity*, the culmination and elaboration of themes and ideas present in a forty-two-year publishing career. Few academic studies explore *Beware of Pity*, one of the author's most popular and enduring works, to give it a theoretical framework for interpretation or to acknowledge its importance in Zweig's oeuvre. Scholars must catch up with the reading public to offer modes of understanding the text.

Objectives and Methodology

This thesis examines various elements of Zweig's work and life through multiple theories and schools of thought. Several approaches, therefore, are required and a foundation in several areas of literary theory are necessary, as well as original research to supplement the lack of text in particular areas, specifically in regard to *Beware of Pity* and reader response to the suicide of an author. These methodological steps include:

- i. Examine the vast body of Zweig's work and the scholarly texts about him, as well as the popular response, comparing pre- and post-death discussion of the work in order to answer the question: What is Stefan Zweig's fiction today? To illustrate this, I demonstrate how pre-suicide articles and studies feature

analyses of Zweig's work, while post-suicide studies most often discuss his biography or use him as a touchstone to examine suicide. To document these findings, I have charted and categorized Zweig's name as it appears in six international English-language periodicals from the beginning of Zweig's career near the turn of the twentieth century through to the present (raw data available in Appendices B-F). In doing the above, I identify gaps in Zweig scholarship and build on previous analysis of Zweig's work.

- ii. Examine the body of literature on the "death of the author" and other Reader Response theories, testing ways they can help explain the trajectory of Zweig's life, career, and afterlife. Barthes acknowledges the pervasive cult of the author and the temptation to use the author's life to decipher the work, but he implores readers to kill the idea of the author in order to save the future of writing and reading (147). I will test the theories of these authors by applying them to the writing on Zweig post-1942.
- iii. Examine suicide as a career hazard of writers, including the important research by David Lester and Steven Stack, which demonstrates that artists, particularly writers, have a much higher rate of suicide than the general public (8). Lester and Stack also offer a variety of studies through which they explore suicide in the arts, as well as the controversial activity of using author suicide as a diagnostic tool. I use the work by suicidologists and psychologists, including Thomas Joiner, to demystify the act and put it in historical and cultural contexts. This leads to an analysis of the effects of suicide on the author's body of work, as discussed in relation to famous cases of author suicide, including that of Sylvia Plath.
- iv. Add to the study of *Beware of Pity* specifically by using Bakhtin's theory of the grotesque body with its emphasis on the unfinished, changing physical body and its ability to equalize, destroy, and renew in order to elaborate and subvert previous readings of the novel. This will add to the scholarly discussion of the novel by supplying an interpretation that focuses on the text. A close reading of the novel demonstrates its importance in Zweig's oeuvre and its importance as the culmination of his fiction and political ideas. In doing so, this thesis serves as the beginning of an answer to the thirty-year-old call for serious study of *Beware of Pity*.

Literature Review

The study of Stefan Zweig remains contentious, disjointed, and deficient. While devoted academics have committed their careers to Zweig scholarship and have made great strides in biographical and bibliographical research, for the past seventy years the focus has remained on the writer's life. Most astoundingly, little has been written about *Beware of Pity*, one of his most important and lasting works of fiction.

Randolph Klawiter, through his extensive bibliographic work on Zweig, has created an invaluable resource for scholars in documenting research about Zweig in the fifty-seven languages in which his work appears. While a resurgence of interest in Zweig's life and work has occurred since the late 1970s, major elements of study remain neglected. Klawiter's work points, specifically, to the gaps in academic study of Zweig's fiction. Of the 1,400 entries of secondary literature Klawiter has compiled (which exclude book reviews and brief mentions), a vast majority focuses on Zweig's biography. Of the papers in English, Klawiter notes that 115 study Zweig while forty-seven are specifically about the work, most of these focusing on his short stories, biographies, specific motifs, and the influence of Freud. Of these forty-seven, twenty discuss Zweig's fiction, with thirteen examining specific novellas, mainly *The Royal Game* ("Reception" 51-52). In the decades following the author's death, his fiction remains neglected in "highbrow literature studies" (Liska 216).

Zweig's only completed novel and one of his major final works, *Beware of Pity* has become a cult classic, regularly reviewed in the press and championed by authors including Antony Beevor and Kazuo Ishiguro¹. From its original wartime publication to its rebirth as an underground classic, *Beware of Pity* has fascinated readers. This interest has not translated into scholarly research about the novel, though biographer Elizabeth Allday claims that "Its impact was possibly greater and of longer duration than that of any of his previous works" (215), those previous works which made him one of the most translated authors in the world. The full-length study of Zweig's fiction (*Moral Values and the Human Zoo* by David Turner, 1988) excludes *Beware of Pity*. The major paper written on the novel, a Nietzschean interpretation of the text by Adrian Del Caro (1981), notes this absence of scholarship: "*Ungeduld des Herzens* [*Beware of Pity*] has not received the critical attention it merits. ... Apart from the very popular

¹ Ishiguro chose an excerpt of *Beware of Pity* as the book he most wanted to recommend to readers. It was printed in 2012 World Book Day editions of his novel *The Remains of the Day*.

reception ... which is obvious from the number of translations, the novel deserves criticism as a serious contribution in its own right” (195).

This thirty-year-old call for a scholarly evaluation of *Beware of Pity* has been largely ignored. Lost between love and hate—Harry Zohn calls the novel an “over-extended novella” (“Three Austrians” 76); Allday describes it as “an almost frightening autopsy on the emotion of compassion” (63)—the importance of *Beware of Pity* has endured as an emotional question rather than a scholarly one, though Klawiter maintains that the overall critical response to Zweig’s fiction is positive and “even in translation his mastery of language is evident” (“Reception” 48). While scholars have neglected the novel, reissues, new translations, newspapers, journals, reviews and blogs, and celebrity endorsements keep the novel alive among readers.

This renewed popular interest in the novel has presented itself in several ways. Pushkin Press and New York Review Books have reissued the novel, as well as many other Zweig titles. Anthea Bell, whose translations give the English-reading public a definitive indication of essential German-language texts has reinvigorated *Beware of Pity*.

Zweig’s novel is also experiencing new life in the cinema, with Wes Anderson paying tribute to the author with his 2014 film *The Grand Budapest Hotel*, alongside the simultaneous publication of an Anderson-curated selection of Zweig works. A long-lost Zweig novella became a hit of the 2013 Venice Film Festival with the screening of *A Promise* (based on *Journey into the Past*), and Bille August reportedly will direct a new film version of *Beware of Pity* (Mitchell). Naming Zweig as a favourite has become a trope with pop figures from Colin Firth to Carla Bruni, Roy Hodgson, and Belinda Carlisle.

Aside from Zweig’s portrayal in popular media, even the most dedicated Zweig scholars and institutions tend to maintain focus on Zweig’s life over his work. For example, of the seventeen papers delivered at the 2009 Stefan Zweig Symposium at SUNY Fredonia’s Reed Library, only two focused on Zweig’s writing, none on his fiction. The Stefan Zweig Centre in Salzburg offers a walking tour of the author’s life. Casa Stefan Zweig, “a museum to his memory,” opened in 2012 in Petropolis, Brazil, in the home where he killed himself. These criticisms are not meant to downplay the extensive and important work of these centres, which includes convening conferences and lectures, maintaining archives of unrivalled collections of Zweig’s books and

related criticism, and supporting scholars. Without their existence, Zweig's work would lose legions of support. That fact that these centres often focus on Zweig's life while they clearly value and promote his work demonstrates that there is an insatiable public interest in his biography which, I argue, his suicide helped to prompt. These centres, too, have been forced on the defensive to protect Zweig's legacy from such personal attacks as those by Michael Hofmann (discussed below).

Though articles about Zweig regularly appear in the popular press, the focus has shifted away from the work and has become an inquest into Zweig's personality, particularly in light of and through the lens of his suicide. Since Zweig's 1942 death, five biographies² and three collections of Zweig letters³ have appeared in English. *Stefan and Lotte Zweig's South American Letters*, released in 2010, altered scholarly interpretations of Zweig's second wife, rightfully correcting long-held 'truths' about this woman and reopening the floodgates for biographical research.

At the same time that celebrities laud Zweig, the author also has become a detested figure. Translator and critic Michael Hofmann, for instance, regularly condemns Zweig's personality in order to devalue his work. In the *London Review of Books*, he wrote a flippant literary critique of Zweig's final letter: "a suicide note which, like most of what he wrote, is so smooth and mannerly and somehow machined—actually more like an Oscar acceptance speech than a suicide note..." ("Vermicular")

A suicide's violence forces the reader to search for answers in the work, which in turn transforms into a suicide note. In order to understand how to read Zweig's fiction, we must understand how author suicide revises a body of work. We need to understand how his suicide affects us, and to pave a course to study not only his biography but also his work, allowing the two to live side-by-side as in traditional literary studies and instead of using the work as a crutch. Thus this thesis seeks to add to the literature of Reader Response theory in terms of how a suicide alters reading.

Given all of the above, it seems timely that this thesis aims to create an understanding of the afterlife of Zweig. It will do so through an analysis of the

² *Stefan Zweig* by Friderike Zweig (1946); *European of Yesterday* by Donald Prater (1972); *Stefan Zweig: A Critical Biography* by Elizabeth Allday (1972); *Three Lives* by Oliver Matuschek (2011, German original 2006); *The Impossible Exile* by George Prochnik (2014).

³ *Stefan Zweig and Friderike Zweig: Their Correspondence, 1912-1942* (1954); *A Confidential Matter: The Letters of Richard Strauss and Stefan Zweig, 1931-1935* (1977); *Stefan and Lotte Zweig's South American Letters: New York, Argentina and Brazil, 1940-42* (2010).

scholarship of Reader Response theory, including Barthes's "The Death of the Author" and Foucault's "What is an Author?" It will also consider the popular response to Zweig's life and work. A study of suicide will form a key part of this exploration. While analysis of suicide in the work of writers who have committed this act is prevalent, few discuss how a suicide shapes the response of readers. There is a vast amount of scholarship on how we read, the place of author, the physicality of the reading experience, but little on how to address the death of the fiction writer by suicide. I argue that this complicates the reader's immersion in fiction. Little discussion of this problem exists, aside from texts that focus on teaching works by suicide writers, such as Jeffrey Berman's 1999 *Surviving Literary Suicide*, which addresses the safety of vulnerable students and notes that, "few attempts have been made to discover how suicidal characters and themes affect readers" (4). Elizabeth Leake's *After Words* (2011) suggests that suicide acts as a revision to a life's work, as well a type of authorship in its own right. She theorises that suicide creates a new text that must be read, which excludes the reader's ability to enact a figurative death of the author. Her study, though, focuses more on respect for the writer (and the dead) over the autonomy of the reader or the course of reading theory. My case study of Stefan Zweig tests and extends these ideas to help establish a theory of reading suicide authors. I redress this dearth by offering methods of accepting a writer's biographical information but not remaining bound to it as a reader.

In the thesis that follows, I explore these ideas in the following ways:

Chapter One: What We Talk About When We Talk About Zweig

This chapter positions Stefan Zweig as a man of letters who lived to work and assumed his writing alone would remain his legacy. It traces the seven main sources of attraction to his biography—including politics, Jewish heritage, sexuality, and suicide—which since his death have drained interest from his writing. After a brief historical overview of suicide and a discussion of writers as a high-risk group for the act, I place Zweig's death in context and examine suicide in Zweig's fiction—both the generally accepted prevalence and with a more thorough tally of suicide in his work. The chapter continues with Zweig's suicide and public reaction to the act. I conclude with a discussion of Zweig scholarship pre- and post-suicide, specifically as his first four posthumous publications—*Brazil: Land of the Future*, *The World of Yesterday*, *The*

Royal Game, and *Balzac*—inadvertently shaped his legacy and provided an unchallenged framework through which to evaluate the writer's life, death, and work. This last section is broken down by decade and is supplemented by appendices that document Zweig through six continuously published international English-language periodicals from the beginning of his career through to the present.

Chapter Two: The Death of the Author: Reader Response and Suicide

Chapter Two interprets the afterlife of Zweig by examining how an author's suicide both pre-empts and challenges Barthes's "death of the author" by transforming the author's life into an unavoidable text that demands address. Suicide complicates the reader's ability to enact a figurative death of the author by transforming the work and disempowering reader autonomy.

This chapter also introduces important ideas in reading theory, including the New Criticism, Reader Response, Deconstruction, and how suicide becomes a complicating factor in these. To aid this discussion, a brief overview of the historical role of the author is offered. Case studies of Sylvia Plath, David Foster Wallace, and Robert Musil (who died of natural causes) help to contextualize these issues.

Chapter Three: Revolution in the Grotesque *Beware of Pity*

This chapter begins with an overview of the history of Zweig's novel, including its creation and wartime publication. It analyses the response to *Beware of Pity* upon publication in 1939 and in the subsequent seventy-five years, including the lack of academic scholarship it has drawn and its critical and popular revival.

To interpret and contextualise *Beware of Pity*, this chapter uses Bakhtin's theory of the revolutionary folk carnival and the grotesque body and its ability to ground the abstract through the functions of the body. *Beware of Pity*'s ambivalent, transformative nature moves between renewal and life, and decay and death. This text-based, historically grounded reading minimizes without ignoring Zweig's biography in order to focus on the ideas and craftsmanship present in the novel. It reiterates the call to study this important novel.

Chapter Four: The Legacy of Suicide and the Grotesque Body: *Beware of Pity* and the Writing of *Dawn in the Evening*

The final chapter discusses my creative work, *Dawn in the Evening*, in the context of the issues explored in the thesis, displaying its thematic connections—including Bakhtin’s grotesque body and the transformational effect of suicide on survivors. It also explores how each component of my research—the critical work on Zweig and my novel—influenced the other. At the centre of both the thesis and my novel rests the body as a force capable of outreasoning the mind. I also discuss the practical decisions required by my novel, including setting and point of view, analysing the struggles I experienced in writing *Dawn in the Evening* and noting its influences.

Conclusions

I conclude this thesis by enumerating the scholarly importance of *Beware of Pity* and reasserting my theory that the suicide of an author creates a new, inescapable text that subverts the reader’s ability to enact a death of the author. I also demonstrates how, in the case of Stefan Zweig, the farther removed from the physical act of the suicide a writer is, the more it becomes autopsied and distracts from interaction with his fiction.

Any death solidifies a writer’s oeuvre, but a suicide focuses it on a single act in a way that other deaths cannot. A suicide diminishes a work while elevating its draw. It canonizes the writer while refusing the work its voice. A suicide opens a wide, never-ending panorama through which to analyse the writer’s life but deflects or demotes other responses. This thesis offers an alternate method of reading the suicide author and calls for further evaluation of *Beware of Pity*. It specifically implores the reader to evoke her autonomy—if not her murderous instincts—in relation to the figure of the author and his death.

Chapter One:

What We Talk About When We Talk About Zweig

Stefan Zweig the man, the author, and the suicide melded after his 1942 death to recreate a new body of work. Scholars, readers, and journalists have closed the divide between his biography and work, reimagining his life and fiction to explain the inevitable lead-up to his self-inflicted death. In doing so, the literature he created has become unrecognizable, a prop in the study of his biography, an addendum to his suicide note.

Zweig's suicide has recoloured every aspect of his existence, shading it with the tints of mental illness and moving his fiction into the realm of diagnostic tool. Works lauded for their emotional power and psychological depth have been exchanged for the unfathomable overdose of veronal in a Brazilian paradise. This inhibited writer has become a corpse to dissect. As contemporary readers of Zweig, we want the true-crime story, more accessible and titillating than the work. Alternately, the suicide and its investigation add relevance to the fiction, which prurient readers might bypass if not for the thematic connections with the writer's doomed existence. The life, the work, and the death form a perverse triangle of desire with suicide as its magnetic point.

When we talk about Zweig, we pretend to discuss his art, but only as it feeds our interest in his death, which lends the work a perceived depth. We unearth the trivialities of his day-to-day existence to find the keys to the ultimate mystery: What is the value of life, and under what circumstances should we destroy it? In our hunt for these impossible answers, Zweig has lost his identity as a literary figure who created lasting works and has become another pitied yet reviled famous suicide allowed a single, defining note in our collective consciousness.

Overview of Zweig's Life and Work

Spared the duty of the family's lucrative manufacturing empire, Zweig from an early age fabricated an assembly line of his own, driven to produce hundreds of poems and stories, employing a variety of now-lost pseudonyms. He released his first book of poetry, *Silberne Saiten*, (*Silver Strings*) before he turned twenty (Matuschek 51).

An unexplainable force drove Zweig nearly to mania, like many of his later beloved characters, to create ever more stories, essays, and biographies. So frantic were his energies that as an apprentice writer he barely proofread drafts before sending them to editors (Prater, *European* 11). While a bachelor in Vienna, Zweig's butler and secretary shielded him from everyday life. During his first marriage, he allowed no newspaper or radio in the house, and after World War I, he and Friderike von Winternitz (née Burger, later Zweig) moved to a secluded home atop a steep hill in Salzburg to deter visitors. Zweig travelled wherever research beckoned, or formulated work based on his surroundings: Paris for his biography of Marie Antoinette, Russia to promote his work on Tolstoy, Portugal to finish *Magellan*. After visits to South America, he penned a controversial full-length study of the continent's largest country, *Brazil: Land of the Future*. During the uneasy period immediately before renouncing his Salzburg residency, he discovered Mary Stuart and, finding no authoritative biography, commenced one. "I know of no one who meted out to himself scantier measure of the customary pleasures and diversions," his first wife writes. He viewed "beautiful cities and marvellous landscapes as mere stage-sets framing his moveable workshop" (F. Zweig, *SZ* 182).

A true tally of Zweig's work remains impossible, considering the lost drafts, periodicals, and letters, but official figures stun. He completed more than two hundred poems, seven hundred essays, forty-four stories and novellas, nineteen biographies and historical miniatures, nearly seven hundred lectures, essays, reviews, and travelogues, twelve dramas, libretti (signed and in secret for Richard Strauss), film scripts, one novel, a memoir, countless translations, and many sketches and works-in-progress (Klawiter, "Reception" 44-49; *Casa Stefan Zweig*).

Zweig's dramas graced the most illustrious stages of the day and continue in revivals. Twenty thousand copies of *Jeremiah* (1917) sold upon its publication (Gross 321). *Volpone* has appeared in at least six hundred theatres (F. Zweig, *SZ* 174). More than forty film adaptations of his works have been produced⁴, including those starring Norma Shearer (*Marie Antoinette*, 1938), Lilli Palmer (*Beware of Pity*, 1946), Ingrid Bergman (*Fear*, 1954), and Faye Dunaway (*Burning Secret*, 1988).

⁴ Klawiter claims thirty-seven film versions of Zweig works as of 1981 ("Reception" 51). At least eight have been produced between then and 2013; others are in pre-production, including a new adaptation of *Beware of Pity*.

While Zweig's wide-ranging oeuvre defies categorization, this thesis focuses on the affect of his suicide on the fiction because his poems and essays are now largely unavailable in English; because his biographical works have been subject to extensive academic study (Klawiter, "Reception" 48)⁵; and because his emotionally charged fiction leaves more space for interpretation and subversion than his nonfiction.

According to Friderike Zweig, her husband believed that he was most adept at the novella (SZ 129)⁶, most of which are set among the "upholstered civility of the Austrian bourgeoisie" (Deresiewicz 12), though he worked on novels over many years, abandoning *The Post-Office Girl* at Friderike's urging and *Clarissa* during his last months (Zohn, "Clarissa" 480)⁷. After the successful publication of his first novel, *Beware of Pity* in March 1939, he began work on another, but the recent Anschluss and looming war thwarted his concentration (Van Gelder BR64).

Many Zweig stories have been subject to study, but none more than his final complete work, *The Royal Game* (*Shachnovelle*), finished during his last months in Brazil. Still Zweig's most popular work of fiction, *The Royal Game* (canonized as a Penguin Classic) owes some of its success to its proximity to his death.

Intuitive, pensive, explosive, at times melodramatic, Zweig's fictional selves pulse with feeling. In his stories and novellas, plot remains subservient to human emotion and to exploration of complex internal drama. Many of his fictions feature a state of mind, including *Fear*, *Confusion*, "Amok," "Compulsion," and "Two Lonely Souls."

Most of Zweig's fictions also contain simple premises: a woman loves a man from afar her entire life; a handsome gambler tempts a married woman; a postmistress rejects her meagre existence. This selection of Zweig's stories presents a common dilemma: Who is a person and how will she react under intense emotional strain? Is she capable of outthinking—out-being—what the body wants?

Like his friend Sigmund Freud, Zweig explored the underlying causes of action. The thrill in Zweig's work comes from the tightly wound, claustrophobic quality of its passions. His fiction uses the same skills as his biographies to conjure that which he

⁵ According to Klawiter, the biographies and other nonfiction have attracted 765 "review sources." Of those, more than three hundred are in English ("Reception" 48).

⁶ She even suggests that the direct translation of *Beware of Pity*—*Impatience of the Heart*—points to his inability to focus on the longer form (SZ 129).

⁷ Both of these uncompleted novels were first published decades after Zweig's death. Drafts and notes for *Clarissa* were found in 1981. First published in 1990 in German and 1992 in French, the novel has not yet appeared in English.

was not: father, soldier, woman, prostitute. This focus—alongside the romping pace—has caused critics to characterize much of Zweig’s work as melodramatic, “but of a very high order” (Carey 76). Julie Kavanagh explains Zweig’s tempo well: “the narrative has a propulsive force that’s impossible to resist—the cerebral equivalent of being plunged into a vortex of derangement by an Atlantic roller.”

Sources of Attraction to the Writer’s Biography

Because Zweig’s large oeuvre is eclectic, and because his death leads to speculation, it is tempting to write about the man over the work. There have been five major biographies and three collections of his correspondence in English since his death. In contrast, one book-length discussion of Zweig’s fiction, *Moral Values and the Human Zoo* (which excludes *Beware of Pity*), has appeared in English.

Shimmering distractions deflect attention from his life’s work, shifting focus to the enigmatic man with his demure smile, stiff suit, and precisely groomed moustache, but the danger of allowing a writer’s legacy to rest on his personal life is that there will always be someone more connected or deaths more perplexing. Once we forget those peripheral details and their titillations, the work is lost if not read on its own merits. The biographication of Zweig studies is one reason that Zweig has become one of “the unjust forgotten ones” (Westin 17).

On the surface, Zweig should be of the easiest category of writer to ignore, in terms of his life story. He never worked as anything other than a writer, and “Zweig was not a writer to include elements of his own life story in his fiction” (Bell, Afterword, *Journey* 89) His personal affairs were discreet and his lifestyle simple: writing all day at his desk unshaven in his pyjamas to avoid the temptation of cafés, reading newspapers or playing chess at coffeehouses in the evening. His most vicious secret vices ran to excessive use of tobacco and caffeine. These mundane facts tempt the reader to seek more, to peel back the façade of his ordinary existence to uncover the sort of secrets that pound in the hearts of his characters.

As Maurice Blanchot writes, “Every existence is a failure, each successful life a scrap heap in which biographers may discover whom the living person should have been” (91). What then do readers and researchers discuss about Zweig? To answer this question, seven of the major sources of biographical over literary study follow.

1. Privileged background/Ease of success

Zweig seemed to have it all from birth and to accomplish everything with maddening fluidity (Aciman vii-viii). His first wife claimed that articles “dropped from his pen like ripe fruit” (F. Zweig, *SZ* 134). Published in prestigious newspapers while still a teenager, Zweig’s first volume of poetry received one negative review out of forty (Prater, *European* 10-14). Never forced to commit to any career other than the literary one he forged as a teenager, Zweig sidestepped the financial struggle of many fledgling writers. According to John Fowles, “few writers can have had an easier first thirty years of existence” (vii). By his third decade, Zweig was “a well established author of rank” (Steiman 148).

After early successes, Zweig apprenticed himself to the Belgian writer Émile Verhaeren as a translator. Thereafter, he toured with Verhaeren, using his reputation to bring attention to the poet. The British translator of *Émile Verhaeren* referred to Zweig as “one of the most gifted of the writers of Young-Vienna” (Bithell vi). Zweig’s focus on others’ work as he teetered on fame’s cusp confused Max Brod: “I would rather read a single line by Stefan Zweig than all the Belgians and Americans together!” (qtd. in Prater, *European* 43).

Even World War I barely slowed his growing reputation. Zweig found himself exempt from active duty.⁸ He worked instead with Rainer Maria Rilke, Hermann Bahr, and Franz Werfel in the War Archives (Prater, *European* 78). From December 1917, he relocated to Switzerland (Steiman 149), having received an appointment from the *Neue Freie Presse*.

As Zweig’s popularity grew, colleagues and friends begrudged his success. Thomas Mann, even after winning the Nobel Prize in 1929, resented the breadth of Zweig’s sales; Zweig’s biography of French politician Fouché sold 50,000 copies that year in Germany alone (Allday 125). Zweig’s sales from Frankfurt publisher S. Fischer, as of 1992, had reached nearly seven million (Wise 37). Hans Mayer claims that Robert Musil (*The Man Without Qualities*) even rejected the idea of fleeing Nazi-dominated Europe for South America because Zweig was already present on the continent (21). While this is often reported as definitive literary judgement, Musil expressed disdain widely. Elias Canetti, for instance, recalls reporting a meeting with James Joyce, to which Musil replied: “You think that’s important?” (168).

⁸ Prater refers to a 1910 operation “in the area of the ribs” (*European* 49). Matuschek explains it as a surgery to repair the lining of the ribs, which left an extensive scar and caused Zweig’s rejection from active military service (99).

Though Zweig never suffered the rejection of most aspiring writers, he remained unconvinced of his talent, which may explain his extravagant praise of fellow authors. It would be a mistake, though, to associate his prolonged success with lack of work. Though in his youth he dashed out stories, his process matured as he aged, and he became a perfectionist who discarded hundreds of draft pages. For *Beware of Pity*, there are eleven “volumes” extant of his notes, drafts, and manuscripts (Prater, *European* 271).

2. Collection

As a student, Zweig began an enviable autograph, print, and manuscript collection, which grew to include sketches by William Blake, manuscript pages by Balzac, Goethe, Byron, and Nietzsche, and hundreds of musical autographs now held in The British Library (The Stefan Zweig Collection). Zweig continued his obsession throughout his life—with particular attention to drafts so that he could ‘see’ the moment of genius—until a 1934 raid on his Salzburg home caused him to flee and, therefore, cull his belongings. In 1936, the collection contained 650 items (Leventhal 24). He donated and sold portions of the collection but continued to acquire pieces as late as 1940 (26).

Zohn claims a prominent position for the collection: it “must be viewed as an integral part of Zweig’s literary work” (“Collector” 182). Zweig himself wrote seventeen essays on collecting (Klawiter, “Reception” 50). It speaks of his obsessive nature and desire to understand the origin of genius, and it put him in contact with many of the world’s important writers and composers (both living and dead). It also opens questions of his own psychology (obsession, mania) and need to surround himself with greatness.

3. Famous friends

Zweig’s address book, if he had maintained one, would read like a *Who’s Who* of twentieth-century arts. He was a member of the experimental Young Vienna (*Jung-Wien*), which included Hugo von Hofmannsthal, Hermann Bahr, and Arthur Schnitzler. 1915 Nobel Prize winner Roman Rolland helped cultivate Zweig’s ideas about pacifism, discussed in subsection 6. Zweig and James Joyce met during the First World War in Switzerland, where they undertook a (never completed) translation of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* from English to German, through the mediator of Italian.

Zweig's life touched many of the greatest European figures during a career that spanned more than forty years—from tenuous friendships with Thomas Mann and Herman Hesse to closer ones with Rilke, Franz Werfel, and Toscanini, to becoming the recipient of fan mail from Albert Einstein and succeeding Hugo von Hofmannsthal as Richard Strauss's librettist. Other friends included Bruno Walter, Freud (whose eulogy he gave), H.G. Wells, Klaus Mann, Gorky, Salvador Dalí, Theodor Herzl, and Chilean Nobel Prize winner Gabriela Mistral. Zweig has become a touchstone by which to place his contemporaries and for historians who regularly cite his memoir to explicate the interwar years. Through his collecting and his biographical work, he became intimately acquainted with historical figures, including Magellan, Amerigo Vespucci, and Erasmus. His work on the French queen, “the biography to end all biographies of Marie Antoinette” (Gorman BR3), is often invoked when adaptations of the doomed monarch's life appear.⁹

The friendship he maintained with Joseph Roth (1894-1939), author of *The Radetsky March*, became one of Zweig's most fraught. They continued a long-time correspondence, and Zweig supported him financially through his worst years and until his 1939 death in Paris by alcohol poisoning.

4. Travel

Zweig developed “a tragic mental and spiritual dependence on flight” (Allday 31). When he moved to Berlin to avoid his university studies, Zweig—son of a wealthy textile manufacturer—dressed in rags, hung out in dives, and befriended thieves and prostitutes. From his student days until his death, Zweig travelled incessantly—to India, Africa, the United States and Canada, all over Europe, Russia, and South America. Herman Hesse or Romain Rolland (depending on the source) referred to him as “The Flying Salzburger” for his refusal to remain still (Davis and Marshall 7; Matuschek 187). During his brief 1938 trip to North and South America, he lectured in at least thirty cities (F. Zweig, *SZ* 252). Zweig's British passport from 1940 to 1941 is “so dense and arcane that his traveling papers take on the character of a spell-encrusted talisman from *The Arabian Nights*” (Prochnik 11).

⁹ In 1934 *The New York Times* reviewed Pierre Nezelof's biography unfavorably when compared to Zweig's (Field, Louise Maunsell. “Marie Antoinette: The Merry Queen.” 7 Oct. 1934). Zweig's biography inspired Sena Jeter Naslund's recent novel about the queen (Wadler, Joyce. “At Home With Sena Jeter Naslund.” 19 Oct. 2006). It is also discussed in reviews of Sophia Coppola's 2006 biopic.

Throughout his life, Zweig referred to all of Europe as his domain. Only when he left the perceived security of continental Europe did he feel out of place. Before World War I, he enjoyed a trip to New York and even hunted for a job to test ‘the American dream’ (he succeeded), but his subsequent trips there left him cold (Prater, *European* 48). South America, a continent he originally loved for its natural beauty and generous welcome, became a prison exile. It is perversely fitting that he ended his life in Brazil, a country he described effusively as “Land of the Future,” and which later became a haven for Nazi war criminals.

5. Amorous life

Though largely concealed during Zweig’s lifetime, his romantic life has become fodder for modern readers. He maintained a long-time affair with an aspiring writer and mother, Friderike von Winternitz, whom he married via proxy nearly eight years after they first met (Prater, *European* 126). Even during their early romance, his letters to Friderike boast of sexual conquests and of a protracted affair with a Parisienne. “[H]e kept me informed with more candour than was necessary or welcome,” Friderike writes (SZ 230). None of his couplings produced a child.¹⁰ Rumours of public exhibitionism and homosexuality persist, encouraged by Zweig’s journals, which include mentions of conquests, “one of those unnat. episodes of the strangest sort, an encounter with the two brothers P, all very hasty but it did the trick” (qtd. in Matuschek 104). He feared obsession with anonymous sex: “it’s only the risk that appeals” (117). With his final secretary—Lotte Altmann, half his age—he entered an affair that tore him between the two women for “three years of indecision” (F. Zweig, SZ 232).

Even after remarriage, both women vied for his devotion, allowing him separate emotional possibilities. He maintained a close bond with his former wife, whom he and his new bride lived near in New England, where he enlisted her memory to write *The World of Yesterday* (Prater, *European* 297). Friderike claims that Zweig asked her to enter a suicide pact with him, and that even after his remarriage tried to reconcile with her (Haenel qtd. in Heyer 440). He allowed Friderike to keep his name after the divorce (F. Zweig, SZ 239), and she cited herself as his widow in her 1948 U.S. naturalization certificate (Matuschek 15).

¹⁰ Zohn claims that Marcelle, Zweig’s French mistress, miscarried his child (*Clarissa* 480).

In his stories, Zweig distains feigned shock at sexual expression. Lives are ruined, needlessly, through rejection—or acceptance—of social mores concerning the body and its separation from the whole of human experience, from the early stories “The Miracles of Life” (1903), “The Love of Erika Ewald” (1904), and “The Governess” (1907) to “Letter from an Unknown Woman” (1925) and “Downfall of a Heart” (1927). He clearly elucidates this in the “Eros Matutinus” chapter of his memoir, *The World of Yesterday*. Like the hunt for suicidal tendencies in his work, readers scour the pages to find real-life sexual confessions.

6. Politics

Before becoming stateless, Stefan Zweig believed nationality, religion, and race were of nominal importance, his Austrian citizenship a formality, and his Jewishness of little note (Prater, *European* 6), though he wrote about Jewish themes throughout his career and celebrates in his memoir the achievements of Viennese Jews. The question of politics contains two issues, about which Zweig felt great ambivalence: Jewish heritage and political action.

Jewish Heritage

While the non-religious Zweig never denied his heritage, he swung between interest and disregard. In his memoir, Zweig claims to have been completely assimilated in Vienna (though his father was a self-made Moravian and first-generation Viennese) and ignorant of any form of racism. Zweig, though, lived through the governorship of anti-Semite Karl Lueger, whom Hitler cited as an influence. As early as 1915, Zweig wrote to Romain Rolland that he had learned to endure racial discrimination “with a smile” (qtd. in Steiman 177). While he later became close to the founder of the Zionist movement, as a schoolboy Zweig found Theodor Herzl’s provocative pamphlet on the Jewish state baffling: “Why would we want to go to Palestine? ... our home is in beautiful Austria” (*World of Yesterday* 125-26). As an elite, assimilated Jew, he bypassed most everyday anti-Semitism until Hitler’s rise. While he respected the hope with which Herzl filled the Jewish diaspora, Zweig never embodied the Zionist dream. He did however bequeath materials to the national library of the Zionist movement in Jerusalem as early as 1934 (Friedman).

During his exile, he wrote *The Buried Candelabrum* (1937), a legend of a Jewish relic and the people entrusted with its protection. The book-length story damns

violent aggression while praising quiet stoicism and private, concealed belief. A variety of Jewish characters appear in his fiction, including the naïve human card catalogue in “Mendel the Bibliophile” (1929), who is dismissive of nationality and race, and *Beware of Pity*’s Kekesfalva, whose younger self appears as a conniving, money-hungry Jew intent on swindling an unsuspecting heiress.

Political Action

Particularly through his play *Jeremiah*, his stories “Compulsion” (1920) and “Incident on Lake Geneva” (1927), and his memoir, *The World of Yesterday*, Zweig cultivated a persona of zealous pacifism. He refused to participate in politics and was proud never to have voted or belonged to a political organization.

While his position became more strident as he aged, his assertion of its lifelong consistency is erroneous. As the First World War loomed, Zweig’s letters display a nationalistic pride. In 1914, he wrote, “My great ambition ... is to be an officer over with you in *that* army, to conquer in France—in France particularly, the France one must chastise because one loves her” (qtd. in Prater, *European* 72). Another mourns his absence from action: “How I should have loved to have seen Germany in this year: not to have experienced this will be something lacking for the rest of my life” (79). Friderike remembers him eager to enlist as soon as the war began (*SZ* 60) but claims the impulse had more to do with self-sacrifice and duty than aggression (63). Zweig’s temporary intoxication with this war aligns him with many of his contemporaries; in *Blood Rites*, Ehrenreich chronicles such widespread elation. The “surge of collective strength” of the ecstasy is “a close relative of religion,” in which groups align against a common foe (13-16).

A non-combat frontline assignment in the War Archives shook his beliefs about military aggression, but not until Easter 1915 when he began writing *Jeremiah* did he truly change his worldview (Prater, *European* 80). *Jeremiah* triumphs non-aggression and promotes defeat: “Shall I build my life in death? Shall I sow corruption, and sing the praises of disaster? ... blessed is he whose heart is now free from ties to the living, for whoever breathes this day is already drinking the waters of death” (13). Zweig purged his war-mongering past. This amnesia has created a distrust of other aspects of his memoir, written in exile without access to notes.

Zweig’s legacy has suffered partly because of his anti-political stance, his “view of the intellectual as legitimately standing outside of history” (Botstein 65), and his

impression that a writer “must be able to comprehend the world at a distance and be above it” (67). Zweig did not understand the responsibilities others wanted to foist on him as a consequence of his literary sales (Allday 127). His first wife explains the inaction as an element of his prudence (F. Zweig, *SZ* 152). His standard response: one thing was required of him, to defend the individual’s freedom (F. Zweig, *SZ* 220). This included freedom to keep silent, to retreat into work. Steiman clarifies Zweig’s dilemma thus:

Throughout he admitted the artist’s duty to society but held that the need for concentration, clarity, and objectivity bound him to remain above party and to refrain from all action. At the same time he acknowledged that the mere existence of an author’s work gave his readers a claim on him which entitled them, in effect, to demand that he give up the independence which had enabled him to create in the first place. (150)

Later, Zweig elucidated his silence with other explanations: he had little access to information during his long exile; whatever he said might harm Jews in hostile countries (Steiman 175). While he fled Austria earlier than most (in 1934), he was slow to comprehend the approaching disaster; expecting another great war would be akin to believing in “ghosts and witches” (*World of Yesterday* 26).

Conflicting accounts display his ambivalence, perhaps symptomatic of his lifelong depression, which biographers track to his adolescence and is discussed at length in his letters to Friderike. Prater also claims indecision as a Viennese trait (“Vienna of Yesterday” 321). While Zweig claimed freedom, statelessness, and lack of information for deflecting involvement, he wrote to H.G. Wells in 1939 that he could not participate in public debate because of his status as an enemy alien: “nothing is more painful than to be idle in a time where everybody’s service is a moral duty” (qtd. in Davis and Marshall 5).

While Zweig made few public statements during his long exile (his activity “of an essentially inbred, innate nature” [Riley 25]), he attempted to found an international Jewish monthly (Steiman 176) and provided significant funds to Jewish relief organizations in Portugal, the United States, and England. He aided friends, family, and other refugees by arranging visas to Argentina, Brazil, Cuba, Mexico, Portugal, and the United States. He provided paid work for refugees—at “ten times the rate” (Davis and Marshall 42)—and gave lectures in support of Jewish causes. He appeared at fundraisers to increase attendance (19-20). After his 1940 tour of Argentina, Zweig was

offered “a ceremonial honor,” which he asked to exchange “for three entry permits for exiles” (Strelka 342). He also drafted a manifesto of self-worth to unite Jews and undermine Nazi racism, but infighting about the wording and participation caused the project to fizzle (Berlin, “The Struggle” 373-74). Friderike Zweig quotes Franz Werfel: “There is no other writer living who helps his friends with such generosity and munificence” (SZ 247).

Aside from extensive financial aid, he petitioned the Vargas government in Brazil to help European Jews; he may have made deals with the dictator to attain visas (Dines qtd. in Romero A4). Zweig formed relationships with ideologically questionable public figures, including Antonio Batista de Souza Pedroso, the representative in Brazil of Portugal’s Secretariat of National Propaganda. It is unknown whether Zweig remained naïve about the fascist and anti-Semitic currents there, or whether he ignored them to form alliances that might aid imperilled friends (Davis and Marshall 21).

In July 1940, Zweig articulated his stance in a *New York Times* interview: “[W]e writers before all have the duty to give evidence of what happened in our time” (Van Gelder BR64). His word choice is telling: writers must *give evidence*. He says nothing of overt action. In New York again in May 1941 (nine months before his death), he attended a European PEN in America fundraising event to aid persecuted European writers. He spoke that evening about Germany’s disgrace but did not ask for the United States’ involvement. His words express his pain and fear:

We writers of the German language feel a secret and tormenting shame because these decrees of oppression are conceived and drafted in the German language, the same language in which we write and think. ... Though we are no longer considered Germans by the Germans, I feel it my duty publicly to ask forgiveness of each of you for everything which today is inflicted on your peoples in the name of the German spirit.
(“1000 Authors”)

Several critics suggest that Zweig’s most forceful attacks against the regime appear in his work. Ernst Feder, who edited a draft of *The Royal Game*, writes, “This story deserves special attention because it is the only one of his writings (excluding his autobiography) in which he directly attacks the Nazis” (5). Claire Hoch accepts this tally (56), forgetting to note his clear statement against war in *Beware of Pity* in which both narrators (the ‘Author’ and Hofmiller) admit the hidden facets of war: cowardice and senselessness. Hofmiller states to the startled party: “... I can’t put the chances of

any real opposition to the idea of war higher than zero. It takes far more courage for a man to oppose an organization than to go along with the crowd” (28). Like Zweig himself, the characters express fear but hopelessness against the national machine. While a pacifist, he was in his fiction by no means as “passivist,” as Hofmann glibly titles him (“Vermicular”).

In Zweig’s harrowing stories “In the Snow” (1901) and “The Miracles of Life” (1903), he illustrates the base violence of religious or ethnic persecution. He questions the morality of blindly following a nation’s call to arms in “Wondrak” (unfinished, written during World War I) and “Compulsion” (1920), in which he brazenly engages with some of the day’s most pressing political and moral questions. In *Beware of Pity*, the Great War hero is a coward who rushes into war to avoid personal guilt. These works—and biographical ones on Fouché, Erasmus, and Castellio—prove that Zweig did not remain in his plush ivory tower scribbling only about parlour intrigues in the face of civilization’s destruction.

7. Suicide

In his historical miniatures, Zweig condenses a life or achievement into a single decisive moment, “like glowing and immutable stars [that] shine through the night of transitoriness” (*Decisive Moments* 5). Zweig’s suicide has become his decisive moment. Scandal attaches to a writer’s legacy, but even the most titillating ones can fade over time. Milan Kundera in 2008 became bogged in charges that he denounced a spy to Communist authorities when he was a student in 1950. With the passing of time, however, focus has re-shifted to his fiction and essays over his presumed political and ethical fumbling. Readers have even re-embraced noted anti-Semite Louis-Ferdinand Céline¹¹ and fascist Gabriele D’Annunzio despite and completely aside from their sordid practices. Suicide, though, seems to freeze-frame both the writer’s legacy and the reader’s response.

Suicide forms the foundation of Stefan Zweig’s posthumous legacy. Instead of accepting his farewell letters, readers and scholars have metamorphosed his literary output into extended suicide notes. How could a Jewish man of considerable means fluent in at least five languages, with a young wife and worldwide fame—who retained some of his international royalties and was welcomed by at least three countries after

¹¹ Though in 2011, the French Minister of Culture excluded Céline from an honoured list of French Culture Icons because of his anti-Semitism (“Mitterrand retire Céline”).

escaping the fate of other European Jews—kill himself? This question seems particularly potent when one considers that Zweig remained one of a small group of German-language writers with the financial means to weather exile (Lezard 18). Of the 131 living writers represented in the mass public book bonfires in May 1933, only twenty per cent survived to see the end of Hitler's reign (qtd. in Morrison 2). Zweig joined the majority, those who fell to torture, perished in camps, or took their own lives.

At news of his and Lotte's deaths, friends, and fans all over the world went into mourning, and the Brazilian government sponsored a state burial. Lotte's presumed silence led to speculation about her willingness to die, which developed into conspiracy theories and further interest in Zweig's fiction as explicator. Lotte's letters from Brazil (2010), however, explain her own suicidal intention and should allow a clearer separation of biography and fiction.

Suicide: Brief Historical Overview

One million people kill themselves worldwide each year (Joiner, *Myths* 11), one every forty seconds (Joiner, *Why* 152). No society in history has been immune from the act (Améry 50). In Biblical times, suicide was categorized as good or evil based on its impetus. The Bible's most famous case of self-murder is Judas's hanging after he betrays Jesus, viewed as a just step toward redemption. The question of Jesus' voluntary death itself challenges how to identify and assess suicide, as do the deaths of Christian martyrs. In fact, Jesus' sacrifice and Christianity's promise of eternal life incited suicide among early believers (Alvarez 66).

The heroic suicides of Seneca, Lucretia, Brutus, and Cleopatra fill the stories of antiquity. Both Greek and Roman societies considered the act admirable if it was intended to protect honour or exhibit courage. Romans punished suicide only when it thwarted military service or slavery (Lieberman 11). Christians have censured suicide since the fourth century (Joiner, *Myths* 2) because the act negates God's will (Lieberman 12). The Koran also prohibits self-destruction (Joiner, *Myths* 2). Other societies consider suicide at odds with community wellbeing (Lieberman 12; Hecht 11).

One of Zweig's most beloved writers, the sixteenth-century essayist Montaigne, argued that suicide was a personal decision, though by the 1700s, it was largely considered aberrant. In the eighteenth century, suicide became associated with feminine

weakness. At the same time, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, suicide prompted sympathy. In the nineteenth, society largely believed it pointed toward an unsound mind. In early nineteenth century England, the corpses of suicides could still be dragged through the streets (Brown 177).

Recent human history has seen great changes in how self-murder is perceived. Until the twentieth century, some countries refused burial to suicides. The end of World War I saw a shift in causality for suicide, including depression (Krysinska 33). Nazi concentration camps showed all-time highs of suicide, as does the population of Holocaust survivors (Joiner, *Myths* 21). While Zweig spent no time in camps, he felt the weight of his own endurance as he heard about—and in some cases failed to halt—the deportations of his Jewish friends.

The main issue at the centre of suicide remains who controls the individual's life. While suicide and attempted suicide widely has been decriminalised (for example, Ireland in 1993 repealed the 1871 act naming suicide a punishable offence¹²), assisted suicide and euthanasia are still illegal in many countries, defying the individual's autonomy: "Implied ... is a deep mistrust of the individual and of personal freedom that runs counter to the stated values of our democratic society" (Lieberman 42).

Western societies lead the push toward the 'medicalization' of suicide. This view asserts that all suicides may be averted if professionals apply the proper therapies and/or drugs. Suicidal intention becomes something that must be healed, like a broken arm or cancer, rather than an act of free will. Suicide, though, has long served as a symbol of revolution (Lieberman 7). On the other hand, nearly ninety-five per cent of suicides suffer from mental disorders (Joiner, *Myths* 89).

In *Why People Die of Suicide*, Joiner presents three major qualities (alongside mental illness) necessary for a serious suicidal intent. In his efforts, Joiner echoes and builds upon the seminal 1897 text *Suicide* by Emile Durkheim, who sought to discover the patterns of causality. Zweig, at age sixty, falls in the middle of peak suicidal age (Alvarez 77) and fulfils Joiner's three defining attributes for enacting suicide:

1. Ability to acclimate to self-harm: through testing suicide on his fictional characters, living through the age of suicide in Vienna, losing many friends to the act, long maintaining a supply of veronal.

¹² <http://www.irishstatutebook.ie/1993/en/act/pub/0011/index.html>

2. Feeling ineffectual or burdensome: failing to aid friends, inability to stop the destruction of Europe, burdening his wife's family in England with possessions and legal issues, inability to aid his sick wife.
3. Lack of belonging: physically and mentally disconnected from family, friends and libraries, isolated in a country among strangers whose language he had not mastered, disgusted with his mother tongue and unable to concentrate, therefore incapable of producing the work that maintained his identity.

This simplification of suicide, while scientifically accurate, threatens the legacy of martyrs and saints (Lieberman 24). It ignores other reasons why a person might choose death, including rebellion against authority, despair over world events¹³, as an expression of power, as a rite of purification (as with victims of rape), or for religious or political reasons, such as hari-kari or self-immolation, as demonstrated by Buddhist monks.

Holocaust survivor Améry sees the medicalization of suicide as a dangerous phenomenon because it strips the act of meaning, reducing it to the sufferer's inadequacies. Améry considers suicidal individuals as "outsiders" (qtd. in Barlow xii), a group requiring special understanding: "To continue to live willingly in a miserable condition, to accept a life that one considers humiliating and worthless, is ... the greatest indignity. ... it is more 'natural' to commit suicide than to wait for death to come" (Barlow xviii).

Suicide, necessarily, is without sense and cannot be explained, nor should it alter a person's identity (Améry 26). As life and death are absurd, so is voluntary death "an absurd intoxication of freedom" (152), which aligns Améry with Camus, who in "The Myth of Sisyphus" considers suicide an appropriate response to an absurd world. Medical intervention against suicide intrudes on an individual's ownership of his body (Améry 94). Viewing suicide as a potentially indecipherable message rather than as a call for help (106) opens wide vistas of discussion, misreading, confusion, and uncertainty.

When one accepts Zweig's suicide in the terms he set out in his note—as a personal act of freedom from a man who chose not to go on—the path to understanding

¹³ Lieberman specifically mentions the French Revolution (19).

becomes more mysterious (and distracting to the literary work) than if one accepts a medical reading of his death.

Writers: A High-risk Group

Writers commit suicide in greater numbers than any other professional group, “three times the expected” rate (Stack, “Suicide in Artists” 177) and are at least ten times more likely to have manic depression or other illnesses that can lead to suicide (Jamison qtd. in Grimes). The illusion of writer as mad genius is pervasive, but it is also true that writers, particularly poets, show abnormally high rates of depression and suicide when compared with the general population (Jamison, *Touched* ch. 1).

The list of writer suicides who have become cultural icons largely because of their self-inflicted deaths could go on for pages: Socrates (399 B.C.), Thomas Chatterton (1770), Heinrich von Kleist (1811), Charlotte Perkins Gilman (1935), Walter Benjamin (1940), Virginia Woolf (1941), Klaus Mann (1949), Cesare Pavese (1950), Ernest Hemingway (1961), Sylvia Plath (1963), Charmian Clift (1969), John Kennedy Toole (1969), Yukio Mishima (1970), Paul Celan (1970), Anne Sexton (1974), Arthur Koestler (1985), Primo Levi (1987), Sándor Márai (1989), Jerzy Kosinski (1991), Hunter S. Thompson (2005), and David Foster Wallace (2008). Even Aristotle noted this connection between the arts and suicide: “Why is it that all men who are outstanding in philosophy, poetry or the arts are melancholic?” (qtd. in Lachman 16). Aside from mental proclivities, the solitary nature of writing and its uncertain outcome can lead to “occupational stress” and depression (Stack, “The Suicide of Ajax” 46; “Suicide in Artists” 171-72).

Walker Percy suggests that effective writers are more apt to consider suicide because they constantly shift between exhilaration and the mundane. The artist’s task is to transcend the ordinary and to guide readers through this transcendence. Transcendence, though, cannot last, and a return to ‘regular’ life must be enacted. Thus writers are more susceptible to estrangement from the world, which can culminate in antisocial behaviours like alcoholism, risky sexual exploits, and violence—some of the very means Percy suggests as viable re-entry methods. One of these methods—re-entry refused, or suicide—“is arguably a more logical option than a constant recycling of past options—from booze to Spain to broads and back...” (155). “*To be or not to be* becomes a true choice, where before you were stuck with *to be*. Your only choice was how *to be* least painfully...” (77)

Suicide in the work of Stefan Zweig

While Zweig's productivity ensured that he wrote hundreds of variations of themes, morbid fascination draws the reader to any hint of suicide in his fiction. In actuality, proportionally few characters in his extensive oeuvre kill themselves. Heyer describes suicide as an important leitmotif in Zweig's work and has calculated the successful suicides in his fiction: five men and four women (441). According to these findings, twenty per cent of Zweig's fiction contains suicide. My own accounting (see Appendix A: Suicide in Zweig's Fiction) finds a slightly larger number of suicides, numbering at least ten (six men, four women), and at least four ambiguous endings suggesting suicide. I also note at least four acts of murder¹⁴, equal to the number of female suicides.

What this accounting fails to note, however, is that writers who die of suicide stand alongside writers who die of natural causes: suicidal intention is not a prerequisite for writing about the act, just as writers need not parent to create believable children. Nor must the writer restrict his characters to his own sex, race, nationality, or economic situation. The suicidal act abounds in literature. In fact, Shakespeare's tragedies explicate more suicides—thirteen definitive suicides and at least eight more ambiguous ones (Kirkland)—than the work of his contemporaries (McLean) and more than Zweig's fiction. Hecht counts fifty-two suicides in Shakespeare's oeuvre (76). Even with all this fictional bloodletting, the bard managed not to take his own life.

Allday suggests that suicide in Zweig's fiction is often reached as a final solution after other options are weighed (147-48), though this is not always the case. In *Beware of Pity*, for instance, Hofmiller turns immediately to suicide after he insults his host's daughter. Edith, too, rushes to the idea of killing herself. This process is common in several of Zweig's characters who ultimately deny suicide, leaving the impression that Zweig's fiction is rife with self-murder. Other characters attempt suicide to escape untenable, powerless situations: a servant kills herself because her beloved master abandons her in "Leporella," and the eponymous "Governess" does so after becoming pregnant and abandoned by her lover. The doctor in "Amok" throws himself overboard after failing to aid a desperate woman. Hofmiller's headlong rush into war in *Beware of*

¹⁴ A Jewish community is slaughtered in "In the Snow," and murderous hoards attack Catholics in "The Miracles of Life." The eponymous Leporella murders her employer's wife. In "Did He Do It?" a jealous dog drowns a baby.

Pity also falls into this category. The authorial voice in Zweig's fiction never condemns suicides. It sympathizes with the suicide so that it appears inevitable (Heyer 447), except in his story "Twilight" in which the suicidal Madame de Prie's plight is frivolous.

In other stories, the absence of suicide is remarkable, particularly in the case of *The Royal Game*, written during Zweig's final despair, in which the Gestapo imprisons a man in solitary confinement for nearly a year. In "Did He Do It?" (written between 1934 and 1940), a couple loses a child through neglect and in "Mendel the Bibliophile" a man is evicted, imprisoned, and starved; in neither story does suicidal intention appear. It is also notable that Zweig only once chose a suicidal biographical subject (Heinrich von Kleist, *The Struggle with the Daemon*, 1925), though he maintained autonomy over his projects and lived through Vienna's reign as a hotbed of intellectual suicides, including those of Rudolf, Crown Prince of Austria (1889 in a murder-suicide pact), three Wittgenstein brothers (Hans in 1902, Rudolf in 1904, Kurt in 1918), philosopher Otto Weininger (1903), and vice-chancellor Emil Fey (1934). In fact, Zweig was drawn to those who suffered protracted physical and psychological anguish without recourse to suicide, such as Freud and Nietzsche.

The Suicide of Stefan Zweig

After an evening with friends, during which he seemed despondent, Stefan Zweig and his wife completed their preparations for death. Reports confirm that Zweig died first, proving that Lotte could have decided to live. As a result of this knowledge that significant time elapsed between their deaths, speculation about Lotte and her state of mind continues: "The last mystery of the end of Stefan Zweig's life is Lotte's alone, and she deepens before our eyes as she dies" (Prochnik 349).

Coverage and Reactions

The world reacted to Zweig's suicide with disbelief, shock, sadness, and celebration. *The New York Times* ran news of the death on the front page. *The London Times* discussed Zweig's "weariness of wandering" ("Obituary"), and *The Guardian* reflected that he "was extremely sensitive in his hatred of war" ("Our London Correspondence"). Franz Werfel considered his friend's death a surrender that "had handed the archenemy a triumph" and claimed that the German press treated his death akin to destroying a

British ship (qtd. in Jungk 200). Thomas Mann agreed with this sentiment in a letter to Zweig's first wife:

Was he conscious of no obligation toward the hundreds of thousands for whom his name was great and upon whom his abdication was bound to have a profoundly depressing effect? Toward the many fellow refugees throughout the world for whom the bread of exile is incomparably harder than it was for him, celebrated as he was and without material anxieties?" (311)

Klaus Mann wrote in his diary: "Since I have read his farewell message and, moreover, reread some of the notes I received from him recently, the event seems less incredible but all the more saddening" (356). French novelist Georges Bernanos condemned Zweig's death in a March 1942 article, claiming that it stripped hope from his readers (qtd. in Heyer 438).

Zweig's suicide provoked ire because he seemed to have everything—success, fame, money, security—at a time when his fellow Jews grasped a fraying rope of life. Alternately, concentration camp survivor and fellow Viennese Jean Améry called Zweig's suicide his "greatest masterpiece," which afforded his work a "new dimension" (qtd. in Heidelberger-Leonard 253).

At a commemoration after Zweig's death, Berthold Viertel vocalized the desperate hunt for clarification: "As long as his work lives and men ponder over the bloodshed and destruction of these violent times so long will they try to find an explanation for this self-imposed death" (151). By 1948, Zweig's literary executor had recognized that this would become his defining act, the refrain forever: "Why did he do it?" (Friedenthal, "SZ and Humanism" 164).

Reasons Attributed to Suicide

Baffled reactions defy facts known about Zweig. From an early age, he was a depressive, tumbling often into 'black liver.' His first wife, Friderike, claims she saved him from these abysses (Matuschek 139) and that he suffered from her absence. We may also infer that Zweig needed the accustomed affirmation that became elusive during his protracted exile. Though Brazilians flocked to his lectures, these were not his people; this was not his culture. The distance from Europe disturbed him on many fronts, including lack of information about home-front politics. He regretted the burden he inflicted on his second wife's family by entrusting to them his house in Bath, where

he had hoarded food and supplies in anticipation of the worst (Prochnik 284-85). He felt impotent and at the same time burdened by requests to help Jewish friends and acquaintances procure visas. The knowledge of his failures and the guilt over wanting to protect his time haunted him. In a 1940 interview with *The New York Times*, he said, “From all sides every one of us who had found a haven is daily assailed by letters and telegrams for help and intervention; every one of us lives more the lives of a hundred others than his own” (Van Gelder BR64).

In Petropolis, he found unbearable isolation. He long had feared decline, and his age depressed him. He lacked manuscripts and access to research and therefore lost his ability to work effectively. The forfeiture of his German readership wounded him, stripped his reason for living (Roshwald 361), especially as he viewed his translated works as “adopted children”: “of course I love them, but they aren’t quite the same thing as the children of my own blood” (qtd. in Feder 8). The nationless man at home in the world proclaimed: “There is only one final, highest form of cohesion: in the last analysis our language alone is our country!” (qtd. in Prater, *European* 72).

Aside from these debilitating issues, Zweig feared that his wife’s severe asthma might kill her; the promised miracle cures helped little. All of these elements converged to leach his life-wish. Friends knew of his anguish. In fall 1941, he wrote to Franz Werfel about having experienced a nervous breakdown (Jungk 199).

Rather than considering these factors, readers continue to classify Zweig’s death a mystery, or even in some cases, a conspiracy. Some question Lotte’s role and whether she, nearly thirty years his junior, was coerced. Lester goes as far as to claim that her death has “the quality of murder, murder by [a] self-centered, power-seeking [husband] who gave little thought for the quality of [her] life” (“Double Suicide” 153). At least three conflicting in-situ post-mortem photographs exist. The position of the bodies in each varies, prompting further conspiracy theories.¹⁵ This is outside the range of this study but mentioned to illuminate how the suicide has shaped public and academic interest in Zweig.

Response to the work of Stefan Zweig

Pre-1942

¹⁵ For more information about conspiracies, see <http://zweigstefan.blogspot.it> and http://www.reocities.com/ssaidemb/Stefan_Zweig_and_Elisabeth_Eng.html

A detailed look at a selection of six international English-language periodicals, *The London Times* and *The Times Literary Supplement* (Appendix B), *The Guardian* (Appendix C), *The New York Times* (Appendix D), *The Nation* (Appendix E), and *The New Yorker* (Appendix F)¹⁶, verifies that Stefan Zweig was a respected literary figure. Allday claims that “his literary quality was rarely in doubt and in constant demand in almost every country of the world” (87), fading from prominence only in the decades following World War II.

The New York Times began covering Zweig’s career in 1914. Its earliest reviews refer to him as a “brilliant Viennese lyricist” (“Verhaeren”) and were ecstatically positive, the negative criticisms leaning toward Zweig’s enthusiasm, his occasional verbosity, and in 1927, the inappropriateness of his themes for “young ladies” (“Three Powerful”). *The Nation* first noticed Zweig in 1921, and in a 1934 review noted Zweig’s continual advancement as a writer: “Zweig is more original, more ambitious in what he undertakes. . . . and he is less burdened by vague and cumbersome literary phrases” (Codman 572).

The New Yorker, the last of these six publications to mention Zweig, reviewed his version of Ben Jonson’s *Volpone* in 1928. The magazine praised many of his efforts throughout the 1930s, often reading his historical works as veiled political statement. In *Erasmus* (1934), the reviewer saw “an excuse (a rather good one, though) to preach a sermon, subdued and disguised, against Hitlerite Germany” (“Also Out” 98), and in *The Right to Heresy* (1936) “his opinions about tyrannies of our own day” (“Briefly Noted” 86).

Zweig has always been less popular among the English (a tide showing signs of change only in the 2000s), but *The Times Literary Supplement* and *The Guardian* began their coverage of Zweig four years earlier than *The New York Times*. The British press was less forthcoming in praise and the space it dedicated to Zweig’s work, perhaps because interwar English publishing tended to ignore German-language writers, even those—such as Thomas Mann and Hermann Hesse—popular in other foreign markets (Dove 38-39).

Written over during a time of great upheaval—through divorce and the sale of his home, the Anschluss, the burning of his books, and the beginning of his exile—Zweig’s novel received “universal attention” (Allday 16). In one week, his English

¹⁶ These publications were chosen because they have been in continual circulation from the beginning of Zweig’s international career in the 1910s through today.

publisher reprinted *Beware of Pity* three times (Prater, *European* 272). Randall of *The Times Literary Supplement* found the novel “in keeping with the high reputation [Zweig] has long deservedly enjoyed” (263); in the same publication, an unnamed reviewer of the original German version called Zweig’s fiction a “side-line” (“Studies in Post-War” 141). *The New York Times* deemed it “brilliant” (Kronenberger), and *The Guardian* judged the novel “the work of a mature imagination nourished by a wide and intense experience of life ... [with] penetrating psychological insight” (Gibson).

Post-1942

In the seventy-three years since Zweig’s death, he and his work have lived many lives and endured much celebration and hate. Today, Zweig’s literary legacy is murky and divisive. Reactions to Zweig land in four categories: dismissive, enthusiastic, vitriolic, and silent. John Fowles states: “Stefan Zweig has suffered, since his death in 1942, a darker eclipse than any other famous writer of this century” (vii). If Zweig was not the ‘best’ in his field, some critics suggest, his work must be of little merit: “In fiction, Zweig was no Mann; in poetry no Rilke, in drama no Schnitzler or Brecht” (Botstein 63). Others disagree, placing Zweig in the same category as Chekhov, Maupassant, Turgenev (Bailey 28), Conrad, and Henry James (Lezard 18). Conversely, Zweig still prompts venom. Reviews of his posthumous memoir have become prime battlegrounds to criticize the man, from Hannah Arendt’s 1943 shaming to Michael Hofmann’s 2010 personal attack (analysed in Chapter Two).

Zweig is “still paying the penalty” for the massive sales he enjoyed during his lifetime (James 833). Despite Frans Masereel’s assertion that his friend’s work would prove lasting, Zweig became a marginal figure for nearly fifty years (Herman 218). Only in France has Zweig’s legacy remained stable, his books constantly in print except during the Occupation. The sole foreign author to outsell Zweig in France since 2004 is Agatha Christie. His sales soar above those of Shakespeare and Tolkien (“Palmarès”).

Aside from the wide discrepancy in appraisals of his work since his death, a more pervasive problem has crept into contemporary Zweig studies: the defining characteristic of his suicide. Klawiter has found that since 1942 a large portion of the writings about Zweig focus on understanding his death (*Bibliography* xxxvii).

1942-49

The focus on Zweig's suicide in the reading of his work began obviously, almost without intention, upon the releases of four posthumous titles published between October 1942 and September 1946, each containing unavoidable connections to his end.

Released in America and England six months after his death (but written before his final immigration), *Brazil: Land of the Future* contains painful irony even in its title. For some, Zweig's almost ecstatic account of his adopted country's glories made his death confounding. Like de Tocqueville for the United States, Zweig has become a defining visitor, helping form Brazil's self-identity (Neto qtd. in Romero A4). The title of his book has become a touchstone for the country, referenced by journalists, politicians, and businessmen to condemn—"Brazil would *always* be the country of the future, but never one of the present" (Szulc)—or praise—"Brazil isn't the country of the future anymore. ... It's the country of the present" (Rodrigues qtd. in Romero A4). U.S. President Barack Obama addressed Brazil in 2011 with a reference to Zweig's tagline: "this is a country of the future no more. The people of Brazil should know that the future has arrived" ("Remarks by the President").

When his memoir, *The World of Yesterday*, appeared in 1943, ignorance of his death would have been a strange oversight, particularly for newspapers, the first critical evaluators of his work. The facsimile suicide note at the end of the book assured discussion about his voluntary death. The note's placement asks the reader to look at the memoir as leading directly to the suicide, or as an expansive suicide note itself. The reviewer for the *New York Tribune* quipped, "It might have been called 'Post Mortem': for he knew his world was dead when he wrote it, and he died by his own hand, in Brazil, shortly after it was finished" (Gannett). Nearly every review discussed, briefly or at-length, Zweig's suicide. The *Boston Daily Globe* reviewer claimed that "the farewell letter does not explain the suicide, the book does. ... he could not go on living in this world because it was no longer his world" (Zausmer). Others did not find surety in those pages. *The Chicago Tribune* wrote that the memoir seems void of melancholy (Collins). The memoir continues to be confused with Zweig's ultimate death wish: Richard Flanagan in 2012 called it "a book-length suicide note-cum-memoir" ("Words Waver"). Yet *The World of Yesterday* ends in resigned hope: "every shadow is also the child of light, and only those who have known the light and the dark, have seen war and peace, rise and fall, have truly lived their lives" (462). It, thus, gives little clue to his despair and no answer to his self-murder.

Media treated *The Royal Game* similarly in April 1944 (US) and April 1945 (UK) because it was touted as Zweig's final fiction, giving newspapers a hook to interest readers. That, along with the Nazi content and its references to South America fuelled the search for connections. Perhaps because Zweig's memoir is largely detached, readers look toward *The Royal Game* to explain the lead-up to his premature death.

The Detroit Free Press began its review with an invitation to explore the death: "The suicide of Stefan Zweig will always baffle me, unless someone, some time, comes forward with an explanation" ("Strange case"). Other publications used the opportunity to readdress his suicide. *The Hartford Times* ran the headline: "Is Stefan Zweig's last novelette key to puzzle?"

Even the publication of Zweig's biography of Balzac, in 1946 (US) and 1947 (UK), pointed directly to the author's life. His literary executor completed the volume, which Zweig had imagined would become his crowning masterpiece. In Friedenthal's postscript, he describes sending Zweig drafts left behind in England: "They were returned to me unopened with a note written on the envelope to the effect that the addressee was dead" (401).

In the years that followed, biographical books supplied details to keep the audience's interest in Zweig's death alive. Friderike Zweig wrote the first post-suicide biography, which appeared in English translation near the publication of Zweig's *Balzac*, four years after his death. It encourages readers to find an explanation of his life in his fiction. The biography is problematic because of Friderike's attempt to portray herself as both integral to Zweig's work and as his thwarted saviour. The book contains a sixty-eight-page analysis of Zweig's oeuvre, but she lumps *Beware of Pity* with his travel book on Brazil and allots only four paragraphs to its literary merit, though she also references it in swipes at Lotte throughout and claims that the novel is "rooted in his emotional life" (178). While Friderike alludes to sympathy for Lotte, she denigrates the "young girl driven by illness into an isolation without hope of marriage or motherhood" and seeks to show a parallel between Hofmiller and Zweig as the lover torn between pity and repugnance (226). Friderike Zweig conveniently forgets that the recurring leitmotif of the broken body prefigures both of his marriages, in such early stories as "Two Lonely Souls" (1901), in which a crippled man and ugly girl settle for each other's comfort. Friderike places herself in the role of privileged analyst of

Zweig's work, and her reliance on biographical details creates precedence and, indeed, preference for this tact.

1950-59

The 1950s witnessed the beginning of Zweig's decline. His name appeared in conjunction with his play revivals, film adaptations, as a context reference about his major biographical figures (Casanova, Marie Antoinette, Erasmus), but the two collections of letters and one commemorative book served as the main publishing events: *The Stefan Zweig-Friderike Zweig letters* (1954), the letters of Richard Strauss and Stefan Zweig (German-language 1958), and Hans Arens's *Stefan Zweig: A Tribute to His Life and Work* (1951). In the introduction to the Friderike Zweig-Stefan Zweig correspondence, Friderike claims that in these letters "his image and tragic destiny will be illuminated and even transfigured" (vi), adding to the mystique of the suicide and the prevailing tide of Zweig studies to treat every morsel of his biography and work as prelude to his self-imposed death.

1960-69

During the 1960s, a few play productions and film adaptations appeared, but interest in Zweig's work largely disappeared. Throughout the decade, Zweig's name remains a touchstone in literary matters, especially in *The New York Times* and *London Times* (forty separate references each) and the *Times Literary Supplement* (twenty-two references). These mentions highlight film productions of his work, discuss his working relationship with Richard Strauss, and feature in obituaries for prominent publishers.

Randolph Klawiter, who would go on to become the preeminent Zweig bibliographer, submitted as his PhD dissertation in 1961 the first scholarly study of Zweig's novellas since his death (*Stefan Zweig's Novellen: An Analysis*). In it, he notes the absence of academic interest in Zweig's fiction.

1970-79

In 1972 to commemorate the thirtieth anniversary of Zweig's death, two biographies appeared. D.A. Prater's comprehensive volume (*European of Yesterday*), scholarly, exhaustive, and developed in close consultation with Friderike Zweig, remains the definitive biography, though more recent ones (described below) add to the nuance of

Zweig's character and his relationship with his second wife. Elizabeth Allday's work, *Stefan Zweig: A Critical Biography*, published the same year, cites few sources and quotes heavily from *The World of Yesterday*. Throughout, Allday uses Zweig's publication to extrapolate his mental state: "His work and his personal experience are inextricable" (63). She suggests that all his works serve as autobiographical confessions: "a writer, whether his explorations are fictional or biographical, unwittingly releases particles of himself through his subjects" (164). Prater, though, maintains that Zweig the man is nearly absent from his work ("Vienna of Yesterday" 330). In 1977, an English translation of the Strauss-Zweig letters appeared, renewing interest in the controversy that closed Strauss's opera *The Silent Woman* (*Die schweigsame Frau*) and led to his resignation as president from the Reichsmusikkammer. While Zweig's name still appears in newspapers sporadically throughout the decade (an average of 1.8 times per year during the 1970s in *The New York Times*), he is often used largely to situate a time and place.

1980-89

The resurgence of interest in Zweig in English began in the 1980s, the centenary of his birth serving as the impetus for new editions. A symposium on Zweig's life and work convened in March-April 1981 in Fredonia, New York. The proceedings of the symposium, including thirty-one essays (three of which discuss his fiction), was published in 1983.

Rausch der Verwandlung (*The Post-Office Girl*), an unfinished novel found among Zweig's papers, appeared in 1982 in German but would not be translated into English for another twenty-six years. In 1986, the Zweig heirs donated his music autographs to The British Library and stipulated the commencement of a ten-year series of connected cultural events, returning his name, if not his work, to public consciousness. In 1981, Rosi Cohen submitted a dissertation on Zweig's suicide, which includes a chapter on suicide in his novellas and in *Beware of Pity*. Other scholarly papers during this decade focused on Zweig's friendships, his relationship with Judaism, his autograph collection, and his historical miniatures. At the end of the decade, David Turner published the only full-length critical study of Zweig's fiction (excluding *Beware of Pity*) in English, *Moral Values and the Human Zoo* (1988).

1990-99

For the English-speaking world, the founding of Pushkin Press in England (which places Zweig at the centre of its enterprise) remains the most important event of the decade in relation to Zweig studies. Critics began to reassess Zweig's fiction, particularly *Beware of Pity*. A *Sunday Times* reviewer called the novel "unjustly forgotten. ... how masterly is the whole design, how penetrating the portraiture, how perfectly judged the conclusion" (Severn). Michaela Rudolph submitted a dissertation in 1993 on the dominant woman in Zweig's novellas, using the mores of the day to examine Zweig's relationship with and judgement of his female characters.

2000-09

The attempt to regain public interest in Zweig took hold, particularly because of the reprints of his classic works, though public perception remained that Zweig "is neglected in all English-speaking countries" (Daniels). In the United States, New York Review Books republished several Zweig titles, including *Chess Story* and *Beware of Pity*. The proceedings from the 2004 international Stefan Zweig conference in Israel, *Stefan Zweig Reconsidered*, appeared in 2007. In the most prescient of its papers, Liska describes Zweig as the "best hated author of his era" (203) and claims that the long list of famous detractors, including Musil, Schnitzler, Karl Kraus, and Hesse, attests to the author's importance. Most of the works she describes point toward the spread of conflating literary criticism with personal attack (204). Zweig himself tended to wed the maker to his the art, and this tendency has left his own person open to attack through his writing (208-09). As Leake claims, author suicide seems to destroy the separation between "scholarly and non-scholarly" readings (14). While Zweig's keenest detractors criticize his drive to describe and prompt emotion, he seems to have succeeded considering the heated diatribes his person and work elicit (Liska 214).

In 2008, New York Review Books published the first English translation of *The Post-Office Girl*, renewing interest in much of Zweig's work, particularly his fiction. It is worth noting how reviewers welcomed the novel. *The Daily Telegraph* began by stating "Stefan Zweig's many German-reading fans have long admired The Post Office Girl for the light it sheds on the Austrian writer's final months in Brazil in 1942, where he committed suicide in a pact with his second wife" (Bradbury).

2010-15

The current decade has seen the publication of *Stefan and Lotte Zweig's South American Letters* (2010), the first full-length biographical work featuring Lotte. The letters, along with the book's introduction, offer the most revolutionary take on Zweig biographical studies in many decades and grants an opposing view of the supposedly meek, sickly wife and of the couple's final months. Another lost Zweig novella, *Journey Into the Past*, appeared in English (2010), twenty-three years after its German release. In 2011, Pushkin Press published the first new biography available in English in thirty-six years: *Three Lives* by Oliver Matuschek. George Prochnik's biography/memoir of his own Austrian immigrant family juxtaposed with Zweig's life (*The Impossible Exile*), which includes interviews with Lotte's niece, followed in 2014.

In her 2011 German-language dissertation comparing the autobiographical works of Zweig and Henry Adams, Corina Fonyodi-Szarka notes that Zweig is "still considered a 'poor cousin' in the academic world," citing the lack of textual readings of his literary output. She argues that Zweig's works "have been consistently viewed through the events of history" and that analysis of his writing on its literary merits remains lacking (ii).

Scholarly as well as prurient attention around the world marked the seventieth anniversary of Zweig's death in 2012. Israel's National Library published on its website a scan of the suicide note, which remains in its collection. The "Stefan Zweig and Britain" symposium convened in London in 2012. The same year, fans backed by a gaggle of English writers, supported the addition of a plaque to commemorate Zweig's time in London, but English Heritage denied the request: "it was felt that a critical consensus does not appear to exist at the moment regarding Zweig's reputation as a writer" (Flood). Interest in Zweig among English readers has increased, though, with England national football team manager Roy Hodgson's frequent statements about his love for the Austrian's writing. Pushkin Press sales of Zweig titles "more than doubled" with Hodgson's recommendation (C. Davis, "Late" 14). Pushkin nominated 2013 "The Year of Zweig" and as of February 2015, maintains twenty-three of his titles (more, if we include titles available in alternate formats), including the seven-hundred-page *Collected Stories*. The press also keeps in print the first English translation of the bestselling¹⁷ 2010 French novel, *Last Days*.

¹⁷ 80,000 copies (C. Davis, "Poignant Messages")

In 2012, the rented home where Zweig and his wife killed themselves opened as a museum. Leading up to its unveiling, the exterior sported a sign that read: “‘He’s Coming Back to Petrópolis: Here Soon,” suggesting “something between a superstar’s personal appearance and a ghost returning to haunt the living” (Ivy).

The most wide-sweeping incentive to write about Zweig in 2014 and 2015 remains Wes Anderson’s comedy *The Grand Budapest Hotel*, for which the director claims the author as an inspiration and admits to appropriating his fiction (Interview 11). The film lifts the introductory section of *Beware of Pity* and features multiple Zweig lookalike characters who speed through a Technicolor Mitteleuropa hilariously ignoring the ominous political undercurrents. In interviews, Anderson fuses Zweig’s work and life. However unintentional, Anderson seems to lean against—or be propped up by—the suicide to lend depth to his zany romp. Because of the film’s popularity, its win for Best Picture (Musical or Comedy) at the 2015 Golden Globes, and its nine Academy Award nominations (including Best Picture and Original Screenplay), it has brought Zweig’s legacy and, inevitably, his voluntary death under new scrutiny while not actively engaging with his work.

Since Zweig’s death, twelve per cent of the approximate 305 mentions of Zweig in *The New York Times* and ten per cent of the 521 in the *London Times* (including *The Times Literary Supplement*) focus on the suicide. While these percentages may appear low, the total number of mentions includes advertisements, contextual references to Zweig, and quotes from his work. If we look only at articles that focus on rather than simply mention Zweig, nearly all highlight his self-inflicted death. The current resurgence of interest in his canon shows little sign of abating but moves continually toward the biography over the work.

Because of the scandalous nature of Zweig’s death, the biographical connections apparent in his four posthumous books, and the subsequent flurry of biographies and correspondence, attention to his oeuvre post-1942 largely expresses itself through explorations of the suicide. Zweig’s legacy fell dormant for almost forty years, but his name continues to be a contextual landmark, even while his works are ignored. While the majority of people agree that art is essential, it is often sacrificed to more easily digestible information. Instead of tackling intimidating, time-consuming novels and other works of art, we focus on the immediate charge of the titillating. Sylvia Plath’s and Anne Sexton’s horrific, nearly operatic suicides obstruct their poems. Those who

have not viewed *Starry Night* and *Bedroom in Arles* still may know that Vincent Van Gogh mutilated himself in a fit of psychotic despair: “the market [wants] distraction, more interested in what Van Gogh’s deranged hand did to his ear than what his incomparable eye saw in the sunlight at Arles” (Lapham).

As this chapter asserts, interest in Zweig remains focused on prurient detail over art, the charge toward death rather than the creative process or its culminations. In Chapter Two, I explore this premise and further it by demonstrating that what we talk about when we discuss Zweig affects a reader’s ability to interact with his fiction. The acceptance of suicide as a crowning feature of a writer’s output complicates a reader’s response and threatens to upend her autonomy.

Chapter Two:

The Death of the Author: Reader Response and Suicide

“A joke among writers goes like this: ‘We’ve talked enough about me. Now let’s talk about my work.’” —Leonard Michaels (122)

Stefan Zweig’s suicide retains centre stage in his oeuvre. I have discussed what we talk about when we invoke the name Stefan Zweig, but what do we read when we open his stories and novel? An analysis of prevailing reading theories aids the discussion of the regeneration of Zweig’s fiction as an aide in the elucidation of his death and in direct conflict with the reader’s right to enact Roland Barthes’s “death of the author.”

Suicide as a Complicating Factor

Debate on the use of historical and biographical detail in literary studies dates thousands of years: to what degree, if at all, do readers need an author’s biography or his authority in order to understand or appreciate a work of fiction? From doctoral theses to newspaper reviews, the implementation of author biography to explain, challenge, describe, and assess works of literature remains one of the most pleasurable and teachable methods of critique. The literary critic as detective (sifting through the author’s secrets to unearth biographical kernels in his work) remains a comfortable, apt description. The mystery of Shakespeare’s identity, for example, finds a larger, more tantalized audience than, say, a study of the syntactic patterns of the playwright’s dramas. Zweig’s work since his death largely receives this type of criticism. This reflects more than a simple reversion to the historical method, which uses historical context surrounding the creation of a work. In the twentieth century, two major schools of theory—the New Criticism and Reader Response—challenged this long-standing method of literary study. These theories of reading beg the seemingly simple but overwhelmingly complex questions: Does the artist matter? How do our readings recreate art? Most importantly for this thesis, how has this shift in reading theory—alongside the act of suicide—affected readers’ experience of Stefan Zweig’s work?

An organic movement of American and British poet-critics led by T.S. Eliot and Ezra Pound revolted against the historical method by calling for literature to claim its

place outside history and psychology and beyond simple appreciation. While the New Critics' methods vary widely, their main tenants remain primacy of the text and subordination of the author's life. The movement challenges criticism that "believes it has made an interpretation by surrounding the work with facts ... also when criticism substitutes personal history for the history of the work..." (Blackmur 181). Other fields do not require biographical information from its innovators: "When studying physics we are not asked to investigate the biographies of all the disciples of Newton ... Neither are their unrewarded gropings, hopes, passions, laundry bills, or erotic experiences ... considered germane to the subject" (Pound 16).

New Criticism calls for a return to the kind of scholarship that dominated the academy before the push in the nineteenth century toward biographically based readings. Though revolutionary at its time, its basic tenant is simple if not banal: to read literature as literature. By the late 1930s, the New Critics' methods, including 'close reading,' for which the school is primarily known, took hold in American and British universities.

Too diverse to enumerate its varied and often opposing ideals, two of New Criticism's major ideas serve to introduce some of its lasting contributions, both by Wimsatt and Beardsley. "The Affective Fallacy" warns against focus on how a text affects readers, which may elucidate more about the reader than about the work. "The Intentional Fallacy" argues that the author's intention must be ignored because the text must stand as it is, rather than as the writer might have hoped.

While the New Criticism grew a large coterie of followers, it also gathered enemies. Aside from the historical critics whom its methods directly challenged, it also discovered widespread resistance from various other camps. Such detractors claim that its techniques produce dry, disconnected treatments of literature, deny the role of the reader, promote elitism, isolate art from its social function, and denigrate scholarship to a schoolchild's "*explication de texte*" (Wellek 611).

Primarily, readers resist this kind of reading's impersonal nature which makes no allowance for the ways in which literature can produce physical effects in the body: chills, excitement, a rush of adrenalin. Denying the relationship between a text and its receptor forces a wilful rejection of the body reading (Littau 9) and takes writing out of the human sphere (Scholes 16). Thus it creates automatons who can identify and pick out parts of a poem (20-21), like medical students taught the organs of the body simply

in order to perform dissections. While the New Critics faded from prominence in the late 1970s, its understanding of how to interpret literature endures as “our basic critical language” (Logan xv).

New Criticism’s heyday corresponded with the nadir of Zweig’s popularity in American and Great Britain. His work effectively missed the window of text-based criticism. For instance, in the 1960s and ’70s, Zweig’s name appeared in the *New York Times* a total of fifty-eight times, all ‘context’ mentions which use him to indicate a place and time. Most instances involve obituaries of publishers with whom he had worked or his books’ film adaptations, including *Marie Antoinette* (1938), *Twenty-four Hours in the Life of a Woman* (1948), and *Brainwashed* (1960). In the *London Times* and *Times Literary Supplement* during the same period, the 104 mentions are of the same type, as well as reviews of his plays. Liska suggests this was not an unfortunate coincidence. Rather, critics at the time actively rejected Zweig’s straightforward fiction as unsuitable for “highbrow literary studies” because of its reliance on emotional response over intellectual puzzling, its apolitical stance, and because his person could not be excised from the work, as called for by the New Criticism (216). When Broadbent undertook a bibliography of American criticism of Zweig’s work in 1951, he discovered almost nothing scholarly produced on the author’s fiction. Broadbent’s study therefore focuses on Zweig’s biographies (2). In a review of a 1961 German-language collection of essays about Zweig as a creative personality, Lederer even questions the quality of biographical writing available about Zweig: “too frequently the contributions deal, in fact if not in title, with ‘Stefan Zweig and Me,’ like a tourist having his picture taken in front of the Eiffel Tower to gain stature by association with the great” (144).

While Zweig’s writing continued its decline in English-speaking readership through the 1960s, Deconstructionism, Reception Theory, and Reader Response Theory reacted to the New Criticism by pointing out the disadvantages of this ‘cold’ reading. These theories accept the necessity of rejecting the author as the final arbiter of meaning, but these varied schools of thought place the reader back in the centre of literary response, rather than the bald text on the page. Holland uses the analogy of *Sleeping Beauty* to explain this process of interpretation, claiming that, “Literary works ... need to be loved into life” (ix). These theoretical movements deny the absolutism found in some branches of the New Criticism. As Littau explains, they allow—indeed,

demand—that the audience provide everything, because the text serves as a springboard to prompt reaction (114), in effect transforming in into a blank journal that the reader writes based on her personalized filters. In New Criticism, everything is located in the text; in Reader Response, all meaning originates in the reader. This questions the importance of any literary criticism since an artwork's worth totters on the whim of individual readers.

Littau questions how this democratic, catholic approach works in practice: “Wouldn't this mean that a reader can produce just any meaning whatsoever? ... how can [Stanley] Fish make ‘the text disappear’¹⁸ and give the reader free interpretive rein, while at the same time asserting the stability of the interpretive process?” (113). Discussions abound regarding the tyranny of the written word versus the necessity of a reader and her freedom of reaction, but most importantly for this thesis remains the conflict between the figure of the author and how that figure affects the reader's engagement with a literary work.

Simple reader psychology cannot explain what is intrinsic in literature, but Iser suggests that the text's ‘gaps’—which prompt and dictate the reader's response—mediate interpretation (*Prospecting* 34). This control is not located within the text; it is “exercised by the text” (33). The ‘conversation’ between text and reader is, at the same time, limitless and undefined; it lends an inordinate power to the reader, who must decide how and with what to fill those gaps, based on his own experience, history, knowledge, and ability. These gaps indicate a text's “inexhaustibility” (Iser, *Implied* 280). As we will discuss, an author's suicide can act as an exhauster—an event that disallows Iser's definition of conversation between the reader and a text through its gaps. A suicide—with its shocking nature and its taboo quality—in fact can fill the blanks to disallow alternate interactions.

In 1967, Barthes introduced one of the most controversial and lasting ideas of Reader Response Theory through his essay “The Death of the Author,” in which he postulates that literature belongs to the public. Allowing the writer to have authority over the text weighs it down with the writer's biography, politics, and religious beliefs. As discussed in Chapter One, Zweig could serve as a poster child for this problem of authority. Barthes recommends the revolutionary change in term from ‘author’ to ‘scriptor’ in

¹⁸ “Is There a Text in This Class?” (173)

order to strip the writer of the impression of authority, a premise at odds with the notion of the artist as arbiter of his ideas. Novelist Richard Ford resists Barthes's sublimation of the author: "Authorship means I authorize everything" (Interview 168). Barthes claims that this disavowal of the author is necessary to free the reader of the impossible burden of discovering a writer's intentions. This active rejection, or murder, denies the presumptions one normally encounters when acknowledging an author's name, including previous works, friendships, and public standing.

If the New Critics remove the biography to focus on the text, Barthes annuls the author to claim the reader's independence. This figurative death, though, involves impossible obstacles, and rather than killing the author this action simply downgrades him and sets his work adrift (Eagleton 19).

Barthes acknowledges the pervasive cult of the author and the temptation to use the author's life to decipher the work, but he implores readers to kill the idea of the author to save the future of writing and reading ("Death" 147). He states in *S/Z* that "the goal of literary work (of literature as work) is to make the reader no longer a consumer, but a producer of text" (4). Umberto Eco concedes: "The author should die once he has finished writing. So as not to trouble the path of the text" (7).

Foucault elaborates Barthes's ideas on figurative authorial death in his 1969 essay "What is an Author" by questioning the basic function of the author and what is implied when a reader accepts the writer's authority. He suggests that authorship is akin to immortality, and that, "Writing has become linked to sacrifice, even to the sacrifice of life..." The author's text, he claims, becomes the author's murderer: "[the author] must assume the role of the dead man in the game of writing" (103), as though by the very act of penning literature, the author consents to his public biographical life. While neither addresses how an author suicide usurps the author's obligation and the reader's right to enact this figurative death, a twisted inverse of Foucault's theory has occurred in the reading of Stefan Zweig: the author's suicide has become the death of his work. With his self-murder, he has buried his stories under the weight of his personal demons and the fascination they draw.

While the reader might place herself in the primary position of interpreter, she cannot efface the author because the author has appropriated this right by killing himself; the author subverts the reader's act, which compels the reader instead to search for the body and its clues in order to reclaim her right. Too often, the reader cannot

move beyond the suicide body once she has discovered it; its searing image burns into the author's words. At the same time, the reader so desperately wants an explanation for the suicide—a final understanding of this unexplainable act—that she cannot kill the already slaughtered author. Readers do not want the question removed from the suicide author's control; they want him, firmly, to accept his authority and explain his motives, through whatever facility that remains, but especially through the written works he left behind.

This leads to a strange metamorphose and hybrid reading style: reader response retains priority in that the reader's emotional attachment or response is of the highest importance, but simultaneously, readers expect that emotional, personal response to be verified by facts outside the text, from the writer's life. This is the case particularly for readers less skilled in interpretation or short on time or attention span. A body always trumps.

Memory research tells us that understanding is built on previous knowledge. In effect, we require hooks on which to hang the facts we receive, if we want to remember them. These hooks strain for the unusual, unexpected, salacious, and taboo, which become etched effortlessly into memory (Foer). Suicide becomes a large, tenacious hook.

While Foucault agrees that to analyse literature the reader must dismiss the author, a problem remains: "What is a work? ... Is it not what an author has written?" (103). Foucault begins and ends with echoes of Samuel Beckett: "What difference does it make who is speaking?" (101, 120).¹⁹ Foucault's use of the author's name to identify the quote, though, calls into question its sentiment. Why name the author if the figure speaking is irrelevant? (Hendricks). The more pertinent question remains: to what extent should the author function be erased? Does this extend only to biography, or also to the use of the author's name as an identifier? Foucault warns that by agreeing to the term 'author' and accepting the idea of a writer's oeuvre, the reader cannot limit what that body of work collects. If the reader does not participate in the theoretical death of the author, she must accept anything that encapsulates the author's work and legacy. Foucault does not innumerate specifically what this includes, but surely drafts, as well

¹⁹ Foucault famously misquotes the line from *The Unnamable*: "Someone speaks, someone hears, no need to go any further, it is not he, it's I, or another, or others, what does it matter..." (370).

as personal letters, proposals, scraps, abandoned projects, and diaries must be incorporated. Once these things are included, it becomes difficult to disallow other artefacts that might shed light on the author and his work.

Aside from this question of what to incorporate into a writer's work is the more important conundrum, according to Foucault, of how to fill the space left behind once a reader enacts the figurative death of the author, because of the weight of the author's name and its role in how we perceive and rank literature. The title 'author,' Foucault postulates, gives a person an elevated position, from which we accept his words as truth. Students, writers, and journalists have tested this theory countless times by removing the author's name from a celebrated text and submitting it for publication, only to have the piece rejected, sometimes by the publishers who normally represent those same authors.²⁰

This void—the perfect size for a grave—demands a filler when the author kills himself. When he does so, the separation of life and art dissolves into an indelible stain that clouds the work's intentions, historical placement, and literary merit. Anything the writer has drafted becomes a literary artefact. Because many people who enact suicide use their death as an indecipherable message with which to infuse meaning (Lieberman 100, Améry 108), the author suicide becomes unavoidably inseparable from the writer's work. The writer transforms into “a transcendental object” (Améry 108) and “no one else will be able to assess this act. The world's objectivity will try to dissect it: it will only be dead tissue, which practiced hands and brains will reduce to pulp with as much industry as futility” (92). Even though suicide is intrinsically a message, the act's one-sidedness assures that no one can satisfactorily answer. The search becomes resigned to the paper trail. The suicide author's life and the documents left behind (regardless of autobiographical intent) become instructive because of the romantic view of artists as “suffering more eloquently than ordinary men and suffering, in fact, for the benefit of ordinary men” (Oates 28).

²⁰ Brief examples: Doris Lessing employed the pseudonym Jane Somers in the 1980s to submit a new manuscript to her publisher; it was promptly rejected. Lessing claimed she used a false name to show “how patronized and put-down new writers are” (qtd. in Lasdun). In 2006, several Australian agents and publishers rejected a novel by Wraith Picket. The submission turned out to be the third chapter of Nobel Prize winner Patrick White's 1973 *The Eye of the Storm*. Romain Gary, on the other hand, received praise and awards for the works of his pseudonymous self, Émile Ajar.

The literary works (novels, stories, etc.) find themselves placed in the same category and given equal weight as the suicide note and the act itself. Foucault warns that if the notion of the ‘author’ is accepted, the writer and reader must sacrifice his life (and death) to his body of work, within which anything may be amalgamated in order to discover the work’s meaning—or, alternately, the life’s meaning. If the concept of the author is accepted, that author’s body of work necessarily expands to include everything that results because of and in connection to the work (114).

In his 2011 novel *Suicide*, Edouard Levé succinctly explains this phenomenon:

The way in which you quit it rewrote the story of your life in negative form. Those who knew you reread each of your acts in light of your last. ... When you are spoken of, it begins with recounting your death, before going back to explain it. Isn’t it peculiar how this final gesture inverts your biography? ... Your suicide has become the foundational act, and those earlier acts that you had hoped to relieve of their burden of meaning by way of this gesture, the absurdity of which so attracted you, have ended up simply alienated instead. Your final second changed your life in the eyes of the others. (29-30)

Even Levé’s translator finds the work overpowered by the author’s own voluntary death, which, similar to Yukio Mishima’s suicide (and to Zweig’s), occurred after he delivered the *Suicide* manuscript. Steyn writes: “No one who reads this novel and knows of Levé’s suicide ... can avoid projecting Levé’s questions back onto his own choice of death (120) ... Levé’s death retroactively changed the significance of *all* of his works” (125-26, italics added). In a later interview, Steyn seems to regret his afterword: “I completely understand why the reception of the book has been determined by the author’s suicide ... But my fear is that it distracts from the book. ... It is a question, not an answer” (Interview).

The author himself maintains minimal power in this ultimate existential question. Even if he has accepted his figurative death and has exchanged the title of author for scriptor, when he kills himself the reader is allowed to resuscitate him. Zweig spent his life attempting to sublimate his biography to his literary output, but his suicide destroyed his carefully arranged legacy.

Literary suicide has emerged as an art form (Sloan 4). As a suicide author, Zweig’s

oeuvre now embraces every letter he wrote, each discarded draft, his purple-ink-filled datebooks, the collections of newspaper clippings gleaned by his relatives, his alligator shoes (photos of which now appear online), the recent French novella and graphic novel²¹ that purport to explain his final days, the dramas based on the lead-up to his death²², the unfinished books completed and edited after his suicide, the damning English play which calls him a Nazi collaborator²³, the contents of his autograph collection (which Zohn suggests “must be viewed as an integral part of Zweig’s literary work” [“Collector” 182]), and his suicide note. If the suicide note is treated to literary criticism, the reader has little choice but to embrace the self-murder as a culmination of the artist’s body of work: the final resting point to end and begin interpretation. In essence, the reader cannot enact a figurative death as long as the suicide remains at the centre; the word disallows the authority to be transferred to the reader.

In his nonfiction, Zweig lauds the artist as heroic and often conflates the maker with his creation. Critics now want to undo that “metaphysical residue” by toppling Zweig from his presumed pedestal (Liska 217). In rejecting the author as hero (i.e. denigrating Zweig), they attempt to enact an authorial death; instead, they reincarnate him. He may no longer be a hero, but his presence as a whipping boy becomes even more distracting from his art. A god, one loves from afar; an enemy, one wrestles with in the mud. An authorial death requires more force than a simple rejection of a writer’s reading method or a transformation from hero to hack. The New Criticism and Reader Response specifically reject the author’s influence on how *we* read, regardless of how *he* read. This incomplete death of the author smears readers with the residue of his deathbed: “Even fifty years after the event, critics are still driven to demystify Zweig’s suicide whether in renderings of the burial as grotesque operetta of mishaps...” (Liska 215).

The writer not only becomes his flight toward death; his personality takes over the role we might normally give to characters in literature. Instead of analysing setting or character or plot, we study the author’s biography. In the absence of studying the

²¹ *Les derniers jours de Stefan Zweig* by Laurent Seksik (2010). English translation: *The Last Days*, trans. André Naffis-Sahely (2013). Graphic novel illustrated by Guillaume Sorel (Casterman, 2012).

²² *Les derniers jours de Stefan Zweig* based on the novel by Laurent Seksik (Théâtre Antoine, Paris, 2012); *Zweig mon Amour* by Lou Ferreira (Théâtre du Nord-Ouest, 2013).

²³ *Collaboration* (1995) by Ronald Harwood. The play, which illustrates the working relationship between Zweig and Richard Strauss, ends with a condemnation of Zweig’s suicide as the greatest form of enemy collaboration.

fiction, we use the skills of the literary critic-scholar to dissect the man. Michael Hofmann regularly condemns Zweig's personality in order to devalue his work. In the *London Review of Books*, he wrote a flippant literary critique of the "preposterously back in fashion" Zweig, referring to him as "twig" (his surname translates more commonly as "branch") and criticising Zweig's suicide note:

... which, like most of what he wrote, is so smooth and mannerly and somehow machined—actually more like an Oscar acceptance speech than a suicide note—that one feels the irritable rise of boredom halfway through it, and the sense that *he doesn't mean it*, his heart isn't in it (not even in his suicide); this person whose books I briefly thought I wouldn't mind reading, before, while setting down the umpteenth of them amid groans ... adding the stipulation to myself: yes, but only if they'd been written by someone else." ("Vermicular")

Hofmann gives himself away in that last sentence: *if they'd been written by someone else*. He admits that his main objections aren't the works themselves (though he goes on to eviscerate them) but the man who wrote them. Hofmann describes in detail the post-mortem photograph of Zweig and his wife. Only in the eighteenth paragraph of his article does he briefly mention the title he is supposedly assessing. He ends his piece not with a statement on the book but on the man, whom he describes as "putrid through and through." Because Hofmann believes that Zweig was a shameless hoarder and cowardly bourgeois, he can dismiss the books. He seems to subscribe to the paraphrased Hugo von Hofmannsthal credo: "You have to believe in a person as a whole, if you are to have confidence in his single achievements" (Arens 7). This is the danger of the over-biographical of literature. If this is how we choose to read, each new book should include a checklist of the author's politics, family tree, moral code, friendships, and ugliest secrets.

Hofmann quotes an overexcited teenaged Zweig about his slapdash methods as an explanation of the work created in the subsequent forty years²⁴ and an alleged quip from Elias Canetti about Zweig's dental problems as a definitive literary judgment. Hofmann claims that Canetti's last mention of Zweig is: "I believe nearly all his teeth

²⁴ "I know very well that this novella is like most of my things, hasty and dashed-off, but—and I don't know what to call this quirk of mine—I find I cannot change a thing once I have written the last word, and normally I don't even bother to check the spelling and punctuation." (qtd. in Matuschek 42) When he wrote this letter to an editor, Zweig was eighteen years old.

were extracted” (Canetti 186). In actuality, Canetti goes on to explain Zweig’s publishing interests and their disagreement (186-87). What Hofmann views as a damnation may as easily be read as an aside. As Leake proves in her study of Cesare Pavese, author suicide prompts “deeply personal ... mean-spirited assaults” (108). Suicide seems to allow or even elicit vitriol: if a writer has enough self-hatred to end his life, no one else need hold back²⁵. His legacy, and even his work, must pay for his decision to duck out of the conversation early. This is even more extreme in Zweig’s case because he killed himself in safe exile while the Jews of Europe burned.

The dressing of Hofmann’s tirade as a book review in a highly respected publication devoted to literature presents a clear shift in focus on the study of Zweig. Hofmann continues his vendetta against Zweig. In *Joseph Roth: A Life in Letters*, which he edited, Hofmann refers to the “ever inadequate Stefan Zweig” (xv) and throughout takes pains to elevate Roth by denigrating Zweig.

The suicide note seems particularly open to spleen because of its placement in facsimile at the end of some editions of *The World of Yesterday*. *The Nation*’s 1943 review assesses the note as part of the work: “These are the proper, prescribed formulas,” the critic writes. “Nor is the measured plaint lacking, at the ‘long years of homeless wandering.’ It all but rhymes. And twice he crossed out words that did not fit” (Kesten 711). Hannah Arendt writes in a 1943 essay that Zweig had killed himself because he “felt so disgraced that he could bear his life no longer. ... he was unable to discover what honor can mean to men” (328). She describes honour and disgrace as two sides of public life: if one accepts the positive, one is also required to enact a public service, or be condemned. Zweig, a depressive popular writer, collided with the highest bar of wartime bravery. The man who wrote about crippled girls and erotic secrets could not battle Hitler head-on, though he often wrote about tyranny in the guise of biographies on Erasmus and Castello.

Author suicide has become a literary device that enacts a revolutionary rebirth: writers’ works—all evidences of their writing—irrevocably change through their self-murder. The suicide writer’s oeuvre not only expands to incorporate the death; it also draws in even more peripheral information than the non-suicide author. This has occurred with

²⁵ Alternately, the suicide writer becomes venerated and loveable, as discussed later in this chapter in relation to Sylvia Plath.

such suicide writers as Sylvia Plath and David Foster Wallace: The act becomes the centrepiece. As with these two writers, it is now virtually impossible to find an article written about Zweig from 1942 to the present day that does not at least mention his method of death. This constant reiteration solidifies the framework in which he and his work must be viewed. For this reason, critics can analyse Zweig's suicide note or Wallace's method of death as literature. *The Guardian* quotes Wallace's widow: "What do you do when your husband's autopsy report is on the internet and is deemed a subject worthy of fucking literary criticism?" (Adams). Literary suicide has emerged as a new form of art that reshapes an author's mythology (Sloan 4). It is a hulking, omnivorous force that consumes everything into it; the suicide is the ultimate regenerator, remaking all into something other than what it has been, as De Assis seemed to understand in his 1880 novel: "... I am a deceased writer not in the sense of one who has written and is now deceased, but in the sense of one who has died and is now writing, a writer for whom the grave was really a new cradle..." (5).

A brief look at Sylvia Plath makes a strong case for the above. During her lifetime, the thirty-year-old had published a book of poetry and, under a pseudonym, *The Bell Jar*. Plath's poems at this stage, though printed in *Harper's* and the *Times Literary Supplement*, accounted for a blip on the literary radar. Through her suicide and its mythologizing, she has become a household name, primarily because of her manner of death (and its accompanying soap-operatic drama), because her work features suicide, and because of the endless possibilities of tracing the lead-up to suicide in her work. As the 1844 satirical French novel, *Jérôme Paturot à la recherche d'une position sociale* by Marie Roch Louis Reybaud, puts it: "A suicide establishes a man. Alive one is nothing; dead one becomes a hero. ... I must decidedly make my preparations" (qtd. in Alvarez 204). Since 1990 alone, nine Plath biographies have been published (Lieberman 138); fifteen major ones remain in print in English (Castle)²⁶, a huge body of biographical material for a writer whose work still receives wildly vacillating assessment. Janet Malcolm, in her compelling exploration of Plath's legacy, writes: "We choose the dead because of ... our identification with them. Their helplessness, passivity, vulnerability is our own. We all yearn toward the state of inanition, the

²⁶ Castle reports the publisher "celebration" in 2013 of the fiftieth anniversary of her death. He quotes marketing copy: "Even now, fifty years after her death, writers, students, and critics alike are enthralled by the details of her 1963 suicide and her volatile relationship with Ted Hughes."

condition of harmlessness, where we are perforce lovable and fragile” (57). Readers find it nearly impossible to divorce the writing from Plath’s suicide because she “wrote so well and so frequently about dying and then proceeded to kill herself, as if she needed to get it right on paper before going through with the act ...” (Lieberman 138). The act is difficult to dismiss because it suspends the author in the moment when she places her head in the oven, or in Zweig’s case, he ingests poison. Simultaneously, every thing that has come before reconfigures—like glass shards shifting in a kaleidoscope—to point toward that final image.

The audience of most suicides is small (otherwise, we would be inundated every forty seconds), but a suicide writer’s audience is infinite. Because the writer deals in words, the viewer of his suicide logically believes that an elucidation for this behaviour—mysterious and frightening—appears in the work. Suicidal writers attract us because we expect them to illuminate, through the art left behind, how to save ourselves (Lieberman 142).

Readers, though, are not the only ones pulled by the draw of suicide. Some psychologists use literature as a roadmap to explain the thought processes of individuals contemplating suicide. ‘Hard’ science often lags behind the instinctive scientific discoveries of artists; “Proust was right about memory, Cézanne was uncannily accurate about the visual cortex, Stein anticipated Chomsky, and Woolf pierced the mystery of consciousness; modern neuroscience has confirmed these artistic intuitions” (Lehrer xi-xii).²⁷ Almost a century before the American Psychiatric Association recognized gambling as a disorder, Dostoevsky illustrated this in *The Gambler* (Stack and Lester, *Suicide and Creative Arts* 1-2). Zweig, too, portrayed pathological gambling obsession leading to suicide in his 1927 “Twenty-four Hours in the Life of a Woman,” decades before its official diagnosis. Freud used fiction to analyse its author as early as 1898 (Lester, “Suicide in Literature”151) and in effect helped create a new subsection of literary theory, psychoanalytic literary criticism. This intersection of psychology and literature endangers the concept of art. The psychologist-cum-theorist transforms it into the outpouring of a sick mind, without acknowledging the divide between what an artist creates and what an artist is. In other words, all writing becomes confession. Lester writes: “Occasionally, suicides (for

²⁷ While Lehrer’s falsification of quotes and research caused his subsequent book on artistic imagination (*Imagine*, 2012) to be discredited, the basic thesis of *Proust was a Neuroscientist* holds true.

example S. Plath) leave a book or poem describing their behavior, and this kind of material may be of use in exploring the unconscious psychodynamics of the suicidal act” (“Suicide in Literature” 149). He assumes that she has ‘left’ the poem in order to explain her behaviour, ignoring any other function of the poem.

In this framework, art created by a suicide can and should be reduced to an explanation of the death. If the literature of a suicide writer can be used to analyse suicide in general, it remains a small jump to reduce that same writer’s art into an explanation of his own death—and only that—degrading art to diagnostic tool.

Literature’s success may be based on its ability to “escape its time,” and if a poem’s integrity or meaning is directly related to its sociological merit, it fails as art (Logan xiv). Alvarez, an early reader of Plath’s poems, recognized this; while he noted autobiographical elements in her work, he understood that to react to them “would have been to imply that the poems had failed as poetry, which they clearly had not” (16). His positioning of a vibrant narrative of her suicide alongside his reading of the poems, though, conflates the two even as he claims to tease them apart. Ted Hughes realized this and chastised his former friend for adding to the macabre dissection:

Sylvia now goes through the detailed, point-by-point death of a public sacrifice. Her poems provided the vocal part for that sort of show. Your account ... of how she lived up to her outcry inevitably completes and concludes the performance. Now there actually is a body. ... they can smell its hair and its death. ... Nobody knows better than you that your article will be read with more interest than the poems ever were ... (qtd. in Malcolm 127-28)

Even if a poem is categorised as an artistic failure, its function as a diagnostic tool remains problematic. A writer’s personality and intensions do not necessarily appear in his writing; melancholic tendency is absent from Primo Levi’s writing, though he went on to kill himself (Joiner, *Myths* 67). Another obvious example: If murder-mystery writers killed in accordance to their literary output of stabbings, shootings, strangulations, and suffocations, the epidemic of mass murder would outstrip the mortality rate of cancer.

Suicide rebirths the author. It lends his work an alternate importance, a reason for the reader to take him seriously. Walker Percy suggests—only partly in jest—that suicide

is a definitive judge of literary quality: “If poets often commit suicide, it is not because their poems are bad but because they are good. Whoever heard of a bad poet committing suicide?” (121). The suicide—alongside the ever-growing desire for and validation of the personal—negates the past hundred years of reading theory, denying both textual-based and reader-based interpretations to settle on author biography (and perceived authorial authority) as the endgame in the reading process. We see this even among critics who push readers to return to the biography to understand the work. For example, Zohn finds in Zweig’s posthumously published *Clarissa* a sequel to his memoir: “It is a last, poignant attempt to clarify the ‘world of yesterday’ and the sufferings brought by World War I from the viewpoint of a woman” (“Clarissa” 480). The novel receives similar treatment in the *Times Literary Supplement*: “As an essentially private man despite his high public profile, Zweig shied away from Rousseauesque ‘confessions’ ... through that novel ... he hoped to say, at one or two removes, what the autobiography would not and could not say” (Prawer 22).

Tom Piazza concisely sums up this problem facing all forms of art: “We have entered an era of mass confusion between people’s ability to perform public tasks for which they are, presumably, trained, and their personal lives, which in healthier times are considered nobody’s business ...” (109). To paraphrase an idea of Milan Kundera, when Zweig attracts more attention than his work, his posthumous death begins (146).

On the surface, the trajectory of literary studies of a suicide author may not seem utterly different from a writer deceased through alternate means. In the study of any novelist, the life and death are considered; in a suicide, the death becomes the primary text through which to discover meaning. In fact, the suicide seems to deflect the reader’s right to ‘kill’ the author, giving over to the writer’s self-murder the distinction as the key to the ‘correct’ and ‘true’ reading of the body of work.

To contrast Zweig with a contemporary example, consider Robert Musil, an Austrian novelist whose life (1880-1942) coincided almost exactly with Zweig’s (1881-1942). Musil did not have Zweig’s commercial success, but he was highly respected. Like Zweig, Musil’s books were banned and he fled Vienna after the Anschluss. One morning during his Swiss exile, while performing his morning exercises, a stroke or aneurysm struck him dead.

Though Musil died in exile and at roughly the same age as Zweig, his life and death have not overshadowed the study of his work in the way that Zweig’s suicide has

altered his own. An exhaustive literary review of Musil studies is beyond the scope of this thesis, but a quick overview shows that while Musil scholars lament the lack of studies in English, at least fourteen full-length books in English examine the writer's work and ideas, but there are no traditional biographies. While this in itself does not prove the transformative nature of suicide, it gives the question context.

Even writers who died in the Holocaust escape the permanent weight of death in a way that suicides do not. For instance, the histories and camp deaths of Antal Szerb and Irène Némirovsky prompt considerable interest, but they do not subsume the fiction. Death against one's will—by murder or accident—does not transform a writer's oeuvre the way that self-murder does. “[W]e expect our survivors to survive.” (Leake 138)

Suicide is by its nature performative. This is obvious when considering hari-kari, ritualistic suicide, suicide as political statement, or in the more recent phenomenon, online-streamed suicide. Suicide, because of its taboo, is guaranteed an audience, a fact most suicidal individuals recognize. The final act is an act, a message sent out for interpretation.

The Role of the Author: Historical Overview

The relationship between reader and author, since its origin, has remained conflicted and confused, each side at times wanting something at odds than with what the other offers, each lamenting the other's necessity. The narrator of Diderot's *Jacques the Fatalist* (1773) questions the writer-reader contract, with such asides as, “Reader, your curiosity is extremely annoying” (37) and “A questioning man like you, Reader. A nuisance like you, Reader” (59).

Though each figure is necessary (a creator to supply and a receptor to undertake), the relationship fails to become truly symbiotic. The writer craves an appreciative audience—one willing to trust his authority—that attests to the genius of his work or enters its discourse; the reader wants what she wants, depending on education, whim, mood, personal history, previous reading, attention span. There remains a difficult-to-bridge disconnect between what the writer offers and what the reader—the many, opposing readers—desire.

In his history of reading, Alberto Manguel suggests that the reader also wishes to understand and confront the authority of the writer by viewing the figure behind the

words, an action akin to seeing “the face of a small god” (258) or whisking away the curtain that conceals the great wizard. Zarifopol-Johnston claims that imagining the author is an integral aspect of every reading (ix). Her subject, though, seems to contest the practice, asking: “What interest can a mere life afford?” (Cioran 25). Throughout time, writers have alternately refused and welcomed this uncloaking.

Historically, the use of an author’s name to identify a text became standard only once the activity proved financially profitable (Littau 18). The use of an author’s name in discussing a story or novel tangles the distinction between the person and the artwork. This can allow the writer to become the literature instead of having written it, confusing the reader as to the function of the author and how to behave toward him (Mandell). The line between *creating* art and *being* art wobbles.

Charlotte Brontë, choosing anonymity, refused this engagement: “To such critics I would say — ‘To you I am neither man nor woman—I come before you as an author only. It is the sole standard by which you have a right to judge me—the sole ground on which I accept your judgment’” (qtd. in Shorter 347). Author anonymity, though, can also add “a special voltage” to fiction (Mullan 7).

While “[a]ll writing depends on the generosity of the reader” (Manguel 176), this demands a great effort from and foists tremendous responsibility upon that reader even while the author refuses to withdraw. His presence on talk shows, on radio, and in newspaper interviews, reinstates his authority as he offers the context and ‘correct’ way of reading the book. By retaining authority, he denies the role of the reader. Readers often crave this disempowerment, reserving for themselves only the prerogative to approve or disapprove a book.

Writers who declaim their biographical independence from their writings catalogue the greatest artists in literary history. From Marcel Proust (“We can feel that our wisdom begins where the author’s ends, and we want him to give us answers when all he can do is give us desires.” [23]) to Flaubert, who defaced his biography to defuse its importance.²⁸ As William Faulkner maintained: “It is my ambition to be, as a private individual, abolished and voided from history, leaving it markless, no refuse save the

²⁸ Flaubert biographer Bart writes: “Why should grocers and customs officials learn that you tended to drink too much or liked to play the harmonica? It was none of their business and would stand between them and your work of art. The biography of an artist was to Flaubert an enterprise infuriating, ill conceived, and immoral” (vi).

printed books” (Letter 285); “The artist is of no importance. ... Only what he creates is important...” (Interview 35).

The reader seldom agrees. In feting Zweig, his friend Arens became one of the curtain pullers, denying the ability of the work to stand alone: “And anyhow with whom are we ultimately concerned if not with the man behind the writer? It is he who enables us the better to understand and to visualise what the writer, the artist, has to say to us” (8).

From the sixteenth century, most works appeared authorless, but the pinnacle of pseudonymity occurred in the nineteenth century and only declined with the popularity of cinema and television (Ciuraru xxii). Anonymity and pseudonymity served many purposes, not least to shield the writer from reader curiosity and the suggestion of autobiography. Today, anonymity has become largely unacceptable, allowed only as the prelude to a catch-me-if-you-can game of ferreting out the author. Foucault, too, understands the danger of anonymity in distracting from the work rather than protecting the person of the writer (109). The game becomes more exciting depending on the subject matter, as with Nikki Gemmell’s erotic novel, *The Bride Stripped Bare* (2003), which contains scenes of sexual bondage. *Primary Colors* (1996) exemplifies another form of complicating anonymity. While the hunt for the author of *The Bride Stripped Bare* was tantalizing because it would uncover the face of the woman who possibly possessed taboo desires for degrading, violent sex, the search for Joe Klein pivoted on the need to verify whether the author had the insider position to write an accurate ‘novel’ about the Clinton presidency as it unfolded. In this case, the answer to Foucault’s question is: Yes, it does matter who wrote it.

This leads to another problem in fiction: the notion that all fiction is fact struggling to be more truthful than what is allowed in nonfiction. If a woman writes a novel about a mother who hates her children, for example, the author must secretly detest motherhood and want to vocalize such feelings without suffering the consequences of her words. For years, novelist Barbara Kingsolver has had to disavow readers of the ‘fact’ that her parents served as missionaries in Africa, as does the couple in her novel *The Poisonwood Bible* (qtd. in Kappala-Ramsamy). Lionel Shiver complains about the neglect her novel *Big Brother* suffered while on publicity tour; the

novel, about obesity, took backseat to questions about her diet, exercise regimen, and how many biscuits she ate (or wouldn't eat) during interviews ("If You're Thin").

Writers themselves sometimes confuse readers about how their works of fiction should be approached. Thinly veiled biographies masquerade as fiction, particularly by actors or public figures, which blur for the genre for the average reader. These 'novels' call the reader to connect dots and allow the 'novelist' to write with impunity, knowing the reader will add the 'truth.'

Other writers exploit their biographies in an attempt to draw readership. DBC Pierre has revealed his law-breaking past to authenticate the veracity of his gritty fiction. Erin Morgenstern, author of *The Night Circus*, dresses up as her characters to promote her book, blurring the lines between her life and the fictional lives of her characters. This blurring necessarily transfers to other readings, other books, other lives.²⁹ "No longer does the reader get to know the book intimately, no longer does the city dweller know his neighbour, or the train traveller his companion in the compartment," Littau writes. "...reading is increasingly marked by a fleeting familiarity that knows little of the contemplative tranquillity of earlier times. It is as if there is now little time for the reader to think, reflect at their leisure, or truly digest" (45). Instead, we home in on the author's potential salaciousness, which provides a faster, easier kick than a focused examination of the text.

Discussing this prevalence across the arts, Piazza concludes: "To some people, an artist's work is only an avenue by which to get to the real point, which is the artist her/himself. A kind of sacrificial element comes into play, a desire to consume the body and drink the blood" (110).

Often writers—including Virginia Woolf³⁰—cling to their idea of authority and the marriage of their work to their being. Some seem bemused by the possibility of their figurative death. In Gilbert Adair's novel about Reader Response theory, the theorist-narrator quips: "...after all, if I had really believed in the death of the Author, why should I have bothered to ensure that my name appear on the jacket of my book?" (94).

²⁹ The proliferation of novels about literary figures and their relatives—*The Paris Wife* (about Hemingway's first spouse), *Zelda* (about the Fitzgeralds' marriage), *The Book of Salt* (about Gertrude Stein), *The Master and Author*, *Author* (about Henry James), to name but a small selection—seems only to add to the confusion of what is most important about a body of work.

³⁰ "[E]very secret of a writer's soul, every experience of his life, every quality of his mind is written large in his works." (qtd. in Spater and Parsons 83)

Elena Ferrante uses this pseudonym in order to explore the hidden, unsavoury desires and repulsions of women without allowing entry into her private life. The reader can grapple with these ideas and explore them in her own life more deeply if there is no repository of author biography. Therefore, the only identifiable biographical ‘truth’ Ferrante allows is her city of residence: Naples. “I’m not a supporter of the idea that the author is inessential,” she writes:

I would like only to decide myself what part of me should be made public and what should remain private. ... Neither the color of Leopardi’s socks nor even his conflict with the father figure helps us understand the power of his poems.

The biographical path does not lead to the genius of a work; it’s only micro-story on the side. (*Fragments* ch. 5)

Like anonymity, suicide is a puzzle that demands solution. Each fragment of the author’s biography must ultimately lead to an elusive truth. In their misplaced desires, readers want biographical truth to validate the importance of the art.

One of the dangers of this kind of single-minded study is the loss of focus on the work as the reason for the attention. The suicide writer not only becomes simply his flight toward death; his personality takes over the role we might normally give to characters. Instead of analysing setting, themes, or plot, we study the author’s biography. In the absence of studying the fiction, we use the skills of the literary critic to dissect the man.

Why does it matter if we read *The Royal Game* or *Beware of Pity* while picturing Zweig’s death or pondering the reasons he killed himself in a country he claimed to love? Because it destroys the fragile artifice of story. Because we fail in the essential leap of fiction—the suspension of disbelief. Because we allow for only one true key—the suicide—to unlock the work. Because we fail to embody the stories if the author is already there, crowding the limited space. If we forget Zweig the man, we can find our deepest selves, our most personal dilemmas in his truest characters. If we kill Zweig’s presence, we can discover our own.

Reader authority allows us to choose what we read when we read Zweig. The book can be the rich fiction he created or the exhausted exile he became. Or it can be a conglomeration of the two, along with other readings. The freedom available here allows the reader to break from the standard acceptance of Zweig as a suicide author

above all. To enact this freedom—the freedom even to return to text-based criticism if we choose—can come only through an exchange of the author suicide for the reader’s right of murder. We must discover a method by which the reader can engage with a novel or body of work without a naïve neglect of Zweig’s biography but rather a nuanced sense of how to prioritize the art over the life.

In the following chapter, I offer such a reading of one of Zweig’s most important fictions, *Beware of Pity*. Making use of his biography and epoch, I analyse the novel through Mikhail Bakhtin’s theories surrounding folk carnival and the grotesque body, as well as acknowledging Zweig’s imbedded ideas about politics, society, and sexual mores. This demonstrates the use of historical and biographical material in understanding a work of fiction without becoming a slave to its draw. I make use of Zweig’s political ideas and his life experience to elucidate themes in *Beware of Pity* and connect it with prevailing thought of the day while questioning its importance for contemporary readers. Suicide is one element of this reading, but it need not demand priority or circumvent close textual understanding.

Chapter Three:

Revolution in the Grotesque *Beware of Pity*

Two men—each moustachioed and a little heavy around the middle—stand alone before cheering crowds. Eight years separate them. One welcomes the rush of communal devotion as swastika-emblazoned banners whip in the wind. The other, nearly six thousand miles away in tropical heat, watches costumed bodies writhe to pulsating music. On February 16, 1942, Stefan Zweig sees on the streets of Rio his deep-held ideology become flesh: “human unity on earth and the capacity of art to induce a sense of earthly transcendence—all woes and petty factionalism sublimated in aesthetic rapture” (Prochnik 343). The next morning, his short-lived revelry shatters when he reads a headline announcing the British defeat in Singapore. Less than a week later, Zweig poisons himself.

When Hitler staged the Nuremberg rallies of the 1920s and '30s, he tapped into the acute needs of a humiliated populace devastated by their country's World War I defeat and hobbled by inflation. Leni Riefenstahl's *Triumph of the Will*, the propaganda film of the 1934 Nazi Party Congress, shows bodies pressed together, faces beaming in religious ecstasy. Because of the film's manipulative editing—if we ignore the straight-armed salute—these luminous faces and straining bodies could be transported to New Orleans's Mardi Gras, Dionysian ritual, medieval folk carnival, or Rio's exuberant pre-Lent street parties. After Germany's defeat, Hitler's rallies emphasized unity for (a faction of) the people and gave their battered psyches reprieve from the drudgery of their lives. Cave paintings verify that since the earliest times humans have enacted this self-suspending ecstasy that temporarily transforms monotony through rhythmic beats, physical whirling, and connection with a unified community of equals. So it was with Hitler's rallies.

Hitler, though, attempted to supply a concentrated and manipulative vision of carnival, one that offered a safe outlet for controlled joy in order to quell rather than empower. The orchestrated festivities—like the purportedly spontaneous book burnings that erupted across Germany and Austria in 1933—focused discontent and solidified power, the opposite of carnival's truest aim of individual liberation. Hitler's inversion of carnival helped cement suspicion of ecstatic throngs, even more so than the bloody,

crowd-driven eruption of the French Revolution in 1789, which until that point remained one of the most terrifying manifestations of brute crowd behaviour. Events like these force the question: “does the threat of uncontrollable violence stain every gathering, every ritual and festivity, in which people experience transcendence and self-loss?” (Ehrenreich, *Dancing* 186).

While the 1942 Rio carnival revived Zweig, he didn’t become a participant and therefore could not become transformed through a connection with others and a suspension of the preoccupied self. In his last letter to his friend Jules Romains, Zweig wrote about the carnival: “I could not let myself be swept along by this wave of pleasure and drunkenness; how one would have enjoyed in the old days seeing a whole city dancing, walking, singing for four whole days without police, without papers, without business—a multitude made one by joy alone!” (qtd. in Prater, *European* 331). Instead, he tumbled onto the final rung of his suicidal depression.

Throughout the lifespan of his work, critics have attacked Zweig as disengaged from the world. *Beware of Pity*, the sole novel completed during his lifetime, reads as easily as a romance, with breezy prose that helped upend English readers’ presumption of German writers as difficult.³¹ While he wanted to appeal to the masses, Zweig strove to align himself with and to respond to great literature, as can be seen in his many essays on eminent writers, including Dickens, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Balzac, and Montaigne. He engaged with pressing questions, not only about war and the plight of Jews, but he also focused on controversial, ground-breaking psychological innovations, following Freud’s lead in analysing how repressed sexuality affects the psyche. Critics have referred to Zweig, alternately, as an ivory tower aesthete and a poplizer, roles seemingly at odds with one another. In his emotionally engaging, adrenalin-surgin stories, Zweig attempts to make sense of human nature incompatible with society. Educated and erudite, he wears his learning lightly, as his highly readable biographies of queens (Marie Antoinette and Mary Stuart), philosophers (Erasmus, Nietzsche) and explorers (Magellan, Captain Robert F. Scott) attest. He believed in strong medicine,

³¹ This has, perhaps, ultimately damaged his literary reputation. As Dalrymple writes: “[Zweig] occupies more or less the same place in German letters as the literary doctor Somerset Maugham in British—that is to say, he is viewed with suspicion by the literati because, although brilliantly intelligent and immensely cultivated, what he wrote was so intensely readable. To be really great, at least nowadays, you have to be difficult to understand” (567).

but he concealed it—too cleverly for some dismissive readers—with the flavour of sweet, Viennese fluff.

Because of *Beware of Pity*'s wartime publication and Zweig's subsequent suicide that shifted study toward his biography, the novel has received scant study. Yet like most of his publications in the 1920s and '30s, *Beware of Pity* became an international bestseller; it remains one of Zweig's most popular books. The major academic paper devoted to the novel—Adrian Del Caro's 1981 nine-page Nietzschean reading—calls for its re-evaluation. Del Caro reiterates this gap in scholarship in his review of Turner's *Moral Values and the Human Zoo*, the only full-length English-language analysis of Zweig's fiction, which ignores the novel: "a treatment commensurate with Zweig's status as one of this century's most widely-read authors has been missed for a long time" (*Book Reviews* 147). A paper detailing the plot of *Beware of Pity* as a means of commenting on the sociological and psychological impacts of pity, "Recalling Stefan Zweig's Warning" by Trevor Shelley, appeared in 2009. Aside from further tributes in newspapers and online, silence continues to meet entreaties for textual analysis of the novel. Indeed, academic interest in *Beware of Pity* during its seventy-five-year lifespan remains peripheral.

The novel, like all of Zweig's fiction, attempts to unravel humanity's inexplicable drives that push us into places—physical and emotional—we never expected to visit. Like many artists before him, Zweig often sensed scientific and psychological truths before their clinical verification. In *Beware of Pity*, he not only continues Freud's work, but anticipates Russian theorist Mikhail Bakhtin's theory of the folk carnival and its accompanying grotesque body. In the 1930s, centuries after the death of the folk carnival in its truest form, Bakhtin understood its revolutionary nature and sensed society's grave loss in its disappearance, particularly during times of political persecution. Reading *Beware of Pity* through the lens of Bakhtin's theory provides greater insight into the work as much more than simple historical melodrama that pivots on the moment an artless lieutenant asks a disabled girl to dance.

The World of Mikhail Bakhtin and Stefan Zweig

Bakhtin began formulating his ideas about carnival and the grotesque body during the late 1930s, around the same time Zweig drafted his psychological novel, which owes its thrust to the power of the body. Both Bakhtin and Zweig composed these great

works during political upheaval and personal danger. In the early 1930s, Stalin exiled Bakhtin to Kazakhstan for six years because of his alleged involvement in underground groups (including the brotherhood of Saint Serafim and anti-Communist factions), for his intellectual and religious pursuits, and because he “corrupted youth in his private lectures” (Clark and Holquist 142). While he completed his study of Rabelais and the grotesque in fulfilment of his doctorate in 1940, examiners delayed their response until 1952, when he was awarded a lower degree (324-25). *Rabelais and His World* finally found publication in 1965.

While Bakhtin languished in Kazakhstan, Zweig fled Austria in self-imposed, pre-emptive exile after officials searched his house in February 1934. While writing his novel, Zweig’s status in England shifted from celebrity guest to refugee and, later, to enemy alien. *Beware of Pity* was published first in Stockholm and Amsterdam, then via a quick translation in the United States and England in March and May 1939, respectively—one year after the Anschluss and months before the official outbreak of World War II. It gleaned at least twenty reviews and articles in English in the four months following its release (Klawiter, *Bibliography* 9, 83), even as Zweig found himself stateless. A year after the novel’s publication, Zweig completed his British naturalisation. He was not given preferential treatment, nor was the five-year waiting period waved (Prater, “Vienna of Yesterday” 317). Fellow Austrian émigré writer Robert Neumann held the same Enemy Alien Category B distinction—“exempt from internment, but subject to restrictions”—but was sent along with other category B men to an internment camp on the Isle of Man, a fate Zweig might have shared had he not attained citizenship two months earlier (Dove 172-74).

Both Bakhtin and Zweig remained keenly aware of the dangers of oppressive states and sought to express the power of individuals to challenge the official. For Zweig, a pacifist who shied from public engagement, his books remained the canvas on which to express these views, from his personal statement of humanism disguised as a biography of Erasmus (1934) to his history of Castellio (1936), an “outcry against fanaticism” (F. Zweig, *Greatness* 95). *The Buried Candelabrum* (1937) elevates pacifism and suffering over aggression and self-defence. *Beware of Pity* slips his nonviolent message and call for internal revolt alongside a doomed romance in the attempt to personalize war. He questions the courage of carnage and offers an alternative to blind nationalism. In her translator’s afterword to the novel, Anthea Bell

suggests that Zweig did not shave it to novella-length because of the urgency of its pacifist message (460). It is unsurprising, though, that both modern readers and Zweig's contemporaries craved more direct, overtly political—or at least topical—expressions of the events that upended millions of lives. Irmgard Keun, one of few German authors to illustrate typical German existence during the unfolding Nazi regime, despaired of her celebrated male colleagues in the late 1930s: “What are the other émigrés writing? Kesten has a novel about Philip II, Roth has one about the Dual Monarchy of Austria-Hungary, Zweig is writing on Erasmus of Rotterdam ... Who is writing the great book about now?” (qtd. in Hofmann, Afterword 190).³²

Bakhtin uses the image of the historical folk carnival and its ancillary degrading body to prove the individual's freedom and power, Zweig's ultimate credo. While Zweig had no access to Bakhtin's work on the subject, published more than twenty years after the former's death, it is clear from his writing that he intuitively understood the transformative nature of carnival and the grotesque body, not least because of his interest in the work of Freud. While writing *Beware of Pity*, Zweig would have been familiar with Freud's understanding of Eros versus Thanatos: “Death is the mate of Love. Together they rule the world” (Freud, Interview 266).

As early as 1922, Zweig crafted a twin precursor to *Beware of Pity* in the novella “Fantastic Night,” which chronicles a baron reborn through his transformative encounters with female bodies in places of revelry. At the races, he faces his scandalous nature after he attempts to seduce a woman and casually dupes her companion of his winnings. The baron craves guilt but remains unmoved. Later at the Prater amusement park, he approaches a poverty-stricken prostitute. He accepts the woman's companionship not out of erotic desire but in anticipation of chaste communion with an outsider and also as a form of punishment for his privileged, meaningless existence. Through his contact with the woman and her pimps, he seeks to degrade himself—to push himself closer to the baseness of life—in order to escape an existence in which his social standing palliates fault.

In more minor ways, Zweig's *Journey into the Past* (written approximately 1924) also anticipates *Beware of Pity*. A young man is welcomed into a wealthy

³² Keun, gutsier than most German novelists in the 1930s, wrote about sex, abortion, and female liberation. When her novels appeared on banned lists, she sued the Gestapo for lost royalties. Her novel *Child of All Nations* (1938) tracks the plight of artist émigrés and speaks frankly about Nazis and the Jews. She faked her own suicide to reenter Germany under an assumed name during the war.

household and enacts a thwarted romance with his employer's wife. The woman and her decadent household transform the man's understanding of himself and his position.

Critics often have labelled Zweig's sole novel a dilettante effort. Far from a lark, Zweig toiled over at least eleven manuscripts and drafts (Prater, *European* 271). He had long wanted to work on a larger canvas; his first wife had convinced him to abandon a novel set during the inflation (F. Zweig, *SZ* 129), which became the posthumously published *The Post-Office Girl* (1982, German; 2008, English). Following *Beware of Pity*'s success, he told a *New York Times* journalist: "The artist has been wounded ... in his concentration. ... How can the old themes hold our attention now? A man and a woman meet, they fall in love, they have an affair—that was once a story. ... But how can we lovingly live in such a trifle now?" (Van Gelder B64). Later, Zweig worked on but abandoned the novel *Clarissa*, also about the interwar years and a woman's lost love, which was published in German (1990) and in French (1992).

In Friderike Zweig's biography of her ex-husband, one of the first books to examine Zweig's oeuvre, she dismisses *Beware of Pity*'s narrator as "half-baked" (179) and the novel as an attempt to assuage his guilt about a sickly wife, which led to the now upended view of the second Mrs Zweig as a silent, complacent invalid. Lotte's niece, who lived with the couple for periods, recalls a stoic woman who toiled without complaint: "I don't remember her ever spending a day in bed, or otherwise behaving as though she was ill ... Lotte was a strong person with a sickness, and occasionally the sickness flared up but most of the time it wasn't perceptible" (qtd. in Prochnik 271). Friderike's biography of Zweig contains a sixty-eight page section devoted to her ex-husband's plays, short fiction, and biographies, but she allows *Beware of Pity* only four paragraphs.

Each of the six international English-language periodicals profiled in this study reviewed the novel. *The Times Literary Supplement* cited its subtlety and referred to it as "keenest intellectual enjoyment" (Randall 263). *The New York Times* reviewer worries about the melodramatic episodes but calls it an "often brilliant" novel if "not a profound one" (Kronenberger). *The New Yorker's* one-paragraph review was the harshest of the six, faintly praising it as a "merely pathetic and minor" plot by "an accomplished writer" ("Briefly Noted" 85). *The Nation's* reviewer recognized the heft beyond the simple story, "not after all an interlude from the biographer's burden":

“Zweig’s novel represents the sharpened humanism of what we may call Europe-in-Exile. Here Zweig reaffirms a faith in civilizational technics, and if this faith is harder ... it is nevertheless not a fanaticism” (Geismar). *Beware of Pity* appeared on *The New York Times* bestseller list alongside *Rebecca*, *The Grapes of Wrath*, and *Mein Kampf*.³³ Contrary to what might have been expected for a German-language novel in translation at the height of Hitler’s popularity, the novel has proven itself “of longer duration than any of his previous works” (Allday 215).

Beware of Pity has developed a cult following in English, particularly since new editions and translations began to appear from Pushkin Press (UK) beginning in the late 1990s and later from New York Review Books. The novel’s popularity has only increased with authors such as Salman Rushdie, Clive James, Kazuo Ishiguro, Antony Beevor, and Ali Smith promoting its value. It has become fashionable for celebrities including film stars (Colin Firth, Eva Green), sports figures (English national football team manager Roy Hodgson), singers, and political icons (Belinda Carlisle and former first lady of France Carla Bruni) to take up the Zweig cause. The international superstar became the exiled suicide mourned by the masses. He then transformed into the little-known Austrian biographer, resurgent underdog of interwar literature. Now, he has become again the darling of the celebrity set, but Zweig’s place in the literary cannon is far from fixed. Serious re-evaluation of his novel will serve to help cement his contribution to world literature.

Beware of Pity and the Carnival

Folk carnival, a riotous, unofficial celebration of and by the people, suspends rank, etiquette, and authority. Not a simple bacchanalian feast, it transforms the people through a death of their previous selves into a rebirth of new possibility (Bakhtin 8-9). In Bakhtin’s terms, carnival is not a pause in life, nor a temporary release; rather, “it is revolution itself” (Holquist, Prologue xviii). What a person has believed about himself—and his connections to others—profoundly shifts through the universalizing communal experience of carnival; he irrevocably changes. While the focus of carnival shifts to the earth and to the body, the world of ideas rather than base physical desire endorses the carnival. It gives the people a glimpse into how they can alter their existence. Through the carnival, all people regardless of position enter a “utopian realm

³³ *The New York Times*, April 17, 1939.

of community, freedom, equality, and abundance” (Bakhtin 9). During its revelry, the distinction between observers and participants dissolves. The carnival experience is a ‘second life’ for the people (7-8). It degrades, but it also revives. It mocks while it glorifies. Without this dichotomy, there is no true carnival (11-12). Populist and utopian, carnival questions the validity of hierarchy and reclaims culture for the masses (Stallybrass and White 7).

Some version of this ecstatic, communal festivity is apparent in nearly every primitive, ancient, and medieval society. Though its trappings differ, each such celebration validates the human drive toward connectedness through a temporary shedding of station. Participants achieve this communion through dance, music, humour, drink and food, sex—all generated by the people; no greater authority sanctions these gatherings. Even those carnivals that are ritualized and religious in nature seek to connect the people with their gods through the movements of bodies, not via an ordained mediator.

Anthropologists differ as to whether carnival is intrinsically revolutionary or the opposite (a means of temporary relief that diffuses the danger of class violence), but carnival’s demise at the hands of authority points to the latter. From as early as the fourth century, factions of the Christian church prohibited festivities, seeking to control access to God through its priests. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, Christian churches, in a compromise to appease the masses and protect authority, allowed few festivities (Ehrenreich, *Dancing* 72-76). Across Europe until the end of the Middle Ages, though, carnival flourished (79-80). The Black Death (approx. 1347-1350), which terrified communities across Europe, spawned manias in which hoards danced convulsively and contagiously in a manic attempt to celebrate life in the face of widespread death (86-87). The plague decimated thirty to sixty per cent of Europe’s population (Cantor 7; Kelly xii), the greatest killer in human history until World War II (Foster qtd. in Kelly 11). Authority figures were right in fearing that these festivities might be rehearsals for coups (Ehrenreich, *Dancing* 89) but didn’t realize that these contained carnivals also allowed people to temporarily escape and therefore persevere through their drudgery, with its constant labour, food scarcity, and ever-present possibility of death (92). As the Middle Ages ended, the upper classes removed themselves from carnival festivities, widening the divide between poor and rich, powerful and subservient. This disallowed the equalizing nature of carnival and led to

outrage by commoners. The 1511 carnival in Udine, Italy, became an insurrection: participants pillaged grand homes and murdered nobles (104).

The warrior culture of the Middle Ages maintained few restrictions on the body and its functions. For example, people urinated during meals or addressed one another while defecating in public. The evolution of manners and court etiquette, though, began to distance the classes and created barriers to the accessibility of the body as an equalizing force. As the chair replaced the communal bench and the body's excretions became private, carnival's grotesque body began to vanish (114-15). Vulgar carnival and its "marauding horde, the many-headed multitude" became "the great ruling class nightmare in the Renaissance" (Greenblatt 5). Society, fuelled by the emergence of capitalism and industrialization, moved away from communal ecstasy, requiring of its citizens more and longer work days, sobriety, and the discipline capable of postponing pleasure indefinitely (Ehrenreich, *Dancing* 100). This push toward isolation coincided with rising rates of depression and suicide, suggesting that carnival served as a treatment for melancholy tendencies (131-42).

Images of dancing skeletons and old hags squatting to give birth illustrate carnival's equalizing dichotomy. Bakhtin uses the term 'degrade' to describe the festivity's ability to move the focus downward, toward the earth. This degradation allows contact with elements that feed off death in order to create new life. It relates to the lower half of the body, digestive and reproductive organs, and their functions. This includes other open orifices, such as the mouth, the nose, and the nursing breast, highlighting the bodily excretion usually ignored or marginalized in society. These functions, universal in nature, provide the assertion of humanity's commonality, endorsing the undeniable equalizing power of the body. Even concealed, the body's power silently pulses. While degradation contains a destructive element, it also brings about regeneration. It is never completed, is always becoming and changing: "From one body a new body always emerges in some form or other" (Bakhtin 26).

This analysis of Bakhtin's ideas of the carnival and grotesque body provide greater understanding of the complexity and revolutionary spirit of *Beware of Pity*. Rather than a period-piece melodrama, it is a call to personal revolution, to the assertion of each individual's possession of his body and his moral right to self-determination while emphasising society's connectedness.

The novel opens during the pre-war buzz of 1938, but the main action dissects the rigid society of a garrison town in the lead-up to the Great War. From the poor branch of a respectable family, Toni Hofmiller finds himself ensconced in the cavalry at the behest—and with only adequate financial assistance—of a wealthy aunt. Officers fund their own way, including the purchase of a horse, which leaves Hofmiller little money for leisure. His humble café games come at the expense of some evening meals, therefore he delights in receiving an invitation from a rich landowner. Because he must handle the fallout of a fight between underlings, he arrives late for dinner, where he sits next to Herr von Kekesfalva's radiant niece, Ilona. In the festive house, Hofmiller loses himself to pleasures unknown in the barracks:

More and more exquisite dishes are carried in on inexhaustible platters, blue-tinged fish crowned with lettuce and framed by slices of lobster swim in golden sauces, capons ride aloft on broad saddles of piled rice, puddings are flambéed in rum, burning with a blue flame; ice bombs fall apart to reveal their sweet, colourful contents, fruits that must have travelled halfway round the world nestle close to each other in silver baskets. It never, never ends, and finally there is a positive rainbow of liqueurs, green, red, colourless, yellow, and cigars as thick as asparagus, to be enjoyed with delicious coffee! (Zweig, S., *Beware* 44)

The Kekesfalva castle proves itself a veritable Bakhtinian carnival, where all (save, of course, the invisible servants) stand as equals and strip respectability's accoutrements. The lieutenant notices that he is the only man in uniform, but his concerns about his position disappear as the guests fill their mouths and he brushes Ilona's peachy skin. He discovers that at this table, in this home, egalitarianism reigns.

After dinner, Hofmiller dances with gusto until he realizes that he hasn't escorted his host's daughter to the floor. When he bows to Edith, she doesn't rise. He vocalizes his request as the façade of joviality dissipates. Edith convulses into sobs. He flees to Ilona, who verifies the magnitude of his blunder. The mortified Hofmiller is immediately flung from the figurative communal carnival. Ilona's reinstated manners stop her from berating him, but he internalizes her horror. He no longer belongs in this fantasy palace of delights. He becomes again a cog in the military machine. Every action he has taken reflects on his regiment: his disgrace is the disgrace of all. But rather than an inclusive blunder, it is a solitary one. For the rest of his career and

according to their custom, his comrades will plague him with taunts about his gross mistake and blame him for their ban from fine society. Bristling with the pain he has inflicted on the girl (“I felt as if I had whipped an innocent child” [50]), he contemplates suicide—the first of many instances in which it becomes clear that Hofmiller’s emotions run hot and unbridled. Instead, as a sign of his regret, he spends his entire month’s wages on roses for her. Later, he finds himself drawn back to the castle to feel the shiver of terror at Edith’s deformity alongside his heightened position of importance. As Hofmiller discovers, the grotesque exists within and alongside intense feeling, “an exaltation in negativity” (Cioran 18-19).

Even before Hofmiller leaves the house, he realizes he’s exacerbating the blunder by running away, but he can’t hand his coat back to the servant; the retraction would display a breach of etiquette worse than his abrupt departure. Leading to the fateful gaffe, Zweig carefully constructs Hofmiller’s rigid acknowledgement of social etiquette. Upon receiving Kekesfalva’s invitation, his manners kick in mechanically. He pays the requisite courtesy call and is gratified then to receive Kekesfalva’s visiting card. As an officer, he should mingle only with those whose acquaintance will honour his regiment: “Good, I think, these people have perfect manners” (40). We first meet Hofmiller in the 1938 introductory section of the novel, where he is at pains to deny his military honours—and threatens to confront any stranger who will set him apart. This man is seemingly irreconcilable with the Hofmiller who recognizes suicide as the appropriate response to social misstep.

In the moment born of ignorance in which Hofmiller assumes Edith is his physical equal, the real carnival emerges. Had he known of her disability, he never would have viewed her as a whole woman entitled to a range of emotion, including the right to be offended if he had neglected to dance with her. She is jolted into an alternate mode of being—that of a healthy, normal girl—only to have it immediately ripped from her. Her violent reaction (convulsing and sobbing) dashes the necessity of retaining socially acceptable responses. Through her open mouth, she enacts a deeper level of the carnival spirit, the diametrical opposite of what Hofmiller has just experienced with decadent food and dancing. Because Hofmiller hasn’t yet truly entered the carnival, he doesn’t understand that this opposite experience is essential. Edith’s open mouth, as we will see, later destroys the carnival’s façade, in an echo of its birth. After Hofmiller flees the house, he—like Edith—feels an inescapable change

in his perception of his body: “there is a lump in my throat like a sponge soaked in bitter gall” (55).

When Edith forgives him and invites him for tea, she advises that he need not announce himself beforehand, the first sign that he’s been accepted into the Kekesfalvas’ private realm: The world of the carnival has been reconfigured and he is on the inside. Amidst the lavish parties, her relatives indulge Edith’s every whim, but they cannot alleviate her dreary existence. Hofmiller’s presence, though, offers the young woman a new lens through which to view her body.

In this examination, Bakhtin’s folk carnival equates to the frequent, recurring visits Hofmiller makes to the Kekesfalva home. These ongoing festivities remain an alluring escape from Hofmiller’s world of rank and rules, a portal through which he believes he may enter at will. In this place, he transforms into another version of himself in order to delight in the pleasures and in the revolutionary spirit of the body. This carnival, though, will not allow Hofmiller to mutate it into a safe haven separate from his ‘real’ life. But because of its abbreviated, punctuated nature, Hofmiller’s regeneration is truncated. For a time, he remains lost between the death of one reality and the birth of another. Thus the festivities at the Kekesfalva home establish a smaller, more constricted form of the carnival than Bakhtin describes, an ersatz carnival in the absence of ‘true’ folk carnival in early twentieth-century Austria.

Bakhtin enumerates six criteria—including the elements of ambivalence and degradation—necessary for the existence of carnival and its accompanying grotesque body. The following show how *Beware of Pity*’s accidental, makeshift carnival embodies the elements required for true revolution.

1. The Borderline Essence of Carnival

Carnival, more than a simple spectacle, exists in the space “between art and life” and disguises its revolutionary spirit as play (Bakhtin 7). Likewise, Hofmiller’s visits to Kekesfalva castle form a middle ground between his official, sanctioned life and what he knows of ordinary civilian existence. He believes that the visits allow him temporarily to escape. Instead of an anonymous soldier, he is an active participant in the lives of the Kekesfalvas, particularly to the young women, who with him enact a version of René Girard’s triangle of desire. The presence of Ilona, who is engaged to marry, at once diffuses and heightens sexual tension. While Edith never suspects that

Ilona covets Hofmiller's affection, it's possible for her to view the two as a projection of what she wants to be: beautiful, sensual, and coupled. Hofmiller acknowledges Edith's changing body, but he views the girls as integral parts of desire in order to create a whole obsession:

Ilona is already a grown woman, sensuously warm, full-breasted, opulent, healthy; beside her Edith, half child and half girl ... seems somehow immature. A strange contrast—a man would want to dance with Ilona and kiss her, but to spoil Edith as an invalid, caress her with care, protect and above all soothe her, for she seems very restless. (S. Zweig, *Beware* 62-63)

Edith's father, at times, replaces Ilona as the third point of the triangle. Kekesfalva appears, chastely, to fall in love with Hofmiller for his ability to transform Edith from sallow invalid to the healthy child he remembers. In viewing Kekesfalva's infatuation with the young man, Edith grows both possessive of Hofmiller's presence and encouraged to force his love.

At first, though, the revelries at Kekesfalva castle, "a wonderful, a magical house" (44), appear delightfully frivolous. Hofmiller does not know that by nature carnival is ambivalent, that the whimsical craves the disastrous for balance. Participants become giddy with alcohol, stimulated and sated with rich food, and exalted by silly conversation. Later, they find everything built with their laughter destroyed by secrets and accusations.

Through his first glimpses at liberation, Hofmiller constructs a new persona for himself. Unburdened of his position, he uses this borderline place spontaneously to remake himself. During their first meeting after Hofmiller's gaffe, Edith tells him: "And why not take off your sword—we're at peace, aren't we?" (61). In the author's note that begins the novel, Zweig describes the importance of the Austro-Hungarian Army uniform, which must be worn in full by its members even when off duty; on his own time, the soldier remains the property of the state and bound by its code. Edith, though, easily strips him of his rank while elevating him. He discovers for the first time since his childhood easy companionship with women, something his military routine withholds. A physical change overtakes him, as though he has awakened to feel "bemused—that something had happened or was happening" (73). At the same time and, unrecognized by either of them at first, he inadvertently aids in Edith's remaking

from crippled child to passionate woman. As he prompts Edith's transformation, he too matures to find hidden, softer aspects of himself. While she experiences rejuvenation through this pattern of play, Hofmiller uses this art-life space to mould Edith as compliant and grateful. Under his gaze and from his point of view, she shifts from "pale, sallow and sickly" to "particularly pretty" (76).

Even in carnival's earliest stages, Hofmiller intuitively understands the danger of allowing it to infect what he views as his real life:

... instinct has been advising me for some time to keep my two worlds as far apart as possible—the luxury of the Villa Kekesfalva, where I am a free man, independent and indulged, and my other world of military service, where I have to keep my head down, where I'm a poor devil who is greatly relieved when there are only thirty days in the month before my money runs out, not thirty-one. Unconsciously, I don't want the others to know about my real life, and indeed I sometimes don't know myself which *is* the real Toni Hofmiller, the one in the barracks or the one at the Kekesfalvas' castle, the Hofmiller out there or the Hofmiller stationed here. (90)

For Edith, this space allows her to both forget the constraints of her body and glorify in the new power it wields, sidling between spoiled invalid and coquettish woman—and an ever-available young man on whom to project them. In this middle space, society's disapproval does not exist. No one rejects the invalid's passion for a full sexual life, and Hofmiller's friends cannot shield him from questionable alliances. In this place, where no audience exists, the participants try on other modes of being with impunity.

2. Inclusiveness

In Bakhtin's carnival, no one designates roles. Observers meld into participants. Carnival demands equality (7). This ability to deny social status thrills Hofmiller. For the first time in his adulthood, he feels part of something more important than the military, in which he knows he is replaceable. He becomes answerable—in this confined space—to no one. He acts not for the military group but of himself and toward the carnival-goers' gratification. For the duration of these gatherings, the greater world ceases to exist.

At moments throughout the novel, however, this equality shatters. Before Hofmiller asks Edith to dance during his first visit, even she acts as both observer and actor. While she cannot physically dance, the spirit of the place transports her. “I adore dancing,” Edith tells him at their subsequent meeting, “I can watch others dancing for hours ... And then it’s not someone else dancing, I’m dancing myself, turning, bending, yielding, letting myself be carried away, swaying to the rhythm of the dance” (S. Zweig, *Beware* 61).

The Austrian waltz seems made for bridging the divide between respectability and passion, to illustrate carnival’s ambivalence as it combines unbridled merrymaking with structure. Johann Strauss II wrote one of the most popular waltzes, “The Blue Danube,” immediately following an Austro-Hungarian defeat that shook Habsburg domination. At once, the waltz is confectionary and riot (Janik 33), a moving symbol of “despair hidden deep inside the gorgeous vortex,” a “dark whirligig intoxication engulfing the hopeful, target-happy, progressive straight line” (Morton 74-75). Hofmiller dances waltz after waltz, until a boundless happiness overcomes him: “I hardly know what I am doing, I would like to embrace everyone, say something heartfelt, grateful to them all, I feel so light, so elated, so blissfully young.” (S. Zweig, *Beware* 45-46).

With his invitation to dance, Hofmiller allows Edith a glimpse of full life as he forces her into the role of spectator. Through his subsequent embarrassment and shame, his participation in the first level of carnival—its embracing jollity—likewise suspends. But the true carnival in all its ambivalence regenerates through Hofmiller’s penance and Edith’s graceful openness. Instead of maintaining her separateness, she invites him into her world, frankly addressing her disability as through he were a long-time intimate.

This inclusiveness contrasts sharply with Hofmiller’s military code and relationship with his comrades. When he deploys an erroneous order during manoeuvres, endangering his men, he must silently accept his superior officer’s tirade. Even during a celebratory dinner, the lancers must defer to their superiors rather than concede to natural reactions: “We are like schoolboys when the bell has just rung and their teacher is expected at any moment” (298). They understand that authority refuses dialogue and that to maintain its position it must repudiate other modes of living (Pomorska x).

On his second visit to the Kekesfalva castle, Hofmiller truly enters this alternate world. In two important ways, the Kekesfalvas dispense with social rank and etiquette. The first concerns Edith, the second, her father. After a cordial chat with Edith, a therapist summons the girl. Hofmiller witnesses Edith's transformation from meek cripple to raging fury. Upending societal expectations, she forces them to watch her fitful struggle. The "click-clack, click-clack" of Edith's sticks become a projection of the body's will, in the manner of Edgar Allan Poe's "The Tell-Tale Heart" (Acocella x), in which a victim's inescapable pounding heart plagues his murder's conscience. Hofmiller confesses:

My heart contracts as if an icy hand had closed around it at the sight of her setting out on this forced march, for I immediately understand her obvious purpose—she won't let anyone help her to walk or take her out of the room in a wheelchair; she wants to demonstrate her crippled condition to all of us, and me in particular. (66)

Hofmiller is now a confidant—a spectator and a participant—in the most private movements of the house.

Overwhelmed as he watches his daughter's display, Kekesfalva explains Edith's condition. The rich man's familiarity with a stranger he has met only twice shocks Hofmiller. When Kekesfalva unfolds his daughter's secrets and apologizes on her behalf, the lieutenant takes the old man's hand. Though this physical intimacy startles both, neither attempts to recover formality. From that moment, Kekesfalva views Hofmiller as an agent of change and does everything to aid the man, including inviting him to dine, thus placing him as an equal with his superior officers and civilians of high standing.

Hofmiller escapes his regiment as often as he can in order to re-enter the Kekesfalvas' dream world, where all that he desires materializes. Formerly reserved and shy in social situations, Hofmiller charms the girls with stories of his escapades. Glorifying in his newfound other life, he rejects everything to do with his regiment except his basic, required tasks. In the heady experience of luxury and freedom, he doesn't realize his absence has been noticed, nor does he wonder what will be required of him in exchange, or what this place will do to him.

3. Ambivalence

By definition, carnival is at odds with itself and contains all of its own opposites: it destroys as it revives; it degrades while it revolutionizes through ideas. It cannot enact one without the other (Bakhtin 11). Ambivalent laughter is carnival's admission price: "he who is laughing also belongs to it (12).

In Hofmiller's official world, a man may either prompt derision or administer it. When an officer thrashes an underling who has incorrectly saddled a horse, the man may not defend himself. The action remains solely one of humiliating submission. In another scene, the men mock a comrade whose uncle has been convicted of fraud. The young man must accept the dishonour without complaint.

This likewise occurs when Hofmiller attempts to re-enter his 'real' life. After neglecting his fellow lancers for weeks, he meets with jeers at the café. They ridicule his dress shoes, finger the expensive cigar that Kekesfalva slipped into his pocket and mock his gold cigarette case. Throughout, they reinforce Hofmiller's position as spectator, speaking about him as though he is not present. They brand him a sponger who has duped the wealthy family. Because this is not the carnival, Hofmiller remains nearly mute.

In his carnival world, Hofmiller takes part in every kind of dialogue. Ilona and Edith tease him about his sword and his formal demeanour, but they do this to draw him into their playful activity. They celebrate his ability to entertain while they laugh at his self-deprecating stories. The reverse also applies. He spoils and amuses Edith, but he reprimands her when she becomes petulant. At other times, the laughter includes a larger party, in which Hofmiller shares stories with those to whom he would be inferior and silent in his other world. Even when they argue, they do so as equals, and each encourages the other to speak unimpeded.

4. Speech and Gesture

During carnival, communication becomes unencumbered. It suspends normal prohibitions in language, etiquette and action. The notion of decency has no place in the carnival (Bakhtin 10). The characteristics of speech and gesture are closely related to the idea of ambivalence, as this is how ambivalence asserts itself. Throughout *Beware of Pity*, Edith maintains carnival's ambivalent language and action. She mocks herself in an attempt to achieve communion. This is evident in her first letter to Hofmiller in which she invites him to tea. "Do not trouble to let us know," she writes.

“I am—unfortunately!—always at home” (S. Zweig, *Beware* 56). At other times, she refers to herself as a “poor wretched cripple” (86), but segues into coyly begging Hofmiller to visit. When he places something within her reach, she yells, “Do you think I can’t pick something up for myself if I want to?”, all the while demanding to be treated “like a princess” (86). He offers her a gift and is rebuked with: “My goodness, why are you bringing me flowers? I’m not a prima donna!” (252). When Hofmiller skips a visit and lies about his absence, Edith refuses to play etiquette’s games: “How dare you expect me to swallow such nonsense? ... I’m not afraid to tell the truth” (109). Because they are of equal standing in this world they have created, they are allowed to curse and coddle with their language. At his first visit after the gaffe, Ilona refuses him the safety of formal behaviour: “Please don’t stand on ceremony, it makes no difference to us (60). Even the hired help must feel the allowance in the castle. When a maid sees Edith for the first time, she exclaims, “Oh, dear Jesus, what a misfortune, oh, how sad!” (111). Instead of reprimand, Edith praises the woman, relieved to know how strangers perceive her.

The postures of carnival’s participants are unencumbered by expectation. Edith displays her mangled limbs to shame her healthy companions. She makes herself both vulnerable and powerful through her body’s ability to alter others’ behaviour. Hofmiller, too, creates a new mode of action within the Kekesfalva home. He allows himself to covet Ilona’s healthy body, while engaging in curiosity about Edith’s damaged one. When he comes upon Edith asleep, he examines her crippled limbs, “as if she were a picture” (105). With Ilona, he allows socially inappropriate touches. Kekesfalva also breaks with expected social norm to embrace Hofmiller or stroke his sleeve, to help the man of lower station into his coat, and even to enlist him to retrieve private medical information from Edith’s doctor.

Outside the Kekesfalva household, taunts remain one-sided. Degradation equates with humiliation, not regeneration. When Hofmiller denies the pharmacist’s claim that he has become engaged to Edith, Hofmiller’s friends slander the family and threaten to assault the “stupid pill-roller” (413), who is also the deputy mayor—and who serves as a symbol of the rigid social strata. Hofmiller remains mute while the men mock Edith and her father’s Jewish heritage and questionable business practices. He fixates on his revolver: Only death can atone for his denial of the girl only an hour after he kissed her mouth.

5. Degradation

The word degradation draws attention to the lower part of the body: the reproductive and digestive organs and any open orifices of the body. Instead of simple voyeuristic interest in the functions of the body, it honours the cyclical waxing and waning nature of life: “Degradation digs a bodily grave for new birth ...” (Bakhtin 21).

Edith’s covered lap becomes the central image of *Beware of Pity*. In his first meeting with Edith, Hofmiller does not notice that the lower portion of her body is concealed. Her lips open when he invites her to dance, but she immediately clamps her mouth. She opens it again to sob: “like a surge of hot vomit rising in her throat it keeps bursting forth” (47). When he flees, he too feels “the taste of sickness” in his mouth (49), a shared bodily experience that connects them.

In their subsequent meeting, Edith’s lap is a focal point of his thoughts, but Hofmiller refuses to look at it. When Edith throws off her wrap and forces him to watch her stumble across the room, he must submit to the dual draw and revulsion of her mangled body.

Her deformed lower body forces Hofmiller to reconsider his own body. When he trains his squadron, he rejoices in its ability to gallop, but once he fully imagines Edith’s immobilised body, he cannot allow himself the pleasure Edith misses. Though this halt in movement is short-lived, Hofmiller can no longer ignore the physical. Now every movement is charged with meaning. He is newly grounded in every gesture, his own and every one he witnesses.

Late in the novel, Edith’s open mouth destroys the façade of the carnival, and each member is irrevocably transformed in themselves and toward each other. Her unprovoked, unrequited kisses—“sucking at my lips with such greedy heat that our teeth touched” (274-75)—complete her transition from child to woman. Her aggressive sexuality displaces the power Hofmiller had believed he maintained. Suddenly, he sees his pity and compassion recoloured as desire; he had shaded her coquetry as childish play, but now it blinds him as unfettered lust. His role as impetus jolts him: He is a lout who teased a cripple with impossible courtship. The entire household has been complicit in both his entrapment and her delusion. Where once the illusion of equality created a palace of dreams, now a nightmare of distorted truth and new identities descends. “Just as in a bad farce the unfortunate hero is at the centre of an intrigue, every member of the audience has known for ages what a fix he is in, and only he, the

idiot, goes on acting in deadly earnest..." (278). After Hofmiller's crisis, Dr Condor reenergises him in their joint quest to keep Edith safe from herself. While the act distresses Hofmiller, he fakes devotion until, at the final dinner party before Edith is scheduled to leave for treatment, the carnival sucks him back in. When the couple becomes engaged, even the servant weeps with joy. Hofmiller kisses Edith and accepts her ring. The final fracture of the re-enacted carnival occurs when, in her exaltation, Edith believes she can walk to Hofmiller. She drops her crutches, "walking as if an invisible wire were pulling her along, her teeth pressed into her lip, her features spasmodically contorted" (401-02). She stumbles, and no one breaks her fall. For the third time, overcome by the force of her grotesque, tumultuous body, Hofmiller flees.

While the carnival itself has now irrevocably ended, its revolutionary spirit through the grotesque lives on. They have all tried to twist the carnival to their own uses—Edith to continue her unlikely love affair, Ilona and Kekesfalva to encourage Edith's treatment, Hofmiller to bask in an other place where he is feted regardless of station. Once the pretensions drop, they see each other for the flawed, grasping humans they are. They wanted to use the carnival as a mask, but it remade all of them through its unsentimental cycles of life and death. Back in the real world, Edith must feel the shame of Hofmiller's irrevocable rejection, first when she falls, and later when he denies their bond. In the tradition of the ancients, Edith can purge her sexual shame and punish her false lover through self-destruction. In her gamble for a full life that hinged on a coward's resolve, she fulfils Freud's ideas about tangled, opposing impulses: "Even as hate and love for the same person dwell in our bosom at the same time, so all life combines with the desire to maintain itself, an ambivalent desire for its own annihilation" (Freud, Interview 266). She ultimately refuses to live in a society that defines her by the abnormality of her body. She also, altruistically, longs to free her family of its servitude to her disability. In the space of a few hours, Edith volleys between the greatest elation of her short life and the momentary fulfilment of her desire—she walks without aid to the man she loves—to her violent death. While not as excruciating as Emma Bovary's slow death by poisoning, Edith survives her fall from the tower. She lingers long enough for Dr Condor to believe Hofmiller might help her condition. Only once she expires does the family sever connection with the lieutenant.

Hofmiller, too, looks for death to purge his guilt. Thwarted from suicide, he rushes into war, volunteering for dangerous missions. He reconciles his complicity in Edith's

death through his participation in the carnage of battle. When he emerges years later, nothing of the man who first stepped through the Kekesfalva castle remains. During the course of the novel, he struggles to define his identity, but after Edith's suicide and war, he understands the changeable, perpetually unfixed self, particularly after his decoration by the emperor. Because of a twenty-minute-long action, he is branded a hero forever, "like a monument on the move" (29). He resigns to avoid the sear of his medal and the respect it demands. The man who received the awards and the man who helped destroy Edith has little to do with the man who, in a 1938 dining room, rejects war's worth. As he tells the Author, "*What happened to a man a quarter-of-a-century ago no longer concerns him personally—it happened to someone different*" (30). While Hofmiller has died and been reborn several times through the revolutionary spirit of the carnival and its grotesquery, the vestiges of his former selves inform him, even as they become strangers.

6. Revolution

Folk carnival is more than a break in the sanctioned and moves beyond mere safety valve to temporarily release society's pent-up pressure. Through carnival, the lowest member of society becomes equal to the highest and can express his truest nature through his body, without shame or deference. While carnival is temporary, its revolutionary nature and the desire it incites endure. Carnival offers a glimpse into what might be, what change the people can enact. It highlights otherwise hidden deficiencies in the social strata.

After his exposure to carnival, Hofmiller can no longer live along prescribed lines. Through his entry into the Kekesfalva home and contact with Edith's body, he has been transformed. For the first time, he feels communion with the people around him: "All at once I could no longer understand the dull state in which I had lived to no purpose until now, as if in indifferent grey twilight" (87-88). Hofmiller revolts against what he has known, but in keeping with the changing grotesque, he cannot settle on what he wants. At first, he is content to know that his presence improves Edith's sad plight. That role, though, becomes oppressive. He longs to abandon all: his military posting, the prescribed course of his life, Edith's dependence and love. Dr Condor invigorates Hofmiller's resolve to help Edith. Temporarily, Hofmiller delights in becoming as self-effacing as the doctor who married a penniless, blind patient because he could not cure

her. He sees himself reborn as a godlike figure with the capacity to give—or at least preserve—life. Only later in battle does he understand his grandiosity for its baselessness. Pomposity fuelled him, but fear of tainting his reputation destroyed his ability to aid Edith. Years later, he deflects the honour of his wartime sacrifice because it stands as an inadequate correction to his failure with Edith.

Edith, too, revolts against what she has accepted. While not reconciled to her disability's permanence, she had never dared to dream of love. During carnival, her passions and her desire for equality bloom. She acknowledges the whole of her body and its need of erotic love. The warmth of a man who brings her flowers and denies the normal pursuits of his age—riding, gaming—to sit at her side has revolutionized her idea of herself. She will not, though, accept Hofmiller's pity as a stand-in for love. She wants the fullness of physical life or none at all. Her father, too, joins this frenzy, working himself up to believe in a final cure for his child and a fairy tale romance that he attempts to hasten through his influence and money.

Destruction of the Carnival

From its inception, the Kekesfalva carnival threatens to splinter. The first crack appears after Hofmiller flees from his original gaffe. Several more fractures occur in the novel, each at a moment when the balance of the carnival characteristics shifts, particularly when the role of spectator/participant severs, when ambivalence slides into either complete celebration or utter humiliation, or when equality shatters. As the weeks progress, the participants use the carnival to hide important truths from one another while pretending their equality. After Edith attacks Hofmiller with kisses, the carnival collapses. Like two-dimensional props, the illusions fall around Hofmiller as he realizes that the family has used his fantasy love for Edith to invigorate her mental condition and encourage her treatment. Though he has been reborn through the carnival and its focus on the grotesque body, he can never return to its equalizing state.

The Grotesque Body

Nineteenth and early twentieth century Vienna mirrored Victorian England's repulsion of corporeality. The body and its functions, particularly those pertaining to sex, remained buttoned up and—to the psyche's detriment—ignored by society. In the late 1800s, Josef Breuer and Freud found that female hysteria originated in part through

women's horror of their bodies. As Zweig discusses in *The World of Yesterday*, respectable families stunted their unmarried women by forcing ignorance of the body, while fathers pushed their sons into the underworld of brothels—"out of sight, below the moral surface of society" (102). His generation obsessed about sex, but had no respectable outlet. Instead, they paid women and fretted about disease and blackmail. Their sanctioned life had little to do with their secret sexual lives made seedy by oppressive restrictions. Forced to associate the flesh with immorality, desire for and knowledge of the body fled to the unconscious:

[T]he entire nineteenth century suffered from the delusion that all the conflicts could be resolved by reason, and the more you hid your natural instincts the more you tempered your anarchic forces, so that if young people were not enlightened about the existence of their own sexuality they would forget it. (91)

Restrictive clothing, which made women as "invulnerable as a knight in his armour" attempted to disengage the mind with the body; instead, it ignited illicit fantasy, amplifying prurient interest (93). Zweig remembers: "[T]his fear of the physical and natural really did permeate society ... with the force of a true neurosis" (96). While the classical vision of female beauty is "closed, static, self-contained, symmetrical and sleek," the grotesque body crosses boundaries, opens mysteries, exposes what society wants hidden (Russo 8). The disabled body, for many, evokes fear of illness, injury, and death (Siebers 3), even as it serves the function to connect with others while the classical, finished body rejects challenging interactions (Russo 63). Zweig's novel *The Post-Office Girl* provides an illustrative juxtaposition between reactions to the classical female body Russo describes and Edith's grotesque one. An aunt whisks Christine, the protagonist, Cinderella-style from drudgery to decadence:

It's a strange and wonderful feeling to admire her own body, the breasts unconstrained beneath the close-fitting silk, the slender yet rounded forms under the colors of the dress, the relaxed bare shoulders. (55) ... She occasionally feels the touch of men's friendly and interested gazes from adjoining tables and unconsciously throws out her chest, lifts her head, returns the interest with an interested smile of her own: So you like me—who are you? And who am I? (78)

Completely at odds with debilitating bodily restriction, Bakhtin's theory of the grotesque celebrates the revolutionary power of the physical—particularly its private, concealed functions—to fundamentally alter human interactions regarding both the self and the culture. The grotesque “is never finished, never completed; it is continually built, created, and builds and creates another body” (317). We cannot successfully separate the mind from the body. When we accept this, however, we allow the body's power to shake our assumed finished self, leading to glorious, alarming shifts in our self-identity. The completed self is a fiction; one's self-identification of his or her body remains “less stable than identities associated with gender, race, sexuality, nation, and class” because of the possibility of deforming illness, accidents and aging (Siebers 5). Breuer and Freud's hysterics spontaneously incorporated carnival and circus imagery while under hypnosis: “They attempt to mediate their terrors by enacting private, made-up carnivals. In the absence of social forms they attempt to produce their own by pastiche and parody in an effort to embody semiotically their distress” (Stallybrass and White 174).

In the repressive world of *Beware of Pity*, the body at once terrifies and emboldens. Edith's crippled limbs bring attention to the physical; it liberates in ways society normally bans. Even with near-stranger Hofmiller, her concealed legs become proper conversation, and his presence is allowed during Dr Condor's report on the physical examination of the girl. Because of her disability, Edith cannot be a ‘normal’ and therefore dangerous woman: she is allowed to flout norms because society expects her to remain childlike and asexual, like a passed-over spinster. Those around her naively consider her body docile and her passions—like her unfeeling legs—dormant. Edith, though, by default cannot shift focus from her body. She cannot hide behind the armour of heavy clothing. Her leg braces compel even the most fleeting acquaintance to visualize her naked legs strapped into metal and leather. At the same time, she is not allowed the status of a complete woman. She requires no chaperone. Ilona begs Hofmiller to enter Edith's bedroom, realizing that the girl might expose her desires to the oblivious lieutenant, an unthinkable encouragement in regard to a healthy seventeen-year-old. Edith's society does not recognize the ability of disabled body to upend norms, even as their reactions to her physical deformity create a reality inconceivable for healthy young women.

While Hofmiller obsesses about her body, he de-sexes all the members of the carnival. He ceases to covet Ilona because it would be inconsiderate of Edith's condition. Edith, he never views as a complete woman. In the women's company, he is no longer a soldier or a man whose daily presence might be misunderstood for courtship. Edith's ferociously blossoming sexuality and the sense that he has incited it against his will places them all unwittingly in the realm of the body's demands. Edith refuses her place as grateful, sexless cripple. In the equalizing carnival, Hofmiller must attempt to empathize with the aspects of humanity his sanctioned world marginalizes: the deformed and crippled, Jews, unchaste women, thieves and scoundrels, men who reject success to serve the needy. Even when the notion of sex re-enters Hofmiller's consciousness, it is at Edith's instigation. At the novel's climax, Edith takes on the traditionally masculine role, initiating kisses and forcing a ring onto Hofmiller's finger.

Even when she breaks society's mores, Edith cannot break free of her body. In a devastating paradox, she can elude these confines only because her body imprisons her, an even uglier denial of her sexuality.

Hofmiller's comparison of his own fit body to Dr Condor's slovenly heft proves that when separated from Edith's equalizing presence, he returns to the divisions of his other life, in which the discreet body is superior to yet fears the grotesque. He describes Condor thus: "the most ordinary, fleshy face imaginable, like a full moon pitted with little dimples and craters, a potato-shaped nose, a double chin..." (126). Condor eats with a glutton's abandon, "rapid chewing and munching," "gulping," "smacking" and grunting with pleasure, "like an animal that has eaten its fill" (127-28). Unlike Hofmiller, who continues to flit disastrously between the two worlds, Condor fully integrates into the community without artifice. He even usurps Edith's special chair: "loll[ing] there at his ease... his legs were short, with socks flopping around his ankles, and his paunch was flabby" (127). As he views the older man's unkempt body, Hofmiller elevates his own place in the Kekesfalva world, puffing his confidence without realizing that Condor's equalizing body creates with the family the ease and connection he also enjoys. Hofmiller's relationship in and with the carnival is created through Edith's body, though he hasn't yet realized this.

For Hofmiller, this close association with the female is, at first, liberating. Only because he considers Edith's body nonthreatening—its abnormality repelling as it attracts—does he release himself from his perceptions of himself to become a witty,

compassionate man able to concern himself with more than military manoeuvres and café loafing. Her defenceless body assaults all he has held as truth, and he feels more deeply than he ever expected to about the most seemingly innocuous trifles. For a time, he believes himself in control of Edith. But as he shifts between desire for what her company creates of him—a more humane man, a figure of importance, a source of comfort—and repulsion at her disabled body, he begins to understand that his identity is set adrift. There are no longer two worlds for him to choose between. They have collided and shattered to build something new. He must finally accept Edith's love and her body, or force another, alternate existence through the violence of her self-inflicted death.

From the first night of their acquaintance, Hofmiller and Edith have been bound by a cyclic life-death dance. His gaffe immediately leads to thoughts of suicide to purge his shame at behaving inappropriately toward her body and its limitations. He would rather end his life than break societal norms. Early in their friendship, she shows him the scars on her wrists from an unsuccessful suicide attempt. She blackmails him into accepting her love with the warning that she'll kill herself if he refuses.

Alternately, Edith discovers new life through his presence and the changes it unleashes in her. She awakens into her natural sexuality, and—after he promises that she'll recover—she takes a drive in the country to regain the warmth of the larger society that she has shunned for months. Her broken, unsanctioned body has been one of marginalization. She had allowed her identity to be formed through her disability and herself to be removed from the greater world and her body hidden. Now, through her carnival experience with Hofmiller, she revolts against the role she has assumed and against the people who would pity her. Ultimately, through the communion of their bodies, Edith and Hofmiller both break from the world they have accepted. When she cannot reconcile her repressed desires with reality, she enacts suicide as revenge, in similar fashion to Anna Karenina, Emma Bovary, Werther, and Ophelia. Hofmiller attempts to flee three times from the painful upheaval he has helped create, first after his gaffe, later through seeking civilian employment, then after denying his engagement with Edith and again resolving to end his life. Instead, his superior officer reassigns him. His renewed suicidal impulse, strengthened by Edith's death, leads to his ultimate break with the world he knows. Like Vronsky after Anna's suicide, Hofmiller rushes to martyr himself in war for his culpability in the death of the woman

who loved him. Forging his new life “on a graveyard” (Cioran 33), Hofmiller heaves himself into the erupting war, Edith’s disability prefiguring the bodily destruction he will witness during and after the war. We see this transformed man at the beginning of *Beware of Pity*, as one of only two (our Author, of course, is the other) in 1938 courageous enough to admit the veracity and hopelessness of the looming war. They both disagree with the host who denies the possibility of military conflict because the Great War’s tragedies still loom in the collective consciousness, reminiscent of the sentiment expressed in Fitzgerald’s *Tender is the Night* (1934): “No Europeans will ever do that again in this generation” (67).

Experiencing the body’s revolution is more painful than accepting staid society: Death is preferable to unsanctioned change. Not out of sheer repulsion does Hofmiller deny Edith’s love. He feels warmly towards her, if not sexually attracted, but he fears how his comrades will view a poor officer entangled with a millionaire cripple of dubious heritage. His change is comfortable only in the realm of the carnival, and when that breaks, he finds even the Kekesfalva castle stifling. In the barracks, where he feels his every action judged according to military etiquette, Hofmiller transfigures Kekesfalva into a djinn who crushes him with the weight of unattainable demands, and his daughter into a succubus who will bleed him dry. In sanctioned society, he cannot even allow them to remain human; there is no place for this family outside the confined carnival.

Only after the bloodbath of war and its own revolutionary grotesque does he finally accept the changes Edith’s body commenced. While the body is never finished, Hofmiller understands that he must stand outside the ordained. He proves this by disdaining his service medal, resigning his military post, and challenging the assembled party content to ignore war’s threat. Even as the novel ends, we see Hofmiller ever unfinished, though he will, regardless of consequence, defend his individual freedom and beliefs, heedless of their ephemeral nature. It is important to note that he makes no grand stand against society, other than to voice his views. His ultimate duty remains to fulfil his individual freedom with the hope that doing so will embolden those around him, freeing them all from the strictures of a society they do not support.

In this chapter, I have discussed the cacophonous popular reaction and scholarly neglect of Zweig’s masterpiece, a challenging novel of ideas disguised as a titillating

historical romance—one that deserves further and more intensive study. As this chapter has explored through Bakhtin's carnival and grotesque body, *Beware of Pity* embodies Zweig's most important tenants of belief: the brotherhood of man and the responsibility of individual freedom. The novel warns that unity suffers when the rules of restrictive societies trump accountability and when etiquette, fear of the physical body, and contrived loyalties defy humanity's universality. It seems no mistake that *Beware of Pity* forces visceral responses in its readers—the desire to shield one's eyes, as during a horror film, or flinch at Hofmiller's mounting gaffes—to examine the role of the revolutionary, equalizing body to upend, shatter, and reconfigure the individual and his society.

The next chapter builds on these themes and ideas as they have marked the writing of my novel, *Dawn in the Evening*, in which the dichotomy of the classically beautiful body clashes with the grotesque.

Chapter Four

The Legacy of Suicide and the Grotesque Body: *Beware of Pity and the Writing of Dawn in the Evening*

In this chapter, I examine the creative process involved in the writing of my novel, *Dawn in the Evening*, in relation to the accompanying thesis on Stefan Zweig. *Dawn in the Evening* chronicles frustrated love and its disastrous outcomes among five connected artists in 2003 New Orleans. It may appear, on the surface, misplaced alongside my study of the posthumous life of Stefan Zweig and the grotesque body described in *Beware of Pity*, but each project nurtured the other. Rather than sharing a root, they developed in a humus of mutual interest. Most notably, they raise similar questions: How does suicide affect art, and how does it reconfigure those left behind? Because suicide is an unanswerable message, how and to whom do survivors respond? Given the nature of my protagonist's body—she is the recipient of a liver transplant—I also ask whether Bakhtin's ideas about the transformative nature of carnival and the grotesque body are still applicable and instructive in analysing modern society.

In *Beware of Pity*, my novel finds an example rather than a prescriptive model. As I will discuss, *Dawn in the Evening* owes debts to a lifetime of reading and is a reaction to my previous fiction, but *Beware of Pity* became a sounding board in terms of the structural decisions I made about point of view, setting, and tone, as well as in the formation of its central themes and motifs. Each is a story of unrequited love that shatters futures and redefines identities. *Beware of Pity*'s Hofmiller leaves behind his preconceived life after offending a crippled girl. In *Dawn in the Evening*, a scarred woman attempts to justify her existence by restoring the life of an artist destroyed by her mother's negligent, perfect body. Each novel plunges into taboo as the characters attempt to make sense of themselves and their bodies. Several branches of research—Zweig's life and legacy; suicide's causality, warning signs, risk factors, and fallout; and the revolutionary power of the body—have aided the validity of *Dawn in the Evening*.

Perhaps because my previous (unpublished) novel leaned heavily on two works—Thomas Mann's *Buddenbrooks* and Peter Carey's *Oscar and Lucinda*—for structure and direction, I wanted *Dawn in the Evening* to gather influences while appealing to no author or book for approval. As Siri Hustvedt once discussed, men may

feel the burden of influence more than women do: “This doesn’t mean that women don’t have to fight influences, but rather that we are less likely to situate ourselves in some great tradition” (Interview 139). I have admired Ann Patchett’s ability to fuse big cultural questions—the ability of disparate people to form family and the role of guilt in fuelling action, for example, with rollicking narratives set around the world. For inspiration, I return to Antal Szerb’s novels about the letdowns that follow success, such as *Journey by Moonlight*, about a disastrous honeymoon in Italy. I sped through the fictional memoir of Irène Némirovsky (*The Mirador*, written by her daughter), amazed at how invention can unearth truth. I studied Milan Kundera’s intersections of sex and identity, and Elizabeth McCracken’s wordplay. These narratives invigorated my attempt to create a readable, thought-provoking yet playful novel. As Borges explains, “each writer *creates* his precursors” (365), regardless of whether they become obvious in the work. They speak, and the writer answers. Even if only the writer can hear the conversation.

Dawn in the Evening unfolds over several equilibrium-shattering days in the life of thwarted painter and muse Sam Mitchell. As the novel opens, Sam discovers that her father has cut her out of his will. At the same time, her new lover, Michael, issues an ultimatum. Since her long-term partner’s suicide, she has postponed her life, allowing Michael’s presence but refusing to surrender her devotion to William. Now that William has finished shaping her, for the first time she must decide whom to become.

My decision to locate most of the action of the novel within twenty-four hours was, at first, a reaction to having written a historical novel that chronicles one hundred years of history, politics, and disaster through several generations of a Louisiana farming family. After spending years on a project wedded to geography and history, I wanted to work on a more contained canvas, to question to show how a person can reconfigure another’s perception of her past and the direction of her future. I wanted to grapple with issues that are important to me but to find their expression outside my experience. As Orwell writes, “... one can write nothing readable unless one constantly struggles to efface one’s own personality” (10).

Dawn in the Evening began with a simple question: How are we shaped by those we choose—or feel compelled—to love? Does romantic love define who we become? If we allow it to, when and with what consequences can we let it go? These questions are further complicated by voluntary death, which allows the suicide to send a message that the receiver has no ability to answer.

The manner in which a story is told—from where it comes and its intended audience—has long interested me and remains one of the reasons I am drawn to Zweig’s work. His stories (framed and stacked in the tradition of Balzac) often appear as narratives told to strangers. This includes *Beware of Pity*, a soldier’s extended confession of his role in a woman’s suicide. I find a particular excitement in narratives that push the boundaries of point of view, such as Lorrie Moore’s *Anagrams*, in which the main character continually redefines herself and those she addresses. What at first appears stable disintegrates underfoot; she may be any or none of these versions.

Dawn in the Evening’s point of view, a pivotal decision, shifted through dozens of drafts. An omniscient third person seemed too remote from the tone I wanted: occasionally claustrophobic, pensive, yet laced with gentle humour. A limited third-person point of view became too restrictive, as did a traditional first-person narrative. I wanted the story to be personal, but I didn’t want Sam speaking into the ether; she needed a potential audience, someone specific to whom she melded the tale, someone who *might* respond. Sam’s story is an attempt at mythmaking, one that will allow her to understand and justify her choices. Because William remains her driving force even after his death, he is the only audience she values. If she cannot make sense of their life together alongside his suicide and rejection, she effectively does not exist. She lives for his reaction to her, even though she can speak to him only out of time.

After William has been dead years—and upon the death of her beloved father—Sam questions his authority, though she begins this tentatively and with the expectation of validating her devotion to him. The novel maintains a second-person direct address throughout, but Sam’s varying use of personal pronouns expresses her disconnection from her body and identity. At times, she feels confident in her use of the first-person singular pronoun, particularly when recounting her interactions with those who love her unconditionally, like her father and Corinne, the family’s long-time housekeeper. At others, Sam describes herself in the third person, creating distance from herself and her past. In the novel’s first section, she explains her father’s death and begins to take account of the years since William’s disappearance: “Did I say that? If she, that piece of me that I left there on that Wednesday morning in May, said those words, they meant nothing.” As the novel unfolds, Sam progresses from long sections of memory to a sharper focus of the present. Near the end of the novel, Sam ceases her address to William, having excised—perhaps temporarily—his presence. She does this through listening to her own stories as a bystander, through hearing William on recordings

which her false memories cannot alter, through the burning of William's memento mori paintings, and through stealing one of William's final paintings. In repurposing William's portrait of her mother, Sam creates a fledgling vision of a new self. She makes herself both an heir to the legacies of her mother—who stole William's work—and to William, who took Sam's life. During the last hours of the novel, no great revelation awaits her, but she recognizes her ability to cease serving as an extension of someone else. Regardless of how she's been shaped by these two figures, she can attempt to make her own version of a life, a self. As she says of the self-portrait she creates from William's painting: "She is beautiful, and she doesn't yet know it."

Like *Beware of Pity, Dawn in the Evening* unfolds in a variety of narratives. While Sam addresses William in the majority of the novel, she also reshapes the stories of their relationship in order to keep them alive. She recounts pivotal stories from the points of view of her mother, father, and William. After her father's death, Sam discovers recorded conversations between him and William, whose own words thus punctuate the novel, alongside but separate from her stories and entreaties. Just as her words cannot now reach William, his explanations find her much too late.

The characters define themselves and one another through alternate narratives: Her father, Alex, tells Sam stories about her mother; William twists his history with Marguerite to further entrap Sam; Michael describes a story of simple devotion that Sam can't comprehend. As Sam sifts through those conflicting stories, she reconfigures her understanding of herself in order to create a future separate from her ghosts. In storytelling, painting, photography, and repurposing art pieces, each character enacts an exercise of formation. It thus became important for the characters each to have a stake in creating or facilitating art. As a teenager, William discovers a latent talent that he explores after his family disinherits him. Sam likewise is drawn to painting, but she views her work as unworthy of practice. Through her father's influence and money, her mother has become a successful collagist. But Marguerite's art—which Sam views as dilettantism—only steals and reappropriates the work of others. Michael, a sports photographer, attempts to capture movement, yet he has no aspirations about high art. He does not want to create from life; he simply wants to document. Unlike William's foray into photography that shatters his family, Michael's forces him to slow down, to see the beauty inherent in life's details.

In creating Michael as much younger and more naïve than Sam, I wanted him to serve as a reflection of Sam's younger self with, and as a foil to, William.

Subconsciously after William's death, Sam takes on his character in response to Michael. William can no longer respond to her, but she can figuratively step into his skin to re-enact their relationship. In this way, she uses Michael as a model without his consent, she paints in William's style—the first successful shows of her career—and she punishes Michael for not being the person she wants, as William rebuked her for not being Marguerite. Sam watches her lineage stack like Russian matryoshka dolls, each generation making the same mistakes, as though their actions have been long choreographed. When she opens their lives, she finds identical desires and denials until there she is at the centre, the last one with no one left to harm.

I didn't want Michael, though, to be only a reflection of the person Sam feared she became. To Sam's endless frustration, she does not break or shape Michael. He adores her for reasons she cannot understand or affect, but he has a life separate from her. Through his quiet—and sometimes infuriating—example, he offers Sam a simpler, unencumbered manner of passing through the days.

The setting of the novel became important to its subject, even though I fought against this. After writing about Louisiana as a character in my previous novel, I wanted to shift focus away from relationships forged by specific weather and geography. The earliest drafts of *Dawn in the Evening* were, therefore, set adrift in a placeless nowhere. Little by little, though, I realized that I had located their memories there; place had shaped their choices. Corinne began to speak in my grandmother's Cajun French, which seemed appropriate; even the woman who loves Sam most cannot be fully understood. When food became a constant refrain in the novel—Sam constantly seeking corporal nourishment instead of addressing what's truly lacking—I stopped fighting the pull of the city. I let the characters inhabit their place without forcing local colour on them.

The setting began to function in ways I had not expected. By the end of the novel, when Sam receives the inadequate but essential response from William, I knew her fury needed a physical expression. By chance, I discovered that Hurricane Bill lashed New Orleans in July 2003. Sam notes that the coincidence is almost too perfect. As she tries to make sense of her abandonment, a storm called Bill—her dead lover's nickname—threatens everything she loves. But like her final communication from William, the storm dissolves into a trickle of what it promised. Neither the storm nor William's words destroy her foundations. They simply reveal already existing cracks. They also foretell of coming destruction, death, and rebirth.

While the exact dates of the narrative initially mattered little to me, certain plot points required that the action be moved forward or backward to correspond with fact. For example, the first liver transplants in New Orleans occurred in 1975. I moved Sam's operation later in her life and shifted her birthdate and other milestones to fit the timeframe. Early on, I also decided that if my novel would be set in New Orleans, it had to end before August 29, 2005: the day Hurricane Katrina hit south Louisiana and levee failures destroyed much of the city. Katrina made landfall in the parish where I grew up, where my family lives still. They suffered, and I was not there. It is part of me, and it is not my story to tell.

In planning and writing *Dawn in the Evening*, I could have chosen models closer to my expectations for this novel than *Beware of Pity*. Siri Hustvedt's *The Blazing World*, springs to mind. I read this intellectually ferocious work months after completing *Dawn in the Evening* and marvelled at the uncanny similarities in its theme, tone, and even plot points, including a troubled man who uses his self-inflicted death to create art and to enact a public message. Hustvedt questions the propriety and proprietorship of art, secret verses public art, challenges of perception, and the role of social status in the making of an artistic career. Hustvedt's Booker Prize-nominated novel energized me and reminded me of the universality of many of the issues with which I'd been grappling. If I had chosen that novel as a model for this study, however, the similarities might have stunted my ability to find a way through my novel's challenges. Because Zweig's setting disallowed any subconscious imitation (no Austro-Hungarian soldiers, Viennese waltzes, or suffocating sexual mores invade contemporary New Orleans), *Beware of Pity* allowed a liberating example that demanded divergence.

In the following sections, I explore *Dawn in the Evening* in relation to some key themes that are also present in my study of Zweig's *Beware of Pity*.

The Transformative Body

As the previous chapter shows, Bakhtin's grotesque body and its transformative power can wield a dramatic influence. While the classical, "finished" body may provoke admiration or desire, the grotesque one challenges perception of the physical and of one's identity. The perfect body projects what we covet, but the disabled body opens a window into most people's future—the inevitable decay through age or sickness—and thus creates a universal humanity which individuals may choose to embrace, ignore or

flee. This demise and mortality infects us all, as Siebers asserts: “Ablebodiedness is a temporary identity at best” (5).

In *Beware of Pity*, Edith’s disabled body prompts a previously absent dimension to Hofmiller’s existence, one that he comes to cherish and to despise. Instead of true empathy, though, he uses pity to alleviate his discomfort. His weakness—his inability to suffer alongside Edith rather than cheer her with falsehoods—disallows a final communion with the disabled. He too-highly prizes his role to uphold the society that hides the chaotic, the weak, and the crippled. Only after Edith’s suicide is Hofmiller reborn as an individual who dismisses social pretence.

This ability of the body to fracture stability also courses through *Dawn in the Evening*. Separate from intellectual understanding, the body distorts desire and compels action against one’s will. Marguerite, Sam’s mother, has moved from coveted debutante to prized fiancée, object of desire, accidentally successful artist, reluctant mother—all with seemingly little effort. Because her beauty defines her desirability regardless of merit, Marguerite’s body separates her from others. Pain in and about the body “may be one way in which we come to have an idea of our body at all” (Butler 65, interpreting Freud). Marguerite’s disconnection from herself is alleviated only through art in which she is able to view pieces of herself. She discovers this illuminating portal through a painting that William creates of her from imagination. Later, he coerces her to pose for him, but he destroys the work before she can see it. Without an image reflected back at her, Marguerite cannot discover what might complete the seemingly already finished. Instead, in order to feel something, she forces William to photograph his naked mother. While Amelia lacks traditional beauty, her mysterious allure transfixes Marguerite. In forcing William to debase and compromise himself, Marguerite retains her distance from the messy physical world. The chains of the classical body bind her. There can be no ambiguities in her existence, in her choices, in the correctness of her manners or position.

William shifts into squalor to atone for his betrayal and in the futile hope that Marguerite will reward him for his indelible act. In an effort to move even closer to those he has loved and harmed, he paints corpses, beginning with his mother. His obsessions with Marguerite and the dead escalate as he begins to “kill” those he desires yet fears, amassing a cache of memento mori paintings that he hides from all but Sam. William alone knows that Marguerite used in her collages salvaged pieces of his early paintings. They both play out this idea of rebirth through destruction and death.

Sam feels the weight of Marguerite's closed body and its reluctance to embrace her, especially after her transplant. The pressure of a saved life paralyzes Sam with its burden. She imagines herself alternately as a vessel for others to fill and exploit, as an amendment or an extra limb. Even her name was meant for someone else, the stillborn brother who came before her. Sam actively takes on the personas of others. She speaks in her mother's voice, though she finds her vapid and inauthentic. She becomes a version of William to punish Michael. Nothing of her being seems possible without the taint of another person's desires. There's no solidity in her character, and she's afraid of taking responsibility for that. Coupled with the inordinate praise her father showers to make up for her mother's emotional absence, Sam loses the ability to assess her own worth. Only when Marguerite dies suddenly and Sam connects with William does she see a way through her guilt and aimlessness. As William's muse, her body finds a rightful ambition.

Developing the narrative with Bakhtin's ideas about the grotesque in mind allowed me to provide a framework within which the characters could express their frustration with and disconnection from their own bodies. The explicit nature of Marguerite's attractiveness and Sam's illness and scar forces a discussion of the body and acknowledgment of its positive and negative forces. The disabled body allows the trying on of other skins, hidden pieces of identities, alternate realities. Sam's body displays this profoundly through her chameleon nature, her housing of a foreign organ. Marguerite fears Sam's fragile body, not solely out of maternal concern; she deflects the proximity of dis-ease and of death. It is somehow fitting that Sam thrives beyond her doctors' expectations while the seemingly perfect Marguerite dies suddenly of a brain aneurism at the 1984 World's Fair (a version of a carnival).

William views Sam as a pliable, approachable embodiment of the unreachable Marguerite who destroyed and then abandoned him. Sam's marked body is, inexplicably, the correction of the perfect one. Her bodily sacrifice to atone for her mother's actions upends the lives of all those around her. She will be William's saviour, his muse, his reminder, his penance, and his retribution. As in *Beware of Pity*, the figures each misunderstand what prompts others' actions. Edith forcefully mistakes pity for love, while Hofmiller muddles entrapment with gratitude. With William, Sam accepts exploit and abuse through the guise of desire.

Suicide and its Unanswerable Message

The word suicide demands attention. As discussed in my previous chapters, even with its frequency and a whole division of study based on the act, suicide continues to alarm, infuriate, excite, and provoke. While the act destroys a single life, it births innumerable responses: “The passion for destruction is a creative passion, too!” (Bakunin 57)

In my early research into Zweig’s work, before the explosion of attention following recent celebrity endorsements, such as those by Colin Firth and Wes Anderson, I found myself resorting to the evocation of suicide to force listeners to share my enthusiasm about the author. With that one word, a long-dead European novelist transformed instantaneously into a force. The listeners’ eyes unglazed and their attention sharpened. Zweig’s story—and, by proximity, his work—took on an urgency. Suicide became shorthand to prove that I had focused my energies on a writer so weighty that he played god with his own existence. As Zweig’s afterlife proves, suicide freezes the individual in that last moment and reconfigures everything and everyone around it, creating an insurmountable mystery.

In *Beware of Pity*, Edith understands that suicide remains her final outlet of autonomy. Her body allows certain liberties from social norms, but in exchange she is not allowed the full range of adult life. Suicide becomes both a threat to shape others’ behaviour and an escape route. When she finally enacts her plan, however, its message remains cloudy. Is her death a punishment for Hofmiller’s duplicity? A purge of her shame? A rejection of a limited life?

I considered these questions while devising William’s suicide and what it might bring about in Sam. Regardless of the clarity of a suicide note, survivors seldom understand the self-inflicted death of those they love. In William’s death, I wanted to show how mental illness, alongside isolation and perceived uselessness, drove him to despair. While William lacks the words to describe his message—in the form of a self-portrait created as he hangs himself—he knows he has to express something through his most accessible medium. Like Edith’s death, William’s speaks volumes but communicates confusion. Is his death revenge against Sam? Or against her mother? Has he considered his life pointless aside from his creations? Has he killed himself in penance for the violation of his mother and destruction of his family? Is his suicide an experiment into the boundaries of what constitutes art?

Each of these proposed explanations, and many combinations thereof, can be discussed, both for Edith and for William. However, none satisfies because suicide is a one-sided conversation. While the suicide’s suffering may end, the survivor’s deepens

and expands. *Dawn in the Evening* seeks to honour the inexplicability of suicide, both of the victim and the survivors. While William has many reasons to desire death's release, no viable explanation can reconcile his suicide at this time in his life.

William, like *Beware of Pity*'s Edith, uses power over his body to control the uncontrollable. After his father discovers the incriminating photos, he beats William to such a degree that the young man loses hearing in one ear. That buffer from the world at times comforts him. As his disconnection increases, he discovers that only through self-mutilation can he feel. I created this precedent for his self-harm to both foreshadow his inevitable suicide and express his connection with the physical, which is absent in Marguerite. He uses his body—its dishevelled appearance, his lack of hygiene—to insulate himself. His paintings of the dead move him closer to his own mortality. When Sam appears after Marguerite's death, he sees in her a chance at renewal, but their relationship descends into correction and punishment as he uses Sam's marked body to express and feed his fears. When art and escape fail to provide reprieve, he uses his death to make an unreadable artistic statement. Sam, lost in grief, searches for her culpability and hides the monstrous painting. She remains lost between what William would have made of her and what she might become in his absence.

In all future discussions and in all memories, the self-inflicted death obscures meaning. It opens a vast, unending slate of questions that survivors seldom stop trying, futilely, to answer. For those left behind, suicide is the beginning of a new, all-encompassing obsession to piece together a reconfigured past.

Repressed Sexuality/Identity

William describes his painting "Dawn in the Evening" as something that should never have happened, a desire created out of coercion. Whoever he might have been becomes suppressed through his obsession with the woman who will never love him and her daughter who cannot correct the course of his life. Glimmers of renewal appear in his loving collaborations with Sam, but William's mental illness and his inability to escape the past force him to punish her for her mother's sins. Only in sacrificing himself through, historically, the most disgraceful form of suicide can he enact penance. But because he disguises the act as a work of art, he confuses the message, which never reaches his intended audience.

While the young William violates his mother's bodily privacy, Marguerite cannot name her unexpected sexual cravings. She wants something other than what

logically fits together. Marguerite fixates on William's mother with her soft, welcoming body. Throughout her marriage, Marguerite moves from woman to woman, never attaining the physical fulfilment she desires. She tiptoes along the line of respectability, retreating back to her husband any time her advances threaten reciprocation.

Even before her disfiguring surgery, Sam struggles with her body as she judges it against her mother's perfection. Instead of concealing her scar, Sam is anxious to reveal it. With it safely hidden beneath her clothing, she feels like she is passing as something more and less than the sum of her body. She throws herself into sexual relationships before she understands how they will shape her. Forever after her first lover, she defines her relationships with men through their connection to her unfinished body. Because of this, she feels as though she has reached her truest understanding in William, who uses her nude figure hundreds of times in his paintings. Even when he begins to erase her identifying scar, she finds purpose only in his work. In Michael's embrace, she is simply a woman with a man. Her search for purpose and identity refuses to find comfort in his simple affection.

While *Dawn in the Evening* originated as a response to my own work and to my relationship with a particular place, it could not have found its current form without the constant rereading of *Beware of Pity* and the reiterations that novel provoked, particularly in relation to Bakhtin's grotesque body and to the causality of and reaction to suicide. Aside from focusing on Zweig's neglected novel, the study of his life, death, and legacy allowed me entry into a variety of fields that a narrower and more direct study might have deflected. While contributing to Zweig studies through an analysis and explanation of his posthumous legacy and adding to the literary evaluation of *Beware of Pity*, I also had the opportunity to explore suicidology and the history of folk carnival, which has allowed me greater insight into my own novel while opening avenues for further study. In the course of this study, I have delivered conference papers on the revolutionary power of suicide to upend readers' autonomy, as well as a test of Walker Percy's theory of "artist re-entry," as discussed in *Lost in the Cosmos*. I also posed for a portrait in dizzying twelve-hour sittings, a chance for me to experience first-hand the ways in which portraiture can redefine and restrict a body.

My own travels during the research and writing of this thesis have pulled me closer to Zweig and allowed me a small window into his existence. Because of various

obligations, I found myself echoing Zweig's constant movement over the course of several years (without, of course, the terror of his final journeys) through Austria, France, Italy, the United States, and Australia: the incessant packing of bags, discovering that the necessary book remained a continent behind, adrift without my mother tongue. Alongside, I experienced the continual reinvigoration and flood of alternate cultures. I understood more deeply how an affection for travel can become a dangerous addiction, rendering long-term reality dull. The more I read about Zweig, the closer I became to this man who had killed himself thirty-five years before I was born, the more I subconsciously rewrote his history. My feelings about his suicide shifted between respect for his decision, grief, resignation, and despair at its uselessness and its rewriting of his work. Rereading biographies of Zweig toward the end of this process, I fell into despondency each fresh time he died.

I devised *Dawn in the Evening* before I had read any of Zweig's work, but through subsequent cross-pollination, these two projects—my novel and this study of *Beware of Pity*—transformed into entities impossible without and decisively altered by each other. Zweig's fiction provided an urgency to my questions and a legacy with which to converse. Unlike the unanswerable message of suicide, books across time and space talk to each other, they ask and they respond.

Dawn in the Evening bears little outward resemblance to *Beware of Pity* even though it contains some of its fibres. As Richard Stern writes, "Every book conceals a book" (129), in my case, both the book I imagined I had been writing and the books that informed it. Though I return to Zweig's novel often, I reject many of its characteristics in my own writing. *Beware of Pity* is laden with adverbs, and it swells into excessive melodrama. It lacks any glimmer of humour. Through all this, Zweig pulls it off. Not despite its faults but through them, *Beware of Pity* becomes a thrilling morality tale, or a challenging treatise about the confines of a society that has lost its connection with the body. A rejection of war, or a call to individualism within a brotherhood of man. Or, perhaps, a sad story of misplaced love.

It is this kaleidoscope of readings that I wanted to create in *Dawn in the Evening*. While every effort becomes a shadow of its original dream, I am satisfied now to abandon my novel with the knowledge that I attempted everything I set out to do. As Orwell writes, "It is bound to be a failure, every book is a failure" (10). But I asked the questions, I illustrated them with characters I found compelling enough to carry inside me for years, and now I send the novel out in the world to see if it can speak.

Conclusions

The act of reading appears, at surface, infinitely simple: an individual turns a page and settles her eyes on words written by another. But the text remains unfixed and volatile, its message dependent on the attention span, worldview, experience, knowledge, education, and interest of its reader. Every book lives as many lives as it has readers.

This thesis begins by asking what we think about—what is most important to the majority of readers and scholars—when the name Stefan Zweig is invoked. It continues by asking what we now read when we read Zweig’s fiction. Especially knowing that any writer’s death solidifies his body of work,³⁴ how has suicide reconfigured Zweig’s oeuvre, and what does it look like today? Through an analysis of the major foci of Zweig studies, an overview of his work’s afterlife and the gaps in its scholarship, as well as an introduction to leading theories of reading, I have argued that the pre-1942 Zweig and post-suicide Zweig are two separate authors whose writings diverge wildly. Before Zweig’s death, reviewers approached his writing based on its content. Since his suicide, scholars and readers have, in large part, read his work in service to an explanation of how a successful, wealthy man of Jewish descent who escaped Europe and was welcomed abroad could kill himself while Nazis murdered Jews. As my research shows—and as Klawiter suggests in his bibliography (xxxvii)—even those who do not focus on Zweig’s suicide revert to readings of his life, which has become the text we read over and beyond the works in his oeuvre.

Suicide complicates reading, whether it is understood as the final act of a desperate medical condition, as an indecipherable message, or as an expression of individual freedom. While suicide is prevalent among writers, no theory exists of how to approach the work of a suicide writer. Because of its tantalizing, taboo, and performative nature, suicide tends to hijack the reading of an author, leading to the use of a writer’s work to explore the life and death instead of viewing it as art, as we have seen in such cases as Sylvia Plath and David Foster Wallace.

Proponents of the historical method attempt to rein in readings, to hold books closer to their authors’ artistic intents, influences, and epochs. One of the easiest ways

³⁴ For a discussion of this issue, see Sartre’s *Being and Nothingness*, in which he argues whether a writer is defined by how others perceive his output after death.

to cement reading is to attach a book irrevocably to its creator. This love story is *his* love story. The protagonist serves as a doppelganger for *his* own midlife crisis/failed political career/sexual assault/incarceration/betrayal. The New Criticism breaks that mould by defacing the writer, ignoring his confirming biography in order to focus solely on the text. Reader Response takes the breach with the writer even further, allowing the reader to do with the text as she sees fit. While Barthes and Foucault suggest that allowing the writer an identity is akin to surrendering to him all power, neither allows the reader a more nuanced reaction. In this model, two choices remain in the reader-author relationship: accept the writer's all-encompassing authority or murder him. These options deny the reader's ability to compartmentalize, to weigh and consider authority, and to develop an alternate type of reading that neither ignores the fact of the author nor allows solely his biography to shape the reader's reaction. Readings that require all or nothing of the writer surrender too much autonomy in cases where the writer's biography cannot be ignored or his presence effectively killed (i.e. famous writers or writers who have died scandalous, public deaths).

For suicide writers, Barthes's demand allows nothing but a stay of execution when the reader's curiosity takes hold and her natural interest refuses to ignore knowledge. Regardless of how his work is perceived and how his popularity wanes and waxes, Zweig remains a public figure. The author endures as a source of information that the reader decides whether to accept or deny. The reader, by definition, is entitled to a variety of readings of the work, and to various forms of author decimation, including death, resuscitation, and amputation. A reader's momentary intubation of the suicide author's body should not finalize the reader-author relationship. While it is more difficult for the reader to abandon that body, a separation—a removal of the body that crowds the space—allows varied reading and more nuanced understanding of the work and the ideas therein. The reader, though, may always wheel the body back in. Thus far, few Zweig scholars post-1942 have exercised the right to ignore the body, so strong is suicide's pull.

Zweig's oeuvre has most extensively received the kind of attention meted out by the historical approach, but his person rather than his work most often finds analysis based on time, setting, and context. Because of his upending suicide, his life has become the art; his fiction now serves to illuminate his biography. A hybrid reading style has emerged: The reader retains priority in terms of emotional response but wants the author's life to verify her reaction. For some readers, an author's biography and its

association to his fiction elevates the ‘make-believe’ to the real so that it appears less trivial.

Zweig’s opposing charmed existence and death by self-inflicted poisoning has become the story that his fiction can explain. The publication of his first four posthumous works, including his memoir, which included a facsimile of his suicide note as its coda, cemented the method by which these works are assessed. Because *The World of Yesterday* refused to open the curtains to Zweig’s most private life, readers rifled through the closets of his fiction to feed the curiosity his shocking death sparked. The suicides found in his novellas provide foreshadowing, with various editions of his personal correspondence filling in a history of melancholy. *Beware of Pity* becomes a thinly veiled confession of mercy for a sickly wife he feels compelled to aid. The line between a man’s life and his artistic endeavours blur. Not even his suicide note escapes the wrath of literary criticism. While biographical matters remain important and acceptable aspects of literary studies, readers and scholars miss a great deal if it becomes the sole focus. Literary studies that centre on author biography threaten to create a vision of fiction as masked biography. The writer becomes a fictional character to read, demoting the writer’s work to prop: “In that case the book functions like some pop star’s sweaty T-shirt, which, without the aura of the star, becomes completely insignificant.” (Ferrante ch. 8)

Unearthing Zweig’s lovers and erotic practices, the sums he paid for Beethoven’s desk or Blake’s *King John*, his mental state during the breakup of his marriage, or how long he hoarded lethal drugs prove pruriently thrilling and may well add to our collective knowledge of human experience, mental illness, and the creative impulse. At the same time, this probing demotes literature, allowing it to serve only as a clue to personality. It denies the challenging questions innate in politics, personal freedom, gender issues, the physical body’s revolutionary force, universal brotherhood, and individual revolt present in Zweig’s fiction, alongside his dissection of human emotion.

Greater detail about Zweig’s death alongside his wife—photos, the state of the bodies, final letters—breeds desire for more salacious information rather than finally resting on what is known and what we can never completely understand: Why a person relinquishes his life. His has become a true crime story with no satisfactory resolution.

We can number a long list of causes for Zweig’s decision, including his grief, isolation, guilt, and lifelong depression, without ever finally entering his suicidal mind.

The best we can do is to acknowledge the despair and grave courage it must take to embody one's creed of self-determination—then move on to the works that offer more than a quick jolt of fascination.

Beware of Pity stands as the culmination of Zweig's fiction, though it has remained understudied, sidelined, and labelled an anachronism in spite of its popularity. Its publication amidst worldwide political upheaval helped deflect scholarly interest, and Zweig's suicide has set the agenda in studies of his fiction during the last seven decades. *Beware of Pity* highlights the broken, damaged body's power to upend expectation and as a centre of power at a time when Nazi policy was to euthanize the disabled. As in Zweig's many nonfiction works that use historical figures as metaphors, the novel defends individual freedom regardless of fragility, while it destroys unnecessary societal strictures that judge, divide, and sublimate.

Beware of Pity deserves attention not only because of its possible relationship to Zweig's marriages and his mental state during his exile in England, but because it fulfils the promise of much of what he attempted in his novellas. As the zenith of Zweig's mighty oeuvre, *Beware of Pity* utilizes several of Zweig's most important motifs, elements of structure, obsessions, and themes, including the framing device (in which the 'Author' claims the following story's veracity), the stacking of stories within stories; the use of a historical framework or contextualized world events, the inclusion of specific Jewish questions, the examination of extreme emotion over reason, and the complications of intentionally or inadvertently preying on the weakness of the disabled or unprotected. Aside from these issues, also waiting is an analysis of the novel in terms of its place among canonized classics of its time and as an influence of subsequent works. Zweig's work and its role in European culture requires redress, as his biographer Donald Prater realized more than forty years ago (*European* viii).

This thesis's reading of *Beware of Pity* serves as an example of one way to study the novel without wilful ignorance of the author's life but equally without sole interest in it. The work on Zweig's biography need not be revoked or repudiated; it demands context and, at times, exclusion from study in order to find divergent paths through the fiction and its ideas. *Beware of Pity* illuminates the divide between society with its rigid castes and the possibility of release, revolution, and fulfilment through an ersatz carnival that accepts the equalizing body. Bakhtin's folk carnival and its ancillary grotesque body thwart authority, question prevailing mores, and empower the individual while celebrating the brotherhood of man. By reading through this lens, we

understand on a different level the revolutionary spirit of the body with its ability to destroy and renew.

Many aspects of *Beware of Pity* await study, including but not limited to the following themes, motifs, and ideas expressed throughout the novel, at some of which this thesis hinted: Christian iconography and allusion, freedom versus free will, mimesis and the triangle of desire, the missing mother, the Hegelian master/slave dialectic, the character of money, confusion of appearance/identity, and Eros versus Thanatos.

I have argued in this thesis that author suicide presents a mammoth hurdle to the reader. Mammoth, but not insurmountable. The reader must decide how to engage with the hurdle of suicide in a fiction writer's work: to accept it as an impossible obstacle, to wrestle her way over it, or to sidestep it without engagement. To date, most readings of Zweig post-1942 nestle on the hurdle's spine, without noticing the discomfort or restriction. This is unsurprising. As Jean Améry suggests, Zweig's suicide has become a defining act (qtd. in Heidelberger-Leonard 253), one that forces new dimensions on every aspect of his work. It is not sufficient, though, to allow suicide its final, unimpeachable weight. If, again as Améry posits, suicide is a message, we must attempt to answer it, regardless of the message's indecipherability. We are answering not Zweig nor his suicide directly; we are maintaining our own volition as readers and thinkers and artists to have a reaction other than the one expected. We kill the suicide—or at least refuse it the position of exhaustor of the text—in order to save the art and the artist. To enrich studies of this author we must challenge his death's authority and forge other routes through, or around, his self-destruction. While suicide has unnecessarily defined and narrowed Zweig's work, it also has kept it alive and ready for the possibility of other readings, other lives.

I did not seek the subject of suicide. I found Stefan Zweig in the manner I would like more readers to discover him: ignorant and curious, without reservation or expectation. I remember no author biography, no photo. I wanted to dig up everything he had written—having no notion how extensive this oeuvre would be—but even more so, I wanted to read *Beware of Pity* again, to discover how he caused me to have such a physical reaction to an officer's overdue confession. Nowhere did I search for the man who wrote these words. I had no use of him: I had the words.

This thesis has shown the destructive power of suicide over reader autonomy through a case study of Stefan Zweig's afterlife. In my introduction, I ask how the

suicidal act disrupts reading and whether it usurps the reader's autonomy and reconfigures the work itself and whether it is the cause of silence on *Beware of Pity*.

In Chapter One, I explore the main sources of interest in Zweig, essentially what we discuss when we invoke his word and place in literature, which largely amount to seven biographical topics, including his sexual proclivities, his politics and his self-inflicted death.

Through an overview of reading theory in Chapter Two, I discuss how writer suicide disallows the reader's ability to 'kill' the author, limiting readings, deflecting study on the work and leading to the biographication of the oeuvre of the suicide writer.

In Chapter Three, I make a case of *Beware of Pity* as Zweig's masterpiece. Through a reading of the novel through Bakhtin's ideas of the revolutionary grotesque, I propose to rephrase the discussion of *Beware of Pity*, not as a popular melodrama but as a serious intellectual treatise on politics, gender roles, authority, and the damaging nature of authoritarian rule and societal strictures—one that also entertains, provides a portrait of the time, and displays deft craftsmanship.

With these ideas in mind, Chapter Four chronicles the struggles and successes of writing my novel, *Dawn in the Evening*, whose ideas about the performing body and the indecipherability of suicide evolved through my reading of both Zweig and *Beware of Pity*. These examples helped to embolden my own novel, to place it within a dialogue and to stretch its expectations.

I, thus, call again for re-reading of *Beware of Pity* and all of Zweig's fiction, readings that focus on the craft and the ideas present in the work over further biographical sifting. For decades, the cacophony surrounding Zweig's life and suicide has drowned out this call. Now that we understand more fully why this is so, we can move to a more nuanced reaction to Zweig and other suicide writers, one that allows for human nature's interest in the act but that encourages the reader to move beyond it or through it in order to restore the suicide writer's oeuvre, which his body has replaced as a text to be picked over. We must reclaim the writer's ability to read, and the writer's position as a source of art rather than of death.

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Dawn in the Evening: A Novel

Jennifer Levasseur

“How hard it is to change one’s life. ... How terrifyingly simple to change the lives of others.”

—Cynthia Ozick, *Foreign Bodies*

“One does not kill oneself for love of *a* woman, but because love—any love—reveals us in our nakedness, our misery, our vulnerability, our nothingness.”

—Cesare Pavese, *This Business of Living: Diaries 1935-1950*

Pieces of her body travel the world. Her left breast moves around Helsinki with a Moravian businessman. Torso, last identified in Rome, touring exhibition. The arch of her back belongs to a Lolita with silver-green eyes and a cinnabar pout, commissioned for a private collection, Byron Bay, New South Wales. Thighs, from behind, loaned to any museum that requests them. Two more breasts, one wet from a child's mouth, in St. Louis. An arm that should be hers but is her mother's, New Orleans Museum of Art, permanent collection. Spine straining against taut, bruised skin, obscured by a dirty window, in Toronto. A hand reaching into the canvas to tilt her chin, New York City. Beheaded body, destination unknown. Many parts she cannot place, the journeys of which she knows nothing.

Pulled apart tendon by tendon, bone by bone, lover by lover, until she feels that none of this is hers. That she never wanted it to be. This, finally, is her truest work of art. This is mine.

One

There is no stronger presence than absence. That is the lesson you teach in every throbbing minute. When you linger on the pristine kitchen counter where a sticky coffee spill should draw flies. In the air that should sting with turpentine vapours. In the scent that should be yours—rising dough with a tinge of rusted metal—when a bristly neck presses near. In every man's voice, there remains a version of you, in conflict always with the not-you. You still have the ability to suck anything into your deep, ever-absorbing absence. My very own black hole. You.

I don't know how to speak to you, whether to pretend you know nothing or that, like a mythological god, you see all. I always did stumble several steps behind, sinking into your tracks, hunting for a beginning long after you had completed the journey.

My father died. People used words like *passed away* and *departed*. I looked at the painting. I didn't look at him in the hospital, but I came back here to your house and studied your version, years premature. In your portrait, a line bisects his otherwise smooth forehead. Across his waxy hands wounds stretch wide and deep enough to expose a flash of bone. You have transformed my dear father—immune from violent rages all the long years of my mother's betrayals and death—into a street thug. With those phantom hands, whose face, whose sharp teeth did you imagine he shredded? Yours? Hers?

My father called that morning about his breakfast, bread pudding he found whole and perfect in the fridge. I let the phone base trail behind me on the floor as I picked up Michael's running shoes and an oil-stained pizza box.

Did Corinne make bourbon sauce to go with it? I asked him. It's not worth it without the sauce.

And she added raisins, he said. And pineapple. Your mother loved it with pineapple. Do you remember all the confounded waiters who had to rush back to the kitchen to find out whether the bread pudding had pineapple? My silly little duck. Only Marguerite would reject Antoine's bread pudding because it didn't have pineapple.

He seldom spoke her name. Those three syllables should have shocked me more than they did. Instead, like every presence and its absence, the invocation took me back to you. I saw your face reacting to the name instead of reacting to it myself. Your eyebrows shot up, but you smoothed them when you caught me watching. You pulled in your chin and stretched the corners of your mouth. I did not hear my father say her name; I looked for your response to its melody.

To my father I said, Are you calling to brag? I pictured that slab of heavenly mush and closed my eyes to invite a waft of cinnamon. I saw his happy, flushed face, lips glistening with sugar and fat. In that moment, I loved him more than I had any other person. Even you, William. That's a lie. We both know that, but I wanted to feel myself say it once.

I could hear his smile through the phone line and sense the soothing heat of his affection. There's no falsehood in admitting that he loved me more than you ever did. Than you do. And he loved her more, as well. His tongue slid over his lips, brushing the mouthpiece with a buttery smack.

Corinne's getting fancy in her old age, I said, thinking of those strong, meaty hands. I bet she didn't serve that for breakfast, no.

I've always found myself falling into Corinne's speech patterns when I think of her. I can see her now, wiping her hands on the apron nearly colourless and transparent

from constant washing, swatting at my father as he leans over to steal a taste.

Sometimes I miss Corinne more than I do my own mother, though that won't surprise you. Sometimes I want to live in that house again to be pulled into those heavy breasts and to breathe their yeasty scent.

It was sitting there, calling to me, he said. I know it's wrong, but I can't stop. I think I might be having guests tonight.

It's always better after it sits, I said. It never tastes as good on the first day.

It is good. The best I've ever had.

Foil crinkled through the receiver. You're still playing in it, I said. She'll be some mad when she sees what you done.

Don't I know it. That's why I'm running away before she arrives. Come join me. There's still time. I'll tell the office I'm taking an important call from home. When's the last time you did something naughty, Sammy?

You want me there to take the blame.

Serve you right. I'm seventy years old. Here I am eating a sugary, fatty, alcohol-infused dessert for breakfast—while standing up, in front of the open refrigerator—and all you ask about is the sauce. Why did I have a child if she won't reprimand me? I could drop dead.

Dad, you're fitter than I am. You're going to live forever.

Did I say that? If she, that piece of me that I left there on that Wednesday morning in May, said those words, they meant nothing. Even after Marguerite's aneurysm, even after you, William, it never occurred to Sam that her father could die. When she heard the news, her body refused to react. All she could think was, Wouldn't he find it a funny coincidence? He always said he'd choose one of Corinne's desserts for his last meal.

Sam closed her eyes and tried to remember exactly what her father said as he ended their call. If she could conjure them, word by word, maybe he was still alive.

Goodbye, then, my darling girl, he had said. You miss me. You love me.

You love me, too, she had responded. You miss me.

Remember how we used to say that? You hated that I wouldn't explain. That garbled mistranslation of Corinne's French that my father and I maintained as our private joke. When I as a child understood that *tu me manques* meant *you are missed by me*, I had assumed that every French sentence followed that pattern. Filled with the thrill of knowledge, my eight-year-old self gleefully yelled at Corinne: *Tu m'aimes!* With a solemn nod, she said. *C'est tellement vrai, ma petite*. More than you know.

I'll be here at least another forty-five minutes, an hour maybe, Sam's father said, if you change your mind.

You're going to be in so much trouble. She felt the smile form across her face. If you're not already falling into a diabetic coma.

If I put what's left into a smaller container, do you think she'll notice?

Call me tomorrow, Pops.

If I survive her tongue-lashing.

Sam can't remember if she answered. She must have laughed, picturing him with sauce dribbled onto his pale tie, a hand patting his slight paunch.

Hours later, she stood silent before the two police officers at her door (the thin one said *accident* and *hospital* and *passenger*) until she felt a hand smoothing her hair, tucking it behind her ear. For a moment, she leaned into those fingers. She let herself be pulled into arms, pressed full against a warm chest. When she couldn't find your scent, she had the presence of mind to shrug Michael off. I want you to know that she did.

We have to go to the hospital, she said, refusing to look into those eyes that were not yours. He wasn't alone in the car. Jonathan was with him.

In the emergency room, she pretended that her father hadn't yet heard the news, that he was at his office, watching his secretary pour him another cup of coffee, waiting for her to leave the room so he could spoon in extra sugar, or that he was walking down Camp Street to Lafayette Square between meetings to escape the florescent lights of his office.

Jonathan, she said, gripping her godfather's uninjured shoulder. You're going to be fine. It's only a broken arm. Remember when I fell from the jungle gym at the zoo and broke mine? You were more afraid of telling Dad what had happened than about my arm. You visited me in the hospital with that giant lollipop that spelled "Audubon Zoo" across the front and maybe a giraffe. I thought you were making fun of me, that you wanted to remind me of how stupid I'd been to fall and cause such a commotion. When I cried, you scraped the letters off with your pocketknife.

William, you never did care for Jonathan, my third parent, my perfect spare. In those early days, I talked about Jonny and you were sure I had said "Mommy," something I had never called Marguerite, or certainly never with you. You didn't want to experience Jonathan the way I know him: beefy and cabbage-eared, a man who would take me for pedicures and wait in the reception room reading out-of-date fashion magazines as though they were instruction manuals, while a girl with perfect skin and strong fingers buffed and soothed me. He made me feel like I had a bodyguard, as though like Marguerite, I might be beautiful enough to warrant one, even if he seemed inefficient, his nose misshapen from two breaks.

If I had improved as much as you have over the years, Jonny, I told him more than once, I'd stop stepping into the ring.

And because I expected it, he loved to say, Yeah well, you should see the other guy.

His girlfriends, too young and unformed to last, found his skewed features charming until their novelty expired.

I'll stop calling them that, I told him, when you stop dating children.

William, you never wanted me to have him because you had already lost everyone. Everyone except me. You wanted us adrift together on a raft so far out to sea that no ship would ever toss us in its wake unless you were the one to steer us into the waves.

Jonathan finally took a full breath that rattled his lungs. Sam made a mental note to ask the nurse whether chest x-rays had been taken and whether they'd been read. She remembered the grandfather of an acquaintance who had died from fluid in the lungs. A too-efficient staff member had filed the scan before anyone could note the problem.

I'm sorry, Sammy, I'm so sorry. Jonathan let her take his hand. Sammy, he's gone. God, he's dead. I should have driven.

She wasn't ready for those words. She wondered whether his guilt was a form of blame: if Jonathan had been driving, they would now be sitting in the conference room of their office, retelling their close call, reassuring each other about the safety of their lives.

It's not your fault, Jonny, she said. She knew he needed to hear those words. He believed them, and he needed her to absolve him.

His reflexes... I should have driven.

His reflexes are as good as yours, she said, tasting the lie. Alex had never sparred with anyone, and he missed the tennis ball when he took a swing. She felt the past tense threatening to invade, and she fought it.

Oh, Sammy, Jonathan began.

Just tell me what happened.

Michael grabbed her other hand. Only then did she remember his presence and also realize that she was shaking. The tremor began in her shoulders and vibrated down to her fingertips. It brought to mind, unprompted, the night that you, William, removed her clothes though she had a fever and demanded she drape herself at the waist over a straight-backed chair. She held the pose for two hours, three, barely sensing your fingers when they repositioned an elbow or a lock of sweat-licked hair. When you'd finished your sketches and let her stumble back to bed, she couldn't sleep for the shudders that raked her arms.

You named the finished painting "Despair Over a Minor Discomfort." When your gallery sold it, the two of you celebrated with a case of Dixie. She never drank beer and remembered opening one for herself only to grasp its cold condensation between her bare thighs.

I'm not sure what happened, Jonathan said. We were talking. A song came on the radio. I can't remember the name. You'll know it. He started singing at the top of his lungs, said it had been one of your mother's favourites. That woman with the husky voice, you know. The blonde.

Sam shook her head.

I think... I'm not sure. I think for a minute he might have closed his eyes. Like you do when you savour something rich. Only for a second. The sun was bright, I don't know. Maybe he didn't close them; he flinched from the glare. The dog came from

nowhere. He didn't think. He jerked the wheel. He must have braked, too. The car behind smashed into us and pushed us into the pole. Or he accelerated into the pole. I didn't think we were going that fast. I don't know, Sammy. I feel like I'm remembering what I said to the paramedics and the police and the doctors. I don't know if I remember at all. I feel like I'm making all of this up. The sound was terrible. Glass breaking. Cars skidding. That damn dog still barking.

What happened to it?

Jonathan looked at her unblinking.

The dog.

It was fine. A woman came running and scooped it up. When she saw us, she dropped the dog and started screaming. She screamed his name.

The dog's.

No, not the dog's.

Oh, God. He knows her? Where were you?

A few minutes from the house. He called me over this morning. We decided to drive in together.

She started to ask why, but as her mouth opened to form the words, the crystalline fact stung. Her heart felt engorged with blood. Thin cartilage in her chest seemed to strain and tear. The thought of driving Uptown in rush-hour traffic, fighting businessmen and high school students to join her father—her ever-present, never-ending father—seemed, simply, unnecessary. She left him there alone, pining for his dead wife, while she stood in your kitchen looking for the mess you should have made. While she hunted for your absence. When she didn't respond to the clues of his despair—Marguerite's name full in his mouth—he had called Jonathan. Obliging,

faithful Jonathan. Jonathan who shared her father's last, decadent meal, on a morning when he could not bear the loneliness, in a place that should have been hers.

Was it good? she asked. Was the bread pudding as good as he said?

Jonathan let his hands fall into his lap. He looked up at her. He seemed old and smaller than she knew him to be. She noticed for the first time deep, grey lines around his eyes.

Over your voice in her head, she barely heard him whisper: Better.

After the funeral, Sam began to visit the family home. She took a little something away with her each time she left. With Corinne's help, she cleared out the fridge, packing an old Schwegmann's bag with homemade fig preserves and parcels of frozen tuna. She took her father's datebook and the calendar he'd hung in the kitchen. Her mother's emerald ring gleamed in the drawer of his bedside table. She found a chain on which to hang it so she could feel the soft knock against her breastbone when she moved.

Corinne continued to clean twice a week. She cooked, too, on those days and placed steaming plates in front of Sam, who made a point of finding herself in that kitchen every Tuesday and Friday. She wanted to move back into the house for a while, to be near his scent and the things he loved—the paintings, the blue ceramic coffee bowls, his Motown record collection—but she allowed herself to go there only on Corinne's days. She still feared long absences from your house, William, worried that she wouldn't recognize herself if she left it, worried that she wouldn't want to. Those two places tore at her, neither of which had ever belonged to her the way that she belonged to them. The family house is Sam's, if it's anyone's, but she still clutches it in secret, as though afraid her attachment might spawn a desire in others, those featureless faces who threaten to rise from the past to stake claims she can't deny.

She and Corinne both knew the house needed little tending and that Sam barely touched the red beans or the casserole, but they needed to enact this charade of normalcy, though it was a routine decades old, from Sam's days in long, plaid skirts and messy braids. Every time they parted company, Corinne asked, You want me on Friday, then? On Tuesday?

Yes, Sam would always say, avoiding Corinne's averted eyes. On Friday, then. On Tuesday.

They held hands throughout her father's funeral, while Jonathan's arm cradled Sam's shoulders. Michael sat behind her. She knew he wanted to envelop her hand, wipe her eyes and nose, let her punch him, spoon-feed her, wash her hair, clip her nails so she wouldn't scratch her face. He'd done it all before. After you, William.

William, I wonder how you might have comforted me, if you had been here, if you would offer any comfort at all. In your arms, I might have bathed in the confusion of pain, loss and the sweetness of your rationed touch.

The world shifted again on a Friday. After my mother's death, after you, after my father, I thought nothing else could chip at the cracked lens of this particular life. But you saw it coming. You've seen everything I'll describe here, and the things that come after. The things I'll get to. The things you did that made all of this worse, so much more vertigo-inducing than they ever needed to be. Leaving me in an endless, one-sided conversation. No, not exactly one-sided. Not one-sided at all.

I'd been sorting through a box of old receipts and letters I'd found in my father's home office. Nothing seemed important enough to keep—a receipt for a cheap jacket, dry-cleaning tickets, an invitation to a college graduation from a second cousin's daughter—but I couldn't bring myself to throw out anything before I rubbed it between my fingers. A knock startled me as I perched in the kitchen's window seat. I lifted my wrist to check the time and was surprised to find my father's silver watch dwarfing my hand.

Sam waited for Corinne to answer the door, but when the insistent knock thundered on, she swept the scraps of paper from her lap and bounded to the entryway with an energy that surprised her. Through the peephole, she found herself eye to eye with Jonathan. It was a silly game he'd played with her since she was tall enough to peer into the portal. She always said she could describe every fleck of his mottled green iris. And he, hers.

I thought I'd find you here, he said. After I went to your house, and to that filthy café where you drink overpriced coffee, and to the park. You don't answer your phone.

I don't even have a phone.

Michael told me where I'd find you. I didn't know you were spending time here.

I keep Corinne company, Sam said. I'm going through a few things. Somebody has to. You know, Jonny, it's like going back in time. I'm half expecting one or both of them to walk into the room and scold me for snooping.

Sammy, Corinne's still coming around?

Of course she is. Someone needs to take care of the place. And its ghosts, including me. I need her right now even more than the house does.

This house never needed anybody, and it surely doesn't now.

She pushed his good shoulder with enough force, she hoped, to make him wonder whether she was joking. She didn't like his tone. In this house, in this moment, she wanted to behave more like her father but she could summon only a version of her mother, if she could have known Marguerite as a spoiled, sullen teenager.

Keep that up and I'll buy you some gloves. You can show me how you really feel. Look, Sammy, I'm not trying to be critical. This is why I'm here: we need to talk about the house and Corinne and all of that. You might be enjoying this walk down memory lane, but all this feels like a stone around my neck.

You sound like Michael. Can you get one more cliché in? What's the hurry? Let's not do this today, Jonny. We're still standing in the doorway. Come in. Rest your arm. Here, give me your pitiful little half-body hug. Let's be friends. She felt the perfunctory dry kiss on her cheek.

How does it feel? Does it still hurt much? Your bruises are gone.

Let's go into the kitchen, Sam. They got coffee on?

There's a fresh tart too, Corinne called from the next room. It's *pommes et cannelle*, she said. To you, that's apple-cinnamon. If you find that too healthy, Monsieur Sugar Ray, I got coffee cake.

She has to call me that, Jonathan said. What army is she baking for?

I don't want coffee, Sam said, planting her feet though he tried to lead her by the arm. Let's not do this today.

I do, he said. And cake. Come on, Sammy. You know why I'm here. I found the will.

She could say honestly that she hadn't thought of the word during any of these last weeks since her father's death, but as soon as Jonathan voiced it, she realized it was

the cold sledge she feared. If not the sledge, the distracting blur that caught at the corner of her eye when she tried to read the newspaper or sort through her father's suits. It was the reason she had dared to touch only trifling things, the food that would spoil, the old stacks of magazines no one would miss, the everyday jewelry of her parents, a few paperbacks.

On some level, she knew it shouldn't matter, this will. She had a savings account, which she never let dip below the figure she had inherited from you, William, and your sales, the unexpected generosity of your sister, the true heir. There was no reason to avoid the money, except that using it would amount to verifying your death. If she kept it intact, there remained something pure and consecrated about it. She would never have voiced these ideas, nonsensical, to anyone. She was far too old to behave this way, but too often she still imagined herself a little girl in a hospital bed, bruised arms, cracked lips, bloody nose, wanting to be held while drifting from consciousness.

Corinne placed mugs of coffee and wedges of dense spiced cake in front of them.

I know you don't take sugar, even before to start to say it, she told Sam, stirring it into her mug. Sometimes a little sugar helps. It does. Now, Monsieur Ray, I will walk out this room and close the door behind me. But before I go, I will say my piece.

He responded with a slow nod, a gesture Sam recognized from watching him in the courtroom.

I have worked in this house since before Sam was born—

I know it, Jonathan said. You've been a saint. They couldn't have gone through all of that without you.

Don't be a fool. I am an old woman with no family of my own. Do you know how many years I have been in this house? Forty-one. Forty-one years. And I have done a good job. I asked for nothing, and I was given more than I ever needed. I won't let anyone say I stayed longer than I was wanted—

Corinne.

Non. You tell me today is my last day, I walk out of this house with my head held high. But if this young lady, she says she wants me around, she is the one I listen to. She is the one left. She is *my* child now. That is the truth of God.

I hear you, Jonathan said.

Corinne stroked the side of Sam's long face with a pudgy finger, then straightened herself up to her full five feet, four inches.

OK, you two enjoy that cake, you hear. It's my Tante Marcelle's old recipe. See if you can guess the secret ingredient. Sam, I'll be passing the vacuum in the upstairs rooms if you need me. Don't sneak up and give me a fright.

Once the door thudded behind Corinne, Jonathan cleared his throat. Sam sat at attention, but he brought the mug back to his lips.

In Tante Marcelle's recipes, Sam said, the secret ingredient is usually 7-Up.

I wish you hadn't told me.

You can never taste it. She says it adds air, whatever that means. Tante Marcelle was the most un-French Cajun lady I ever met.

You never were a cook, Sammy.

She shrugged. There are a lot of things I've never been. But I've been things I never expected to be. Haven't we all?

Jonathan squared his shoulders and leaned forward on his elbows, a loosely balled fist shielding either side of his face.

You look like you're preparing for a fight, she said.

She watched for the twitch that pulsed at the corner of his mouth. She wondered how many cases he had lost because of that and through his other transparencies. There, she thought, there it is. The muscle pulling his lip into a fleeting smile.

It's good coffee, he said. Corinne's coffee is always the best. I even bought the brand she uses, but mine never comes out like this.

Maybe she adds 7-Up, Sam said. She knows I don't take sugar. I think she wants me to be back on her lap drinking a demi-tasse of warm milk with a few drops of coffee and a lump of brown sugar. Me too, lately. He...

She still hesitated to name her father. Since Alex's death, it had become one of the many words she could roll around in her mouth to suck and savor, but like a foreign language, it stuck in her throat.

He used to say she even snuck spoonsful of coffee into my bottle. Said it would make me quicker to talk. Have you ever heard that? I can't imagine my mother was anxious for me to do anything quickly.

Sammy, you know that he prepared his will without my input. I expected to find it with his papers, but it wasn't there. His assistant didn't know anything about it. It wasn't with his other important papers. It wasn't in his safe deposit box.

You have a key to his safe deposit box?

It wasn't in any of the places I expected, but it didn't worry me. We talked about it, of course, especially after your mother died. His possessions had begun to weigh on him. The responsibility weighed on him. And, let's be straight with each other, you did too, Sammy. Everything you've been though, what you were doing. Look, I found it in a locked filing cabinet, among some other things. It's dated from last year. I checked with the lawyer who prepared it. A friend of ours. I think you know him. Tommy Brouillard? Alex used him a lot.

I don't think the coffee made me talk any earlier, she said. Mother said it would stunt my growth, but she thought that was a good thing. She thought short was preferable to average. Since it was clear I wouldn't be as tall as she was. Average terrified her, do you remember? But it's funny, isn't it? No one could have called her average. And she drank coffee like it was water. It surely didn't stunt her.

Here's the thing. It doesn't say much. I am executor, as you know. We decided that years ago. Sammy, look, what were you expecting?

What does it say about me?

He's left certain works of art to institutions. That's no surprise. An endowment to NOMA in your mother's name, along with a few of her last collages. I'm sure we can negotiate that if there's one you want to keep; I don't even know if they'll want them. A few things here and there to cousins, to his employees. A sum to Corinne, very generous. I'm sure you'll approve. But the house and most of the other assets. Sammy, he hasn't left them to you.

He leaned over to fish in his bag. I brought a copy for you. There are a few things he wanted you to have. There are still a few things to sort out, a couple of safety deposit boxes I've found keys for. Some boxes of personal items at the office. Sam, this puts me in a very awkward position. I never expected this.

She sat back in her chair and studied the plate, refusing to look at the page he placed in front of her. She picked up a fork with a hand that seemed to belong to someone else. The long, thin fingers looked like ones a young girl would place in her chaste lap. She had kept them out of the sun, and though she gave little thought to her

nails, they grew strong and white, aside from her pinkies that curled like tiny undulating shells. The grainy cake tasted of pure, refined sugar. She found herself suddenly unable to chew—her teeth seemed heavy and misshapen in her mouth—so she waited for the bite to dissolve. She could hear Jonathan’s fork scraping his plate, then dragging across his teeth.

Too sweet for me, he said. You should take the rest home to Michael. He’s the only one who would like this. He could live on candy and be healthier than I am with my wheat germ.

She forced herself to swallow, though the cake threatened to choke her.

Am I disinherited? Is that what it’s called?

He’s left a few things to you, Sammy. Little personal things. He left instructions to me about doing what I thought was right by you.

What does that mean?

There are bequests to certain institutions and charities. Nothing that would surprise you. A few to individuals, a few to artists. Nothing extravagant.

Tell me what it says, Jonny. I can’t read this.

Sammy, he’s left it all to me. The house, everything. To me.

She looked at her plate again, drawn back to the solidity of the cake, to its undeniable expression of love and devotion.

I don’t need anything, she said. She dipped a forefinger into the coffee, then sucked the finger clean, pressing against it with her teeth until she clamped the solid density of bone. She let the finger slide out of her mouth. Why?

I don’t want to hurt you. I hate that Alex has put me in this position. If it were up to me—

But it *is* up to you. This is what you’re saying.

Sammy, we both know why he made this decision, though it’s easy for neither of us.

Explain it to me. Pretend that I don’t understand at all. I understand the gifts to charities. I understand that he wanted to support a few institutions and people he cared about. I don’t want Mother’s collages, and he knew that. If you told me that everything was going to Children’s Hospital, I would understand. That would feel right to me. But not to you. That makes no sense.

I have to do what he wanted but was too weak to do.

Read the document to me. Tell me what it says. You don't know what he wanted.

We both do, and that should make it easier. Sammy, my beautiful girl, we've always been too weak when it comes to you.

I lovingly acknowledge the existence of my daughter, Sam Elisabeth Mitchell, but have decided to make no monetary provision for her as beneficiary. I leave to her an untitled, unsigned painting of a female figure (a photo of which is attached to this document to aid in its identification), which now hangs in the entryway of my home at 6120 Saint Charles Avenue, New Orleans. I also leave to her any household items and works of art, barring any specific items already allocated in this will. It is not for lack of affection that I have decided to make no provision for my daughter in this instrument.

The first time her father threatened to cut her out of the will, she was twelve years old and her mother was still alive, an omnipresence sprawled across the sofa, her fluid limbs melting toward the floor. Sam walked past her each time she made the journey from Alex's home office—where she pored over schoolwork while he flipped through exhibition catalogues—to the kitchen to pour herself juice and him sweet tea. Marguerite's fingers would catch the hem of Sam's skirt as she walked by. Fix something for me, too, darling, Marguerite would croon. It's too hot to move. She batted her eyes at Alex in the next room and said, See anything you like? Through her thin cotton dress, her hipbones stretched toward the ceiling.

Alex snapped his book closed when Sam returned with the sweating glasses. How does it feel to be back at school? he asked her. Which subject do you like best?

All the same, she said. She was nearly a straight-A student, even with all the weeks and cumulative months she'd lost, but during conferences her teachers struggled to comment on her work. They called her brave and, with wet eyes, pressed her parents' hands.

Well, if you could do anything at all, any profession you could imagine, what would it be?

Any time any adult, including her father, asked her this kind of question, she felt it like a prodded wound. She saw the way they looked at each other with bemused smiles, and she realized that any answer she gave would serve as a punch line to a joke they then would devise.

I don't know, she said, psychic, like the ones who write the horoscopes in the paper. Or the ones who sit in Jackson Square all day. I'd like to sit in the sun. And I'd be close to Café du Monde. Beignets for lunch every day.

Très, très drôle. Now close your eyes.

She groaned but did as he said.

Picture the thing that makes you most happy, something you'd love to do over and over. Something you'd never tire of. Do you see it?

I can't think of anything, she said. Some days she wanted nothing more than her overstuffed, enveloping bed with its mountains of pillows and sunshine falling over her through the big garden window. Some days, she tried and failed to imagine what it would feel like not to struggle against the drag of her eyelids.

Come on, Sammy. His warm voice surrounded her. Anything that comes to mind.

She took a deep, steadying breath. I'd like to eat chocolate cake, she said finally, in a small voice. That's it.

Her father clapped his hands. Pastry chefs are amazing, he said. They create dozens of works of art every day. Their techniques are as complex as those of architects, and they use elements of advanced chemistry —

I don't want to make them, just eat them. To sit in the sun and eat cake. And read books. And go to the museum some days and to the movies. And to be warm. I never want to be cold again.

OK, Alex told her. If you want to be a monkey, I'm going back to my book and you'd better finish your work.

She opened her eyes. He looked so big and comfortable behind his partners' desk that she suddenly wanted to confide her every fear. She thought of the white-clad nurses, never knowing, never doing as much as the doctors, but making bearable every thing those men inflicted.

I know I'm supposed to stay out in the sun, she said, and I know I can't eat junk. She took a shallow breath. I could help people. I never think of doing anything as

good as anybody else, but I want to help. It's really true. There's nothing I want to do except to look at things other people do and help them be even better.

She thought about the girl from the hospital, the one down the hall from her: Josephina. Such a prissy name for a fairy child with red curls. Josephina always made intricate, funny cards for the other children, never soppy get-well ones. They contained pictures of things kids actually wanted to look at: exotic animals, cakes topped with a foot of icing, cartoon characters. Her messages said: If you swallow lots of bubble gum you will float!, or The nurses will give you ten or a hundred pillows to make a fort if you say please. Josephina's cards were not skillful, but they were the best Sam ever received. She wished she had Josephina's ideas and her energy. The cards, which had appeared as often as three times a week, dwindled then stopped altogether. It took a week of constant questions before her father confessed, choking on his words, that Josephina had died. When Sam became inconsolable, Marguerite whispered in her ear, I think her parents took her home. She'll be fine. Little children don't die.

Sam looked up at her father behind his big desk. She caught him looking past her into the room where Marguerite lounged.

I think that's called a critic, my sweet. You get to lambast a person's decade of sweat and tears in a 500-word article that makes or breaks his career. You usually get about half an hour to read or watch the damn thing and about ten minutes to form an opinion and write about it. That's why critics seem self-assured. They have to play tough to convince themselves they're not complete hacks.

I don't want to be a hack, she said.

Well, that's the first step. You have to believe you're not a hack. That helps convince the others.

I never said I wanted to judge anyone else's work.

OK, fine. Publicist, then? You don't have to be mean or even honest. Just passionate or a pathological liar.

Stop it, Dad. I want to do it for myself.

My greedy little piglet. I'll have to cut you out of the will so you'll have no choice but to find your passion or flip hash at a diner. No offense to the hash slingers. I enjoy some good hash every now and then.

Or marry a rich man, she said. Their eyes met and she instantly regretted her words, all of them.

Forget the homework, forget the future, he said, rising from his chair. Let's go to the zoo. We'll visit your cousins. You can sketch them while I find out if there's room for you in the cage.

She shrugged. I'm no good. It's too hard.

Everything worth doing is difficult, Sammy. Do you see how I corrected your grammar without even mentioning the error? You're a wonderful little artist. You just need to develop some confidence. You should spend more time watching your mother work.

Little artist, she said.

Bad word choice. I'm sorry. You have so much potential. If I were a betting man, I'd put money on you.

Potential means rotten.

I know you don't feel great, my sweet, but you will. The worst is over. I promise you.

It became a joke, his threat to cut her out when he died. Later, when she drifted from college to college, from art class to training school, from short-lived job to empty days on the sofa, from volunteering at a retirement home for twenty straight days then avoiding her shifts, to marching in the street or washing pots at a soup kitchen, his concern turned serious. When she took an interest in pottery, he bought a wheel and a kiln, but his investment produced no useable bowl or vase. He wanted to push her, but every time he steeled himself to the task, the image of his pale-skinned girl with the boney shoulders peeking from her hospital gown gazed up at him, asking him to stop the pain. The first time—the only time—he halted the money—there you were, William. William, to whom he had written a check once a month, since before Sam's birth and until Marguerite died. You, William, the one steeped in his money and in Marguerite's guilt.

Jonathan shoved the last of the cake into his mouth in two unwieldy bites. She could tell he tasted nothing. She sipped at the now-cold, teeth-achingly sweet coffee. As Jonny worked the food around his mouth, he said, This isn't the end of it. This is a shock to both of us. Let me take a while to think and talk to Tommy. This must bring back some terrible memories, Sammy. I'm not blind to that.

Why did he leave it to you? Tell me what I'm missing.

We both need time to process this. For now, let's cut Corinne back to a day a week. She won't need it once the estate is settled, but this way the transition will be easier. I'll tell her before I leave.

I'll tell her.

We can tell her together. I'm having my secretary send letters and copies of the will to all the beneficiaries. Look, Sammy, what's going on? Are you staying here?

Are you asking for my keys? She sat back in her chair. Everyone will see the will?

He stood with his thick fists clinched. Come on. Let's get out of here. We both need a drink more than we need all this sugar. He frowned. God, I'm sorry. I'm not thinking.

It's OK, Jonny. I think I'm allowed a single drink. It won't kill me. It hasn't yet.

Before he led her out the front door, she broke away from him to look at the painting. There it was, behind the stairs on the landing. Her little, personal thing.

Do you still have the painting? The one she stole from me? I remember every second of effort it took, but I can't accurately recall what it looks like. A naked woman, the fusion of two naked bodies, neither of which I had ever seen. Both of whom came to me without passion and without knowledge of what I was to do with them. It's a beautiful monster that cost me everything.

At the front door of your house—five years since you last exited this building and though Sam may sometimes call it her house, in her mind it will always be yours—she hesitated before inviting Jonathan in. A bottle of expensive red wine at a bar whose name she never learned restored their ease. She allowed herself to forget that he was the man taking away every last connection to her parents.

Before she could dig her keys from her bag, Michael opened the door and stepped aside for them. He shook Jonathan's hand, then opened himself for the embrace he knew she wouldn't give. After a pause, Michael stepped forward to press his moist lips to her cheek.

More wine, please, Sam said. All around.

Are we celebrating? Michael asked.

Sure, why not? she said. My father trusts Jonny more than me, and he's left everything to him. The house, all of it. To Jonny. Isn't that the gist? She took Jonathan by the arm. I think I'm supposed to beg for an allowance. But only if I'm a good girl. And I think he might want me to have blood tests to see whether I'm still a little bit sick. Otherwise, I think he's cutting me off.

She could feel the two men searching each other.

After a deep sigh, Jonathan said, I'm not sure about the wine, Michael. We've both already had enough.

Sammy, if you've already had some...

Michael, if you walk back in here with chamomile tea, I swear I'll pour it over your Leica.

Once he left the room, Jonathan sat next to her on an oversized chair and put an arm around her.

I don't even know where to start, he said. This is a shock for me, too, Sammy. It's a burden I didn't expect, if you want to know the truth. I thought we were getting through this together, but we walk through this door and you become... I don't even know. Why would you say that about blood work? I love you. Your father adored you. We both wanted you to move beyond—

Go sit in your own chair, she said.

Michael returned with an open bottle and three wine glasses threaded through his long fingers. It's the lady's house, he said.

While he poured the wine, Michael hummed a few bars of "Finlandia," though Sam was sure he imagined it was a take on the theme from *Jaws*. She pointed to the top of her glass, and he dutifully filled it just shy of the rim. He looked at her as though they were alone in the room. He leaned in closer, so close that she could feel his hot, sweet breath on her cheek. Are you OK? he asked.

He could be so easy to love, this infinitely patient, clear-eyed boy. It's unfair to think of him as a boy, but she does. His face is fresher than his twenty-seven years, and he looks perpetually unformed. He chews strawberry-flavored bubblegum. He sings Beatles songs in the shower, with half the lyrics garbled. *The girl with colitis goes by...*

Jonathan thinks that I should be grateful for the opportunity to stand on my own two feet, as he elegantly puts it. Aside from some charitable legacies, he gets everything. Is that more or less true, Jonny?

I get to be the bad guy? Look, he said, and Sam laughed into her wine glass.

When she was younger, she would tally the number of times he said the word “look” or “listen” in a conversation, often with her father silently egging her on.

Look, it’s perplexing. He directed his words to Michael. The will is strange. I’ll be the first to admit it. Alex’s death was so unexpected. He must have thought there would be time to alter it as circumstances changed. But the two of us spoke every day. I don’t claim to know his every thought on the matter, but we did discuss things. I need to go through everything, and once that happens, Sam and I will need to sit down and make some decisions. I know you’re hurt, Sam. Of course you are, but you have to know that he adored you. You were everything to him, even more so after your mother died.

Michael nodded, his smile fading to a concentrated grin. She knew exactly the words he would say before he turned to her and opened his beautiful mouth. That seems reasonable, doesn’t it? Jonathan wants the best for you.

If anyone should be deciding what happens to my father’s life work, it should be me. Do you know more about art than I do, Jonny?

This isn’t about the art. We both know he wanted the paintings to go to institutions. He saved you from a tremendous task. Do you know how complex and tedious it will be to go through every last thing? Let’s be honest, Sammy. This is about you and what you were expecting. You don’t need the house. You have this one—

Do you see the condition it’s in? How am I supposed to take care of it?

How do people do anything?

I might not put on a suit every day, but look around. Some of the things I’ve done are more important than any amount of money I could have taken for them. Look around.

It was a command none of them, not even Sam, could deny. Three sets of eyes examined her body, on this and that wall, in various states of undress. The one closest to Jonathan had never sold because it looked too much like a Hopper homage: Sam in a light blue slip curled up at the edge of a bed in an anonymous room, staring out a window onto a bustling cityscape. Beside the sofa on which Michael and Jonathan sat,

a woman's ribcage filled the canvas, her bones jutting like shallow shelves. The skin so tight across the ribs, they could have been played like an exotic, breathing instrument. Whenever Sam looked at that painting, she could feel your heavy fingers prodding her bones, threatening to tear the skin. It was an exquisite pain, one that brought her physically closer than she had ever been to another person, aside from within her mother's womb. When you touched and positioned her body after she wasted down to eighty-five pounds, she experienced a simultaneous unbearable lightness and a deep, piercing anchorage to what was left of her flesh. Most of the time, she avoids all paintings from that period.

She found herself looking toward the closed studio door. Toward the paintings she feared but could never give up.

I have always admired William's paintings, Jonathan said. You know I have.

Our paintings, she said. Something she would never have said to you.

But, look, that was a different life. All that's over. I'm sorry to say it, but you know that's the truth. So what now, Sammy? What's the next act?

God, Jonathan. You know I'm painting. I've had shows.

How long ago? Whose paintings did you show?

That's enough, Michael said. Why is this becoming an attack on Sam? If Alex wanted everything to go to charity, fine. Or to you, whatever. But if that's so, it's because he knew she could take care of herself. I would never let anything happen to her. He was proud of her.

I know he was giving you money, Sam. So the two of you should take this time and think about what it means if there's no more.

Michael has nothing to do with this, she said. In this he is irrelevant.

How can you say that? He pulled himself closer to her, resting a hand on her bare knee. It has everything to do with me. With us. You might think you need your father's money to feel safe, but you have to know that I'd never let anything happen to you. Or to this house. I know what it means to you.

Michael, do you think I want your money in this house?

Would you rather lose it?

Yes, she said. She pressed her hand on top of his so it was clear that she knew exactly what she was saying.

Sam, Jonathan began.

Stay out of it. Michael, you are a lovely, lovely man, nicer than I deserve, but you are a visitor here.

Jesus Christ, Jonathan said. Don't listen to her. She's had a shock. Too many shocks.

Don't treat me like a child who doesn't know her own mind. You've all done that for far too long. That's the whole point, isn't it?

Michael pulled his hand from below hers and stood, wiping his palms on the front of his thighs. Jonathan, will you go? He maintained his gentle tone, but a quiver altered its pitch.

Jonathan nodded. Sammy, I'm not taking this lightly. Give me some time. I think we both need it. Alex wouldn't want this discord.

Just because you get all of his money doesn't mean you get to pretend to be him. So stop talking, just shut your mouth.

I love you, Sammy. Take a deep breath and think about things. We'll talk soon.

Once the door closed, Michael sat down again, this time across from Sam. He wore shorts, and she could see the brush burns and calluses on his knees, the only imperfections on his smooth body. She wanted to wait for him to speak, but her temples pulsed.

You should know everything, she told him. There are things you haven't seen.

No, let me talk, Sam. You've said enough. It's time for you to decide. I'm not doing this anymore. You choose. He stood and turned away from her.

I don't even know what that means.

I want to give you everything. He continued out of the room, his hands everywhere, sliding over his head, rubbing his side, brushing the front of his thighs. Do you think I'm so stupid that I don't see how you treat me, how you try to make me out to be some kid who sticks around to pester you? I *am* relevant or I'm leaving, Sam. You have to make a choice. You're so mad that your dad couldn't speak his mind and left it all to Jonathan to deal with. So you choose. Stop making me pretend I understand. You jerk me back and forth. So fine, we're playing games. You have two weeks.

This enclosed courtyard, steps removed from a world where she is supposed to belong, has felt to Sam a world complete. At moments, it has been everything she needs. Outside the gate, there are streets whose names and inhabitants she can catalogue by hour and by minute, by smell and sound, even by the taste that permeates the air and feeds her straining tongue. The early morning crews of spindly young men with garden hoses wash away the night's excess, cooking a soupy tang of bodily fluids and beer. A whiff of old Mrs. Broussard flavors 2 p.m. with alcohol-infused lavender and the pungent bite of wet, unwashed dog.

Conversations repeat day after day. She knows names and scents and secrets, all without faces. She has no need to seek them. They come to her from the bright streets, through the dark dank of the porte-cochère and into the brilliant light of her secret garden.

Banana plants crowd the periphery, allowing only glimpses of the brick wall behind them. Vines she cannot name—the gardener points to potato and trumpet, but she never remembers the difference—choke each other in a green-blue struggle. A lemon tree long ago shattered its terra cotta pot. She reminds herself that she will have to let the gardener go. René has worked this space for nearly twenty years, tolerating her presence when he'd rather be alone with the plants. You hired him, William, back when it took the bread from your mouth, when you had nothing but couldn't turn down someone who had even less. Years ago when René discovered the discarded kiln and all the pieces she'd broken, he began scattering and burying the fragments around the garden, planting them deeply enough so that the earth replaced the missing sides and bottoms. They've become so integrated, grown over and through, that she can no longer understand her initial outrage. He won't be surprised when she tells him she can't afford him anymore—he has other clients now, real ones—but he'll miss this place. He'll miss what's left here of you.

Though she can sit here at any time, day or night, protected and excluded from everything beyond these walls, she feels a homesickness this morning, longing for a time that threatens to slip away from her. She examines every corner of this courtyard, her place, as though she will never find herself here again. She presses her face to the wild jasmine, one name she always remembers, inhaling its sweet pungency.

She tries to shake this dread and melancholy. Everything here is mine, she thinks. She laughs at herself for the desire to hear the words aloud. She gives in.

Everything here is mine. It is safe. I am. She shakes her head, a whiff of unwashed hair. No matter what might happen tomorrow. Not then, and not the next day, or the following one.

Her father has died, and Michael is leaving. William, you have been gone so terribly long.

In the blinding shock of morning sun, she imagines Michael inside packing the little he collected here in five years, such a short time, such a long stretch. She pretends to hear him slamming doors, pounding the floor. She understands now: she has been the lazy border guard waving in the lone traveler, unconscious that each was a member of a hoard that threatened to stake a claim.

Of course, he isn't here. Michael has his cameras slung around his neck and is running the length of the field to capture a shot that, to her, looks like every other game shot: a ball brushing fingertips, a jumble of young bodies on the ground. She has never understood why he doesn't wait, like the others, for the action to come to him.

William, you are my only audience. I once believed I was your sole subject. This is our life now, yours and mine. I need to show it to you.

Two

Sam stretches her legs beneath the thin blanket, flexing her toes and tightening the muscles of her calves. Eyes closed, she waits for the morning to realign itself with this new reality: to wake next to someone for what you both know will be the last time. She stills herself to test his presence. She decides she is alone. Michael, for the first time, has abandoned the bed without waking her. She fills her lungs through her nose. Yes, she thinks. This is alone.

She turns to the empty space, opens her eyes. He looks into them. They watch each other so long that she wishes him gone. Piece by piece, he is simple: the even bronze of his clear skin, the green-flecked brown of his eyes, his strong thighs bare and perfect. He might be effortless. He might cost nothing and no one.

Her days always begin with Michael safely asleep. Even before the earliest light snakes under heavy curtains and revelers below her window scream their final drunken calls, her eyes flick open. A lifetime of insomnia has taught her to accept those stolen hours, all the more decadent because she can imagine they are hers alone. She often lights a candle and retreats into books, dog-eared paperbacks she pretends to enjoy. Only to herself, she admits the reason she forces herself through their vortexes of alternate worlds and alien invasions: she found a brown fingerprint on the corner of a page.

Her father's fingerprint. Alex had read this book, probably in bed as she was now, while picking at soft chocolate bars, licking his fingers, pressing them to these yellowed pages. Such a funny, endearing secret vice. This is the closest she can get to him now, the intricate spirals of his finger. Slowly, she works her way through his illicit private collection, anticipating another fragment of his DNA.

When the books become too much and not enough for her, she sketches Michael's shoulder or hand, the muscles of his stomach. He unmistakably is a beautiful subject. Nothing like you, William. Your beauty is a private, earned affair.

Her final products deny their origins. Knees transform into obvious mountains. His stomach morphs into a cracked levee. Ankles, impossibly, the foundation of a shotgun house. In the morning, a leg or the peek of a jawbone from under a pillow can

draw a desire from her that she had never before experienced. She has learned to protect herself from him.

Michael sits up, naked except for the sheet, rubbing his eyes. He whispers, Are you getting up?

She pulls a thin, white shirt across her shoulders. In the dim light, she examines the fabric, her mother's voice never far, threatening to sap pleasure from the simplest things, this cool material brushing her bare skin. Marguerite's words dance inside her head: With those curves, you must watch what you wear or you'll look like you stepped off Bourbon Street. Darling, I don't make the rules.

Please look at me, Sam, he says. Do you want me to stay?

She has made her decision; he has made it for her. She turns and walks out of the room.

The last of the coffee slides from the bag into the machine and across the counter. She pulls two mugs, one marked with traces of old lipstick, from the cabinet. She watches her hands locate the sugar bowl, grip its edges, dip the spoon, construct mountains of white in one cup. She looks at her hands until she believes they belong to someone else, until she wants them to, until for a moment they do. Imperfect squares pulled into thin, almost pointed extremities. Perfect fingers for the piano. More than one teacher had told her so. They could have created beautiful melodies, these fingers, if they had belonged to someone else.

Michael enters the kitchen in old jeans that hang low and loose across his hips, exposing the waistband of his shorts. Barefoot, with t-shirt in hand, he covers his chest, self-conscious now. They are a magazine spread of a new, happy couple on a Saturday morning: half-dressed, shoeless, familiar yet shy, woman making coffee, man watching with a sheepish grin. Bare shoulders, exposed collarbones, lips pink from sleep. From a distance, they could be in love. They could be advertising bagels or microwave sausage biscuits or a new libido enhancer.

They had managed to avoid each other the previous day. Michael slept late; she went out to the courtyard before he woke and remained there, feeding her breakfast to sparrows and squirrels, listening to life outside the gate. When she went back inside, she was surprised to find him still there, stuffing gear into his many bags. He was late for a game and couldn't find his keys. When she pointed to the nearly empty fruit bowl,

he pressed his palm to one side of her neck and leaned in to kiss the other. His warm lips sent a tremor through her body. Long after she heard him run down the stairs and slam the gate, she opened the refrigerator to find fish and mixed baby greens. He had bought strawberries, expensive dark chocolate, and champagne. She had to smile at his predictable lack of imagination. She hadn't seen him unload the bags, but he must have realized his error by then. The butcher paper shrouding the fish crushed the greens beneath it. The plastic container of strawberries dripped pink onto the shelf below, blotting the champagne label.

When he returned after ten o'clock, he found her in the kitchen nibbling stale popcorn. On the little television, maps of the coastline flashed by. They stood transfixed by the proposed trajectories of the whirling storm. She gnawed a thick whip of licorice that she pulled from a side pocket of his bag. He picked a bruised apple from the bowl and ate around the brown spots.

What's the forecast now?

Didn't you talk to anyone at the game? You have colleagues who cover things like this.

You mean real-life journalists? They all say the same thing. It's going to be nothing. Some rain, power outages. The TV guys will play it up because that's what they live for. Did you hear from Jonathan?

She shook her head and pointed to her full cheeks. She moved to the sink to find a glass and three spoons that hadn't been there an hour ago.

This is what I do, she said. I'm a dishwasher.

There was something industrious and useful about her existence. Her movement created order where chaos threatened. This calm gave way to a heat that began at the back of her neck and radiated down her spine and through her arms. Her chest grew tight with it.

This is what I do, she said to him.

The heat had not yet reached her throat, but she could feel it coming and the sensation felt too good to deny.

Why is this all I ever get to do?

I wash, he said. I wash all day long. Look, this spoon. I just washed it.

Yes, a spoon. You wash one thing and you walk away.

This isn't a conspiracy, Sammy.

I look at my life and all I see are clean and dirty dishes. The ones I've just done and the ones that I still have to do. I can't believe I'm having this conversation.

No one's asking you to talk about spoons.

If you'd wash the goddamn spoons I wouldn't have to talk about it.

This spoon is clean. I washed it.

I'm talking about all the spoons! That's one of them.

Let me guess, William washed every spoon there was to be washed. No, William was so ethereal that he never had use for a spoon. You were probably so ethereal in his ethereal company that you never saw a spoon for years.

This isn't about him.

Michael kept talking, but she closed herself to him. William, did you ever do dishes? Of course you didn't. Why was it different to wash your dishes? It went without saying that she loved you more. She felt essential to your work. She *was* your work. You created a life for her and filled it.

She went to bed without brushing her teeth, a defense against Michael and against herself. When he slipped in next to her, she felt his solid weight shift the mattress. She faced the wall. His breathing filled the room.

Goodnight, Sammy, he whispered, grazing a single fingertip through the deep valley of her exposed lower back.

Breakfast? He reaches for the mug she has filled precariously high. Cat got your tongue? Come on, don't give me the silent treatment all day.

She shakes her head. I don't want anything. Licorice sticks to the ribs.

She watches his shoulders fall. Her stomach tightens, but when he lifts his head she sees that he's laughing. He touches his navel, shirt still in hand, unable to stop. She frowns: this is what he does. This is the reason people want him at parties and in their beds. He makes everyone feel exceptional; he believes it.

Don't laugh, she says. It's not funny.

I miss you already. There, I said it. You're so damn cute, you know? You're right, it's not funny. But it is funny because you try so hard to be funny. You get this precious little crinkle in your nose. Admit you're trying to be cute.

I'll make you breakfast, Michael. Eggs, bacon, too much coffee, sugarcoated cereal. All that stuff you eat. Then you should do whatever you're doing. This is all planned the way you wanted it.

Come on, Sam, this was never the way I wanted it. Say the word and I'll stay. I'll go to meet Jonathan with you. Even the first syllable would probably do it for me. What would that be? I call my own bluff.

She shakes her head again. I don't have any of those things, except one egg, not even bread. Maybe I can make pancakes. There's flour in the fridge. Flour doesn't expire, does it? Do I need more than one egg?

Pancakes require cooking, Sam. You know, combining ingredients, turning on the stove. Having some innate sense of timing.

I know how to turn on the stove, Michael. I said I would do it. She replays her words through her head, assuring herself that she sounds kind, almost kind. There's no longer any reason not to be. Let's have pancakes. Before all this—she searches for the word—this mess today. Like a lazy Sunday morning.

It could be like this all the time—

I could make pancakes every day?

Let me talk to you, Sammy. Take me seriously. I'll say something and then you'll respond to it. Can we try that?

I might agree to make pancakes every day. Structure is good in the face of change. I could make the batter the night before, keep the skillet handy on the stove, be sure to buy butter every week. Real maple syrup from Canada.

This is you being serious?

It's as ridiculous as everything else that's been said lately. So there's my counteroffer. Pancakes. Every single day. Blueberry ones on the weekend.

We'd get sick of pancakes, even blueberry ones.

Then *pain perdu* on the weekend, like Corinne used to make. With powdered sugar on top.

We'd both get disgustingly fat. Fat and happy, maybe.

Everyone loves a tubby sports photographer. You could hang a camera around your pot. You could cover bowling. You wouldn't have to move around that much to shoot some fat guys throwing a ball down a lane. Or golf! I bet the photographers get their own little carts and they don't even have to stand up.

I don't know what we're talking about anymore, Sam. Are you saying you want me to stay if we can get fat together?

You couldn't get fat if you wanted to, Michael.

I'd still love you if you were fat, but it wouldn't be my first choice.

She thinks of this body as yours, after all your meticulous shaping of it. She feels Michael following her thoughts. She looks at him, daring him to speak your name.

When are you going to see Jonathan?

She opens the refrigerator. She feels him watch her place the egg and the milk carton on the counter. The skillet, clean enough, already sits on the stove. She drops a thick, old pat of butter embedded with unidentifiable crumbs into it and flips on the burner.

Let's not argue, Michael.

We're not arguing. We're making breakfast and talking. Are you going to see Jonathan?

Why would I not go? That won't change anything. Jonathan will still do *What I think is right*. If he tells me that one more time, I might kick him in the shin. We all knew what he was going to do two weeks ago. He'll want to show me the spreadsheets his secretary made, cataloguing and totaling everything. Let him officially cross me off the list of people he needs to deal with. It doesn't matter what Jonny decides.

Sammy, I'm an idiot. What do you want me to do?

Shhh. I'm making pancakes.

She ducks back into the refrigerator. The container of strawberries pops open at her touch. She brings one to her mouth, crunching the seeds. The juice covers her lips, slides down the corners of her mouth. She holds the container out to him. They're good.

Sam.

Just eat. Go on. She begins to mix the ingredients with little attention to measurement.

Sammy, what are you doing?

She finds the champagne. Here, open this and I'll grab the orange juice.

What are we doing?

Not talking. You pour so I can finish these.

You have the fire too high. Fine, if we're drinking, we should toast.

Only if it's silent.

Come on, you can think of something nice to say. To Michael, my favorite roommate, whose socks brought new meaning to the word funky. Or maybe, To Mike, the only one whose wet towels I ever loved to find on the floor. Come on, if we're having bubbly it's the least we should do.

There's always less. She thinks: To Michael, who would make my life a game. Michael, who is trying to use my weakness to get his way. Michael, who knows I don't want to be alone today. Michael, who will make me pay for his beautiful, annihilating body.

She drops messy globs of batter into the sizzling pan.

We could make it more. He winks, and she can't deny the smile that stretches across her face.

You've picked some time to get frisky.

You wouldn't deny me today.

She turns back to the stove to hide the wave of panic. She has enjoyed moments with him, moments divorced from what she thinks of as her real life. She tells herself to tend the skillet. She has allowed herself to expect his warm body next to her when she wakes in the night. She looks forward to the long stretches of time when he is on assignment, time that is hers alone. And she welcomes his return, jabbering about statistics and standings that she doesn't try to understand. It has been enough for her. She sips from her glass. She wonders what it will feel like to watch him leave. To let him walk away while everything around her is reconfigured.

They're burning, Sam.

She turns off the stove and waves her hand through feathers of smoke. I can't be trusted.

I don't need pancakes.

I'm completely incompetent. There are more strawberries. And champagne. The juice is all gone. It's a rough start. You can pick up something else on your way to work.

She walks to him, berries in hand, and she places them on the counter in the space between them. Looking down, her eye catches his bellybutton and its ring of blond hair.

Sammy.

She pushes another strawberry into her mouth. She eats one after the other, flavorless and dry, while he watches. She looks at him, willing her knees to still. This could be the last time she watches his pulse throb against his waistband. If she ever sees him again without his shirt, this skin will be foreign to her. Her body will remember the burn of his touch, the damp promise of his mouth. She wonders how long it will take for her flesh to forget.

I took the day off, Sam.

He shuffles closer to her, hesitating before bringing his hand to her face. His thumb brushes her lips. They open by reflex. He nudges his thumb over her teeth. He kisses the corner of her mouth. His tongue brushes her lip.

No, Michael. She closes her eyes. She wants him to convince her, but she needs to say this word, no. She wants you, somewhere, to hear it, to feel her negation of whatever follows. She wants it placed on record: none of this, not a moment of it, does she approve, no matter what her body wants or will allow. His other hand reaches into her shirt. His thumb travels from her mouth to the soft back of her ear. His finds a bare breast. He pushes his body into hers. She turns her face aside.

This won't change anything. She listens to her words as though they come from another, unconvincing mouth. She doesn't know to whom she speaks.

His grip loosens, hands slide down her body. He crouches, following the descent of his hands to her thighs. She moves her palm to his head. She makes her voice as soft as she can. Oh, Michael, no. His head flips up, showing his straight, bright smile. He laughs and clutches her legs, pulling her over his shoulder as he lifts himself. She laughs with him, she always has.

Say yes, or I'll drop you.

Acquiescence under duress doesn't count.

Doesn't count?

It'll never stand up in court, she says. She feels blood rushing to her head.

Now you're finally speaking my language. Let's get a judge involved. I'll take you down there this instant, just like this. With your little pink panties showing. Especially since your little pink panties are showing.

My underpants have nothing to say in this matter. She laughs while she beats her weightless fists against his back.

Her heart pounds against his back until he releases her onto the sofa.

Yes.

He falls asleep next to her, arms wrapped beneath her back, head on her breast. His overheated body creates a tempting blanket. If he wakes to find her cuddled in sleep with him, he will stay. As much as she wants him to stay, she needs him to leave. If she could take both, she would. Instead, she tries to imagine you beside her, next to her, within her, but she knows that the two of you were never together quite this way. She was not this person with you, William, but she can't remember which person she was, of the many people she became for you. And you were not Michael, relaxing into her, exposing your every weakness.

She closes her eyes and pushes closer into his body. His sweat is acrid, but she craves the unmistakable scent of exerted man. If he can pretend for a while longer, she can give herself into this game. She can enjoy his beautiful body, and then for just a short while, imagine his muscled shoulders turning softer, rounded. Beneath her eyelids, she can watch his thick blond hair turn wispy and dark, with glimpses of scalp slick beneath. His body filling beneath her fingers, gaining folds of skin and pockets of tender flesh. The lips are close enough to pass for yours, if she trusts her memory. The cheekbone dulling, easing the pressure against her chest. Now, more of you encircling and obscuring her. She, swimming in the recesses of your form: the one that would create her.

William, my Bill. You hated to be called that, but when she thinks of you, you're Bill. More manageable, a single breath, an intimacy trapped between the tongue and teeth. In her mind, in those private spaces where she invents you, you remain always Bill.

Though she can almost feel you next to her, she's not ready this early in the day to pull you fully formed into her mind. The soft flutter of your name is almost more than she can bear. She runs her hand through Michael's hair and when he mumbles in sleep, it's enough that she expects your voice. After years, she is still unable to think of you without an involuntary wince.

So the paintings instead. Starting from the beginning. She won't pretend they're harmless, but their edges have been shaved dull. The first one. Not the actual first, but the oldest one she knows, the only one of its time spared your father's rage. The one that's never been here, in this—your—house. The one she, finally, owns.

It has remained for years hidden in plain sight, a kind of stepsister who knows much more than she has ever understood and challenges her, tight-lipped. She can drape it across her eyes at will, in all its vibrant colors. Sometimes after an extended absence, she sees that she's changed the tilt of the woman's leg or the shade of her hair. As soon as she sees it again, all of its pieces fall back into place, voiding her unconscious alterations. It's a shock that she ever could have imagined it otherwise.

This painting rests in the fabric of her childhood, an object that predates her. As a child, she never questioned its value or origin. She loved it without thought or encouragement because it existed in their home, a place she melded with her father and with bouts of health. Everything there constructed a piece of him. In each of the objects, he exposed something of himself. She understood, even then, that their home was her father's realm, not her mother's. In that place she felt loved and protected, even during the worst days when she had tasted her own death.

She discovered much later that her mother had brought "Dawn in the Evening" into her father's collection, the only piece he did not choose. Visitors often miss it. There are other distractions, too many brilliant colors and names to admire to slide into that dark little space to find an unsigned painting, full of raw emotion, if technically imperfect.

Before she was sophisticated enough to consider who or what provided any of the images in their home, she knew it as yours. Nothing suggested that you had created it, simply that it belonged to you. If anything, she imagined a man slightly younger than her parents, endearingly awkward, who would one day walk through their front door and turn without hesitation into the recess next to the stairs to lift the painting from its hook. A man come to claim his property and to thank those who had held it safe. William's painting. That's what her mother and father always called it. Yours. Sam never heard the cormorants and blue crab called "Walter's prints." The ethereal photographs, never "Sandra's."

No piece ever cost them as much, but it's still yours, isn't it? I wonder whether you can picture it now. How long has it been since you last looked at it? More than forty years.

It was all I knew of you then, just "Dawn" and that she belonged to you, until the night we met.

A group show. A shabby gallery once fashionable. Baton Rouge. That endless interstate drive broken only by swampy expanse.

Days earlier, Sam had stood in the doorway of her father's study, waiting for him to look up from his desk. When he raised his chin—the patience she learned waiting for him—she knew he still did not see her. The glaze of his eyes, the slight part of his lips. She could speak now, he might even nod along with her words, but when she closed her mouth he would not answer. I'd like to join the circus, she said once to his bobbing head. That's OK with you, right? I'm thinking of training as the bearded lady. Better to wait until he shook his head, knocking himself out of whatever world into which he had escaped. She raised her hand.

Hi, Dad, she said. She imagined her fingers strumming against the door. Hi.

The warmth flooded back up his neck, his eyes focused, filled again with the light reserved for her. There he was. Sweetheart.

Hey, Dad? Can I go to a party? It's my friend's.

Of course, love.

You don't have to drive me.

Whatever you like.

It's on Saturday.

That's fine. Not this Saturday?

It's really important, Dad.

Could he possibly understand the irrevocable damage missing this party could do to her social standing? She should have asked his mute-deaf-blind self. She finally spent more time in school than out. She had been accepted tentatively by the most popular set, but she understood that her precarious place had to do with her parents and their relation to the parents of her would-be friends.

How easy it would be to slip out of this, she had thought.

We're all going to the opening that night, Sam. William's show. It means a lot to your mother. She hasn't seen him in years, and she wants you to meet him.

She doesn't care. She said so.

What she said and what she feels are sometimes two different things. I promised her we'd all go. You did, too. You can see your friends on Friday or Sunday or even Saturday. But Saturday night you'll be with us. Come on now, Sammy. Don't scowl. If

we don't get out too late, we'll stop at Louie's on the way home. Nobody will stop you from ordering the chili cheese hash browns.

She told her friends that her father had fallen ill. So sick that she couldn't leave his side. It was that serious. A wicked pleasure flooded her arms and legs as she installed a malady in a body other than her own.

On Saturday, despite the sun, she holed up in her father's study. Away from her friends and next to her perennially healthy father, the superiority faded. She draped herself across the arm of his leather chair, pretending to read, wanting him to witness how miserable she felt. Her deep sighs failed to interrupt his reading. She flung herself into the bucket of the chair, sinking fitfully.

She didn't look up when the phone rang. Out of the corner of her eye, she watched him rest the receiver between his head and shoulder while he continued to flip through his book.

Well, I'm surprised to hear your voice as well, he said. Shouldn't you be on the tennis court? Ah, I see. I'm feeling much better now. False alarm. I overreacted, I'm sure. Yes, I'm in bed with the covers up to my chin as we speak. Tired but the worst is over. Sorry to give you a fright, Madeleine. You're sweet to call. No, really. We have plenty of food. You have your hands full with Sissy's party. No, Sam still won't be able to go. I'm afraid I've passed the bug onto her. We have to be careful, as you know. She'll be fine, but it's important that she rests. That's right. Yes, I think she'll be out all weekend, poor thing. You're a charm, Madeleine. Hello to Martin. I will. Thanks for the call. Bye now.

Sam felt the burn beneath her skin. His eyes two searing weights upon her skull.

Next time you might want me to be in on the story, Sammy. I nearly blew your cover.

She dared to look up at this face, but he was already living inside his book again. She watched him, the curl that fell over his forehead, the glimpse of tooth between parted lips. He was, as always, her father, and he loved her. Would he allow her anything? A thick wave lapped over her and threatened to drown her. She turned back to *Bridge to Terabithia* and its swimming words.

OK, then. The covers shut with a thud. It's about that time. Come with me.

This moment, always. She couldn't remember the first time. She stood, waiting for him.

Taking her hand in his, he would lead her to an example of the artist's work, one she'd likely seen before, often a piece that had hung in their home for weeks or months or years. He'd plant her in front of it. Close your eyes, he'd say. Forget you've ever seen this painting. It's new. Look at it with clean eyes.

The weight of his hands warmed her shoulders. They would stand immobile and silent for so long that vertigo would overtake her and she'd feel as though she might fall.

OK, Sammy. Now—slowly, slowly—open your eyes. Let it wash over you. Feel it.

What she felt first were his hands abandoning her, leaving only the insignificance of her own weight. The warmth still there, a ghost presence of something dear she'd lost.

What do you see?

She hesitated, always. The burden of his expectation paralyzed her. If she had been given the answer, she could study it and recite it on cue, because she assumed there was a correct answer. His beaming face needed her to confirm something he already knew. If she waited too long to speak, he would begin.

Those brushstrokes, there. Those are the same we see at the upper left-hand corner. You see? The echo? How does that seem to you? There's an order, yes? A structure to show us the artist is in complete control. It puts us at ease to read the rest. Do you see that? Now look at the colors. At first glance, the scheme seems almost simplistic. There is only blue and green. Now look closer. Do you see? Look there, right there. Where have you ever seen a yellow that shade? Tell me what you see, Sammy.

She never saw him sweat, not exactly, but he gleamed when he talked about paintings. It seeped from his pores enough to make him glow. The bounce would start, hands would fly. His thrill was beautiful, frightening.

Her first inclination was to compare. This one reminds me of that one. One of these is not like the other. It put the paintings in difficult-to-deny categories. He would press her, have her describe the scene or the subject, interpret the mass of colors and shapes. After she finished, he would ask her what she planned to say to the artist. Remember, he said, "I like your work" is not acceptable. Comparisons should be avoided: this artist hated that one, that one had slept with this one's wife, stole that

one's gallery space, seduced his daughter. Copied her theme. Wrote a bad review of his latest series or his oldest, fifteen years earlier. She learned this incestuous field, this incestuous city.

She feared meeting the artists only because she had to do it under her father's gaze. The painters did not intimidate her. They seemed like distant aunts and uncles visiting from abroad, people about whom she was told funny stories, but whom she had never actually known. Men and women whose cheeks pressed against her lips, who might recall changing her diaper, who wouldn't be satisfied until she flushed a vulgar pink. Even then she realized that the person most exposed was the artist. His deep intimacies were bared on her family's walls. Her greatest fear hung over their fireplace. His lost love kept watch over their bathroom. His clearest expression of himself was boxed in her father's storage unit.

As a child, she could see the fear in these grown artists, the way they strained to hear comments from gallery visitors and how they strove not to. It was inevitable that she would pat their hands to make herself feel better, to ease the anxiety she felt for them. Negative reviews sunk deep into her belly, refusing to shift their sickening weight. She needed a small circular sticker to find its way beside each canvas. She stared at the empty space, willing the dots to appear. Sam felt no such anxiety at her mother's exhibitions. Even as a child, Sam had failed to recognize Marguerite as an artist. Her mother tinkered with pleasing shades of shredded paper while humming along to show tunes, and her rich friends bought the small collages to hang in their powder rooms. She sometimes made them to order.

This concern for the work of artists, there at the front of Sam's consciousness as long as she could remember, strengthened when she became at eight years old one of the models in a controversial series of the nine muses as children.

She had posed two hours a week for four months. In the finished painting, she crouches awkwardly, one knee balanced atop the other. A deep orange swath is draped from a shoulder and tucked between her clinched legs. Otherwise she appears naked, her skin a glowing white, with a hint of her pale left nipple, though when she posed she wore a camisole and shorts. Her hair is pulled away from her face, leaving only wisps of the finest blond at her temples and nape. Rising behind her, the Melpomene Projects, a place she had never seen. Crushed soda cans and crumpled paper fill the space around her. Doors are ripped from their hinges. Broken glass shimmers in the sun. In a far

corner, a spreading pool of reddish brown may be blood. Tragedy's mask tips over at her side.

She had been shielded from most of the drama surrounding the exhibition of the paintings. The image of Erato had caused the most concern among viewers, that child nude with swollen pink lips. When she first saw her own finished painting, she was at turns proud and offended. She expected to see, as in a photograph, her pink top with its tiny yellow ribbons that she wore for every sitting or the bruise on her knee that wouldn't heal. She had never sat on that street corner, and she was sure her neck was thicker than it appeared. But she had never realized she was beautiful until she looked at herself on this canvas. Her skin glowed as if the artist had placed tiny bulbs of light under her skin. Her eyes were larger than she had realized, her nose more regal.

Marguerite wanted to buy the painting, but the artist had received an offer from NOMA for the complete series. Throughout her school years, Sam attended fieldtrips to the museum in a tense fear: that she as Melpomene would stare out at everyone from the wall and, alternately, that she wouldn't, having been moved into storage in order to free the space for something better.

The artist first noticed the troubling signs that revealed themselves only to someone watching for intense but intermittent periods. He grew to know her body better than her parents did, than she did. The swelling abdomen, the niggling rashes on her arms, the progression of her skin from rosy peach to butter. The white leached from her eyes, the sleepiness that seemed to creep over her unaware.

You feelin' OK, baby? he asked her. She nodded without enthusiasm.

He finished her painting before they realized the severity of the problem, before she understood the purpose of all the tests, before her name was put on the list, her body waiting, pleading for someone else to die so it could reap the spoils.

When she turned thirteen, she tried to create her own, new version of herself. Tentatively well, she modeled her fresh self on the girls she saw around her. She played the role of teenager, incapable of awe in anyone's presence, newly bored, wending dark streets in her father's car, easing into motion sickness through his sharp corrections and retraces, threading her own symphony through the classical music her father's whistle shattered. Thirteen, unwilling to spend five minutes praising the artist and three more hours blurring her vision in order to create something amusing out of the paintings until her parents tired of him and his work.

“Dawn in the Evening” had always appealed to her, the way a certain pattern of wallpaper or paint color can comfort. Before she met you, it’s unlikely that she would have been able to reconstruct the painting accurately in her mind. She simply knew that there was nothing unpleasant about it: the figure of a nude woman, realistic but not offensive to Sam’s pubescent sensibility, standing akimbo in what might be a field or a bedroom, with lighting that might suggest morning or evening. The surroundings obscured her form at first glance. She blended and became the light that enveloped her. Then her hair burned like a beacon. Once identified for what she was, she called to the viewer. Her half-obscured stare followed your eyes and begged you to gape at her exposed body.

Now, I can’t untangle my pre-William and post-Bill ideas of that woman. Was she powerful without you? Did I realize the figure’s vulnerability and its draw, or did I simply appreciate the garden surrounding her, that wash of dizzying color? It was as if the painting itself, and not my response to it, had transformed.

Her father attempted their ritual, and although she fed on his attention, she would not allow herself to focus. She was beginning a self-conscious age, where she felt exposed through everything she did. Even her own smile embarrassed her and it shamed her that it did, and she couldn’t understand either feeling.

Her body had long been the realm of other people. She had stripped before doctors, nurses, her mother, her father. Her breasts formed on a sunken chest, recorded first by others. She spent no time in front of a mirror, shuffling to and from the bathroom only when she was strong enough to feel shame in asking for the bedpan.

You’ve never looked at this painting before. Now, what do you see, Sammy?

She shrugged under the pressure of his hands. I see it. I see it every day.

What do you see today? His patience gripped her.

Color, Sam said. Lots of color. It’s almost too perfect, but that makes me like it more.

What else?

I’m sorry for lying, Dad.

What else, Sammy? Focus, love.

I’m really sorry I told them you were sick.

Your mother adores this painting. Come now, what will you say to him?

From a young age, she had understood the technical terms involved in painting. She was intimate with the tools, had fingered hog-hair brushes, rubbed the rich residue of linseed oil. She had learned how to stretch canvas, to build frames. Her father fed her on histories of artists, on films and documentaries of their lives. She kept a sketchbook from the time she was six, but even alone, she didn't pretend greatness. She used those pages to ward off the only child's unnamed loneliness, to make her forget for a few minutes that she was a sick kid, one who couldn't run outside, who seldom buttoned herself into real clothes.

Those weeks and months at home in bed and in the hospital, she amassed an impressive collection of linen paper, cases of acrylic paint, chalk, and the highest quality markers she could have imagined, gifts each visitor placed on her bedside table or beside her pillow, their extravagance matching the giver's embarrassment at the length between visits. Corinne once brought her an elaborate calligraphy set, which Sam still kept, though she had never used the dagger-like nibs and pots of indigo.

Marguerite spent hours rearranging the supplies by type, color, and shape. Alex squeezed into the bed with Sam. He mixed her colors, took away the wet portraits, fetched a bigger brush, a brighter blue. He hung the paintings around the room until she asked him to take them down. The nurses and her visitors praised the pictures too highly, with voices overly excited, with smiles overextended into clown grimaces. She began to slap thick pats of conflicting colors across the page, anticipating wild lies of appreciation. The scramble of color began to nauseate her.

On the days when Sam wasn't strong enough to play with her expensive supplies, her father opened big art books on his lap and turned the pages for her. Her opinions filtered through her idea of what he might value. Even now, I battle that voice. I know I did more to ingrain his ideas than he ever tried to do. It was his excitement that moved me, the way his knees would grow slack and his pants sway slightly from his bounce. His arms flung from his sides of their own accord. They seemed to know where to stop to avoid grazing a canvas, tipping an easel.

What would she say to William?

I never knew what to say to you, not that day, not at the next show, not the first night I spent with you those many years later, not any of the years I lived in your house, not the morning of the last day I saw you alive, not now that you have been shelved in a peat-gray mausoleum these five years.

Her father patted her on the shoulder. Go on, he said. Get dressed and we'll have a little drink before we head out. Try to beat the traffic.

Sam chose a long skirt. Her mother let her borrow a silk blouse and earrings fitted with diamond chips. Sam thought of her father. How, if he had been angry with her, she could repent. He had not been disappointed because he had such low expectations of her.

Nothing in their long drive had disrupted Marguerite's appearance. She, as always, stunned: sleek, fitted skirt that hugged her hips and flared at the knees, glossy hair in a wave that followed her right cheekbone and tipped under her jaw, the other side tucked behind a long, white ear. She wore a buttoned blouse of material too thick for the weather, but she looked perennially cool and well rested. By her clothing, the year was 1941, forever.

She held Sam's hand close to her thigh, allowing Alex to follow behind. Before long, he fell into conversation with a heavily rouged matron. Marguerite walked a straight line, oblivious, for the first time in her daughter's memory, to the people and paintings around them. She pulled Sam in close to whisper against her ear.

He's there, she said, staring at the far wall of the gallery.

Sam followed her eye-line, and a great dread began to constrict her throat. She had seen destitute artists. Her father fed them often at their table, loading them with Corinne's creamed potatoes and collard greens laced with ham. He pressed leftovers onto them, and Corinne filled their coat pockets with foil-wrapped fudge. Some who had visited her sickbed even made her wonder whether they should swap places. But you, William, were different. You didn't look like you had missed a few dinners or subsisted on canned beans: it seemed impossible that you might eat. You wore a dirty shirt that hung unevenly from your shoulders, trousers pulled into pleats of fabric by a dingy faux-leather belt. Your skin, sallow and scarred. Your arms and legs, sickly sticks that seemed to point toward a bloated belly, the only area of your body that held any heft. Your hair stuck to your face. As she approached, Sam noticed that your clothes wafted the scent of too many days and nights. There was an unidentifiable blot of crusted yellow on your shirt. Next to you, laughing women and a man who smiled and bobbed his head. The scene made Sam think of society women nodding sorrowful grins at the homeless man in the alley near their favorite restaurant. Here you were, the

man whose painting hung in their home, the painting they all—even she—affectionately referred to as “William’s.” Her legs bolted themselves straight.

I haven’t seen him in such a long time, Marguerite said. I wonder if he’ll even recognize me.

Mother, please. She dug her heels into the slick floor. She knew that she must look like a petulant child, dressed up but unable to behave in polite company.

You’ll love him. I know he looks a little messy, but he’s a doll.

She strained for her father, but the crowd was too dense and she wanted him too badly. Nothing would come clear but your imminent figure. Faces blurred orange, pink; the paintings loomed. Her heart beat in her ears.

Let me go, Mother, please.

Straighten your skirt before you flash the entire room. Really, darling.

Sam sniffed hard, swallowing salty mucus that clung to the back of her throat.

Let’s go.

Sam pulled her skin down, pushed her hair back from her warm face. She forced herself to look again at the man, at you. She saw you glance at Marguerite, but nothing changed in your face. Your crowd parted for her, each one touching her shoulder or back as she passed. She, the totem everyone longed to fondle. Marguerite placed herself firmly in front of you. Sam couldn’t be sure who produced the sweat that pooled between their hands.

You pulled your eyes up from your shoes, shifted from one foot to the other. Sam watched your pursed lips for signs of movement. As she got closer to you, she noticed something slight and nearly hidden that made your face appealing. She examined your deep blue eyes, your skin abused by too much sun. Your eyes seemed weary, but at the same time, afraid, opened wide.

William, darling! How are you? She pressed her lips to your cheek, her hip to your leg. They’re beautiful. They’re always beautiful, William. Come with me. Tell me all about them. She cocked her perfect head. Don’t tell me you don’t remember me.

Marguerite grabbed your hand with her free one; Sam still clung to her, but Marguerite seemed to have forgotten her daughter. Without a word, you followed her.

William! My God, William. Can you believe it’s been so long? How can I have a child this big?

You looked hard at the child. Your eyes caught hers. You dropped Marguerite's hand, seemed shocked that it had ever found its way into yours.

Alex's.

What's that?

Alex's daughter.

Marguerite threw her head back in laughter, the pink of her palate bared to you. William, you're naughty. Of course she's his. Where else in the world would she have come from? Will you look at this child's face? You'll have her in tears. How can you be so crude?

She clung to the smile that threatened to slip off her face. She reached for your unresponsive hand. Again, she began to speak, her voice louder than natural. William is a mean, awful man who teases girls and loves to pull the hair of small children. He even pinches babies, don't you, darling?

I eat them.

Marguerite's mouth opened again for her toothy laugh, but you did not amuse Sam. She believed what her mother said: you were mean and awful.

Now that you're finished being silly, show us your paintings. Tell us all about them.

No.

Marguerite laughed again. It's been such a long time, William. I was so nervous you wouldn't even know me. After all these years. I would have known you anywhere. Your picture was in the paper, but still.

You know everything you want to know.

That's not true, William. It's been so long I know nothing. How long has it been? Maybe ten years, more? There was that time... I'm so pleased to be standing here, talking to you. You can't imagine.

He frowned at her. Why come here?

How could I not? What a wonderful opportunity for you. I always knew you'd be shown with artists like this. You should have your own shows. Your work deserves its own space.

You never come to these things. That seemed to be our arrangement.

You're wrong, she said. I've seen most of your shows. We've licked our wounds long enough, haven't we? I'm sure we've both forgotten most of whatever happened.

Sam's eyes flicked between the two of them, careful to look neither in the eye and risk notice. She had never heard anyone snarl at her mother. Looking at their shoes—her mother's polished heels that clasped with miniature buckles on the sides, and your battered lace-ups that gaped at the seams—she wondered what the two of you ever could have shared.

My memory must be better than yours. You took a step back from her. Why did you come here?

William—

You've already taken every thing you wanted from me.

Taken, my darling. Please don't do this.

I have already given you every thing I ever will. You can spend the rest of your life paying for it and never reach half its value.

And I love that painting. It was your first masterpiece. You should know that I would loan it for a show.

If I got near it, I would burn it.

Then I'll never let you. We all do things we'd rather take back, she said, more to herself than to you. William, let me say this. It's something I should have said back then, but I never knew how. I feel like I've apologized to you so many times. I have, but not in any way that you could have heard. William, I'm sorry. I'm sorry for whatever part I played in what happened with your father and your mother. I had no idea. I'm so sorry.

You had no *part*. You were it.

She pulled you aside, away from the group of eavesdroppers who leaned in to catch your words.

What else can I do? I'm so happy to see you. Can you understand that? Are you even a little bit happy to see me?

I prefer to find your signature on the solid line, inside those crisp envelopes. That's worked for us for a long time. But it's not even your signature anymore. It's one or another of his secretaries who must assume, if they care, that he's bought something cheap.

She pulled a breath into her lungs. She touched the thin, nearly translucent skin beneath her eye.

William, I've wanted to see you all these years, but I was afraid for both of us. That last time, I thought you might raise your hand to me. I had to tell Alex we'd made up through letters before he would even agree to come tonight. But you know that no matter what, we have supported you and your work. I think once you're over the shock, you'll be pleased to see me, too.

You're amazing.

Forget all of that for now. Do you know that I've even had some shows? Nothing as serious as yours, of course. Tell me and my daughter about the new work. She's suffered her father's driving to come all this way.

Did I strap her in the car? Did I make him a piss-poor driver? I'll be happy to see the backs of all three of you. Turning to face Sam, you pulled your mouth into a concentrated frown. She could hear your labored breath.

Alex has supported you more times than you know.

I'll make an exception tonight, even for him.

I miss the way you talk about your art. I miss the excitement in your voice. These have been difficult years for me. Her fingers crawled up your wrist, tried to thread themselves around your arm. My little girl was sick, we didn't know...

You began to turn from her, but stopped and straightened your back. Your eyes fell on Marguerite's hand and the small shoulder that supported it.

Your mother thinks she's bought the guided tour. Maybe she has.

Sam looked up at her mother's face, its cheeks pink. With her eyes, she asked a question her mother could not or would not answer. Sam turned back to you, your hand now held out to her.

Come with me, little girl. I will illuminate the secrets of art or take you into the woods to devour you.

Marguerite stepped forward and pushed her daughter's hand into yours. She held both of them until you pulled away. She turned to Sam. She bent to whisper into her ear. Darling, the risk is the best part.

As soon as Marguerite turned away, you dropped the girl's hand, but not before she noticed its deep scars and scabs, which made her wonder if you had a contagious disease that would send her back to the hospital. Sam rubbed her fingers together to

wipe away the feel of you, which was damp and itchy at the same time. You walked and she followed, pressing her hands on the back of her skirt, wanting all traces of you gone. She brought one hand back up to her face. She pressed it to her nose, curious to learn your strange scent. Her nose crinkled at the expected dank, but there was nothing left of you on her. She felt a disappointment she didn't understand.

Now alone, you did not speak to her. Sam was young enough to be unafraid of silence. If you said nothing, she had no obligation to open her mouth or to look at you. She became almost comfortable following you around the perimeter of the gallery, stopping in front of each canvas. She liked the attention it drew to her, the quick glances that darted from you to her to you again. She pulled herself into her best posture and folded her hands behind her back the way her father did. She imagined looking at herself looking at the paintings. She pulled her face into what she assumed was an expression of concentration mixed with mild disapproval. She wanted her audience to understand that while she understood your contribution to art in general, this particular series left much to be desired. She turned out a foot, then placed her weight on it, peering closer at the largest canvas.

The series revealed no relation to "Dawn in the Evening." Where it was soft, yet slightly eerie, these seemed clogged with paint, each one a mess of dirty swirls with a single identifiable geometrical shape. The circle or square or rectangle shone a glazed red. She disliked each one more than the previous. She decided your career was over.

You stood before each painting—there were five—for about two minutes, longer than she needed and perhaps as long as you could bear. You spoke only when you reached the last one.

You don't appreciate them.

She started at your voice. She looked up at your face but let her eyes settle just below your nose. Art is about more than appreciation, she said, feeling satisfied with herself. Her eyes flitted up to yours.

What does she say about me?

Sam felt a surge of heat rise through her body and into her cheeks. Overwhelmed by fantasies of her own importance, she had forgotten her mother. She had been shielded by her interior monologue; she had been thinking, with an arrogance beyond her years, the phrase that her father always forbade: I could have painted that.

You seemed to look only at the girl's ears. First the left and then the right. You bent down so that your nose nearly brushed hers.

Tell me about art and what it's about.

The downy hair at the nape of her neck prickled. She searched for words that refused to coalesce. When she finally spoke, she could barely hear herself: I like your work.

What?

You leaned further into her. She recoiled.

She pushed the words out again: I like your work.

You like what about it?

She gathered her confidence, pushing her hair away from her face. In "Dawn in—"

Fuck "Dawn in the Evening."

The word stung her. She again felt the color run up her neck into her ears. She could not look at your face, your mouth.

Tell your mother we had a nice chat.

You left her in front of "Untitled #5," where she felt her father's hands land on her shoulders.

What do you see, Sammy?

I don't know.

He leaned into her and spoke hot into her ear: I don't like them either.

Years passed before she met you again. Her parents sometimes saw you at shows, but Sam managed to avoid you, though she would not have been sure if she intended to or whether it was by chance that she placed years between the two of you. Unlike some of the other painters her parents knew, they didn't socialize with you, but even after that night at the gallery, they spoke of you with a fondness that made Sam wonder if she misremembered the whole evening. Her mother claimed to like the untitled red series. She had Alex buy the largest one, the single painting of his in the show that sold. Sam never saw it again.

That night, you added a dimension to her mother and took away an element. Sam wanted to ask Marguerite what she wanted with you, this strange, unsettling man but didn't know how to begin. Instead, she made a study of "Dawn in the Evening," hunting its layers for clues to the hidden pictures of her mother that she once felt skim

her fingertips but could not grasp. She wondered, with a start that sent a bolt up her spine, whether the woman in the painting was her mother. Yes, her mother, like this woman, was tall, lithe, beautiful, blond, but that was all. The woman's profile was soft, her face round, her eyes deep-set. Her hair fell below her shoulders, and her fingers were as short and plump as a child's.

The episode in the gallery left Sam more suspicious of the adults around her, but soon even she forgot that you were the reason. She separated you from "Dawn in the Evening" and from her parents as best she could. She began to copy the painting, first small sketches, then full-sized interpretations of the alluring woman. After she traced and colored and filled her, she allowed that exposed, lovely beflowered woman again, for a time, to become wallpaper.

Three

Michael shifts next to her, bringing his heavy, muscled thigh over her legs. His skin sticks to hers, balmy with sleep. She pushes her hand through his hair—he smells like a child, like a musty puppy—and he stills. If she had paper to hand, she might sketch him. Instead, she stares at his skin, smooth and brown and young. She inhales his scent. She does not have to think of you.

Her first artist, then. Her first lover. During the last few months of her final year of high school, she took the streetcar downtown, refusing to admit that she needed a few more hours away from her mother and the pressure of her presence. Though Marguerite seemed to require nothing, a glimpse of that face was enough to stir depths of inadequacy. After classes, having opted out of clubs and study groups, Sam would press the side of her face onto the sticky streetcar window and allow herself to flutter into a half-sleep that kept her alert enough to notice their house rush by, to feel the relief as she continued past it. She walked the Quarter alone, drifting along the unfamiliar paths she was not allowed to know, until she was due to meet her father at his office on Poydras. He thought she went to Mother's with her friends, watching them eat po-boys and pecan pie next to plumbers and day laborers, or to the library to do homework. She did those things occasionally, but her friends pulled apart. One girl found a boyfriend and would not share his attention, another moved away with two weeks' notice. Alliances changed daily.

Sam roamed. She learned the thrill of being almost lost, vertigo overtaking her when she whipped around to verify that the building that should have been there plainly wasn't. She had been told she should be afraid. Stubbled men sucking brown paper bags lounged on stoops. The homeless whispered into sheets of their matted hair. More men, huddled together on corners, stared down every passer-by. Couriers leapt from their trucks, giving her a smile that made her believe she knew them. Old ladies nodded at her uniform from their porches and yelled out, You had a good day at school, baby? She knew she stood out among them, her particular plaid skirt and two-toned shoes screaming her identity.

She slid into shops whose display windows proved more exciting than the wares inside, moving steadily back toward her father's office. Fingering items for which she could imagine no use, she felt shop clerks' eyes rest on her. In the candy shop, the dough-faced owner reached a metal scoop across the counter to offer a sample. She tucked the purple sweet under her tongue, but it stung the bad spot on a bottom molar that she had kept hidden from her parents. Preparing for a dental examination would be a nightmare involving first a visit to her doctor who would frown and prescribe antibiotics before she would be allowed to have the tooth prodded. Her mother would get a headache at the last minute and not be able to take her to the appointment; her father would have to leave work, and his secretaries would smile at him dewy-eyed, saying to each other, He's such a good father. Sam would worry for months afterward that her body would now, finally, decide to reject its alien liver.

She flicked the sweet onto the top of her tongue, pressed it to the roof of her mouth. She understood the man's smiling, desperate eyes and ordered treats she wasn't allowed to eat: tightly wound coils of licorice, a baggy of muted pink, yellow, and green peppermint drops, multicolored jellybeans, sugared gum drops. Outside the shop, after an embarrassed hesitation, she handed over the bags to the children who smudged the window with their greedy fingers.

From a block away, she saw the sign for a gallery. She replayed the name in her head to remember for her father, though she would have to explain how she'd come across it. Staring at her shoes, she concocted a friend's older brother who drove them there and waited outside while they browsed. She looked up. She saw. The excuses, her father, the reason. The paintings washed them all away.

For the first time in her life, she looked at an original painting on her own, without her father's hands on her shoulders or his voice in her head. A single large canvas first caught her, but as she stepped back, she saw that it was one of a series. Still today when she thinks of those paintings, she can feel a thrill of desire, a rush that flows through her hands and neck and the back of her legs. The subject of each was less a tree than geometric shapes that blended into the impression of a tree. Simple and obvious, but the warmth that transformed the trees into a new reality excited her. Each was a version of gold, burnt sienna, ochre, and black.

She stood outside the glass, mesmerized by the paintings' hues. The cool evening crept over her as goose bumps formed on her uncovered legs and wind grabbed at her ears. Shoulders began to brush against hers, a sudden rustle of activity.

Have you been inside yet?

She looked up for the voice. It came from a young man with curly brown hair almost as long as her mother's. He held the door open with one hand. The other clutched a small square sign.

You're closing, she said.

I'm in no hurry. Come in and see the rest.

I'm late to meet someone.

Then come tomorrow. I'll be here.

She turned away from the man and the paintings, the images of both staining her. She looked around and wondered where she was.

Through wrong turns and missteps, she made her way back to the gallery, but as she approached it her resolve failed. A strange fear overtook her, and she passed the building without allowing even the color to catch her peripheral vision. She had to glance back to make sure that no one had seen her.

Maybe there had been someone. Maybe she escaped in time to save herself from something terrifying or miraculous. She ducked into a café. Its dark wooden counter and mildewed wallpaper created an immediate comfort. She gave her eyes a moment to adjust to the lack of light. In the pastry case before her sat cakes with impossible hats of wavy chocolate and plumes of spun sugar: solid and innocent in their decadence. Her mind turned back to the paintings. She wanted hot chocolate, but the desire prompted an image of her more responsible self wagging a finger. Maybe the smallest truffle filled with hazelnut cream.

Before she could order, she noticed one of her girlfriends tucked in the far corner with a boy she didn't recognize. They sat hip to hip, his arms encircling her. Every part of them seemed to touch. His fingers caught a lock of her hair, and he threaded it under and over his knuckles. Their ankles crossed each other. She reached up to touch his fuzzy cheek. He lowered his face to hers. His kiss caught the corner of her mouth. When he pulled away, her mouth was still open. The certainty punched Sam: they were having sex.

She turned and left the café, terrified that the couple might see her. The girls she knew dated boys. They kissed them, even parked at night with them at the Fly or along quiet stretches of the Lakefront. There were unspoken rules they followed: anything over the clothes was allowed. A bra might be unsnapped, but never fully removed, even if it just dangled from one shoulder to support nothing but the last glimmer of chastity. Sex was foreign, a thing that other girls might do, girls who came from families unlike theirs, where the parents left the children alone for the weekend or vacationed without them. For a moment, as she stood outside the café she was scandalized. She imagined her friend pregnant in pigtails, the swell of a belly beneath the unforgiving school skirt. The realization struck her: it wasn't only this friend. All the other girls had shed those unnamed rules. She hated this girl, but even more so herself. Over her thick sweater, she traced the lines of her scar, a large inverted Y beneath her breasts.

She moved toward the gallery, unconscious of the rain that dripped onto her hair and down her cheeks. In her frenzied haste, she passed the paintings—a colorful blur—in the window. The door swung open. Once safely inside, she considered what she was doing. Her breath seemed to pound through the quiet space, but as soon as she locked onto a painting from the series, it rediscovered its natural rhythm. Close up, the paint shone more brilliant than it had the day before. She had missed the ornate detail. In the trunks of the trees, figures of animals and nudes knotted. In the leaves were all varieties of birds, all in vacillating tones of gold and red that allowed them to blend into and out of the tree itself. What might seem obvious was, in this artist's hands, groundbreaking. He had created a miniature kaleidoscope of life and, as she looked closer, love in all its acts. The nudes weren't simple unclothed bodies; they were intricate intertwined bodies, folded at impossible angles, bleeding into and out of each other. A torso separating into four legs. A body, miraculously, with a head on top and below. Four breasts fusing two trunks. Lips rounding an open mouth between sinewy thighs. All minutely drawn, perfectly formed, almost hidden in an otherwise barren land.

They're new.

The voice didn't startle her.

First solo show for the artist. What do you think?

I thought it was your job to tell me what to think. You know, before I have a chance to decide on my own.

He laughed. The small talk comes first. Then I give the hard sell. Once you trust me.

No need, she said. I love all of them.

Do you?

I'm the one who's supposed to act unsure.

My friend's family owns this place, he said. Since you love them so much, tell me how to sell these. He waved his hand toward the series behind him.

Look at them.

They're a bit, I don't know, easy, don't you think?

Have you really looked at them?

I'm glad you came back.

I wanted to see the paintings.

The artist will be here tomorrow. He's delivering one final piece that should have been ready with the rest three weeks ago. You should come by to meet him. He'll be thrilled to hear he has a fan.

You're making him sound desperate.

A little difficult. We plan an opening, he backs out. He wants the work to stand on its own, he doesn't even want his name attached until after a piece sells. He says the artist shouldn't affect the experience of the art. Now he wants to know why no one's planning to write about them, about *him*. Why we didn't sell three in the first hour the door opened. So now, again, we're having an opening. I don't know, maybe he'll wear a mask. Artists. You can't please them.

That's the point, isn't it? That they're never pleased.

I hope not. Anyway, you should come tomorrow.

Sounds like I'd be in the way.

I actually think, despite what he says, that he'd love an appreciative audience. Anyway, it's not a big deal. We'll hang it later, before the opening/middling, whatever it is.

I might, if I can.

Now that I've got you coming tomorrow, what can I do to get you to stay a while longer today?

You could ask.

How about I close up early and we go down the street for a drink?

You shouldn't close.

You're right. My luck, the boss would show up three minutes after I walked out the door.

I'd like to stay and look, though.

Of course, he said. The paintings.

She refused to look him full in the face.

I will be right over there at my station if you need anything. Or if you want to make any purchases. Or have a chat. Hear my inventive yet perceptive treatise on the artist's work. Or anything. Maybe when you come tomorrow, we'll take a walk down the street. Would it help if I introduced myself?

Maybe. She giggled.

Toby.

Sam, she said.

Short for something?

Everybody asks that.

So you'll look now, Sam, and we'll talk tomorrow. I'll buy you a soda, or if we're feeling dangerous, maybe coffee. Hey, we're not all that far from Café du Monde. I mean, we could go in my car.

They didn't.

They didn't say many more words to each other. They walked few steps. She never saw the inside of his car. He never bought her a thing.

Because she met the artist, her artist. She cannot recall the first words they said to each other, but she can summon that initial glimpse of him: high, almost feminine cheekbones beneath patches of lazily shaved growth and a heavy, pulsing jaw. He had one crooked front tooth stained a pale, milky blue, and thick tanned skin, deep creases at the corners of his eyes. The thrill of the encounter wiped away the memory of what he said and what she said, immediately after they spoke, even though she told herself in those first seconds he entered her life: You must remember this.

I try to reimagine him and her—that younger piece of me—as they were that day, but there's an emptiness I can't fill. I see him only in glimpses, little swatches of him throughout the time she knew him that can't possibly create a whole man. He was twenty-three. His hair fell over his eyes. His nails were filled with paint, which she thought at the time was romantic. He could be moody, but laughed often and loud. He

shaved sporadically, so he left red, itchy patches on her face and neck when they kissed. He read good poetry and wrote bad. He wore a clean, pink scar below his eyebrow from a childhood dog attack. His thin lips were always dry.

After he placed the messily wrapped canvas against the wall, he held Toby away with a wag of his hand. She followed the two of them to the café. Her presence, she hoped, told him what she thought of his work. She wanted to feel his eyes on her.

Toby ordered for all of them, but she insisted on paying. She had nodded through his questions, which she did not hear. He couldn't stay long, and it was clear he wanted her to return to the gallery with him. He might have hinted that he'd let her unwrap the canvas. But now that she felt the artist's eyes upon her, she did not need to see another painting. She wanted nothing but his seeing her. Toby left, a smile forced across his face.

The artist and she stayed. Once his eyes began to burn her, she forced herself to talk about his show. He watched her speak, his eyes focused on her mouth, hands folded beneath his chin. For the first time, she considered the shape of her lips, her teeth, her tongue, her gums. She wanted to run to a mirror and discover it all for herself. Her lips felt heavy on her face. Her fingers reached up to stroke them. She wanted to feel what he saw, what he was creating of her.

He smelled like a man, faintly of sweat and something she couldn't identify. Smoke, yes, but also something spicy and meaty. She could feel the warmth of him from across the table. The corners of his mouth turned up. His silence finally overtook her.

She would like to remember how it happened. She wants to rewind the memory in slow motion and stop it right here so she can know exactly who moved and how. Somehow, naturally, her hand was on his face, his mouth on the inside of her wrist. It was almost sex-less, at first, skin touching skin. His breath on her arm, almost innocent. She could feel her pulse thrum against him. His mouth opened, teeth pressed her veins. Their eyes, still, did not part.

I don't know how long they stayed that way. I remember nothing else around them, not the other customers or employees, the weather outside.

Stay.

I can't.

Come home with me. Let me paint you.

She laughed. He released her arm. Her hand slid away from his face.
Not today, she said. I'll come back.

I'm not sure of those words. You spoke them once, and now they belong to you. I can't hear them in any voice but your gruff tone that my memory wants to turn tender. *I'll come back.*

There must have been other words between us that last time, instructions. We'd agreed to travel together. Years earlier, you tripped over a book I had left lying on the floor. It opened to a print in earthy red, mustard, black, and white dots that formed concentric circles. You sunk to the floor before it, transfixed. You flipped the pages of the book, uncovering speckled outlines of lizards and snakes, sugar leaves formed by crosshatches. Without a word, you left the room with my book. The next sound I heard was your studio door slamming shut.

A year later, we met an Aboriginal woman who was passing through town on her long way to Memphis, where she claimed to have a lover waiting. You looked at her as though she were a surprise birthday present. Over drinks, you tried to get her to admit that she painted, but she only laughed, a deep melodic trill that seemed to glow from her belly. You asked her to let you watch. No matter how you pressed her, she would not engage with your questions. You said, Your skin is the color of the Mississippi after a storm.

In my sketchbooks, I have traced my own dreamings, curves and spirals of dots, trying to discover a history in the wanderings of my hand. These images are mine alone. Even when I consign them to canvas—even when the colors and shapes begin to realize a hint of what I think I'm trying to understand through them—I hide these paintings. You, held perhaps by the same impulse, never showed me your interpretations of Aboriginal painting. There seemed something illicit—yes, thrilling—about appropriating a form born from a culture that neither of us understood. Regardless of how it spoke to either of us, we knew that our versions were a type of tourism. A dream of something we were not and could never be. Stories we couldn't understand. Stories we didn't own.

Even if I place myself in their tradition and use their techniques for my own, private purposes, there are restrictions to follow. I am allowed to paint only those dreamings that belong to me or those for whom I've sought permission. My father's

and Marguerite's are mine, as are all of my ancestors' before them. But my scope is too weak to go any further than this first generation. And, surely, I am allowed yours if anyone is.

But you have already mapped your own, and they feel stolen from me because I imagined them in all their dizzying detail before I knew that you did the same. Those paintings hold some of your most beautiful work. I don't dare show them, that same impulse that made you withhold them from me. Even if I don't own the stories, your stories, those canvases are firmly, lawfully mine.

On the morning you left for the trip, you might have reminded me to wash the brushes you'd left outside the studio. You asked for another copy of the itinerary, and I reminded you that I would manage everything. Maybe you shouted something across the house about feeding your cat or instructions about what to do with a check if it arrived. I ignored most of what you said that day. My ticket sat on the desk next to yours.

I said: It's almost time for us to leave.

You said: I'll come back.

Four

You're somewhere else, Michael says, stretching awake next to her. She moves her hand from under his head. Did you sleep at all?

I never sleep.

He pulls her into his warm body. Why won't you just sleep with me?

I believe I just did.

No, *sleep*. Close your eyes and rest with me. Isn't this nice? Jonathan can wait.

We don't have anything to do.

When do I ever have anything to do, Michael?

Grumpiness is a sign of sleep deprivation. You'll have a sweeter disposition if you rest for a while.

You know the word *disposition* only because it's in that Dylan song.

And the claws come out. Don't worry, Sammy. I have a thick skin.

What are we doing?

Preparing to sleep. Having lovely pre-slumber pillow talk.

It's getting late, and I'm horrible. Look, it's already eight-thirty.

For most people, eight-thirty is early.

Not for me.

Marry me, Sam. None of the rest of this will matter. I'll take you, claws and all.

Marry me and we'll forget everything else. Tell me you will. We'll go to sleep right now and forget this day. Marry me, Sam. Marry me. Will you?

She is a widow from a marriage that never existed.

She mourns the loss of you every day; she started even before you were gone.

At first, she told herself it was enough that you wanted her, that you chose to live alongside her. There had been women before her. Women with whom you had lived. Women you still visited and called friends. Women whose bodies belonged to you, to your work. But, with her, you had made a version of a life. Though the house remained in your name until you died, years passed in which you paid nothing for its constant repairs, its termite treatments. Bills arrived in both of your names. She felt a tentative sense of ownership, toward it and toward you.

The two of you didn't fight often or long, but she understands now that she always submitted. You were passionate and could be kind. You kept secrets. When you began to unravel those secrets, one by ugly one, she found herself intoxicated by your confidence, terrified by what you had endured.

Did you know that she wanted you, finally, to make her something other than the current in a line of live-in lovers who dotted your life? She didn't want to be something that dozens of other women had been: lover, muse, model, companion, friend, a form, a shape. She wanted to be all of those things and more—and an end. Sam imagined herself the correction, the link between the damage and its cure. She built years of her life on that, on the quest to become the essential piece of you. She craved the punishment Marguerite deserved. Little by little, losing what she had been before she knew you, whatever might have made her desirable, to you and to herself.

Segments of skin and ligament, muscle and bone stretched to form The Form, the thing I saw but needed to see standing before me, posed for hour after thoughtless hour. Her breasts will never be breasts again, not to my eyes. This is no mystery left in the folds of her skin. The pose she once feared, this task she dreaded, has transformed into the only place of prominence. It becomes the cage she dreams of and dreads to escape. This need serves neither of us. Her limbs become the feed I swallow without chewing. A filler that lacks the nourishment I need. This is the reason I look elsewhere. The reason she should. The reason she can't.

Sam said nothing. Not to you, not to her dearest friends. Not to her father. She said that marriage was a faulty, human construct that people believed in if they didn't think about it too much. If they were needy or insecure. If they still trusted lifelong monogamy. If they wanted children. She needed to believe the things she said.

She could have told you that it meant something to her that she couldn't explain. That she had been content for a long time to act as your tool, but that a spark in her burned for something else. If she voiced any of this to you, the desire would shatter. That was part of the want, nearly the whole of the want. She couldn't ask you for it.

She wanted you to anticipate her need, but even more, she wanted you to need it more than she did.

The first time Michael formed his mouth around that question, a sharp chill skipped up her arms and neck, pooling in the divot at the base of her skull. Six months had passed since she had learned his body, each inch of skin a brown elixir, the whole of his parts a poison whose taste she'd learned to crave. Six months. She had stepped aside her grief, pulling a heavy blanket over you and your last breath, believing that she too had climbed under those woolly fibers, leaving only tissue and bone and blood to fill this lifetime. That body, her body, grew wiry with Michael's use. She learned a new physicality for this alternate existence, one that pushed her away from pose into positions of mind and body that she could not conjure in any art.

She closed her eyes, waiting for his words to dissolve. In only a t-shirt, she could not acknowledge what Michael proposed. She could not be this woman, here in her marital bed with an unclothed man not her husband, her lover in a purely literal sense. She was a junkie woken from a drugged stupor, no answer for how she had arrived at this place. Looking like, for anyone who cared to see—even to myself, dear God—a woman with a man. As simple and as complicated as that.

There, in that moment, she felt more exposed than she ever had with you. With you, naked against a wall, against a screen, across a bed, atop a table, around a chair, on the floor, astride your lap, naked on your canvas.

And now, naked and ashamed. For what she could not say.

Michael smiled at the shock that froze her. He stroked her face. I know it's too soon, he said. I tried to wait. I know it's stupid to do this on Valentine's Day. Say yes, Sammy. Say you will.

For the first time, she noticed the dry patch of skin below his lips and a strip of sunburn along his hairline. She saw a twitch flutter in the thin tissue under his left eye. He knows, she thought. He can't admit it yet, not even to himself, but he feels it. It coursed through him, this new sensation of doubt. She wouldn't have to explain to him that she would never slip away. She hadn't been there at all.

Early the next morning he announced that he was being called away unexpectedly on assignment.

It's Mardi Gras, she said.

Nobody wants anything but cute kids sitting in ladders.

Your forte.

I think I've done enough of those to last a lifetime.

She hadn't planned in advance to join the throngs outside her window. She'd barely even noticed the growing hysteria over the previous days and nights. Since Michael left without doing his normal shopping, she went out to buy eggs and fruit and toilet paper—head down, denying herself the release of interaction. She'd been sequestered so long she hadn't noticed the proliferation of beads in the gutters and trees, the extra bottles and cans on the street, the stagnant puddles of human urine that Michael would have hosed away if he weren't punishing her. At the supermarket, she scowled at the red-foiled Valentine chocolates nestled near the king cakes.

After playing the dutiful daughter in Rex's 1983 court (never queen, as Marguerite, of course, had reigned in the year of her debut) and feeling like a fraud in her pristine white gown with its milky smooth satin bodice that hid the truth of her body, Sam had viewed Mardi Gras as a curse that clogged traffic. Even the words bored her. What could be decadent about waiting unending hours on sore feet for the parade to finish, or for the repetitive toasts, or the incessant chorus of "If Ever I Cease to Love"? Every year the same, Rex in an unconvincing wig and unflattering tights with someone's freshly presented granddaughter as his consort. Sam couldn't remember the last time she'd bundled up against the cold to scream for plastic baubles she didn't want. She was discouraged from going to night parades with friends. Marguerite always said their family didn't maraud like commoners on the street.

What made her return from the supermarket and abandon her groceries to walk into your studio and open pots of acrylic paint? Before she could question what she was doing (but with your crossed arms fluttering before her eyes), she had pulled her hair back into a severe bun at the base of her skull and covered her face in a thick veil of intoxicating white. She painted large black circles around her eyes and over her eyelids and nose. Atop her lips and straining toward her ears, she drew a wide smile of glistening teeth. In the middle of her forehead, she planted a large, red marigold with tips of gold. She rimmed all of the black with electric blue, then fashioned a heart on her chin. Green and yellow vines raced up her neck to choke it.

With great care, she pulled off the t-shirt she'd been wearing for two days. Around the black bra, she covered her arms and chest with more white paint. With the soft brush, she covered her scar, her entire torso. She stripped off the blue jeans and

socks. Half-painted, she ran to her bedroom to find thick black tights, which she cut at the knee and rolled low on her hips. She coated her calves and feet. She finished her arms and hands. She couldn't reach her back, so she ignored it.

In front of the mirror, her face showed an oddly calm, anonymous demon, but her scar shone through the white paint, proudly raised. If anything, the uniform white made her scar even more prominent. Following its lines, she drew more leaf-studded vines that stretched across and groped her belly and breasts. The paint was beginning to irritate her skin, but now some force other than her will nudged her to proceed. With growing dread, she added small red and orange flowers around her navel.

When the first coil of rope appeared at the pinnacle of her scar, her head whipped toward your locked closet and she dropped the brush. She steeled herself and nodded. Yes. She took up another brush. She wound the rope around her scar until it fashioned a dangling noose. A few more flowers in yellow and pink. Some colorful diamonds and swirls. She stepped back again to confront the mirror. What do you say, William? What do you say I leave you here and go out to play with the big kids?

It took no time for the crowd to envelope her. She walked alongside a Delilah with giant plastic shears in one fist and a grip of her Samson's long hair in the other. A man dressed as a giant hotdog whooped in her face. Two women raised their oversized tops to reveal prosthetic breasts with blood-red nipples. As the hoard drew toward Canal Street, she felt bodies press closer to hers and she could not have stayed her progress had she wanted to turn back. A warm hand rested on her shoulder. A damp that could have been water or beer or piss, or a mixture of them all, washed the paint from her feet. The jingle of tambourines filled the air and, from a distance still, the rich call of trumpets.

By the time she reached Canal Street, Orpheus was in full tilt. Electric lights twinkled from the massive Leviathan, its multihued dragon flicking a split tongue. Farther down, she could see a Trojan horse and a locomotive. A shock of pain as a stray string of beads hit her temple. A waving hand reaching over her shoulder. The warmth of a stranger's breath on her neck. A peacock grabbing her waist. Come on, death, the big bird giggled, Aren't you supposed to dance? She let herself be drawn into the wash of colors. Her knees pulsed in rhythm with someone, no longer the peacock—she was long gone—in her place now a devil with a pitchfork and his scantily clad angel whose wings beat those around her. Another woman beside them—Venus?

Helen?—untied her toga to reveal painted breasts. The crowd cheered to a shower of beads and doubloons. Sam was surprised to find a plastic cup, half empty, in her hand. Her mouth tasted of alcohol she did not remember drinking. A leprechaun ran through the crowd—Kiss me, I'm Irish!—to embraces by girls and pixies and grandmothers and prostitutes. He pulled Sam to him and pressed his lips to hers. The beer—was it beer?—rolled down her belly, but an unseen hand put another cup into her open hand. The drums pulsated through her arms and legs, she felt herself being raised onto a thick man's shoulders. From this height, she could look into the eyes of the masked riders. They threw her coveted long beads and teased with spears and stuffed toys. A plastic cup flew by her head. She laughed as her long fingers tipped it. She wanted to dance, but too many throws kept pummeling her unprotected body. She wiggled on these strange shoulders, but this joker—clown?—held her thighs tight. She knocked on his skull with just enough force to make him take notice. I want down, she said. As though she were a small child, he gripped her waist and lowered her over his bowed head onto the ground. She felt him smack her ass as she shimmied away.

Inside another crush of bodies, she yelled the script—throw me somethin', mister!—until her throat felt raw. She finished her drink and let the cup fall to the cracked pavement. A police horse neighed. She could hear two bands, each playing the same song three beats apart. She swayed with a fairy godmother. Another devil kissed her full on the mouth. A skeleton, painted in her style of sugar skull, stopped short when he glimpsed her. We must be soul mates, baby. He pulled her into an embrace so tender she felt no need to resist. His hand cupped her neck and teased her hair free. They danced in the neutral ground, to a song only he could hear. His other hand pushed into the clasp of her bra. She turned her face up. Her mouth touched his and opened for his tongue. She felt her clasp unsnap and a strap fall from her shoulder. He turned her around and ran his fingers over her damp belly. She opened her eyes to see Jonathan before her. The jolt shot through her but she remembered her disguise. She looked down to see her torso washed clean. His eyes on her scar. His eyes searching her, judging her. He moved toward her. She blinked and turned back into the embrace she didn't have to earn or explain or protect or enshrine.

She will admit that she saw Michael before you left. Yes, she will admit that. The places she visited, he was there. Michael, with his wide smile, his invitations, his uncomplicated time. He never seemed to need to be anywhere other than where she found him. With newspapers spread around him, taking up two tables at a busy café. Sitting on a bench in the park, chatting with dog-walkers and mothers' groups. Snapping pictures of a toddler riding a placid golden retriever, of a tired young mother who suddenly remembered she could be beautiful. In the aisles of Robért, he filled his basket with strawberry Pop-Tarts, frozen French fries, hot chocolate mix, and tubs of ice cream.

She can remember this man, this stranger whose skin she had never touched, whose voice she had never heard in the dark, whose taste she had yet to learn. She wondered how he filled his hours when he accepted everything exactly as it appeared.

They spoke each other's name. She found his hand on her shoulder. He ordered coffee for her. She noticed his photos in the paper open in front of him but said nothing. She asked about his father's health. She blushed when she spoke your name and couldn't meet Michael's eye.

They talked about the day's headlines, about road works, about restaurants that opened and closed. They were never alone. Nadine, the school crossing guard, parked herself at Michael's hip for the entirety of her six-minute cappuccino, patting his knee when she stood to leave. The barista's eye fell on him between customers. An old high school friend bent one knee on a chair next to Michael while waiting for a microwaved muffin. A local singer—she could never remember his name—slapped Michael on the back, obviously trickling black coffee onto the floor.

She cupped her coffee, wanting to stay, wanting to leave. Wanting to know what it was she ever really wanted. She lifted her hand in a wordless goodbye, feeling again like a schoolgirl. It would be no feat to love him. She waved and felt herself spared.

Once you were gone, truly and irrevocably gone, William. Only then.

The cab arrived, alerting them to its presence with three short beeps. Sam called out to you that it was time. She turned off the lights in your studio, then as quickly as she could, the ones that seemed to burn inexplicably in every room of the house. She

grabbed a thin jacket. The suitcases sat waiting downstairs inside the gate. I'm going down, she yelled into the darkness. I'll make sure he knows we're coming. Shake a leg, William.

She stepped onto the street, at first puzzled to find the spot in front of the building vacant. Only when she turned around, wondering if she'd imagined the horn, did she see her suitcase alone. She whipped back around to the street in time to catch the brake lights of the cab as it turned the corner.

Michael likes to affix anniversaries to trivial things. *A year ago today, I shot my first great photo. Or, Exactly a week ago, I tried this coffee and didn't like it. But, you know, today it's not bad. Or, Do you know what happened this day a month ago? I bought this new lens. I feel like I've always had it.* A quirk of his personality that could annoy or delight, depending on her mood.

He asked, Do you know what today is?

Tuesday, she said.

Two years ago today, I first kissed you. It doesn't seem that long ago, does it?
Two years.

No, it doesn't. Because it hasn't been that long.

July 21st. Two years ago today.

You're wrong, she said.

Think about it, Sam. It was after Felix's show. July 21st. Two years ago today.

You're wrong.

I still have the invitation, he said. You want me to look for it?

This is impossible. You left for your trip to Melbourne on August 8th. Without me. I heard on August 12th that aside from a brief telephone conversation with the curator the day after you arrived and a lengthy visit to another gallery specializing in Aboriginal art, no one had seen or heard from you. I phoned everyone I knew, or that I knew you knew, in Melbourne. This amounted to three calls. For days, I heard only confirmations that there was no news. Your hotel had been checked. As far as they could tell, you had not been there since the day after you arrived. You had placed the "Do not disturb" sign on the door. Your credit cards showed no activity. You had made

no phone calls. On the second day after your opening, which you also failed to attend, I rebooked my flight.

We had not spoken, you and I. With anger and worry and unfounded guilt, I had been waiting for your expensive, conciliatory phone call.

Part of me was convinced you had met someone and decided to start a new life, simply by walking out of the old. I could not imagine a happier scenario. Even if you were in a manic phase and did not sleep, you might change clothes or pick up supplies. But if you had decided to travel, you would not know how to book a ticket. Your driver's license had expired several years earlier.

On my daily phone conversation with the curator, I suggested, to my deep embarrassment, possible kidnapping. Even before I voiced it, I knew no one had taken you. A decade earlier, my father had saved you from destitution by anonymously buying batches of paintings no one else even considered, when critics had stopped reviewing, when everyone had lost interest in you except your faithful dealer Annabella Margulies. How I wish she had seen the true measure of your success before she died.

The curator met me at the airport, and together we drove in near silence to the hotel where you had stayed for at least one night and where your suitcase still waited. I had eaten only a single bite of a powdery bread roll during the long flight, but I'd filled myself with coffee, afraid to slip into unconsciousness now that I was on my way to you. In the passenger seat of the car, I looked out the window, silently viewing the sights that might have been narrated to me during a happier visit: the oldest train station on the continent with its dome glimmering in the winter sun. the sprawling lush of the Royal Botanic Gardens. I could identify only what signs told me and what I recalled from the guidebooks I had studied in the previous months. Here, I had pictured us arm in arm, looking for a comfortable place to rest along the riverbank. There, I thought, might be the museum that I knew we would visit separately and discuss at length over obscenely overpriced room service. This fry—this *chip*—you would say, letting it hang limp from your fingers, cost two dollars. My driver's lack of commentary terrified me: we were beyond the comfort of small talk. Australia would touch me in only one, shattering way.

The sole comfort in searching for you was the fear that you might catch and scold me. You had been insistent about your privacy, always. Your studio was padlocked whenever you had a work-in-progress that didn't involve me as a model.

Even when it did, our understanding was clear: the canvas was not for my eyes; I wasn't to walk near it. You would lose weeks of work if you thought something unfinished might have been within my line of sight.

Soon after you began painting, after you were forced to leave home, you lived in a disintegrating boarding house on North Rampart. Bedroom locks were useless, the doorframes chewed paper-thin by termites. You and your fellow lodgers stole from each other during the day and shared drinks at night. You weren't used to your damaged hearing. You missed syllables, full words. Some of your housemates seemed to speak about you in your presence, tucking a hand beneath their noses to shield their lips. You couldn't be sure.

Several of your brushes went missing. A blue shirt, a razor blade. You didn't have much, but the little losses didn't touch you, not after the loss of your home, your family, the girl you thought might love you, the person you had been. Those things that you couldn't recover even though they were all, more or less, intact on the other side of the city. A candy bar disappeared from your dresser. Your only pair of intact socks. These absences created degrees of difference: a deeper hunger, a colder night.

Once you began to paint again—what else could you do? what else was left?—you grew suspicious of the eyes around you. You refused to nod to the men in the stairwell. You were sure you heard them use your mother's name and Marguerite's. When laughter rang throughout the house, you knew you were the subject.

At first, you could not paint figures anymore. Every limb became a shape at which you were forbidden to look. A body you never wanted to see, and the one you coveted, that plagued you, that placed you here, in this house, without love, without hope.

You painted landscapes, you painted your childhood bedroom in detail so precise that even you were astounded. The last dollars in your wallet paid for the materials you used to build a huge canvas, one that your room could barely accommodate after you pushed bed and dresser together in one corner. On it, you made a life-sized study of one side of your mother's kitchen. The battered old stove with a stockpot on top. The sink scrubbed until its metal gleamed. A faded dishtowel, a pile of dirt-encrusted potatoes. The closer your images came to reality, the more fragile and in need of protection they were. You urinated in old soft drink bottles so you didn't have to go to the toilet down the hall. You sucked on shirt collars to calm hunger.

When you finally left the room, your heart pounded and you broke into a cold sweat. You ran to the post office to collect the envelope Marguerite had promised (no letter, only the imagined scent of her) and to the corner store for day-old bread and cans of potted meat. Watching your trembling hands, the clerk said, You better lay off that hard stuff for a while, my brother. It'll kill you.

When you returned to your room, you eyed the canvases with distrust, aware that they might have sold your secrets to anyone. And if they hadn't—if they had been brave and true—someone might have raped them. You knelt before them, sniffing for the odor of another person. You looked over them, inch by inch, questioning every brushstroke, every line. After an exhausting effort, you admitted that no one had altered them. Even so, they no longer felt as though they belonged to you alone. Someone had walked in on them naked; they had been humiliated. You took a knife from your pocket. How could they exist after what had been done to them? How could they bear it? You pressed the tip of the blade against the bottom of the stockpot. Your hand trembled. A deep breath expanded your lungs. You felt your mouth fall open and smelled your stale exhalation. Your body, around you, attached to you, wasn't you. These dirty fingers. The nails were filthy, caked with paint and with dirt, with the residue of old, foul food. This hand moved away from the pot, away from the stove. It found the other, even filthier hand. It pressed the blade to that thumb, below the knuckle. It dug until the red appeared. The thumb didn't move, so you sliced it, again, and again. Short, parallel lines, leaking the red that would wash the grime away, make these hands again clean and sweet and pure.

Never, in all the years I shared your home, did I violate your space. I believed you were god or devil; you had eyes everywhere. Even my thoughts contained the guilt of sin. I asked the hotel manager if I could go in alone, if she would wait outside the door.

By this time, I had reported you as a missing person. The police had been through. Nothing in your room seemed to be of much assistance. There had been a few changes of clothes, toiletries, a paperback mystery you must have picked up at the airport, your passport. No papers, no notes, no traces of any other person. I expected only to get a clear image in my mind of you sitting on the bed, to know what your view had been in this strange place, what might have tempted you in the minibar.

The room ached with your presence. Clothes covered the floor. The bed had been stripped, and the sheets formed a mound near the window. The bathroom was a mess of wet towels, smeared toothpaste and spilled shampoo. I could not be sure how much the police added to your disorder. The only surprise came as I was about to abandon the room. I shook open a dresser drawer, knowing it would be empty or that it would contain the ubiquitous Gideons Bible. I didn't even look, but as I shoved it closed I heard something shift inside. I slid it open again. There was a small, square canvas with a few hesitant brushstrokes, the outline of a faceless nude woman prone on a bed of empty space. Exposed, defenseless, unfinished, abandoned.

In a terrifying rush of certainty, I knew you couldn't possibly be alive.

In some cultures, silence is interpreted as acquiescence, Michael says. Silence in the face of a crime is often called *accessory*. A lack of opposition. To agree. To be copacetic.

James Lee Burke, she says.

OK, but I knew that word before I read him.

You're a terrible liar, Michael.

Let a man improve his vocabulary without drawing attention. You seemed OK with *acquiescence*.

Copacetic knocked that one right out of my mind.

Say yes, Sammy.

You're weepy because I just had my way with you.

Give me the possibility.

They lie close, her breath beating against his. His leg loops over hers. They have remained in the same position for so long that her limbs tingle. He is beautiful, and she never wants to move from this posture, no matter if all her extremities die from lack of circulation. But she does not admit this. She is warm, naked but for the covering of his body. She bites at his lip and pulls.

Don't, he says.

She loosens her hold and rests her lips against his.

How long will it take? His lips open on hers. She can taste his words. He pulls her into a quick kiss, then pulls his face aside. Forget it.

Don't play games, Michael.

I don't know why I love you. I've tried not to. He sits up, untangling himself from her. Why do you do this to me?

Honesty is not the same as cruelty. Even if it seems that way.

When will this stop being about William? You can't even bear it when I say his name. If you could see your face.

This isn't about him.

With you, everything always is.

You want me to make it about him. It's pathetic, Michael.

If meaning something to you means replacing him, then yes.

You were always jealous of him, she says, knowing this isn't true. If I had the choice, it would be him here next to me.

Michael's clothes are on his body in seconds. I won't even say it, Sam.

Say everything you've always wanted to say. Forget the charming, polite, everyone-loves-me-because-I'm-so-nice act for a second and say what you're thinking.

He wouldn't choose to be here with you. He didn't.

She dresses, cold after the loss of his body. The shuffle and thump of Michael's packing reaches her on the couch. He needs the noise now. She replays Michael's words, savoring the pain, imagining you pleased by this indirect self-flagellation. *He wouldn't choose to be here with you.* She pictures that lifeless face, the face that has replaced the true face in too many of her memories. The face you would have painted, the one that you did paint. The face to add to your collection, the one at which she can seldom bring herself to look, where even she, still full of hot, neglected breath, is a corpse. The first one, painted in the second year of your exile, of your mother in her coffin. Later, your father. Marguerite. In between, friends and strangers. You found your way into autopsy rooms, the morgue. The still living: her father, your dealer, a local priest, a street musician. She learned a new kind of fear when she found on the canvas her own dead face, her own blue-tinged fingers.

She walks out to the courtyard, tugging at the strawberry-stained shirt that clings to her moist skin. She feels small in it and ridiculous.

She wants to focus only on the jasmine and its wicked scent that elicits many memories but allows only suggestive fragments of color and light. The back garden of

the Saint Charles house. The smell of weekend reading while her mother pretended to garden in thick white gloves and perfect makeup. The whiff that followed her when she slipped out at night as a silly, errant teenager. Every visit home, even now. And here. Each season of its fragrance slapping her, its rebirth a shock not that it returned but that she could have forgotten it.

No more slamming doors or dresser drawers. His feet no longer pound the floor. Michael doesn't feed anger long. She's sure he's still in there, folding each shirt and pair of pants along their creases in order to fit precisely into his few suitcases and canvas bags. He can almost believe he's preparing for a long hiking trip. One that will end with him back here, bags tight with dirty but ordered clothing.

Michael always traveled alone, oblivious to the weather that swept across his face. When he walked a section of the Appalachian Trail, he borrowed a friend's Chesapeake Bay retriever, and they returned with matted hair that had to be cut before it could be washed. *Alone*, with friends or family. *Alone*, without her. He camped in lonesome woods, cultivating a smell that lingered after showers and laundry. Maybe the smell never left. Maybe she finally grew used to it.

Michael grew in his father's esteem when his relationship with her became gossip, after she became less cautious about where he rested his hands in public. His father showed Michael a previously unknown attention: offered him a bourbon at the house before sending him on an errand, asked him about his plans with a mind on more than simply scheduling Michael or comparing him to his CEO brother. Michael's father began to show up at her house, at your house. During those unplanned visits, he nodded a lot, smiled without looking at either of them. He said little. Instead, he studied her walls, your walls. He studied the walls even where there were no paintings, as though there were works of art that no one but he could find, secret, invisible art.

On the morning of a planned hike on the Trace, Michael's father arrived. Michael had sorted everything the night before, small packs filled with plastic bags of nuts and dried fruit, bottles of water, cheese and pickle sandwiches wrapped in foil, chocolate bars, a thermos of iced tea, his Louisiana bird guide and binoculars, his lightest camera and an extra lens. The number of times she saw his hand reach for the door handle. The number of times she asked for five more minutes. To choose a book, to drink one more cup of coffee, to make one last trip to the bathroom, to change into a more comfortable shirt.

Sammy, sweetheart, he said. I'm a patient man. Please don't change me.

Just one more minute, she said. I forgot to water. It's going to be a hot one. If I let the tomato plants droop again, René will kill me.

I'm withering, Michael said.

If she had left the plants, they would have missed him. They would have been on the interstate listening to Lucinda Williams, Sam's head pressed to the window, a thermos of coffee nestled between her thighs, wishing the day gone, looking up at the sky for hints of a storm, salvation.

Instead, she found herself in khaki shorts in her living room (your living room), asking this man if he'd like coffee, tea, waiting for Michael to say, We were just out the door... For the first time this morning, she wished they could walk out the door.

She glanced over at Michael. He looked like a small boy, the confidence scrubbed from his face. His eyes focused on his worn boots.

On second thought, the man said. Water, please. It's already hot. No ice, thank you. It's bad for the gums.

When she returned with the glass, she found that Michael had not moved, seemed not to breathe. The man tapped his shiny shoes in front of a painting you had finished a few months before she moved into this house. One of your largest, sixteen feet by twenty feet, it claimed an entire wall. You named the painting "Mourning after Darkness," but when it showed the sign read "Tempestuous Dream."

The painting is awash with color. A first look might discern no single tone or pattern. It claims a battered beauty, something dark trying to become light. Its colors hold pigments she has never been able to recreate, though she's tried. Its presence, like "Dawn in the Evening" of her childhood, has become essential to her: a focal point she must see every day or risk unhinge.

How much?

She realized her breath had caught, and she pushed it out through her nose, the muscles in her stomach contracting. Her eyes shifted between Michael and his father. Michael with his lips parted for words he never formed. The old man's wet eyes and papery skin, his tongue that flicked against loose dentures.

Michael stared unblinking at her hairline. The only sound the creak of his father's stiff shoes. She might brew a fury and physically expel the spindly little man.

She could feign confusion. Or she could pretend she heard nothing. And what of the other possibilities?

How much do you have in mind?

His face battled against a smile that twitched into place. He rubbed his thin hands on the front of his pants while his frame rocked on his heels.

I know what other pieces have gone for, he said. Of course, as you well know, nothing has been for sale, well, lately. And there is the size to consider. The uniqueness. One of the larger ones, unless there are more we have not yet seen—

There are no others, she lied.

Unique, indeed, then. And there is the matter of its personal value, I understand. I am willing to compensate generously for, well, any feeling there might be in it.

Any feeling?

Any, should we say, attachment you might have to it. I understand it's quite an old piece.

Attachment?

Any strong feeling you have for the painting.

Yes, she said. I think I understand.

I have long admired this piece. I saw it 1988, was it?
'87.

In '87, then. At Arthur Rogers. Yes, it was so much easier to see his work when he was on one of his breaks from Annabella. You will agree, of course, that she, shall we say, stifled his career. That was her trademark, wouldn't you agree? I saw it again in—what?—'93 at her shoddy little place. She wouldn't sell it to me then.

It's never been for sale.

I need not tell you, I'm sure, that the work will be well cared for and admired. There has been a trust set up to maintain the collection in its entirety for the foreseeable future. You see, I am not sentimental about my own demise.

Your demise?

Not imminent, of course, but planned for in its inevitability.

Smart, she said. Yes, very wise.

Those of us entrusted with things of value and beauty must ensure their continued care. It is my duty and my pleasure, as I am sure your father would agree.

Of course.

You understand, there is no expectation of a definitive figure today, he said. I presume no urgency. That would be folly. The only urgency is that we receive first option, of course.

I understand.

If anyone or any organization approaches you with an offer, I guarantee I will exceed it. This piece is important to me and to my collection.

Yes, I understand.

So I will leave now. Thank you for the water. Unless you have anything else you would like to say? Or any other pieces you would like me to view?

I'll think about our discussion. Should I send my answer to your office?

Do. My assistant will keep the correspondence confidential. I have every faith in him, of course. You may contact him or me at any time.

You'll hear from me. You're OK to see yourself out?

She watched him find the door without a word from his son. She turned her back to Michael in time to hear the door's slap.

I'm so sorry, Sam, I'm sorry. I had no idea he would do that.

Of course you didn't, darling. But maybe he'll give you a percentage. You should ask.

She walked into the courtyard, searching for your presence. Michael didn't dare follow. Her desire come true, a day alone in her space, to revisit the past.

She is not sentimental. Or she is, and so she pushes against it. This kind of introspection can be difficult for her. She wants to make herself better than she is or at least more like the person other people think she might be. Or the one she sometimes wants to be. And so she forces herself to act in ways that feel foreign to the presence inside that she has, over the long years, attempted to kill.

She sold your paintings.

Not every one. Not the one Michael's father coveted. Not the last ones you painted. Not those terrible ones, of your lifeless mother and father and the others. But more than she should have, more than she wanted to, for prices that devalued the rest, to people who couldn't begin to appreciate what they were receiving. She sold more than she should have, sooner than she should have. More than she can bear. You must find this line of thinking inane.

Your paintings seemed to breed in the months after your disappearance. There were more, surely, than ever before. She wanted them to wash her clean, to destroy everything of her except you. She lies. For a moment—only that—she wanted to rid this place of you. To never see your work again. She set the course in motion. One after the other walked out the door, down the steps, never to be seen again. Most had not been photographed. You were a terrible cataloguer. She made up dates, titles for buyers. She sold more in weeks than Annabella had parted with in years. And then.

You left no will and your sister (*estranged sister* in the obituaries), as your closest relative, stood to inherit everything, but she refused to acknowledge you. They met once, she and Sam. A simple meeting in which Melissa signed over every last thing. So there was only Sam. Your *common law wife*, the worst kind of wife there is, the one who has no power, no rights, no claim to her husband. Here, without ceremony or flashed smiles, was the wedding she had craved.

At first, their friends—your friends—closed around her, as though she were an extension of you, a smaller one that wafted the musk of your hair, who wore your sweat-stained shirts. Your fibers in her sheets, your unwashed forks and coffee cups that she rescued from your studio. The friends recalled that she had arranged your shows, kept the peace between you and Annabella, washed your brushes, built your canvases. That she was for years your sole model. They remembered that her father bought your work when no one else wanted you. For a while, she became the long-suffering woman behind the great man.

Questions hung between them, unasked, though she felt them bruised against her in the crush of each embrace. They waited with heads cocked. They said, We're here.

Their patience expired. She could have saved you. Only she could have expected it. Once she washed her sheets and there was rumor of the fresh scent of another man on them, these friends had no more questions. They said, No wonder.

She had known you were sick. She sent you to an unknown place alone, for an unimportant show, so she could pursue without your interference a man half her age. A photographer. A *sports* photographer.

She had used you for prestige, for money—never mind that there was no money, that there was the opposite of money when she entered your life. They

recounted her trysts and your heartache. They took the woman she became after your death and rearranged her old life in that image.

Whispers of her wrongdoing became public accusations after news of the large profits from your posthumous sales, of which she had scammed your grieving sister. Louder still when they discovered that she had begun painting and when her paintings found gallery space. She heard of their disapproval third-, fourth-hand. Their public slights became proof of her martyrdom.

Her only job, if it can be called that, has been to decide the fate of your paintings. Even before it might have seemed appropriate to the most unfeeling, institutions and individuals approached her. She could hear their unveiled excitement through the phone line. At first, she clung to pieces you would have tossed aside, grateful for the sale.

She became obsessed with your work. In the quiet of the empty house, she ran her fingers over your canvasses, something she never had done even as a tempted child. She punished you in small ways for what you had done, and she finally pulled you closer than you ever wanted to be. Then she had to get rid of you. You filled her so she could no longer breathe. Michael could have been a cure: the pressure of his hips filling the hollow of hers and his warm hands at the base of her skull, but they stressed an unbearable absence. His handsome limbs a threat to the ones she wanted to forget.

She sold you off, fragment by fragment. Quietly at first to important collections, museums that eluded you in life, places where you believed you belonged. She ignored the money swelling in a bank account that now held only her name.

After the flight home, after the funeral, after the blank days that followed, she tried to catalogue the paintings, slept fitfully on the lumpy sofa in your studio, then more successfully on the floor. She took Michael into your bed, twisted him in your sheets. Waited for her punishment.

In the bowels of night, with Michael's hot thigh pressed against her, she dissected your final days. She looked for signs, for something more than what had become their normal.

You looked unwell. Deep circles pooled under your eyes. You said your teeth felt loose. You couldn't sleep. You slept all day. Your work frustrated you; you smashed an easel with a hammer, reducing it to wood chips. You left an inky cloud of

burn on the wooden floor. You started cutting again, reopening scars on your hands, fingers, and ankles that hadn't bled in years.

You thanked her when she placed a mug of steaming coffee in front of you. You laughed when she said you'd eat kangaroo for breakfast in Australia. One night she woke as you pulled her into your dank warmth to embrace her until the sun shone across your face. She watched you in those silent hours, unwilling to waste such precious affection on sleep.

You were sad. You were often sad. With your thumb, you traced the palm of her hand. You said you would paint her nude, straddling the rump of a crazed emu.

I can't do this without you, you had said. I need you to help me. Only you can do that.

You were the William she had always known, a riddle refusing an answer. A darkness striving for light. A light that welcomed the dark to fuel the demons you thought would guide your hand. You stepped away from the edge just before falling into the limitless black. Then you inched closer to get a better look, dangling your toes over the precipice. You always pulled back in time. Yours was a controlled lack of control. You could dig your way out, emerging with nails caked in dirt and blood and genius.

Is any of this true, William?

Any of this might be true.

In a moment of self-hate, she sold her favorite nude, the one you made in a state of euphoria, kissing her deeply between brushstrokes, dancing your brushes around her breasts, over her thighs, teasing them nearly inside her, covering her in the tangerine and cerise and viridian that never appeared on the canvas. She regrets no sale as fiercely.

While that first brush with art as a literal muse intrigued her and ensured her a legacy within a small community, Sam had not understood at the time what she was doing there in the painter's studio, posed uncomfortably while her father told her stories to pass the time. She did what her father, and by extension the artist, told her to do because they were adults and she an obedient child. The exposed nipple that wasn't hers embarrassed Sam only later when she understood that others—her friends, her teachers—would believe that they saw her true flesh, her body willingly exposed.

Her artist, the first one of her choosing, painted the stolen strokes in his studio, on a canvas propped next to her schoolgirl's heap of discarded clothes. She had melted into a deep unconsciousness in his sweat-dampened sheets, her lips and neck chaffed with the first violence of love. Feeling old in the deed but miniscule in her nakedness, she prickled with the expectation of what was to come. What was to come? Did she think then of marriage, of hiding her secret from her parents, of not needing to hide it? No, she anticipated only the next time his skin would touch hers, the pressure of him above her, beside her. Thigh on thigh, lips on lips, fingers igniting skin.

She woke with a gasp. The sag of the mattress had dropped her head and shoulders as it had elevated her sore haunches. The threat of tears stung her eyes. The breadth of a fingernail seemed more substantial than her trembling shoulder blades. She pulled the blanket tight across her back.

Don't move.

A paint-coated brush jutted from his mouth. The canvas, tall and narrow, segmented his face. She could see his left eye, his hair wild above his scalp, one white ear striking into the darkness.

You're not... Her tongue refused the other syllables tumbling through her head. The rush of blood pushed droplets of sweat onto her upper lip and hairline. She felt her face flush.

I am, he said.

Don't. She clung to the blanket as though it might save her.

He pulled the brush from his mouth. He walked to her and peeled the covers down her arms, exposing her torso and legs. If he kissed her, she thought, she could do this. While she slept, a stranger had replaced the lover who had inhaled her breasts. He pushed her legs apart with his chaffed fingers, then closed them again, until the moment before thigh skimmed thigh, a hair of empty space, less than a breath. The palm of his hand urged her lower back to arch. His fingers filled her mouth, drawing it open. Wet and pink, they left her. She dared not close her lips.

No clock measured her sentence. Aside from the bed and his easel, two lamps and a dozen cardboard boxes cluttered the claustrophobic space. A thick blanket that covered the small window blocked light, time, space.

Her skin burned with attention, with guilt and pride, each intensified by the other.

You're finished, he said. I can do the rest without you.

She covered herself, waiting for a word from him, a touch that would destroy the fear of what he had created. His stare rested on the image in front of him; the only movement flowed from his arm into his hand as it shifted between palette and easel. She found her clothes on the floor. Rumpled skirt, sticky blouse, one shoe overturned beneath the bed. She feared the way she must look. In the bathroom mirror, the reflection's horror at her state would spread over her body the guilt she knew she felt, making it visible to every person who passed her on the long walk to the streetcar that would take her home.

Fully dressed, she stood near him, too far away to view his work but close enough for the odor of paint and oil to sting her nostrils.

If you want to watch, he said, sit over there.

I have to go.

He dropped a brush, then grabbed a smaller one. He stepped back from the canvas, staring hard at it, as if it were a language he had known once and could recall only if he concentrated.

Look how beautiful you are, he said to the painting.

I have to go now. She tried to keep her voice soft and low. The tone she used to convince herself.

Look, he said, reaching out to touch her hand. Look at how beautiful you are. He pulled her to the painting, placed her squarely in the center. He rested his hands on her shoulders, his chin on her head.

Do you see?

She shook her head under the weight of his.

Open your eyes.

I can't.

Open them, Sam. Have you ever looked more beautiful?

No, she said. I don't think I ever have.

She misses your nude. She remembers the first day you worked on it as though it were happening right now. She can almost feel your fingers press the throb in her wrist and in her neck. Your tongue lapping her clavicle. You encouraged her to talk that day, when on most occasions—long, exhausting days—you wanted her quiet and still. You

never seemed to love working the way you did that day. Your arms fluid, the brush an extension of your fingers, of your vision. She had never noticed before that when you smiled, your back molars—stunningly white—were visible. Your tongue was plump. Your arms contained the exposed veins of an athlete. You were so full of laughter, bubbling with it, that you tucked your head into your shoulder to stifle it. You danced. Do you remember? You had no grace, but it was beautiful. The tip of your brush dotted a ruby dimple on either side of her face. You let her move in any way she wished. She stopped thinking about her own breathing. Her belly felt full and alive and hungry. When she approached you, you didn't scowl. When she climbed onto your lap and grabbed the brush, you watched her delighted. You pressed your face into her mess of hair and left it there until she could only just stand the heat of your breath. She was both the woman on the canvas and your lover caressing you, only this once. There, you said. She wants more shine on her knees. And maybe her ankles. Yes, I said. Let's add some to her elbows and right above her eyes. As the cerise and tangerine and viridian that you had dabbed across my skin bled into your clothes and you grew pleasantly, lazily hard against my back, you guided my hand over the picture. Now her fingernails are perfect, you said. Look, she needs more shadow in that plumb of a belly button. It's so deliciously tight I want to stuff my fat thumb right into it. And you did. You reached around me and seemed to press everything of yourself into my body. I moaned as though you had touched my raw clitoris. My beautiful girl, you said. My beautiful, precious love. I wish you were just any girl.

I miss that painting. Sometimes I think I could find myself, and you, if I could discover where it hangs.

Five

In the courtyard with no interference but familiar street sounds, she should have been alert to Michael's presence. She should have heard the door open and his frame hover before her. It's frightening what our inadequate bodies allow us to overlook.

He stands beside her with a canvas in his hand. Its front faces his leg, but she knows which one he holds.

Were you sleeping? he asks.

I never rest, she tells him.

I believe you, he says. He's ready to be gentle again, even though she doesn't deserve it.

Making a dent in there. For a guy who has nothing, I'm finding a lot of junk. Two corkscrews under the bed alone, another in the closet. Do I drink that much?

It's good to be prepared. Weren't you a Boy Scout? You know, my dad was the first Eagle Scout in the parish. Jonathan didn't make it until the next year. I think it was around that time that he took up boxing.

Michael's face grows serious. Refusing to look at her, he says, I know it's not mine—

Take it, she says. Please.

You never gave it to me, but I can't imagine not having it.

Michael, don't think another thing about it.

You won't miss it?

I don't have room to miss anything else, she says. And the beat her heart skips echoes in her chest. It will hurt him more if she tries to take them back. His shoulders fall.

Who are you trying to make this easier for? he asks.

Take the painting.

She has never enjoyed looking at her own paintings. The act of displaying them brings back memories of her hospital rooms and feels like a summons to disease. Once the paintings are three, four years old and they seem like the work of another person,

someone she once knew well but will never meet again, they are less dangerous. She can endure them on a wall. She can almost appreciate them once she has forgotten which colors she used, which brushes, what music was playing as she painted, what drove her to make it, how the execution failed the vision. She knows that she is at best second-rate. Anyone who ever bought them—not that there have been many—will see a devaluation of their investment.

You would hate her paintings. That's too strong. You would *disregard* them, and she finds a kind of comfort in that. You always approved her tinkering. You enlisted her to finish the most tedious repeating patterns on your canvases, a fact no one likes and that few believe. You liked her to mix your colors, realize intricate details when your eyes failed. She was an extension that could continue when you grew fatigued. You described and she fleshed your words. Plumper, you would say from your perch on the sofa. More gray, less orange. Wash out the face, it's all wrong. Sometimes you sprang alive again to yank the brush from her hand.

She was right hand, third eye, nurse, secretary, warm depository for your desire, fingers that pressed the pill over your teeth and down your throat. Giver of life, thief of the dark gift, hangman, and savior. Nothing more.

She can find pleasure in a few of her oldest paintings. The beauty of these pieces lies in their accidental magic, in the strokes and bounce of light that she will never recreate. She sees something of you in them. Your teeth marks dotted the spines of brushes. Your fingerprints were preserved on containers of black and purple, magenta and puce. Something of you—DNA, an aura, your energy—fills those canvases that bear her name. They clearly mimic your style, your subjects. She makes no apology. But it is more than that. You are there, and those images comfort her. As though, from wherever you are, aside from whatever rejection lies between the two of you, you still reach out to her.

In the months that followed, the tubes of paint emptied. She used the last drips of them, folded the tubes into themselves, walked them to the bin and dropped them inside. They fell from her hands with no effort at all. Your cat, dead three years now but spiteful and destructive then, took brushes, and she did not stop him even after the wood splinters penetrated her naked feet. After those first months, she couldn't feel you anymore, even in your studio. She made a study of one of your nudes based on her body. She painted it in brighter colors than your own, a shock of pink where yours was

rusty, electric blue to your cyan. She destroyed her version, still wet. She began to avoid the studio. Her paintings had nothing of the life of those first few. She grieved again, not entirely for you.

Critics of her work alternate between careful insomnia about you—revealing, she thinks, more about their insecurity than her perceived frailty—and condescension over her obvious, blatant theft. One went so far as to suggest that the first canvases to appear with her name were actually the work of your hand. He said that close examination of the area around the signature showed unusual variations, proof that it was inexpertly painted over to replace an existing signature.

The one that Michael covets is of this period. From the distance of years, even she disapproves of the short time between your disappearance and Michael's embrace. Surely, you had been lost to her for years, for decades before she first touched Michael's skin, before she let him breathe against her body. Insomnia created weeks from days, years out of months. She drained days staring at the wall or at a painting. When she finally felt the necessity of food, every edible item in the house had shriveled, molded, shape-shifted. Every last thing that her father and Jonny and Corinne had carefully packed into baskets and placed in her fridge. She bolted the door from the inside so they could no longer use the key they shared. The neighbors asked them to stop leaving bundles at the door because they served only to feed the city's packs of feral dogs.

You were not there, and you weren't there. William, you were not there. Then Michael was. He came to check on her, he knocked on the door, and there he was.

He was fully formed and simple, so perfect there was nothing to see, nothing to add or subtract. A face without blemish, a body without fault, a presence that could be no presence at all.

In the painting, he sees the beginning of the two of them. On a background of smoky black, two rust-colored orbs sit at opposite corners. A thin arm extends from each, growing in diameter before fusing to the left of the center. She describes it this way—instead of as a barbell, which one critic said it resembles. There is little room for interpretation. Michael sees the two of them reaching toward each other, creating a bridge that might keep them together, despite their intentions.

He does not know that it is a study of a segment of one of your paintings. One from the closet in your studio that she has seldom entered since Michael arrived.

Surrounded by your dead mother and father, by your sister, by Marguerite and by her father, by strangers and children, your army of corpses—everyone but you—she would stare at those images of herself and create from them a kind of communion that reconnected her to you. The painting she made is a failure. It is an evasion, a disappointment of imagination and of courage. She thought she could begin with a painless element, then draw strength from its completion. She told herself it would be five or six times larger than life. She never moved beyond this small canvas. She could not do what you had done, over and over, from life and from your imagination. She could not, as much as she wanted to, obliterate her own existence. The painting Michael holds is nothing more than a close-up of the dress pattern you chose for her corpse.

We never invited them to see the paintings. I worked on them like nothing else in my life. Crowds should line up in the hallway to await the revelation. A frozen finger. The swell of skin pulling away from bone. The cold lips. The final word, my word.

She yells back into the house: Is there anything else you want?

His feet pound back down the stairs. His arms hang long at his sides, but his wrists are cocked, fingers outspread, tense. Did you say something?

I asked if you wanted anything else.

He does not speak.

From the house, she says. Take whatever you want, even if you're not sure if it's yours. I want you to have everything.

Please don't yell at me from out here. You're going to make me break my neck running back and forth on those slippery steps.

You're being nice in there, leaving what you think I might want one day. Take it.

I'm sick of arguing, Sammy. Do you want lunch? I'm starved. I was so anxious about today that I don't even remember eating yesterday. I can try to fix something.

I'll be impressed if you can find anything edible in there, she says.

She used to be the one to worry over meals, hiding vitamin supplements in brownies and sweet breads—banana-chocolate chip, cranberry-almond, dried cherry and pistachio—all from gourmet mixes that she found in boutique cookware shops. After years of living together, she managed, sometimes, to get you to eat breakfast with her before spending the day uninterrupted in your studio. You often spent nights in there, painting through the dark hours with only minimal lighting, and sleeping a few hours in the late afternoon. Back when she, as a teenager, met you for the first time, you were so thin that your mortality frightened her. In the years between your first encounter and later affair, you became healthier. Your legs filled with lean muscle. A faint glow warmed your cheeks. Your hair seemed thicker. The scars on your hands lightened into geographical maps to faraway places you no longer needed to visit.

Your moods threatened to turn you back into that bone-and-tendon figure. At the end of your life, your arms were soft and lanky, your belly slightly bloated, though you still seemed to eat little. You were often unwell, in the midst of an unnamed illness or fighting one or, always, getting over something. You refused to swallow pills, other than the green one you regularly took, then refused, then took again when you had let yourself slide further than you could control. You drank. Yes, what they said was true. Only as much as necessary, only for certain paintings, particular days. Always on Thursdays, always. Somehow this made sense to her. It still does. Drink to oblivion on Thursday, spend Friday morning on your knees, strangling your mother's glass rosary beads. On Friday evening, pretend that none of this ever happened.

The first time Sam met you, in her mother's clothes and against her will, she might have mistaken you for a drunk. She often replays that night, and she knows that over the years she has smoothed her memory based on how she grew to love you and to lose affection for her mother. Once the villain, you become unexpected hero, shouldering the unthinkable actions of your forever beloved, the one you would never possess but whom you could not betray. The one who formed you, the one who damned you, the one for whom you never ceased to yearn.

What Sam learned of your and Marguerite's story, she caught in fragments shouted at her as you fought, in phrases that trickled from your lips in sleep. In stories begun then abandoned. In explanations too simple to believe.

She killed my mother, you know. You would say this as Sam poured your coffee, handed you a brush, stood before you naked. She made me kill her. I hadn't

seen her in more than a year, but we killed her. Marguerite and me. Look at her ugly creations. I'm one of them. You too. You're one of them.

I loved her, you would say over dinner after Sam had asked you whether you'd like to accept an invitation to an opening. You said, All those months when the only contact I had with any human being was her stupid envelopes. Not even a note. I wondered whether she might be illiterate. I've never read a word she wrote. Not even *sorry*. Everyone says they're sorry even when they're not. It's the easiest word in the language. Even easier to say than *I love you*.

You didn't inherit your mother's hips, Sammy, you would say. I could place my open palm from end to end and still squeeze those protruding bones between my thumb and middle finger. She was as slight as a doll. And as dull.

In the car, as Sam drove you to visit Annabella: She made me do it. She promised me everything if I would do it. I didn't even wonder why she wanted me to. I thought only about *how* I could do it. *How* I could not get caught. *How* she would reward me. How stupid a request it was. Take Claiborne Avenue. I don't want to get stuck in the construction traffic on Magazine.

In bed, her arm falling asleep under the pressure of your dead weight: You look so like her some days, Sammy, but so much sweeter. If I'd had her, there would be no you.

Sam learned not to respond. She listened and waited for truths, lies, the hints that rested somewhere between the two. In private, she rearranged your pieces to fit the lives she had witnessed, to color and shade the parents who, more and more, became strangers to her.

For years, Sam blamed Marguerite—in the ground a full year before her affair with you began—for ruining the gentle boy who lived somewhere in the man. For a while, she knew—she *knew*—that you and Marguerite had been lovers. She couldn't be sure whether this had been at her father's expense. Sam might have gravitated to you without her mother's influence, without Marguerite having placed her hand in yours, but she might have allowed you to push her away. She knows how she looked to others: a woman throwing her life away on a love that never existed. Did she—does she—look that way to you? Don't give up on her yet. Let me show you. Let me take you back into my embrace.

In the car on the way home after your show in Baton Rouge, Marguerite turned sullen. It was normal for her to be moody after an event, especially one she had enjoyed. Back then, Sam thought her attitude was a product of weariness; her father always wanted to arrive near the opening time and remain until the gallery staff congratulated the artist and turned down the lights.

After Marguerite went to bed, Sam slipped back into the entryway to inspect “Dawn in the Evening.” The chapped, scarred hand that had scraped against hers earlier in the night had created this more than fifteen years earlier. The angry savage whose imagination could now produce only muddy triangles and squares had once been a boy who looked at a woman and saw this.

To Sam, this woman became a beautiful obscenity. Indecent not because of her naked body or the way she used it, but from something accidentally exposed in her face, a desire and a disgust she tried but could not conceal. Her father found Sam in front of the painting. She anticipated his heavy hands and when they didn’t land on her shoulders, she felt untethered.

The new work is nothing like this, she said.

Artists change, we all change. What seems important today doesn’t always. Come on, Sammy, have a nightcap with me. She followed him into the kitchen.

He poured himself a Scotch and pulled out a chair for her at the table.

I’m sorry you had to miss your party, Sammy. That couldn’t have been much fun for you. The same boring people and not much to look at.

She shrugged.

I know it didn’t seem fair, but it meant a lot to your mother that you came with us, even if she never tells you that. It’s been years since William’s had a real show. He’d never go to one of your mother’s. She’s known him for a long time and wants to see him do well. It’s a shame that someone with so much talent wastes it.

What’s wrong with him?

Oh, beautiful girl. You’re a lovely thing.

The melting ice crackled in his glass. His big hand rocked it until the cubes settled into the bottom.

But what’s *wrong* with him?

The same thing that's wrong with everybody. Some of us hide it better than others.

Is he sick?

Not that I know of. Not in any real way that I've heard.

Why is she friends with him?

Why is anyone friends with anyone? All right, Sammy. I see I'm frustrating you as usual—

No—

Let me try to answer your questions. They knew each other way back, before I knew your mother. She loves that painting, the one you were just looking at. She loves who she thinks he was then. She loved his mother, was friends with the whole family. I think it was refreshing for her to be with people so unlike her parents. You know what that's like, huh? He had a rift with his father, I never knew about what. Or it was with his mother, or both. I don't know the details. I think they all did some things and said some things that they shouldn't have. Your mother tried to help smooth things over, but I'm afraid in her—how shall I say this?—in her unique way, she might have made things worse. This might surprise you, Sam, but your mother doesn't always see the world the way other people do. He winked. She doesn't always say things in the way she means. She is very loving, and believe it or not, she tries to show that. Whatever happened, he was never the same kid again and they didn't speak for a long time. She helped him out when no one else would.

Sam sighed. She wanted to tell her father that William cursed at her and that Marguerite had held his hand.

Your mother tells a story about him from when he was, I don't know, sixteen or seventeen. He was into photography then. Somebody in the family knew Dennis Stock and arranged for William to meet him. Do you know who that is? He's an incredible photographer from New York. We have one of his books, *Jazz Streets*. You should take a look at it. Anyway, William goes into the house where he's supposed to meet this young but famous, brilliant photographer. He's so nervous and excited and giddy that he can't even watch where he's going and he rushes straight into a beam, knocking himself unconscious. He was out cold for about five minutes. He came to with a big grin on his face. That's the kind of kid he was. So she says.

He looks a lot older than she does.

He's given himself a hard life. Much harder than it needed to be, I'd say. We choose these things, whether we know it or not.

What's wrong with his hearing?

It's lovely that someone thinks I know all the answers.

Dad.

I know, I'm hopeless. And maybe helpless. Usually hapless. Yes, yes, I register the scowl on your face, I'm completely annoying as well. I couldn't think of a word that starts with "h" that means "annoying."

So you won't tell me?

My sweet, darling girl. I have no idea. Maybe it was a childhood illness, birth defect. A great blow to the head. Too many rock concerts. Motorcycle crash, very romantic.

You don't become hard of hearing from a motorcycle crash.

Well, then, there's one less thing I'll have to worry about.

You don't even have a motorcycle.

No, but now it's looking more appealing than ever. Refill? Oh, I didn't even offer you a first round. What an appalling host I am.

You shouldn't drink that stuff.

A drink or two is fine for an old guy like me who eats his greens and plays tennis twice a week and drinks water all day long.

It's bad for your liver.

Drinking to *excess* is bad for the liver.

If drinking a lot is bad, then drinking some must be not very good.

So it's true what Corinne tells me about you not wanting to eat anything but lettuce?

The liver needs clean food. You shouldn't drink alcohol. No one should.

You haven't been sick all year. You've doing everything right, but you don't have to be perfect, Sammy.

Even then, at thirteen, she considered this foreign organ inside her as precious cargo that she was protecting. She understood the danger of rejection or failure, but above any fear she had for herself, she thought about the body who shouldn't have had to give this liver up. She assumed the boy or girl was a child like her who had died in

some sudden, horrific way. She imagined one day that the parents might ask for it back, this last living link to their beloved, lost little one.

Are you listening to me, Sammy?

Yes.

So?

So I think you should agree to have only one drink a week.

My liver is healthy, Sam. I promise you that I will not need a transplant. I promise you that it isn't diseased and that I am taking care of myself. I'm not planning on leaving you anytime soon.

So you promise?

How about this? I promise to have no more than one drink per night on the nights that I drink, which will not be every night. If I do that, you promise to be more adventurous and understand that Corinne loves you like you're her own child and would never poison you.

She uses too much salt.

Maybe she does. I'll talk to her about the salt. Do we have a deal?

If she stops with the salt.

Shake on it. Her father gripped her thin hand and pumped it so vigorously she was forced to laugh.

It's going to kill me to give up my one little pleasure.

It's going to *not* kill you to give it up.

Her father sat straighter in his chair. Do I have to pour this one into the sink, or does it predate the contract? OK, OK. I'll feed it to the pipes.

They sat for a while in silence, Sam knocking her shoe against the solid leg of the kitchen table, her father swirling the liquid he would not drink.

Dad, she seemed very sad tonight.

Yes, she did. We're all wounded.

Some of us even have the scars to prove it.

Aren't you a funny one? I think I can promise you that his wounds are nothing in comparison to that beautiful mark you wear across your chest. Have I told you lately how beautiful you are?

So many times that I think you're lying. I know it's ugly, but I don't mind it that much. No one has to see it.

I'd love to see it, if you'd let me. I'm proud of it and of you.

Don't be so soppy.

He rose from the table. Sam could hear the liquid trickling into the sink. Her father turned back to her. Do you want a glass of milk? Maybe I'll have one.

She shook her head. Why does Mother care about him if he doesn't even want to see her? He didn't even ask about her work.

He sat back down at the table and spread his hands in front of him. We spend our lives trying to recapture the person we think we should be. To be better and different than we are. Sometimes it works. Most of the time at the end of the night, we find ourselves alone with our old, ill-fitting selves.

Did she do something wrong?

We all do something wrong.

He said things to her.

What kinds of things?

I don't think they're friends, Dad.

No, I don't suppose they are. But that won't stop her from loving him. We love all kinds of people we can't stand to be near.

I didn't like him, Dad.

Do you wish you hadn't met him?

She stopped to think about her answer. Her first impulse was to say yes, but she instinctively knew that was untrue. Even forming that answer in her head felt like telling a lie.

No, she said. But I don't know why. I liked the painting more before I met him, but...

It's still beautiful with him.

Yes, but...

He makes it more complicated.

Yes.

Ah, art without the artist! Such a glorious, unencumbered thing of beauty.

She wanted to ask: Is it her? Is it Mother? She played his answer in her head: Of course not. She said: I'm tired, Dad. I think I'll go to sleep.

He said: In her own way, she's trying to share her life with you.

After the most intense grief, the pain Sam thought and hoped would never wane, she lived with Michael in what she called, to herself, half-days. No one could deny their existence, but these days did nothing to alter any part of what she considered her real life. They were like half-days at school: it was compulsory to attend, but students finished little work, attention was distracted, and in the air pulsed the fever of impending holiday. These half-days filled her time while she waited for life to recommence.

Close-at-hand, Michael served as a study of a character she had not believed existed. Once, running late for an appointment with a curator for an exhibition that proposed to include one of your paintings, Sam spotted a woman sprinting along Carrollton Avenue.

Inappropriate running gear, she said, staring at the woman through the smudged passenger side window. Especially in this heat.

What's that? Michael had been humming along with the oldies station.

That woman. She's running in hiking boots and jeans. In this heat. Maybe someone's chasing her, or something. She turned back toward the road. The woman no longer existed.

She's trying to catch her dog, he said. Look. He pointed ahead to a lanky Dalmatian, all legs and tongue.

Naughty dog. Look how happy he is, she said.

Michael's hand was already pulling the turn signal, making his way across the lanes to reach the woman and wave her inside. His eyes showed a concern that Sam hadn't felt for anyone since that phone call warning her that you might be missing.

There's no way she'll catch him like that, he said.

He neared the woman, tapping the horn, but her eyes were locked on the dog; she saw, heard nothing else. The woman crossed the intersection amid honks and screeches. Michael pulled back into the stream of cars to follow the dog. Sam watched as another car stopped for the woman and she jumped inside. Michael accelerated.

Be ready to hop out, he said.

The dog ran hard, oblivious, its tendons and bones visible beneath taut skin. Ears flapped against its head.

And do what?

Stop him. Call to him.

You're joking.

Michael stomped the brake and pulled the car into park. He swung the door open.

Here, buddy. He kneeled with his hand out. The dog slowed but he was still a few feet away. Here, boy. Good boy, come here. He whistled.

The dog lifted his head, looking beyond Michael. Without hesitation, the dog propelled himself back into motion. He veered wide around Michael. Cars beeped and swerved.

He got away, Michael said, sliding back into his seat.

Look, she said. The owner stood inches from the dog. The woman called her pet's name, arms open, tiptoeing closer to him. Let's go, Michael.

She thinks about Michael when she wants to explain you. When Michael stands before her, asking her why she doesn't want him, she can barely hear his voice.

In the months after Sam met you, she revisited your voice and your strange hands and your incomprehensible words. She toyed with Marguerite, as much as she dared. She hinted about that night. She asked when the piece her father had bought from the show would arrive and where they would hang it. He gave a fascinating tour, she told her mother. Marguerite looked up from her magazine and smiled.

When's his next show? I'd like to see some work more in line with that other one we have, what's it called? "Dawn at Night"?

Marguerite's voice took on a cadence that made her sound young and afraid. "Dawn in the Evening," she said. Sam felt her mother searching her face, but she lost her nerve.

Yes, that's it, she said. That's what I meant.

Marguerite settled further into the sofa. You can't save everyone, she said. Better to struggle alongside each other. But when someone grabs at your ankles, you have to be ready to stomp away the hands.

Sam opened her mouth. She touched her lips as though checking flesh that had been slapped.

You silly duck, her mother said, pulling a long lock of hair behind her ear. You should see your face. You don't know much about girls. The best ones aren't as good as you think they are, and the bad ones aren't nearly as bad.

Marguerite had always been a pretty stranger who lived in their house. She seemed to Sam like an aunt or even a cousin whom she should know better. Sam knew what her mother smelled like from across the room. Something sweet, like crushed roses, with a spicy, peppery finish. But she didn't know the scent of her hair or her breath, the way she did her father's. The faintly leather odor of his pomade. The whiff of his nightly amaretto or Scotch when he pecked her cheek.

Her mother was a thing to admire from a distance. A precious, exotic pet that served no purpose whatsoever but was a pride to call one's own. Sam wanted to blame Marguerite for her inability to cradle her in the hospital or to sleep with her when she had been afraid, but it would have been akin to clutching a statue and cursing it when it didn't return her embrace.

As Sam's teenage years progressed and she discovered the complexity of coupling with a man, she realized how little she understood her parents' marriage. Marguerite's long limbs floated across anyone or anything she crossed. In Sam's memory, those vanilla arms stretch the perimeter of rooms, the expanse of bookshelves. They dip into couples' embraces, snake through conversations. She is everywhere and nowhere, a promise of a scent that refuses to resurface. She belongs to everyone but no one.

Sam's father, alone, seemed to see a different woman. Like every other man, his eyes filled with longing when she wore a low-cut dress, when at the end of an evening she stepped out of towering heels to expose her surprisingly small, pink feet. He too jumped to refill her glass. But when he captured those arms of hers and brought them to rest over his shoulders and wrapped his own around her impossible waist, she leaned into him, relieved at her capture. Every time, the lines across his forehead faded. Every time, gratitude that she agreed to his embrace, the dominance of his body. Every time, a miraculous surprise.

And when Sam pulled her gaze away from the change in her father's face, she finally saw a flicker of it on her mother's. It was gone as quickly, and she wondered if she had seen it at all.

These two strangers before her: lovers still feeling their way toward each other.

They were parents, too, her parents, but they were utterly different from the sets she encountered at the homes of her friends. At those houses with their foreign smells, she discovered a new species of man and woman. At dinner tables, she found herself aware, without anyone having told her, of unspoken secrets. With them, a wealth of life she had never known she had missed: the full silence that threaded through each of them as they passed steaming bowls of buttered peas and roasted chicken, and beneath the table, kicks that meant nothing more or less than *you belong to me*. In those homes of sticky fingers, she felt both lost and found, a bewildering mix of pride and anger at what was hers and what she had never known.

Friends surprised her by asking if they could visit. She knew their desire was more than the product of natural curiosity, but she was sure that they would be rewarded with disappointment. She had heard the rumors that grew in the whispers of children too young to check their fantasies: her father had a room full of solid gold bars, she had two bedrooms, each filled with piles of toys still in their wrappers, you weren't allowed to touch anything and if you did an alarm would bring the police to the door within sixty seconds.

She knew that the truth was more baffling, even to her. Alex and Marguerite locked eyes from across the room. When they crossed paths, their arms strained toward each other. He pulled her into him, and she floated across the floor, their dance of domestic life. She laughed when she glanced at the checkbook that revealed the amount of money he spent on unknown artists, their paintings and their grocery lists. She made up her face to travel to his office and plan parties with his secretaries. She developed a habit of absently stroking the back of his neck.

Naked women danced across their walls. The fat, lazy ones bunched in the corner of the dining room, content to do nothing more strenuous than lift fruit to their lips. Alex had bought a small Botero, a fat woman breastfeeding her fatter, squirming baby. More exotic was the lone unclothed man who stared out from the hall, his deep-set eyes watchful and accusatory. More perplexing, the set of six Japanese carved ivory miniatures, each one demonstrating a sex act. Her friends would take away the images of exposed bodies as souvenirs. How to explain the more unsettling intimacies that made her feel like an interloper? She didn't invite her friends again, and they didn't ask to return.

When she first thought to question her parents' lives, Sam imagined that her father's true passion was the art he collected and propagated through his generosity, but she couldn't deny that he loved Marguerite aside from and above every thing else. That was the definition of Alex Mitchell: he loved her.

Marguerite took meticulous care in her appearance: pressed silks, linen shirts she managed to wear without wrinkle, felt and feathered hats. Indiscernible makeup covering unblemished skin. She visited a hairdresser twice a week. She got a massage every Wednesday. A manicure and pedicure each Thursday. A full-body scrub and wrap once a month, more often during carnival season. Always, she seemed to be on her way to or from a salon or spa, but she also seemed to extract scant pleasure from it. It was her job, necessities that added order to her days. The only times Sam heard her extol the appointments was in the company of some mousy secretary or exhausted young mother whom Marguerite had treated. They're wizards, aren't they? I feel like a new woman, don't you?

Shortly after their marriage, Marguerite began her brief career as an artist. Sam doesn't believe any of the exhibition brochures that claim Marguerite had long felt a drive to create but found its expression only after a honeymoon trip to Greece and Italy. Even as a child, Sam knew that her mother fell into a different category from the artists displayed in their home. Marguerite spread scraps of paper, tissue, glue, ribbon, and dried flowers across the kitchen table. While on the phone to her cousin, she would collage according to color scheme. Few pretended that her little works were more than pleasant decoration. But her father was a member of Rex, as had been her grandfather and great-grandfather, so a small gallery signed her on and family friends bought every one she made. Not until much later did Sam discover that Marguerite's earliest collages contained strips of your shredded paintings, from the canvases that your father had destroyed, but also from the small ones you had given her early in your friendship. You waited for Sam to discover this betrayal herself. You seemed delighted when she returned from a visit to her father's house, demanding an explanation for what she had seen in her father's favorite collage, the one he kept in his bedroom. She could not make out what those pieces of yours had been, but something in their quality screamed your name. She wondered how no one else ever realized it. You kept a smile on your face for the rest of the day, proud of her unintentional sleuthing.

What did Marguerite do all day, in those endless hours that expected nothing of her? She beautified. She tinkered. She read every word of the newspaper. When she came across something she thought would interest her husband, she dabbed a moistened finger to her painted lips, then pressed it back to the paper, annotating the world with the residue of her beauty. In the evenings at the dinner table that held no dinner, Alex would flip through those same pages without pause until he spotted her mark. Sam wanted to roll her eyes, but there was no one to watch her do it.

When she thinks of her mother now, dead almost twenty years, Sam pictures those long legs dangling over the side of a leather sofa, pillows propped under her head, her perfect hair fanned around her like a halo. There are open books on the floor, one closed around a resting hand. Sun cloaks her, and she nestles her head closer to the window, unmasked pleasure at the heat falling across her face. She could lounge like that for hours. Nothing to do, no one to please whose pleasure demanded any more of her than this, her lean limbs finding comfortable corners, those lipstick dots having staked their place next to smudged headlines.

Marguerite sat on the charity boards of this and that organization. She attended Mass on holidays and random Sundays for a few years, without any obvious pleasure or pain. She wanted to be a blood donor, but she didn't weigh enough. She kept a parakeet for nearly a year. On the afternoon that Sam failed to hear its shrieks, she sought out the bird, but its cage was missing from the dining room. The neighborhood boys wanted him, Marguerite said. Sam was unsure who she meant by "neighborhood boys," since this wasn't 1957 and the Beaver didn't live next door.

Marguerite never finished books, though she started them with enthusiasm. She instructed Alex's secretary to buy season tickets to everything, but left at intermission. She spent hours scouring newspapers and magazines for events around the entire Gulf Coast and meticulously transcribed every detail onto the calendar she hung in the kitchen. They seldom attended any of the festivals or state fairs or revivals and plays that, on the wall, painted a bulging life.

The main source of intrigue remained Marguerite's rotating band of female friends, the ones who appeared one day to be treated like childhood playmates rediscovered. The two would spend hours together, giggling like teenaged girls at a slumber party, eating ice cream sundaes, flipping through magazines in search of new hairstyles. They went to the movies and out to lunch. A few weeks would pass until

another strange woman would appear to reignite the cycle. At the start of each new relationship, Marguerite was buoyant, but at the end she was not deflated. The level of joy she might reach during the friendship contained no correlation to her emotion at its close. By the time Sam became a teenager, she had gone through so many Aunt Claires and Aunty Janices and Martines and Sallys that she thought little of it.

You were the piece that didn't fit, William. Back then, it seemed clear. "Dawn in the Evening" was Marguerite's tribute—your tribute—to the girl she might have been, to you, to your secret, to that other life you had both lived when you were fitfully in love, if not with each other exactly, then with the dazzling charge of the future, with youth and with beauty.

Her poor father. Sam loved him more than ever, with a mixture of fierce devotion and a newfound pity; he could never live up to an unconsummated phantom of love. You weren't fit to look upon Alex Mitchell, or even to occupy her mother's fickle affection. "Dawn in the Evening" lived in their home, just out of sight, beautiful enough not to be questioned, innocent enough not to be believed, innocuous and too pretty to fear.

I have always been a fool in matters of the heart.

Six

She feels Michael watching her. She is sure that he's been here longer than she has felt his presence. He has a way of being here but not, part of the reason it has been so easy to slip into him.

I've looked, he says. I put my thinking cap on and imagined myself on a TV cooking challenge. There's no food here. There never is.

I never touch the stuff.

You don't sleep, you don't eat. You're a vampire.

But I'm not afraid of the sunlight. Or of crucifixes.

A new breed. Morphed and more dangerous than ever.

Not fit to exist alongside mere mortals.

You'll eat? he asks. We'll have to go somewhere.

There's a place on Freret near Pine Street that Michael and Sam both can accept. It's ridiculously far for a simple lunch, but he mentioned it and she wanted to show him that she, still, could be agreeable. He was raised on trendy, exclusive restaurants, places that serve an *amuse-bouche*, with waiters who scowl if you mispronounce *haricots verts*. So as an adult, he rebels against most establishments that claim superiority over McDonald's. He loves chain restaurants—Applebee's, Chili's, T.G.I. Friday's, and any of the other possessives—with their neon signs, loud primary colors, and teenaged waitresses who ask too many personal questions and who sign the bill with hearts for dots if they are lucky enough—and they usually are—to have names that include the letters i or j. He thrives on hamburgers, fries, Cokes, and rich prefabricated chocolate deserts.

The sprawl of the chain restaurant alarms her, so she sits in small, dingy cafés that serve pesto and tomato muffins. The French bistro run by the friendly young couple from Bordeaux who had assumed New Orleans remained a bilingual city and who still cringe at the glut of misspelled French. The Chinese diner where Sam is never quite sure what she's ordering, or at Casamento's, where she feels like an extra in *The Godfather*. It has never been easy for the two of them to go out for a meal together.

This place, though, has always worked. Constructed out of an old gas station, it's ordinary enough for Michael (languishing plants and rusted bike rims clutter the dining area), but it's run by a laid-back gaggle of men and women who act like they're related even if they aren't.

How y'all doing? the old woman says as they enter. In Sam's mind, she is always "the old woman," though judging by the age of her children, she can't be much older than Sam. She has never told them her name, so Sam is relieved that she can never forget it.

It's nearly two o'clock as they push themselves into either side of the booth. They don't need to look at menus, but she fingers one, happy to have something to do with her hands, something to separate her from Michael. This is an early lunch kind of place and a late-afternoon haunt for university students, not trendy enough for preppy businessmen to hold meetings, or for their perky wives and their social groups that pose as book clubs. White-haired men sometimes play chess at the small tables outside. You can order bacon and eggs at any hour. Pancakes with whipped cream. The restaurant is almost empty.

I'm starved, he says. Are we doing breakfast or lunch?

To each his own.

When are you supposed to see Jonathan?

About now.

Do we have time for this?

It'll be easier for him if he's annoyed with me. I'll call when we get back.

The old woman returns to their table. You ready? she asks.

Cheeseburger with everything. But instead of fries, let me have a side of blueberry pancakes. Michael smiles at her, and she nods.

You're not serious, Sam says.

Lunch, breakfast. I couldn't decide. You promised me pancakes and never delivered. But it's lunchtime...

You'll waste it.

Watch me, he says.

You'll be sick.

Never.

And for you? the old woman asks.

How can I eat across from that? I'll have to move to another table.

Try it. He reaches under the table to clinch a hand around her ankle. Just try and get away. He's giddy, like they're teenagers let out for the first time.

Just coffee. Black.

And coffee for you, too? She peers down to ask the back of Michael's skull.

Yes, coffee, he says, resting his head on the table, still clutching Sam's ankle.

With so much cream and sugar you can't taste the coffee. And a Coke.

One of each, she says.

You got it.

She smiles at them before she turns toward the kitchen. It is a genuine smile, a combination of enjoyment of their pleasure, and a longing to be on their side of the table. If only you knew, Sam thinks.

You're pulling my leg, she says once the woman is gone.

No, I truly intend to eat every last bite of my lunchfast.

Very funny. Now let go. You're scratching me with your ragged nails.

Ragged nails? You didn't even notice that I got a manicure last week. OK, I thought about getting a manicure last week. It's something men do now. He flexes his hand around her calf. Then his fingers inch farther up, until his reach stops him short. She can feel his rough fingers scraping against her thigh. He grips the material of her pants and jerks. She slides down the slippery pleather booth.

Michael, she says.

He ducks under the table.

What do you think you're doing?

His hands fit around her waist. His head nestles into her open lap. He talks into her crotch. Meet me under the table, he says. The warm damp of his breath flows through her thin pants onto the flesh beneath. There's something I have to tell you. But it's top secret.

I don't care if you make a scene, darling. There's no one here. Her laugh betrays her; he knows he can be charming even as he's idiotic.

Teeth sink into her inner thigh. His hand rounds her bottom. She feels her eyelids surrender, the first tingling of ecstasy he delivers without effort. The old woman appears above her.

Your coffee, she says, placing two mugs on the table. Be right back with your Coke, and the food'll be right up. Sam nods at her. She pretends there's nothing strange about Michael sitting under the table, burrowing into her lap. You sure you don't want something to eat? Sam nods again.

How's the coffee? he asks her inner thigh. Smells great.

It's kind of hard to reach.

Too bad. I'm way too content to allow any movement, unless it involves you sliding farther down here. He pulls the material gathered around her hips.

You're worse than a randy sailor. And less concerned with privacy. A girl might think she's special with all this attention. Good thing I'm a woman and I know better.

You're a child, Sammy, he says, inhaling her scent. A girl, barely legal. But remarkably talented despite your innocence.

You talk with your cock.

No, no. *It* speaks through me. You might say we are one. It likes you. I like you.

Do I figure in this picture, or is this really more about the two of you?

Here we are, the waitress says, placing the Coke on the table. Her other hand supports a plate heaped with greasy food: burger, fries, and pancakes crowded together. Ketchup melds into maple syrup. The yellow puddle might be mustard or butter or a combination of the two.

For him, she says, nodding her head toward the floor. She sets the plate down and is gone. Michael grips Sam's waist tighter. Is the coast clear?

Her voice takes on his mock serious tone. Our allies have dropped supplies. Extremely perishable. Get up here.

He releases her too easily, scurries back to his side of the table, tipping it as he pulls himself from the floor.

He hums as he locks onto the food. It's everything he loves, too sweet, too fat, too much.

OK, he says. No more talking until the mission is complete. He tucks a napkin into his collar, then adds a second, a third, a fourth. He spreads them around the table, covers his lap. Better to be safe, he says, and unfolds one over the salt and pepper shakers.

A chill settles through her lap.

I can get a second plate and you could help me with this, Sammy. Look at it! I'm in heaven. Truly. I could die in the middle of this meal. What is there to live for beyond this moment?

You eat every bite yourself. We'll see how much bigger your eyes are than your stomach.

Come on, one bite. Make me feel like you're loving this, too. Here, eat this little bite of blueberry pancake dripping with syrup. Don't mind the ketchup. Come on. Just once, do what I ask because I'm asking so sweetly.

She sighs, but she opens her mouth and lets him place the loaded fork on her tongue. She hasn't had any real food in so long that the first flicker of taste on her tongue sends a rush of pleasure through her body. Her mouth fills with saliva. The pancake, aside from the tinge of ketchup, tastes exactly like the ones Corinne used to make: dense with blueberries and butter, a crispy edge that softens into an absorbent sponge of flour and egg.

She's too distracted to notice when someone enters the room. If she had been thinking more clearly when Michael suggested this place, Sam might have said no solely to avoid this woman's neighborhood.

I thought it was you two, Monica says. I tapped on the window. Didn't you hear me? But I wasn't sure. Sam's always changing her hair—

She doesn't always brush it, Michael says. I like it a little wild. My tiger cub. Isn't that right, Sammy?

And you, Michael. What did you do? Lose something under the table?

Found something, he says, winking at her.

Well, anyhow, it's *wonderful* to see you two together. You know, I always told your father it wouldn't last, Michael. He agreed with me, of course, but you know. Your father always seems to know about these things. He has a *sense*, you know? He agreed with me, so I knew I must be right. But here you are, so!

Monica had worked for Michael's father in a position that seemed to hold no title, with duties no one could name. Early in their friendship, Michael and Sam agreed that they detested Monica Treadway.

I was thinking about you a little while ago, Michael, she said. Allan told me that you might be able to help out a girlfriend of mine who's looking for a place to stay

while her apartment is renovated. Minor stuff, just two or three months. He said you still had that little apartment near Lee Circle.

He sold that apartment years ago, Monica.

Never hurts to ask. You know, Michael—Sam will forgive me for saying so—I am acquainted with several young women—not only that friend I just mentioned—who are dying to *meet* you. No offense, Sam. Of course, you have no reason to *act* on it, but it's something to know, don't you think? That people find you attractive? I certainly like to know. Even when I'm in a relationship. It gives you a little boost. It's important to have options. And to *be* appreciated. Just hearing something like that can put me on cloud nine for days. I'm not kidding.

Michael forks a chunk of cheeseburger and a sliver of blueberry pancake. Have you ever tried this combination? he asks her. It's fantastic. Here, have a taste.

How can you let him eat like that? It'll catch up. No way he'd stray then, right? You've always been so quiet, Sam. You know, I always tell people: She's *introspective*.

Did you notice that she gave me pancakes and fries? What a gal, Michael says. I love this place. You're not thinking of moving away from the area, are you, Monica? Maybe Gentilly? Metairie?

You're such a joker, Michael. I bought a little shotgun up the street about a year ago. Look, I'm on my way to meet someone downtown, we're looking for something to install in a new, *very* upscale office building. So it's lucky I bumped into you two. If I'd left on time, we'd have missed each other. I'm supposed to go to, I don't know, ten galleries on a mission. Do you think I have time to do all that before Bill rolls in?

The name jolts Sam. Bill?

The tropical storm? Hello, Sam. The one that's been on the slow road here all week? Anyhow. Now, Sam, here's a question for you. Maybe you can save me all that trouble. What happened with your father's collection? I mean, everybody's talking about it. People talk about it *all* the time, and I tell them: If you want to know, ask her. You know? I mean, some people say it's tactless to talk about these things, but how would we ever know anything? Just because he's gone doesn't mean that the art he bought is, right?

Wow, Sam says.

Sorry, was that rude of me? You know what I mean. Sorry, Sam. It's just. Well. He cared so much about his collection. It should be seen, don't you think?

I'm not sure. Maybe not.

No?

Maybe not in its current condition.

Condition?

Yes, you know how meticulous my father was. It was all catalogued when he died, every piece accounted for. It was all in immaculate order. It was his life's work. He loved every one of those paintings and sculptures. Handpicked over four, nearly five decades.

Right, right, she says.

It would have been simple for me to donate or sell it to some institution. Or to even set up a foundation where it could be shown in a permanent way. Or I could have split it up by schools of thought or by date or by geography. Eat, Michael, don't let your food get cold. Or I could have sold it off piece by piece. Some say that collections are only meant to last one lifetime. Then each item should find its own way again.

OK, Monica says.

Or I could have put them all in a storage facility—

Climate-controlled?

Too expensive. Or I might have slashed each one in a fit of rage. But it's easier to torch when you're talking about that quantity. You know, my father and I were very close. So much pain and anger inside, so much.

People talk, you know. They say you're cold, and I've always said they're wrong. Why would you even joke about that? And let me tell you, it's not just Michael's father who said it wouldn't last between you two. It's everybody. There's a line just waiting for him to get sick of you. Because he will. If he hasn't already.

They drive back toward the house in long stretches of silence. The only break in the calm comes from Michael's belly, which gurgles from under his seat belt.

I have an iron stomach, he finally says.

I hear that.

She must have poisoned me, the wrench.

I think you mean *wench*. The old lady or Monica Treadway?

Hard one, he says. The old lady acts like she likes us. Did you see that she gave me the pancakes for nothing? But Monica. I adore that woman. A ray of sunshine.

Come on, you must like it, hearing about all the women screeching like bitches in heat for you.

What do you think about what she said?

You're gorgeous, so I'm sure it's true.

No, the other stuff.

Which part? About how everyone hates me, or how I'm irresponsible? She's such an idiot. Everyone knows that Jonny has complete control and that he's dragging his feet because he has no idea what he's doing with it but won't dare ask for my input because it might emasculate him. No, what am I saying? Jonny's great, he's thorough. He'll do exactly what my father would have wanted. I'm being awful and I don't even know why. It must be the barometric pressure. Isn't that what they say about the air density when there's a storm coming?

I meant about us. Do you think it's true? That no one thought we would last?

Monica Treadway doesn't strike me as the most perceptive woman, so her theories don't mean much to me.

She's right, though.

Those are things people say.

Sam.

She's always been that type. She thinks she's cute when she says ridiculously inappropriate things. When my father first met her—

Sam. Sam, pull over. I'm going to be sick.

There's time for Sam to tour the house, now that she's convinced Michael to nap. Groggy and embarrassed, he tried to clean up after himself, but he made things worse by pressing the stain into the upholstery with a napkin. She helped him into a fresh undershirt and eased him into her bed.

What about Jonathan?

Soon, she said. You rest. I called his secretary. She said he's out stocking up on supplies in case the storm's worse than they're predicting. He's always been a worrywart. Go to sleep. Everything's fine.

The house isn't as empty as she expected it to be. A visitor wouldn't be able to find any gaping holes, empty corners. Neither would you, William. The furniture is all hers, or yours. On her last birthday, her father presented her with a few paintings from his collection, which have filled and rounded the walls, diluting your presence. This surely was his gentle intention. As she had unwrapped her gifts, she hoped and feared that one would be "Dawn in the Evening." She should have known better.

Michael's careless movement has altered the house in ways she can see if she looks for them. The rug in the front room is worn near the door from his heavy shoes: hiking boots, soccer cleats, muddy cross-trainers. There is a dent above a baseboard in the bedroom where he dropped a baseball he'd been tossing. The sofa sags, almost imperceptibly, where he throws himself down after a long game. His additions to the bookshelves stand out, battered Grisham novels and sports biographies that he has forgotten to pack.

He had things before he settled here. His apartment was shabby but comfortable. She remembers a dainty side table that must have been a remnant of an old girlfriend. He had plates and silverware. There must have been towels, a coffeemaker, a blender for his protein drinks. None of those items made the journey here. She doesn't remember a discussion, since she never agreed to his moving in. He arrived here day by day, one shirt at a time, a toothbrush on a Monday, on the following Friday night his guitar.

He claimed space in her closet without asking. Found a spare key and pocketed it. Entered when she wasn't there. Filled the refrigerator with things she would never eat. You can't stay here, she had said, after a sweaty embrace. Give me back my key.

She didn't return his phone calls. Refused his invitations. Avoided his café and the periphery of the Garden District that edged his apartment.

I love you, he said.

I don't want you to, she answered.

She doesn't know where he'll go tonight when he leaves. He has friends, and his father's house is so big that Michael could stay there for days without the old man noticing. He has a brother, and he has money. Now that he says he's leaving—now that his belongings have disappeared—she's tempted to convince him to stay. After all this time thinking he should go. She will miss him. There's no other way to say it.

She had wanted love even more, at times, than she had wanted health. Love seemed more possible, more close at hand, though she had yet to taste it. She knew only her father's strict regimen of pills and fresh, peeled vegetables, and his constant proclamations about the valor of the raised pink scar. Corinne's tiny slices of cake and her warm, gentle hands. They tried too hard, both of them, because her mother didn't at all.

Sam was eighteen. She was her father's proudest achievement. She was healthy, she would graduate, she would live. She never wore a two-piece bathing suit.

After weeks of meeting her artist after school in his sad apartment, Sam prepared herself to confess. Stroking her heart-palpitating secret, she asked her father whether he'd like to go to an opening.

Who is it? he asked.

It's at a new gallery. It hasn't gotten much attention yet.

Where?

Downtown. Not far from your office. You know that café? The one with the amazing pastries? It's right up the street.

I've never noticed it. What do you make of that? Early onset dementia? Maybe I should have my vision tested? Hold up some fingers, Sammy.

The sign is small. And the front windows aren't too big either, she said.

So you agree it's a problem with the eyes?

Pops. She used his nickname with a sigh, to hide how much she enjoyed his diversions.

So tell your blind father, have you been to this blurry gallery?

A few times after school. She watched him flinch. I like the artist they're showing, she said.

Marguerite, who had slunk into the doorway, laughed. Darling, she said.

What? He looked at Marguerite, then back at Sam

Well, darling, she said. Which is it you like, the paintings or the artist himself?

Really, Margo. It's clear that our daughter has forsaken boys to focus on intellectual pursuits. Didn't we agree to that when you were, what? Four or five? That is the legal age of reason.

You should see his work, Dad. It's amazing.

Look at the way she's blushing, Alex! Have you met him, darling? Or do you worship him from afar? She put on her starlet voice: A woman is beautiful when she's loved and only then.

Marguerite became giddy at times like these. Her playfulness could feel mean. The sting began behind Sam's eyes. She focused on her mother because she couldn't look at her father, as though he were a lover she had betrayed.

Margo, please dear, her father said. I'd think you'd both speak more slowly and clearly considering my handicap.

But you're blind, Dad, not deaf. Sam giggled.

You know him, Sammy?

She could only nod and bite her bottom lip in an attempt to swallow her smile.

Then we'll go to his show. What's his name? Tell me about his work. Use small, descriptive words. Apparently, I've gone senile as well.

Look at her, Alex. He must be a doll! A baby artist just starting his career. What a moment, darling. What a time to be right there inside it.

Now *she's* mute. There must be some problem in our water supply. What's your ailment, Margo? Don't leave us to suffer alone.

Oh, complete and utter jealousy, to the bottom of my toes. Look at how beautiful she is, Alex. That's what love does. It glows from the inside out.

Mothers are terrifyingly embarrassing, Sammy. I suppose I should have warned you sooner. Now, let's pretend she's a gorgeous sculpture whose ears cannot hear and lips cannot speak. Tell me about the paintings. It's the only part I want to know.

She traced a finger across the tabletop, hunting spilled sugar where there was none. She allowed a small shrug to overtake her shoulders.

It'll be a surprise then. We'll learn about it when we get there, right, my girl?

Sam dressed with care to seem like she had not, but Marguerite adorned herself with a new flowered blouse, higher heels than were her norm, and a sharper scent. For the first time, Sam felt embarrassed to be seen with her mother. She had always been proud of Marguerite's appearance, of her slim figure and her perfect complexion, uncommon among the mothers of her peers. It wasn't jealousy she felt, but something akin to it, with a drop of resentment.

This is the dress I have on, Marguerite said.

You are exquisite, her father said to his wife's reflection in the full-length mirror. You won't have to say a word to captivate anybody.

She smiled. You have no idea what a long-legged gal can do without doing anything.

Before they left the house, her father found Sam in his study. She had been pacing this, his most private collection of paintings, seeing in them everything that was right with her artist's work. He walked to her and rested his hands on her shoulders.

I can't remember the last time I went to a show with no idea of what I might see, he said. I have become boring and predictable in my old age. Perhaps I'll move on to the hidden meanings of graffiti art after this. Knock me right out of my comfort zone. Should we take something home with us?

It's a series. But my favorite is called "In a Lone Grove." This big. She created opposite corners of a frame with her thumbs and index fingers.

Are they all so small?

No, some are, I don't know, maybe six feet tall. Maybe taller. I'm not good at guessing size. They're all amazing. But the small one. I don't know.

Yes, there's something intimate about a small one. Some of my favorites are the smallest ones, like these. Sometimes you have to buy big, if you can, so the artist can eat.

Tell me the truth. After you look at them.

I promise. Your friend, he's much older?

Not much.

Let's go, then. I have a checkbook burning a hole in my pocket.

They arrived an hour after the show had started; Sam had given her father the wrong time in order to create a buffer of strangers. She wanted their voices to blend with those of the patrons around them. She feared how the artist might react to her or what her body might let slip. When they entered, she did not see him, but Toby stood just beyond the doorway. He smiled and gave a nod, but he made no move to join her.

Nice crowd, her father said, though the small space would have made any gathering seem sizable. Should we look for him, or will you show me the paintings yourself?

Let's look at them. Pride welled in her that she had never felt for something her own hands had created. She felt closer to her father in this moment than she ever had before. This was *her* artist, something of her was not in these paintings but behind them or beside them, even though they had been made before he knew her. She finally understood how her father felt when he saw paintings from his collection on loan to museums, and when the artists he funded received glowing reviews. Something about this feeling was even better than it might have been had she painted them herself. She would not have been able to explain this then; she couldn't have known she would grow to feel the same about your work, to feel more strongly possessive. Pride, as if they had been the work of her hands, but with none of the self-doubt. A proximity to greatness without the knowledge of the seams, of the false starts, the disparity between the vision and its product.

As she and her father walked the gallery, she viewed the paintings in a fog. They were somehow less and more than she remembered. Partially obscured by backs and gesturing arms and hands strangling plastic cups of wine, they did not conceive the forest where she had been lost then found, smothered, and re-formed. She wanted the room empty. The voices that shrieked praise and frowned at the ones they whispered *less accomplished*. She recoiled against tongue-moistened smiles, wet eyes that bored into the canvas with a desire she had only recently learned. A throb burrowed its way behind her left temple. He needed to see these fantasies as she first had. Undisturbed, they formed a majestic wood of beauty and love—of something deeper, beyond the confines of ordinary language. She yearned for her father to love them. Only the experience of them could teach him the person she had become.

They're amazing, Sammy, he said. Well done. Let's meet the creator. Where is he?

She scanned the room for the artist, but the faces she met held no meaning. When her eyes found him, she understood with a shock that she knew nothing of this man. His wavy hair stood high above his head. A blue vein pulsed beneath his left, lazy eye. Coils of vein, strings of muscle wound his posturing arms. These things she could see as clearly as anyone in the room. Beyond them, she paused. She knew nothing. His eyes were already focused on her. His look said, How long must I wait for you?

He's there. Where's Mother?

We lost her a while back. Millie what's-her-name snatched her. Might be for the best. She's wound a little too tightly tonight. I didn't say that.

Her father took her hand as she led him to the back of the gallery. She tried to look at the artist the way her father had taught her to examine work before a show: You've never seen him before. He is new. Let him wash over you. What do you see?

A man with stubble too thick to have grown in one day or two. Broad jaw, messy hair. Clearly, a man. Not the child-men of her age. Not someone who held an innocent friendship with an eighteen-year-old girl. Slender with wide shoulders, waist slim from neglect. *Wild* seemed the right word for him. Darker skin than she had remembered. He cast a heat that throbbed around him. If he hadn't lured her to him, he would have frightened her.

When they reached him, he looked hard at her, then without a word, shifted to face her father. They shook hands. She registered her father's voice, his intonation that signified praise, and then the artist's, warming, but they spoke a foreign language. Her father pointed. The artist nodded. His hand slid around her middle, fingering her highest rib, causing a jolt so torn between pleasure and pain that she feared her gasp echoed through the room.

Her father bought "In a Lone Grove." When it arrived at their house, he placed it, still wrapped from the journey, on her bedside table, where she would find it when she returned from school. This was the first subject closed between Sam and her father, the first of many things they jointly promised to conceal from each other. She didn't even realize that he had also bought one of the largest canvases until it caught her unaware months later when she offered to help Corinne carry fresh sheets up to a spare bedroom.

They never spoke of you either, William. Not in the way she wanted, in the way that she feared.

You were one of his long before, if ever, you were hers, Sam's. One year, the only income you could claim arrived from his purchases of your art, including several pieces that he disliked and that must even now be stored, and her mother's checks. At your shows, her father stood at the periphery to watch people look at the paintings. He always bought, no matter his impression. Marguerite made sure of that. After her death, he continued to honor that wish of hers, but he stopped the guilt money.

Sam knew about the checks, long before you offered your explanation. Months after that first meeting, she asked her mother if she sent you money. Sam had no idea where she found the bravado to state the bald question. Yes, Marguerite said. We do.

But why?

Charity begins at home, she said.

Sam glowered at her mother.

Marguerite shook her head. I wouldn't have this home without William, she said. It might not make logical sense, but it's true. It's my penance for having a good life. It's less than I can spare.

Sam could not remember a time when they had spoken so directly. Then is it your fault his life isn't good?

I don't believe it is. I only wish I had been kinder to him. Now I can be, in a different way.

He doesn't feel awkward, taking your money like that? Sam wanted to say *Daddy's money*, but she stopped herself.

It's not as ugly as it sounds. Darling, things seldom are.

There were spaces of years defined by one or another lover, by attempts and failures, when you did not enter Sam's consciousness. Then one day, only you existed.

She was twenty-three. Marguerite had been buried for nearly a year. Since the death (her mouth wide in laughter, clamping shut with the sting of pain in her temple, gone before they understood what was happening), her father spent only enough time at home to take delivery of his purchases and hang them. He was always somewhere else—office, gallery, on a trip—and alone. His playfulness evaporated in the minutes he spent traveling in the blazing ambulance. Sam grieved for her mother, but even more for what she lost of him. She grieved for the futility of love, for what it does to us and doesn't, for its final betrayal, that last one that lingers longer than we can bear, the one we cling to because we cannot bear it.

There was a man then, brown hair, brown eyes. Sam thought that maybe he loved her because he took her to her mother's funeral, only the third time they were out together. Marguerite's death, its fires, fused them for months, each of them too good to let go of the other. She mourned too deeply because of his presence, suggesting at

every turn that she cry in his arms. The sorrow became a security blanket without which she could not breathe.

There was nothing they could fight about, so they spent their weekends together, alternating between her Mid-City apartment and his in Algiers. They met during his lunch break several times a week so he could contemplate outings to art-house films they would never see. He kissed her on the cheek before returning to work. She felt like a tired, old woman. But she liked him. He opened doors for her, knew her favorite songs. He bought her little incongruous gifts, a snow globe in summer, scarves when heat wave records were broken. She knew that these surprises were a mixture of attempted humor and, even more so, a display of his tight-fistedness, buying only under the influence of deep discount. When he told her to dress up for dinner and they arrived outside Brigtsen's, she panicked, excusing herself to find a cold-water tap. She wouldn't be able to say no, if he asked the question. God, she thought, please do not let him ask.

Back at the table, she asked him to order for her. She praised his choices when steaming plates of crawfish étouffée and smoked duck landed in front of them. She watched her fork meet flesh, alarmed that she would have to raise it to her mouth. She waved off dessert; he insisted. She brought the same bite to her lips over and over. Only when the waiter placed the check on the table did she realize the tension that bound her shoulders. You know what we're celebrating? he asked. Congratulate me. I got a promotion this week.

In that case, Sam said placing her hand on the check, this one's on me.

On the days when they didn't meet for lunch or when Jonny didn't appear unannounced and sweaty from a workout, Sam took to hunting new ethnic restaurants and eating there alone, her rebellion against the sameness of the passing days. Even her studies, as she still called them years out of college without a degree, were suspended. She let herself sit alone in a room full of families and businessmen, and she tried to learn the practice of being content. It joyed her beyond reason when she opened a menu to find a long, unpunctuated description of the cuisine and its origin, especially if it included the proprietor's history and how he came to open this dark establishment in need of major renovation and new plumbing.

She read every word, traced her finger from appetizer to entrée to dessert, all the decadent things doctors warned her not to eat. Marinated lamb roasted on the spit,

thinly shaved and covered in garlic humus and Kalamata olives. Lebanese iced tea flavored with rosewater, pine nuts sprinkled on top. Creamy chicken korma with seasoned vegetables and cashews. Naan bread stuffed with mild cheese and onions. Belgian fries with pungent aioli and horseradish. She listened to the day's specials in a swoon.

It was a Friday. She had chosen a Japanese restaurant in the Quarter and asked for a table.

The hostess shook her head. One person, sushi bar.

I don't like to watch, Sam said. I'd prefer a table, please.

Table for two people, more.

You have lots of free tables. Look, I'll take this small one. If you have a rush, I'll be quick.

The woman scowled.

I'm really hungry. I'll order enough for two.

A throaty laugh turned both of their heads. It came from a thin man whose voice made him seem larger. His hair was dark and too long to be neat. A newspaper fanned across the table in front of him. She looked for his face, turned toward the back wall. His noises had nothing to do with her.

Sit here, the hostess said, slapping a menu on the table Sam had suggested.

Sam opened the menu, her desire extinguished somewhere between the irritated waitress and the laugh. There had been a momentary hope of salvaging the visit when she thought the man was commenting on the woman's behavior. That two strangers could belittle the concerns of a foreign waitress. Sam had to face her contemptible thought alone.

Nothing on the menu seemed edible. Clam and octopus salad. Sea urchin. Even reading her favorites—barbecued eel, spicy tuna with snow crab—made her feel light-headed.

The waitress returned with a hot towel. Ready? she asked, with a plastic smile. Sam pointed, without reading, her finger sliding from item to item until the woman seemed satisfied. She turned toward the kitchen, and Sam wondered if she could sneak out.

The restaurant began to fill: suits and college sweatshirts, stockings and floral skirts, short pants and Velcro shoes. People gathered in the cramped waiting area.

Ordinarily, Sam would find comfort in her right, but today the empty chairs at her table embarrassed her.

The waitress returned with a steaming bowl but without the smile of minutes before. Busy today, she said. Always busy lunchtime.

I'm sorry. I didn't know.

One person, sushi bar.

I'll move.

Too late, the woman said. The bar, too, was filled.

The laugh came again at the right moment. How was it that she felt more stress here, today, because she took an empty table at a restaurant than when she had dropped out of school or planned her mother's funeral? Every eye seemed to fall on her. Every tongue, behind a cupped hand, cursed her lack of consideration.

Oh, hell, the man said. Move her over here.

You no mind, sir? the waitress asked.

Fuck, as though I have a choice if I want to finish my meal in peace.

In that instant, she was thirteen again. She was ready to run and unable to move her feet.

Here, I take your things, the woman said.

She placed the bowl and the teapot at the place setting next to his, crowding his newspaper. After the woman left, he folded the paper with wild gestures.

I suppose we're expected to talk.

I didn't recognize you before. Thanks for bailing me out.

The Japanese are vicious. I had no choice.

I don't mean to disturb you. If you're in the middle—

You weren't always this timid, Samantha Mitchell.

How do you get your own table here anyway?

Samantha Mitchell bullied by a waitress. You feel truly bad about it, don't you?

That's not my name.

You do. At least admit the obvious, Sam Mitchell. That had to be your mother's whimsy. Or was she still confused about the difference between little girls and little boys?

My mother had a stillborn son before me. She had made a list of three-letter names. Solid, strong, simple. I didn't even know about that other baby until I was in the hospital. One of the nurses remembered her.

Yes.

I don't know why I said that. She died. My mother died.

I knew. I drove to the funeral. Quite the event.

The waitress appeared balancing several small plates. On one, rolls of blue crab and vegetables. The other, a steamed fillet of salmon with rice and seaweed salad. Another of sashimi. One with unidentifiable sea animals floating in a brown, glutinous sauce.

Did you order all this? Your voice rang louder than it should have.

I don't know. I may have ordered everything.

She looked at the food. Nothing could have enticed her to eat it.

You drove there? You didn't come inside?

I sat in the parking lot watching people who didn't love her walk to a party to make connections. I bet some even brought their portfolios. How many people asked Alex Mitchell for money that day?

It wasn't like that.

Thomas Wilson signed Martha Jenkins for a group show minutes before the funeral began, right outside the door of the church.

They weren't close friends, Sam said. You don't expect people to stop living.

Not even for an hour? The people at the tables around them looked in their direction.

Why are you so angry?

I sat there in my car thinking that I should have killed myself so I didn't have to live through her death. I could have died hating her. She could have grieved over me, if she did that kind of thing. It doesn't look good to hate a beautiful woman who—how do they say it?—who was cut down in the prime of life. Before she even had wrinkles. I would have liked to see her with wrinkles.

Sam stared at the congealing sauce. We're all still here, she said. She died almost a year ago and it still doesn't feel like she's gone.

Eleven months.

At the World's Fair. That's where she had the aneurism. They didn't print that in the papers. My grandfather thought it sounded frivolous. My father talked her into going. He asked if I wanted to go with them, but I had already been with friends. He bought her one of those pale blue t-shirts with the logo and little white shorts. She had never worn shorts in her life. They were at the lagoon. She begged my father to go on the gondola with her, but he called it a lawsuit waiting to happen. I hadn't seen her for two weeks. I didn't make it to the hospital before she was gone.

I'm trying to imagine Marguerite in shorts. She must have been appalled. Maybe that's what killed her.

William, Sam said, weighing your name on her tongue. I don't want this food. Please get her to take it away.

Let me look at you, Sam Mitchell. You're one of those women who flutter their lashes and expect men to deal with the help.

They sat still and silent so long that she was almost able to forget your presence. The burn began behind her eyes, and there was nothing she could do to suppress the hot tears. She tried to hide her tears behind a shredded napkin. The waitress stood next to her.

You no like? she asked.

Sam wiped at her face. May I take it all away with me?

Sam reached for her purse and realized that she had left it at the other table. But back at the chair where she had been sitting, there was nothing. The group that had taken her spot was already gone, replaced by a young married couple. The chair where she had been was empty. My purse, she said to them. Have you seen a light brown purse?

She slunk back to your table.

It's gone, she said. Someone took it.

The waitress reappeared.

Someone took my bag, when I moved, she said.

You sure you have bag?

Yes, I had it when I came in. I put in on the chair.

I see no bag for you, she said. Maybe you forgot home.

You handed the waitress a wad of wrinkled bills.

We'll work it out, you said to the woman.

You walked Sam out of the restaurant with a firm grip on her shoulder. A mistaken sense memory fell over her, and she felt her father's heavy palm weighing her down. The temporary comfort fled as quickly as it had descended, reminding her that she could not trust her body.

I'll take you home with me. You can cancel your cards from there. I assume you have a corral of cards.

You took her hand, and the two of you walked like sad lovers to your house.

Your home. Their home. Her home. Mine.

At your kitchen table, she used the phone. She whispered so you wouldn't hear that she was calling her father's personal assistant, that wonderful, ever-resourceful, over-powdered lady with breasts as large and rigid as hotel throw pillows. You had made weak coffee. You sat across from her.

Sam Mitchell, you look something like her now. In the eyes or the lips. I would have known you anywhere. You're the type who would wear shorts, though.

Nothing of her made it through.

You traced your hand along your own jaw. Right here, you said, tapping your face. Here, that's her.

Are you being nice because I cried?

Yes. But you do look something like her.

It's good to hear someone talk about her. No one does. She didn't have many friends. Real friends, I mean.

Actually, you look like a meal ticket. You'd better watch that.

You're awful.

I loved Marguerite.

The sound of her name in your voice covered Sam in a rush of electric heat. It filled a longing, a deep void, suddenly but only briefly. She wanted to hear it again, the name, the tone, the breath before and after those three weighty syllables.

I hated her. Hated her most of the time. And loved her.

Did she love you?

That laugh again.

How did you meet her? My father says she was your mother's friend.

You brushed your hand across the table, sweeping crumbs to the floor. She watched your fingers. Your calluses were tainted blue, green, yellow, orange. No watch, no ring, no sun-stain to show that there had ever been. She felt an inexplicable urge to touch the vein that bulged from your brown hand. She saw white rows of scars starting in the middle of your hand and disappearing beneath the heavy fabric of your shirt. She forced herself not to count them. A flutter began in her stomach, tumbling downward. She shifted in her seat, hoping to shake it loose. She raised her voice a little, afraid to speak louder than necessary.

William, tell me something I don't know about her.

Silence settled around them, weariness creeping over. You cleared your throat. That would take volumes.

Go on. I'm listening.

You sat up straighter in your chair, eyes still fixed on the table, fingers nudging flecks of old toast into piles.

William.

Say it again, you said.

Say what again?

She tried, but she couldn't wait you out. William.

Yes, like that. That's nice.

I feel like I should call you Mr. Banes.

Now you're ruined it. You refused to look at me back then, much less say my name. You're a much sweeter girl now, aren't you, Sam Mitchell? All the sharp edges are gone. I'm not sure I'm happy to see that. How old are you? You can tell me, or I can count it out. No, tell me. I want to hear that obscene number fall from your lips.

You were going to tell me about her.

Was I? You were such a hard, bony little girl. Do you have a lover, Sam Mitchell? He leaves you flat, doesn't he?

Please.

Please, what?

Please, William.

That's a phrase I love to hear.

She wouldn't let you make her beg. Are you working on something now?

You pursed your lips.

I haven't been to any shows. I haven't seen anything of anybody's. She spoke louder. My father seems to prefer to go alone now. He doesn't need my company, and I never seem to make it on my own.

You pushed yourself away from the table, the force rocking the empty mugs.

Should I leave?

Do you have to fill every minute with noise? Be quiet and I'll take you to my studio.

That's my reward if I behave?

Say it, Sam Mitchell. Say it.

I'm twenty-three.

She let you take her hand again, the way you had on the walk from the restaurant, the way her mother had forced you to at that show of yours she had attended more than ten years earlier. The hall was bare. Even the door to your studio was white, except for smudged fingerprints. You released her hand to open the lock. With a sinewy arm, you motioned for her to enter.

There, you said, pointing to stacked canvases in the far left corner. The new ones.

She waited for you to turn them around. When you remained still, she turned one herself, then knelt before it. It was unlike anything she'd ever seen from you, no muddy abstracts, no reclining nudes. In the first, a street corner viewed from the inside of a neighborhood grocery. Glimpses of women with wind-blown hair and discarded candy wrappers on the sidewalk. A yellow cab seen over a stack of red and black packages of long-grain rice. Two dogs—one blond, one rodent gray—on the end of a split leash held by a man in a suit with no tie. Crisp as a photograph, as beautiful and ugly as life.

The next was life-sized, perfectly proportioned. Another street scene, this one at close range, looking at a woman's face, and beyond at the traffic. Half of her face is missing, just beyond the edge of the canvas. Everything behind her is distorted, as though after looking at her, nothing else could ever make as much sense. Her hair is blond. Her eyes are about to close. She seems sleepy, but her complexion is fresh. Her lips are open only a sliver. Part of a tooth is visible. Her eyelashes are wet.

I don't know what to say.

Don't you *appreciate* them?

You're not one to hold a grudge, then, are you? I do love them, William. She turned to look at you and saw that you were smiling.

Are you always so earnest?

She wanted to defend herself, but no words came.

I recognized you as soon as you came into the restaurant, Sam Mitchell. You walk like her. For a fleeting second, I thought you were her.

Why are you saying these things?

I'm showing these soon. I'm almost ready. It seemed right to blow my last few bucks on lunch. That means the show has to be a success. There's no other option or I'm completely fucked. You should pass the word on. Your father will want to know.

She thought of the money—your money, what little there was of it—that she had wasted on food no one would ever eat. Shamed again that rolls of twenties were insignificant to her. She told herself that she would send you a check for her meal the minute she returned home, but she was too flustered to say anything.

You should tell him, she said. When's the last time you spoke to him?

We're not friends.

She felt slapped. Her cheeks burned with a combination of anger and embarrassment.

You misunderstand me, you said. You walked around the studio, your heavy steps echoing in the expansive space. The last time I heard from him was by letter, soon after Marguerite died. A letter to let me know her debt was paid. That I should expect nothing more. Did you know that she paid me?

I did, Sam said. She expected you to wince.

There are paintings that won't be in the show. There's one that might interest you.

So show it to me.

You walked to the opposite end of the studio, to a door, which you unlocked. It's a storage closet, you said. I don't want to take the painting out. It's not used to the light. You come here.

Sam hesitated. She wondered whether there were any paintings in the closet and what she knew about you. Whether she could trust you in the dark. She stopped outside

the doorway, her hand firmly attached to the frame. She placed a foot along the wall and leaned inside.

It's here. You placed your hand on a large rectangular canvas. You stroked the top. No one has seen this one, you said. No one but me.

Your eyes held terror. She could feel it. She backed out of the closet. She could see the lines of sweat running down either side of your face. Somehow she sensed what your hand was holding. She took another step back, stumbling over her own feet.

Don't turn it around, she said.

Those words were the secret code to raise your nerve. You rotated the canvas as if in slow motion. Before the first flash of color met her eyes, she felt her hand reaching up to her face. You stilled. You let the canvas rest against your leg.

It was her, it was Marguerite. Her ashen face, her sunken eyes. The waxen sheen. The dress that Sam had chosen.

She didn't know how she made it to her car, how she maneuvered the winding house, the stairs, the gate, how she found her way back to the parking spot she'd chosen hours earlier. When she climbed into the car, it felt like a refuge. She locked the doors and pressed her back into the seat. She closed her eyes, but the image you painted came back to her. She searched for a negation of those colors, of that face. Across the street a kid with bottle caps attached to his shoes tapped. His bright white shirt clung to his hard body. He warbled a peppy tune she did not know. Her gaze faded to the interior of her car, and there was her bag, unmolested on the passenger seat. She dug out the wallet and collected every bill it contained. She wanted to get out of the car and walk over to the boy, but she didn't trust her legs. Instead, she rolled down the window and waited for the kid to meet her eye. When he did, she held up the stack of green and waved him over. It was a relief as the money passed into his hands. She shooed him away and drove toward home. She kept thinking of your hands and the way they felt against her skin.

She didn't tell her father, but somehow—she shouldn't have doubted him—he knew. He called her at home near midday to invite her. It was the first time since her mother's death that he'd expressed desire for her to accompany him, and she could feel an unspoken shift between them. She admitted no knowledge of the show or of you. As if

this call were the impetus she had waited for, she asked whether she could stay with him for a while.

When she woke the next morning in her celibate lover's bed, she waited for him to leave for work, then packed her clothes that had accumulated in his closet. She removed all other traces of herself. The books fit on one side of her car's backseat. Shoes took up the other. She gathered haphazardly a few more things from her own apartment, though still not enough to crowd the car. After she hung and refolded everything at her father's house, she called her landlord to give notice on her apartment, then she dialed the man's work number.

Is it an emergency? his secretary asked. He's very busy now.

Will you tell him it's me?

He has a meeting this afternoon to prepare for.

I'm sure he'll take my call, she said. It'll just take a moment.

Well, I'll put you through, but remember.

He answered with his full name, in a voice suited to morning radio.

I won't be home tonight. I mean, at your place. I think I cleaned up. I'm at my dad's.

Sure, he said, absentmindedly. Sure, see you then.

Later that evening, he called to tell her he hadn't understood what she'd said. What had he done? Had she met someone? More than a year, and then a phone call at work? You're my girl. Aren't you?

She hated confrontation. She blamed her restlessness on the anniversary of her mother's death. She invited him to your opening.

In the hours before the show, she tried to conjure her ex's face, but she found that she could recall his features—brown eyes, thin nose—but not as a complete whole. It had been almost two weeks since she'd seen him. They spoke on the phone as though she were on a long-awaited trip, catching up on desperately needed rest. She did feel tired. She slept alone in her father's cold, quiet house, waking too late to share breakfast with him, but relishing moments with Corinne. Even listening to the vacuum from the other end of the house made Sam feel that she'd truly come home again. The feeling left when she heard Corinne close the door behind her and turn the key.

The house hadn't changed, so Sam avoided most of the rooms. Corinne, though, babied Alex in a way that he previously would not have allowed. Sam noticed that she picked out his suits and laid them on the chair beside his bed. She chose a shirt and matching tie. There were always plates of cookies and old-fashioned homemade candy on the kitchen table and sometimes even beside his bed. She cooked the kind of food Marguerite had banned: pots of red beans and rice, peas with hardboiled eggs in a dark roux, gumbo made from duck fat. Heavy scents clung to the wallpaper and discolored the ceiling. Corinne's chubby hand patted his shoulder while he ate. She had a sweet in her hand as he spooned his last bite of jambalaya. Pecan pie, pralines, almond cookies dusted with confectioner's sugar that she claimed her French grandmother presented to new brides. (I thought those were Italian wedding cookies, Sam said. Corinne frowned. *Mais non, chère.*) Alex's face looked fuller, his middle thicker than she remembered. She checked her own body daily in the half-mirror of the guest bath. After a large serving of shrimp-stuffed mirliton, she would close the door behind her, stand on tiptoes, and pull up her shirt to expose her torso and stomach. She swiveled from left to right, trying to discern any changes. She passed a cold hand over her hipbone. She wondered if she were growing more solid. She wondered if it mattered.

This new house, the same old one with a new smell, seemed to Sam like returning to a shell that finally fit. She seldom saw her father, but she felt him there. On the days when Corinne cleaned and left a meal, they usually shared it too late at night. Otherwise, she saw him in dirty coffee mugs and creased newspapers on the kitchen table. She considered leaving her own lipstick mark next to a headline but realized in time that it would be cruel. A few times, she rode the streetcar downtown filled with memories of high school and that first boy who peeled off her clothes and created an image of her that she couldn't recognize. She wondered where he was, why he ever left her, or she, him. She wondered whether he still painted and what. With a shock, she acknowledged that she missed seeing herself that way, as a necessary extension of someone else.

She began to look forward to your show. To seeing her ex. To feeling the weight of a man's heavy arm across her shoulders. Without it, she feared she might float away.

At the end of the line, she stepped off the streetcar and closed her eyes to the press of the crowd. She wandered the streets, walking against the workers pushing

toward home. It had been years since she walked these blocks without purpose. After high school, she had moved to Evanston, Illinois, for college, but by January of the first year, she knew she couldn't thrive in cold weather or through jabs at her accent. Tired of scarves and snow, she began to plan her escape. It didn't matter that at best she was average, that her essays fell dead in the middle, neither brilliant nor dreadful, that no one saw her as the most beautiful, skinniest, richest, most connected, funniest, smartest, most clever. No one knew about her history of illness. None of them had seen her body on a canvas. Or, naked, with its defining scars. Toward the end of the first year, she applied to the university within walking distance of her parents' house, without telling them or any of her tenuous college friends. Certainly not her high school friends, who would find her retreat laughable. On a visit home, she received the acceptance. She walked to campus and bought herself a sweatshirt in the bookstore. In heavy cotton with patchwork letters, it was too hot to wear. She pulled it over her head when she returned to the house and waited for her father to arrive.

He took her in, raised an eyebrow. You cold, sweetheart? I know it only got up to eighty today, but Nash Roberts said it feels like ninety with the heat index.

I'm sick of being cold, she said. Is that OK?

We'll buy you a snowsuit if it helps.

Can I wear it here?

Wear it any damn place you choose, Sammy.

Do you think I'm a failure?

There's no shame in coming back to where you belong.

I don't know where I belong, except not there.

You did well, though. Your grades were good. You'll work it out. Now take off the sweater. You're making me sweat.

She remembered that girl in the maroon sweatshirt. She could have tried a little harder, that girl. She might have pulled on a thicker skin, let it chafe her neck and itch at her wrists a little while longer before she threw it off.

She returned to those streets. They didn't hold the same mysterious draw. She learned their secrets anyway: the dirty coffeehouse that served cocktails and caffeine all night, bars that pulsed music, where boys her age and men old enough to know better danced too close, pressing their hard desire against her.

Now, alone again, she walked the streets. She tried to find herself as an even younger girl, to look back into that moment and discover how it led her here. On those walks, she weighed the possibilities that unfolded before her. With her father's connections, she could steal a job in a gallery from someone more qualified. She didn't see herself as a waitress. She feared meeting old classmates across shop counters. Somehow, when she had the man next to her to send off each morning and welcome back in the evening, she had been able to ignore these thoughts.

Her body took her to Alex's office. The secretaries fawned over her, stroking her hair as though she were still a little girl, as though they hadn't seen her for years. Though it was early for him to leave and he had a meeting first thing in the morning that required research, he snaked his arm around her and led her onto the street. Where to? he asked. Anywhere at all, on me. I can't remember the last time I got to play hooky with such a gorgeous girl.

Some place noisy, she said.

You don't want to talk about it?

They settled into a table at Palace Café where they listened to the clang of every knife and spoon, each coffee cup tapping its saucer.

Let's have dessert first, he said. I might have two. Bananas Foster can hardly be classified as a dessert. Desserts that contain fruit don't even belong in the same category with cheesecake. What do you say, Sammy?

She pretended something in the distance demanded her attention.

You're supposed to get a real kick out of this. I'm the dad, remember? I'm supposed to make you eat Brussels sprouts and collard greens.

I'm sure if we had done this when I was eight or even eighteen, I would have jumped up and down.

You're too old, and I'm trying too hard?

I appreciate it anyway.

He covered her hand with his. It won't always be like this, he said. For either of us.

I wish I could believe you. Dad, before I say anything else, I want you to know that I understand about the money. It's not right for me to ask you for anything else.

Sammy, you can stay at home as long as you need to. I mean that. But for my own good and for yours, I need to stop pretending you're a child.

And so we're having dessert for dinner?

Sometimes you have to give these things a little perspective before they make sense. I'm glad you ended it with that guy.

She folded the napkin in her lap, then pressed it flat onto her legs. I sometimes feel like I don't want to be me. She couldn't look at him while she said it. All the time, lately. And I feel so stupid about it. What do I have to complain about? What's so wrong with my life?

You tell me, love.

I missed something. Being sick all that time, the fear of being sick again, the constant precautions. All that time trying to save my life that I forgot to build something for when it was saved.

The waiter's too-wide smile broke between them. Mr. Mitchell, he said. You been away too long. You mad at me or what?

Henry, with a face like yours?

Then why I gotta hear about you from the partners? That tells me you do all the work and they get all the play. Am I right, or am I right?

You know you're always right, Henry. Every last time. You remember my daughter?

That chile done grown up good, yeah. Nothing like her daddy. Henry laughed hard as he slapped his knee. She's a looker, sir. I bet you gotta chaperone her every place she go.

If only she'd let me, Henry.

Somebody gonna steal that away from you, you watch.

This one? Never. She's a daddy's girl through and through.

Look at her, look at that! You see that twinkle in her eye? That's powerful stuff, yeah. She's gonna give you some grief, I tell you what.

What do you say, Sammy? Henry's depressing me.

I like you, she said. Come have dinner with us.

No, ma'am, that ain't never gonna happen. You sit on that side, and I stand on this side. You see these tails I'm wearing? You think I'm gonna sit on that? I make you smile a little—yep, like that—and you make me a happy man just to get you what you need. How you like that? Plus, my ole lady sees me sitting next to you? I'll never hear the end.

Bring us every last dessert on the menu. I have to fatten up this vixen so your prophecies don't come true.

You'll never snuff the fire outta that one, Mr. Mitchell. Not even if you try. You pile on about two hundred pounds, the men'll still be lining up. That's a live one.

Henry shuffled off into the kitchen, every movement too big, too much. Arms wagging, some quick fancy footwork before he passed through the door. He didn't look back to make sure they watched; he knew. She knew it was an act, but she didn't care.

Go on, Sammy. Tell me. Before the rest of the circus joins us.

He's lovely, she said.

Don't you remember him? He worked at Brennan's when you were little. He used to waltz your mother across the room.

How could I have forgotten that? What's his story? Is he a dancer, or what?

He's a waiter, love. One of the best.

I do remember him dancing with her. I guess it's been a long time since I've been here.

Tell me, Sammy. What you were saying before.

What am I ever saying? Forget it, Pops. I can't believe the drama queen I'm becoming. I need to knock myself out of this.

This?

I don't know, mood. I need to get some direction.

What do you want to do?

It's the same old problem. I don't know how to do anything. I don't know anything. I amaze myself at how little I know.

Come now. Don't tell me I spent a cold million on your schooling and you came out with nothing. The nuns will hear about this.

You think it's funny, but I'm serious.

What do you like to do? More than anything else.

I don't know. Sketch or read, I guess.

About?

Anything, really.

What about publishing? You could take a course, apply for an internship.

Oh, Dad, please. I know you're trying to help—

Hello, hello. Here we go! Flames danced around his face. The heavy scent of butter and sugar fell across the three of them. Eat it up quick, y'all, so you still got room for the rest.

He scurried off again to the kitchen, this time pausing to kick his heels together mid-air.

He *is* a dancer. I changed my mind, Pops. I am excited. Why don't we do this every day? This smells amazing.

Sammy—

Nope, she said, shaking her head, let's just eat.

After she ran from your studio that day, she made no attempt at contact. She never sent a check for her meal. She hoped you suffered through her carelessness.

She dressed, lingering over each task. She ached with the need of something. The pull of muscle every time she moved swept over her like a groan. Her skin smarted at every incidental touch, the cool silk of the blouse and the coarse skirt that skimmed legs. Her breath, heavy as though from running, filled the room.

A knock sounded. You ready, love?

She opened the door.

You look beautiful. It's like old times, isn't it? How long has it been since we went to one of these together?

Too long, she said. Before Mother.

Yes, he said. Do you know anything about it? I hear William's been having a rough time of it lately. Might lose his house. Frederick Meyer told me the new paintings are unusual. William does love to shock.

Why do you say unusual? That image came to her again, it blinded her to everything else around her. He wouldn't.

I don't say it. Frederick said it. I don't know, unusual. Let's take a look at "Dawn in the Evening" before we go. For old times' sake.

I'm not sure, Dad. We've seen it so many times.

All the more reason—

I know, to look at it afresh.

Humor your old dad. I don't think there's anything else of William's around.

They stood side by side in front of the painting, but all Sam could think about when she looked at it was her cold, lifeless mother. How she moved from this velvety sprite to that dreaded corpse.

When they arrived at the gallery, Sam's ex was waiting outside, one foot on the curb, the other dangling over the street below. He slipped a lit cigarette from hand to hand. She thought of walking straight past him. She wondered whether he would recognize her if she swished by in her unfamiliar clothes.

I'll see you inside, her father said, pressing her hand. Find me if you need me.

When her date looked up, she registered the battle of pleasure and dread in his features.

You're late, he said. She had to replay the sound in her head to make out the two muffled words. She waited for the awkward kiss on the cheek.

I'm sorry. My father got distracted and we left later than we should have. The artist was a friend of my mother's.

I was afraid you might not come. I've missed you.

My father's inside already.

I should say hello.

They walked through the door together. To avoid his touch, she wrapped her arms around her shoulders, feigning a chill. The room was full of almost-familiar faces and those of people she had seen last at her mother's funeral. She was torn among all the things she wanted to avoid: the unspoken sympathy she would see in the eyes of these strangers who would remember nothing about her but her dead mother; the paintings on the walls that would remind her of the humiliating encounter with you; this man next to her who could offer her nothing; and you.

Are you coming? He nodded in the direction of Alex, tall in his impeccable dress, surrounded by a small circle of friends.

You go, she said.

The ex was an attractive man. Large hands, dominant jaw. His skin was the color of—what?—of skin. His face dulled her brain.

Her skin itched. Everything in the room was more intense than she could stand. The music thumped in her ears, throwing her equilibrium. She hadn't eaten much all

day. The familiar blur took over. She felt dazed, knew she should find the tray of canapés, but instead she pressed herself against a bare wall.

Voices pained her: the tinny prick of female laughter, the bellows of fat men. The paintings lashed out at her, so bright that she felt assaulted. That painting wasn't here. Even without a clear view of every wall, she knew that *that* one couldn't be here. She reached for a glass from a passing waiter's tray.

Are they better with the right lighting? Hot breath on her neck, a shout designed to be a whisper.

I can't see a thing. I don't know why I'm here.

I'll show them to you, Sam Mitchell.

William, I don't need you to show me anything.

That's not what you said before. Now's not the time. Have a look around.

I can't see anything.

You have to open your eyes.

You took her hand in a gesture that was startling in its familiarity. Your touch was the one she had felt more often than any other in weeks. And you were a stranger.

Look, here's the one you admired in my studio. His voice carried, and people turned to watch him, to listen to his words.

I don't have a dime. My father just told me I've been cut off.

This isn't a pitch. Three have sold already.

Congratulations. She stepped away from you without releasing your hand, but you closed the space again.

Tell me what you see.

It was the woman, frozen amid the chaos of rush hour. Her eyes were inescapable, but nothing else about her seemed fixed. The canvas distorted and obscured her. Each time Sam tried to find her face, she dissolved into an elusive presence, something she could feel—like a thorn beneath a fingernail—but not see clearly enough to extract.

I painted her almost a year ago, but now when I look at her, I think of you.

Bullshit.

You could be amazing, Sam Mitchell, but you're dead. Ready for the grave. Or for the breath of resurrection. I've been thinking about how I should paint you. Dead or alive. I haven't decided because you're...

Your hands still touched. She looked down at them, but couldn't feel her own. A laugh started somewhere in her chest. She let it surface. All of this, you, her, the painting, your words, the show, her ex across the room courting her father, the ugly painting in your closet seemed utterly inconsequential.

A blank canvas, she said through a snort.

The corners of your mouth tweaked. Exactly.

The laugh caught in her throat. I hate you.

That's what she said. I didn't believe her either.

Then you've been wrong twice. She's not here, Sam said. The painting.

Of course she's not. I never show those to anyone. Only you, Sam Mitchell.

You're the first.

You've made others?

Look at these and tell me what you think. You squeezed her fingers before releasing them. She watched you walk away.

Her hand without yours tingled. She realized how tightly you had been holding her. She should have left, with or without her father, her ex. She walked toward the door, but she couldn't step out. She caught sight of the ex scanning the crowd for her and decided that her life depended on his not finding her.

She watched you, and though she was sure you could feel her eyes on you, you would not turn toward her. Rubbing her sore hand, she looked at your face for what felt like the first time.

A large, commanding head, nearly square. Fine lines around the eyes and at the corners of the mouth, but a smooth forehead. Eyes of blue and gray, eyelashes short but thick. An undertone of blue to the beard. A pulse in the jaw. Lips of a woman, plump and bowed. High cheekbones jutting from an otherwise round face. Small, close-cropped ears. A nose of perfect proportion. A dimpled chin. A prominent Adam's apple with a fresh shaving nick.

She studied and learned you while she waited. You turned to her as you spoke to the gallery owner, as you walked toward the well-dressed woman who wanted to buy the grocery store scene, as you passed through a nameless, colorless line of genderless figures. Your stare demanded that she walk to you. The pleasure, and the torture, came in understanding your look and defying it.

The space between you shrunk along with the crowd. She watched you talk to a man she didn't know, frowning in response to the man's questions. Your mouth opened and closed, but she could not read your lips. She assumed that he was a critic. The man's right hand leaped in a motion that seemed desirous of embracing you. Before the hand dropped, while the man's lips spread anew into a fresh word of praise, you stepped aside. You walked to her with an expression she couldn't read.

You were in front of her, and she forgot to breathe. Leaning into her, your cheek brushed hers. Your lips cradled her ear. Your finger slid up the back of her neck, burrowing underneath her hair. You spoke in a voice loud enough for bystanders to hear.

You said, Fuck me.

The word stood there between you. Her peripheral vision failed. She saw nothing but your ear and wisps of your hair. Your flesh against hers, rough and unknown and hot.

That's not right, you said. Let me fuck you.

You did not wait for her to answer. Without moving your face, you closed a hand around her bicep. The pressure of those fingers decided everything.

You stepped into a cab together. She heard your voice as it recited the address. For the ten-minute drive, there was silence. She sat to one side of the backseat pressed against the door, but she could still feel your heat and the pressure of your face against hers and your fingers pressing her arm. She wondered what kind of injuries might be sustained if she opened the door right now and rolled out.

She was not promiscuous, but her mother might have used that word if they had ever spoken about men or love or sex. Sam had started earlier than some of her friends—though there were many girls who started long before she did—fighting for some kind of control over her body. The scar produced both hesitation and impatience for this first intimate unveiling. It had healed better than some she'd seen. It was a smooth though slightly raised pale pink symbol emblazoned across her front. With her first artist's fingers entangled in the buttons of her shirt, she blurted: I have a scar. It's big.

She had her father to thank for the strange perfection of her imperfection. He had paid for the best surgeon. He had learned everything one could know about post-surgical care. As soon as was allowed, he covered the surface with aloe and vitamin E.

He massaged the scar tissue flat. Even on the days she begged to be left alone, he coerced her. You'll be happy we did this, he said. I know it's a pain, my sweet girl. Trust me.

There had not been so many men, but when forced to tally their number with her father in mind, she felt herself blush. Men were more forgiving than she might have imagined. Only one had become fixated on the mark, tracing it until she believed it ached. Every first time she was induced to remove her clothes or to allow their removal, it flashed bright across her eyes. She longed for the day she would say nothing in warning.

The cab pulled in front of the house she remembered from that awful day. You paid the driver. She climbed out, at first struggling to stop her skirt from clinging to the seat. The material gathered at her thighs, and the cool air flooded her. You did not take her hand. You waited for her to walk to the gate and you followed.

She wanted to say something, almost as much as she wanted a touch, but she knew that she would have to clear her throat to speak. And if she did that, it would be proof that she was in complete possession of what she was doing.

Her eyes caught on your hand as you opened the door. She listened to your footsteps through the dark. Her father, the gallery owner, her ex, acquaintances had watched her leave with you in the middle of the show. You had insulted the critic, abandoned the gallery. Though the shame of it dawned on her even then, she could not feel it; it was a fascinating case study and she wondered how it might turn out.

No light illuminated your house. Heavy drapes on the windows blocked the streetlights, the moon. The total darkness seemed a license. From behind, a hand gripped her side, thumb on hip, finger pressing navel. The hot breath again on her neck, the feel and sound that her body would now recognize as you. She braced herself for the mouth, the tongue. She didn't hear a zipper or feel the fabric leave her body, but you were there inside her. She eased back into you to chase the shock of fullness. You whispered phrases, words she could not hear. The only syllable she caught, over and over, might have been a groan of pleasure or the beginning of a name she would not allow herself to recognize.

She closed her eyes and was almost alone, breathing in the scent of desire and desperation, her own.

Seven

She is hesitant to do much while Michael sleeps, even though Jonathan must be waiting for her. She doesn't want to leave Michael alone in your house. She keeps walking past the bedroom, though she knows this isn't necessary. His rest is fitful and shallow, and she wants him as he is: unconscious in her bed, beautiful and silent. And what else would she do, anyway? She hasn't painted for months. She stares at canvas and sees white, so she builds and stretches and primes for the physicality of the task alone.

She wishes she had the responsibility of her father's collection and his house. She can imagine herself visiting the property more often than necessary to check whatever it is we're afraid might go wrong in our absence: plumbing, electricity, air conditioning. After thunderstorms, she could climb into the attic to discover leaks.

Instead, she should focus on this house, your house. She knows there are termites, though she becomes indignant when irate neighbors point out swarms. The house begs for new window and doorframes, a fresh roof. The last plumber she hired told her that the peeling paint on the ceiling indicated lead. She has no idea where to begin, if there is to be a beginning. What would you want, William? Would you care if I sold this house? If I left it, and you? I have no idea.

I'm sorry, Michael says, smelling of sleep in his rumpled t-shirt and boxers. His hair battles itself at odd angles. In this moment, all she wants to do is to pull that warmth into her. She's afraid to speak for the sob she struggles against. She can only shake her head.

Sometimes I think I'm still fourteen, he says. I feel like a jerk.

No, she whispers.

He hangs his head, and she's unsure whether he's hamming for her. At least you'll think of me whenever you drive the car.

Poor darling, she says, finding the strength to speak in her mother's voice.

Would you believe? I'm hungry.

You're not.

I lost it all. And we never did have breakfast.

No.

I'll eat anything, he says. Except pancakes or hamburgers or fries.
Stay here. I'll dig up something.

She stands in the middle of the kitchen, knowing that both the refrigerator and pantry hold little. She opens them anyway. First, the fridge, welcoming the frosty gust. Nothing but the seafood Michael bought, alongside crusted jars of old mustard, jelly, ketchup, and horseradish. In the cabinet, she can see a flat pack of microwave popcorn and a mix for butter cake. She drags a chair over and climbs up to get a better look. A dusty box of rosehip tea, a small cavalry of expired spices. Reaching into the dark, she expects the crispy body of a long-dead cockroach. She jerks back at the feel of something more substantial. She pulls it closer. An old bag of Oreos, nothing but crumbs and teeth marks. She knows there are cans back there. Her finger finds the cold lip and tips it forward: cream of celery. It's been in the cabinet as long as she's lived here. When she places it under the opener, she thinks, You bought this. You placed your hands on it at the store. You dropped it into your basket. You paid for it with money earned from a painting or a grant or a lecture. You bought it to nourish your body, to fuel your ideas, to power your brush, to love not her but someone else. She laughs at her lapse into sentimentality. You bought it for her to feed to Michael.

Next to the steaming bowl of soup, she places nearly stale crackers and a glass of apple juice. Michael has now curled on the sofa, his knees pulled into his chest and his head on a ratty throw pillow.

I think I need a blanket, he says. He looks like a child sent home from school.
Compliments of the kitchen.

Now, what *is* this unusual liquid? he asks in his goofy science professor voice.
It's a strange color, isn't it? Smells pretty good, though.

This from the girl who hasn't eaten all day. Burning rubber would probably smell good to you. This isn't from that can at the back of the pantry? The one with the three-inch layer of dust?

I'll never tell.

He loads the spoon and places it next to his lips. Mmmmm, he says, smacking the air, yummy.

Try it. It can't be that bad. It's Campbell's fifteenth top-selling flavor.

He bites into a saltine. I'm not quite as hungry as I thought.

Try it, Michael. It smells good. What could be bad about celery and onions?

Did you even add water? This is a condensed soup, you know. You trying to poison me? He smiles, but she no longer wants to joke with him. If he doesn't try this soup, she may dump it into his lap.

Soup doesn't expire, Michael. It's nonperishable. By definition, it lasts forever.

Sammy, it looks like slime. And it smells like a wet cat. Lime green soup is wrong.

Fine, don't eat it.

You can't be angry. It came from a can.

This is why I can't be nice to you.

He springs from his side, abandoning pillow and blanket. Now his elbows dig into his knees, head in hands. She waits for his raised voice, but it doesn't come. When she realizes he's speaking, she's missed the first few words. You're hopeless, she hears him say. Nothing has to be this hard.

You don't understand anything, she says, because she understands nothing.

His elbows move to his sides, and he faces her. His hands take hers. There's so little to understand, he says. I love you, I adore you, I want to complicate my life with you. Even though you make me miserable time after time, I have hope because you're near me. I've stopped trying to understand it, Sammy. I want all of you, even the worst parts if I know that you won't abandon me. I'm asking for your life, Sammy. Everything and nothing. Him for me.

She jerks her hands away. She storms to the door and slaps the doorframe for release. Eat the damn soup, Michael. Eat the fucking soup.

When she woke next to you, the night had just begun in earnest. She could see nothing in the room but the red numbers of a digital clock. 2:27. 28. 29. 30. The sheet around her gave off none of the warmth of her own bed. Her bed, in her father's house. Could he right now be sitting on the stiff sofa off the entrance, watching the doorknob or scanning the window for headlights?

The man she imagined was someone else's dad, in life or from TV sitcoms. She's not sure if he was aware of what most men tended to do when a daughter failed to show up at a reasonable hour, whether she was ten or sixteen or twenty-something. Worry

was alien to him, even when it concerned his paintings. He was never one to wring hands when movers came to pack up a piece for a loan. There was not a moment of hesitation when he unwrapped the covering from a newly purchased treasure or a canvas returned from touring. When he received frantic, late night calls from artists or clients who needed bail or heat or a doctor, his voice remained steady. He must have worried during her illness, but she never saw it. He promised her every day that she was getting stronger. She would run in the park. She would eat king cake in a few months. He never seemed to worry about rejection, though she had a few scares early on. He had decided at some point, that no matter how sick she might seem, how serious the danger, she would be safe because he needed her to be. His first child had died before he took a breath. That loss would not allow another. Sam's survival had morphed—for him alone—into proof of her immortality. He would not be waiting up for her. He would not miss her at breakfast.

Without turning, she knew she was alone. No unfamiliar breathing crowded the space, only her own measured, self-conscious inhales and exhales. There wasn't enough light for her to take inventory of the room. Shapes shifted before her in varying hues of gray. Lumps of clothes sat in corners and on chairs. It smelled heavy with the odor of athletic man. She wondered what she knew about you.

In the dark, she couldn't find her clothes, somewhere between the kitchen and here. It would take a blind, nude scavenger hunt to reclaim them. She considered it, then realized how ridiculous she'd feel if her searching hands came upon you unaware. On the floor around the bed, she weighed her options. A musty t-shirt two sizes too big. A soggy paint-splattered button-down shirt. Another t-shirt with a rip stretching from breast to breast. She settled on the first.

When she stepped into the hall, an insistent meow called, loud and frustrated. She followed it to a light under a door she recognized as the entrance to his studio.

Hush, kitten, she heard. You're as close as you're going to get. The sound of stiff brush sweeping a dry canvas.

You opened the door a crack. I can't have hair in the paint.

I'm looking for my clothes.

You slid your hands around her waist, dragging the material taut across her frame, exposing her inner thighs. The warmth of your body pressed into hers. You kissed the space behind her left ear. Your breath came hot, then turned cold on her skin.

Stay, you said. Your fingers traced her shoulder blades, skimmed her back, forcing it to arch. Your touch over the thin cotton pulled her into her body, made her notice the thrill flowing into each limb, one by one and then all at once. Your eyes were gentle, a light, moody blue. She noticed again the alluring curve of your lower lip. Her breath pounded in the quiet hall. You had four hands, eight, and they moved over her stroking, pinching, pulling.

I don't know what I'm doing here, she said.

You opened the door to your studio. The two of you landed on the old sofa in a corner of the room. You hovered above her, kissing and licking her through your old shirt. She clawed at you, urging you closer, wanting your weight to crush her. You kissed and bit, the iron tinge of blood washed over her tongue. You were everywhere at once. Her body ached to be consumed by yours. You locked eyes with her until, entwined and sticky, you clung to each other like victims.

When Sam returns to the room, she sees that Michael has pushed himself back into the sofa, covered himself with the blanket. He spoons the soup and draws it to his mouth with the expression of an angry but compliant child. He won't look at her as he eats. He leaves the rest of the crackers untouched. With each bite, the spoon scrapes his teeth.

Is it as bad as it looks?

He opens his mouth to show her the green liquid visible on his tongue. It's worse.

Michael, don't eat it.

It's growing on me. Maybe I'll eat this every day from now on. I could patent a new weight-loss program. When this makes you retch, you're working all twelve of the abdominal muscles at once.

Are there twelve?

It certainly feels like it. God knows, he says. But my target audience wouldn't.

Are you still hungry? We can pick something up for you. You decide the drive-thru.

We'd have to brave my latest contribution to your car, he says. I don't think I'd be in the mood for anything after that.

For the first time in years, she feels awkward in his presence. Her father's voice sounds in her ears, so immediate that she can imagine he's still near, that if she went to his house and opened the door, she would see him in his worn leather chair. His words play through her, *Look with fresh eyes. You're viewing it for the first time. What do you see?*

A woman. She is tall and slender, through neglect rather than exercise. Her skin could be brighter. It sits pale on her limp face, blending into purple semi-circles beneath her eyes. She looks older than she admits, but still younger than she is. Only a few, small wrinkles surface; it's the lack of light that gives her away. The blank eyes that say, I'm home but I won't answer the door.

A woman who might have owned beauty once, sleek pianist fingers the color of fresh cream. A rosy neck that craned with grace. She was open and afraid and fat with the anticipation of love, the kind that destroys with its vigor, the kind that burns for a moment, leaving its tormented afterglow to shower every day that follows. She found it. Didn't she?

She has a meanness she wouldn't tolerate in other people. She pushes this man, pins him, but she can't break him. She doesn't want to watch him entwined with another woman. She's seen him lip to lip with a red-haired girl, hand in hand with a woman she'd like to call mousy. He moved from friend to friend, couldn't have guessed that they passed him around like a new flavor to taste: *You must try this.*

A man. He looks younger than his years. Instead of rough stubble, his face grows sandy brown feathers of hair. His kisses leave no pink-red map of the places he's been. His body is thick with lean muscle, a side effect of his activity, not the reason for it. He would sooner back-flip than swagger, but his sexuality startles. The rise and fall of his chest defined beneath thin t-shirt or heavy sweater. The surprising fullness of his bottom lip. What of this man is known? Is she bound to think of you when she touches Michael's stomach or runs a finger across his brow? Can she classify him without comparison?

He wants to live with her, this man. In your house, in any house. He thinks he wants to marry her. She laughs when she imagines puffy white ball gowns, ministers, and color-coordinated flowers. He would want kids, if he thought about it. She can see him at soccer practice, at dance recitals, birthday parties, dressed as Santa or the Easter Bunny.

When she opens her eyes, she sees a man she almost wants to love. Her body aches to allow it, but she's bound by another promise, another marriage. A love she can't deny now, not after everything she has allowed it to cost her. That is the price of Michael: forsaking you.

Sam, Michael says. I'll finish getting my things together, then I'll rummage in that room you call a kitchen and pull something together for us. A last supper. Does that work for you?

You don't have to.

I'll be famished, and it'll be too late to go anywhere. I bought all this stuff yesterday. I'm sure you saw it. We can eat after you finish with Jonathan.

Jonathan! I almost forgot about him. He's going to kill me.

Let's go.

You stay. I'll walk there. Let him tell me all the things he's had to do, all the hours he's spent in agony deciding how to color-code and cross-reference the collection. Then I'll come back.

The weather hasn't turned yet?

The sky's clear. I'll call his secretary again—what's her name?—to make sure he's still there.

Jessamine, I think. Or Jezebel.

I'm sure it's not Jezebel. Are you all right here by yourself?

Don't worry, Sammy. I turn into a pumpkin at midnight.

It sounds like something her mother would have said, something from one of her old movies. Sam had felt like a fool when she finally watched *The Palm Beach Story* and heard Claudette Colbert intone, "You have no idea what a long-legged gal can do without doing anything." The only endearing thing about Marguerite, the only clue into what might have been her personality turned out to be cribbed from films. The revelation felt like her mother's second death.

Sam closes the gate behind her. Jonathan will wait, Jessamine said. If you're leaving home now, he said he'll wait. Sam heads in the direction of her father's office.

She has told Michael little about her old life. He has a collage of her mother built by the things people say when they see the two of them on the street, memories old friends feel compelled to recount about the dead. He would like to talk about their mothers. He lost his own when he was a boy, and he feels a connection because of that.

He made a friend of her father, which left her both grateful and jealous. Her heart strained when she witnessed their courting through a joint recitation of the best plays in Saints history and when her father's hand gripped the back of Michael's neck. Michael even took him onto the field at the Dome once, fitting him out with a press pass and letting him carry a monopod. Hold your ground, he instructed. They look like they're running right for you, but they'll split at the last second. Most of the time.

In the first weeks of afternoons in bed, long mornings folded together on the sofa, late nights without sleep, Michael might say, Tell me about your mother. What was she like? He, beautiful and healthy, believed himself in the first transcendent moments of remarkable love. He had Sam's body, felt assured of her future, and craved everything of her past to make it his: a long journey straight into his arms.

There was a time when there was no Michael, and then a time when he existed in her periphery. Unlike you, William, who existed always. Can she remember that middle time of Michael, that breach that forced not-knowing into knowing? She wants to pretend. There should be nothing in that moment to propel her back. What she does remember, without question, is how easily she became unsettled. How unfathomably her foundation cracked with only a graze. If she could not contain herself, who could?

There used to be a nut cart, outfitted with a shrunken red-and-white striped umbrella not quite large enough to cover the vendor's head, that parked a few blocks from her father's building. The man was from the northeast and couldn't understand why pedestrians passed him only to buy Lucky Dogs on the next corner. Even on the hottest days, he dry-roasted pecans and peanuts, occasionally macadamias in salty herbs finished with a sprinkle of sugar.

After her mother's death, she and her father established standing dates. Monday lunches at Commander's, sometime after one o'clock. Whoever arrived first would have a drink at the bar and wait. Both relished this lack of pressure. On Thursdays after five o'clock, they would find each other, as through by delightful chance, at the nut stand. She munching a warm bag of whatever was on offer, her father strolling up to catch her with full cheeks. He would nod in her direction and say to the vendor, What's the damage? No matter what the man said, he handed over a ten, waving away the change. His greeting was a hand struggling into her creased bag, cupping a handful of nuts and throwing them back into his mouth, with no attention whatsoever to what he might be eating.

They said little of importance on these Thursdays. That was reserved for Mondays, if necessary. Thursdays were for a quick banter, a return to an innocence they possibly never knew. He forgot that no one would be waiting for him at home; she pretended she didn't live with a man who owed his career to her parents and his paintings to the shape of her body.

Heard a joke today, he said, mouth full of peanuts.

Always working hard.

Fine, I won't trouble you with it. It might be a bit too cerebral. I wouldn't want you to laugh at the wrong moment.

Oh dear, she said, you laughed at the wrong moment, didn't you?

Supposing I did, what kind of harm might that bring about?

Well, old men should never laugh too hard. Brittle bones and all that. So next time, if you want to fake it, I'd suggest a faint chuckle or maybe even a knowing nod. Much less taxing.

I was focusing on the intellectual damage.

You'll survive. Just.

That's what I was afraid of. Remind me never to ask you anything ever again. My ego's getting too much of a boost from your constant fawning.

It's why you keep me around. And because I'm cheap. Where else can you find this kind of attention for only ten bucks. Anyway, what's the joke?

Not a chance.

She couldn't spend more than an hour or so, enjoying the leisurely stroll amid the end-of-workday rush. You would need her. Her father always had a dinner to attend or give, a meeting to oversee, a private viewing arranged, invented or true. They kissed each other, loud smacks, on each cheek.

One Thursday, she found herself waiting, fifteen minutes, then twenty-five. He had never been this late. She licked her salty fingers and crumpled the bag.

Another for you? the vendor asked.

She pasted a smile on her face and stuck out her hand, waiting for the tremor of heat to pass through her palm.

Once the thirty-minute mark passed, she decided to take the short walk to his office. In five more minutes, maybe ten. She didn't want to bother him if he'd been detained by something important. She cursed herself for being so stupid: she had no

money to pay. She rocked back on her heels, dipping back into the nuts even though her belly ached.

When she glimpsed Michael down the street, her eyes flicked back down to the pavement. They didn't know each other for more than a passing hello, a brief coffee among a mongrel group of semi-strangers at a communal table. Between them, there stood knowledge of who each was, to whom they belonged. She didn't want to make small talk with a relative stranger. Michael always did. If he ever crossed in the street a store clerk who had once helped him pick out a belt, he could hold her in conversation until she missed her bus and he had to drive her home across the river.

Sam, he called from down the street. Sam!

Her head whipped around to his voice before she could pretend she hadn't heard.

It is you. How are you? What's going on with you, Sam?

She waved her hand in the direction of her father's building. Waiting for someone.

Hey, those are fantastic. Do you mind?

His hand snaked into the bag, resting heavy against her wrist. The marriage of their pulses forced a shock of electricity through her limbs. Her eyes, by reflex, shot up to his.

Can I walk with you?

Oh, no. I'm meeting him here.

Michael brought his watch up to his face, shifted the nuts to the other hand.

It's great to see you, he said. It's been a long time. You didn't make it to Robert's show, did you?

No, I usually don't anymore.

My dad has an interest in the gallery, he said. The reviews weren't very nice. But I liked them. I thought they were pretty.

Yes, I think that's what the review said.

The vendor closed his umbrella, then began to pack his supplies, the crisp brown paper bags, the tongs wiped clean and wrapped in a pristine white towel. It's about that time, he said.

Sure, here, she said, reaching into the purse that she knew held no money.

It's OK, babe. He can fix it up next week. I know he's good for it.

Are you short? Michael asked. He pulled a new ten-dollar bill from his shirt pocket. That's fine.

Really, Michael, I can—

The father usually pays, he said, tucking the money into his pouch. He nodded, once to Michael, then to her, and pushed his cart away.

I'm sorry. How embarrassing. It's something silly my father and I do. I'll—

Forget about it. He laughed, pulled a hand over his unshaven face.

I owe you a drink, at least. I have a credit card. I can do that.

I'd love to, but I should get going.

She watched him walk away. As he turned the corner, he dusted the nuts from his hands.

Her legs took her to the office. The receptionist said her father had left the building around noon and wasn't expected back until Monday.

When she told you that her father didn't show, you remembered a message from Wednesday morning. He had to attend a meeting that would keep him in Baton Rouge for a few days but looked forward to seeing her at lunch on Monday.

What have you done, she asked you, without a word. The smudge of a thumb across the back of her hand. A finger on her wrist. Something alive in her that strained toward a distant, beckoning light.

She began to search for Michael at family dinners, her father's business parties. At the supermarket, her heart pounded when she glimpsed from a distance a man of his build. She lingered at the coffee shop. Just as she began to appear ridiculous to herself, she stopped: you locked yourself in the studio, without food, without pills, for three days.

In the early weeks with Michael, when she allowed him into her house and bed, her body, she deflected all questions. Aside from flesh, she promised nothing. She wanted you to see her body stretched and pulled in ways you had never imagined.

The days of that period blur. Michael seemed to be there always at her side, touching her, kissing her hair. When he wrapped his arms around her, the shaking stilled. She could swat his kisses like mosquitos in night ears, without sending him away. He was delicate enough not to ask the question everyone wanted answered. The closest he toed was, I'm here, OK? I'm here.

Michael handled a photo of Marguerite in a corner of the studio. When was this taken? he asked.

The image has no color, but she's wearing a red dress, and her skin is too perfect. She doesn't see the camera. It catches her mid-laugh, her lips spread wide, tongue and teeth exposed. The motion of her hand flying to cover her face is a flutter of gray. The sun beats on her brassy hair.

I don't know the date, she said. After my parents married, but before me.

It's a wonderful photo. Great framing. Your father took it?

No. See that knee and hand? That's him.

You look a lot like her. Definitely the eyes, he said. And the shape of your jaw.

I can't see it.

She must have been the same age here as my mom when she passed.

Yes, she said.

I remember her as sweet and gentle, but I hate that I can't hear her voice anymore. And her face. I remember photographs, but not her, not really. You didn't get along with your mom?

She was fine. I wasn't a child when my mother died.

Everyone's a child when their mother dies.

I'm closer to my dad, she said, shrugging his hands away.

You don't want to talk about her.

There's nothing to say. My father worshipped her, she played the part—some part from the movie going on in her head—and now she's been dead a long time. Sam pushed him aside. The blanket dragged after her as she pounded over to your chair.

You, William, are the only source she trusted on the subject of Marguerite. She left nothing to be discovered, not a single piece of correspondence, no journal, not even the letters that Alex wrote to her before they married.

You baited Sam. You invented lies to tuck beside truths. You pretended at times to find the subject painful, but she knew this was your great deception. What better audience could you gather, what better trick than to live with her daughter?

You met Marguerite the summer after you turned sixteen. She was almost nineteen.

Sam knew her parents' story. She could see it almost as clearly as if she'd been there, hiding just out of view, like you, William, when you took that photograph of Marguerite in her red dress. She and Alex met about a year after the two of you did. Alex was almost twenty-six. He was enchanted (his word) the moment he first saw her. On their wedding day, Marguerite was twenty-one. Sam was born just after she turned twenty-four. The basic foundation of her family story is unshakable.

At times—but never again after Marguerite's death—Alex would slip into a haze of memory. He might be sitting in his favorite chair with an art book so oversized it made him seem like a three-year-old play-reading his parents' novels. The book would slip and his head would ease back into the chair. The hint of a smile would crack his lips, and he was gone. Beyond this house, in another decade, another life.

Sammy, he would say, luring without looking down to find the little girl. Come here. Those were her favorite words.

He scooped her into his lap. It felt like a fortress the way the books surrounded them and kept everything else away. She smelled his spicy aftershave. When he spoke, she felt his breath on the crown of her head, tingling her scalp so sharply that she had to scratch.

He painted a picture for her: a sunny but windy day. Treetops swayed so violently that the trunks seemed to bend under them.

He said: Your father sat on a park bench trying to have his lunch, but the wind blew everything. When he finished his sandwich, he thought of taking the orange back inside the office. He hadn't considered what he'd do with the peel or his sticky hands after pulling the segments apart.

Am I going too slowly? he asked. She shook her head and nuzzled closer to feel the rumble of the words in his chest.

He hadn't had a good day so far. He had just started a new position, and everything he did was wrong. Even the way he walked. All his years of work didn't seem to mean anything. Poor Alex was sad and confused.

So he ate lunch alone outside, trying to punish himself and everybody else. But, then, something miraculous happened. This gorgeous angel floated down to earth and landed not three feet from him.

Sam could feel her eyes widen, and she strained to drink each word.

Her hair was as bright and brilliant as the sun. Her body bent like the trees. When she pulled the hair away from her face, he felt like he'd been punched. All he could focus on was this beautiful angel right in front of him. But something was wrong. She wasn't smiling the way angels should. Her lips were pulled into the saddest frown you ever want to see. He pulled himself up from the bench. He wished he'd had something other than ham and cheese with onion for lunch, but it was too late for that. He took the few steps to her. Excuse me, he said. Very windy day. I think I might need some assistance in getting where I'm going. When she didn't answer, he feared they didn't speak the same language. But then she raised her eyes and laughed. Before her lips even closed, he felt the brightness of her fall on him. Her arm tucked itself under his. Do you know what it's like to have an angel touch your arm, Sammy?

She shook her head.

It's like electricity and ice-cold water.

Was she really an angel, Daddy? Or was she just Mother?

She was both at once.

You had heard the family name. You mocked Marguerite for agreeing to a date with a daddy's yes man. You said, You won't last the night you'll be so bored. And he's old.

Marguerite knew that you, this sixteen and seventeen-year-old William, worshipped her, this girl-turned-woman who took you into her confidence. She loved your paintings, even those early ones that, you say, lacked form. You might have given it all up if not for her, this one undeniable thing you owe her. She owned you, all of her life, all of yours.

Your sister gave Sam a copy of a photograph of your mother. Faces crowd against Amelia's full cheeks. Her teeth are straight, except for a small chip in the left front tooth that lends her an impish appeal. She must have shifted as the shot clicked, so her figure is unfixed. Her arms are wide around the people on either side of her. Her face, stark with hair pulled tight atop her head, tilts to the right, perhaps to coax a grin from a child. Her skin in loose around her arms, wrinkled. But she has an infectious energy that draws people to her. If you look closely at the photograph, you can see that several of the faces turn toward her. If not beautiful, then desirable, necessary.

Melissa said to Sam: You need to see her. You need to live with her if you still choose to live with him.

Amelia painted the way she might fry eggs or mend coat pockets. It became a break from her essential chores that still allowed her to feel industrious. It added to the beautification of her home in a way that reading novels or joining a women's group would not. She painted sunsets, barns in open fields, a vase. In a still life, an apple rests atop a banana, which hovers over a table. Another shows a man on a horse straddling the roof of his house. Amelia hung these scenes around their home. Your sister did not remember Amelia expressing any pride in them. The pieces added some color to an otherwise drab, if comfortable, house.

Without them, you might never have started. Like any child, you had drawn pictures. A teacher commented once on your natural sense of space and dimension. For several years, you had been inseparable from a beloved secondhand Argus A-Four that, suspended from a weathered strap slung around your neck, bruised your breastbone as it pounded against your skinny chest. You snapped dogs and magnolias, houses and crooked lampposts, and the ring your bath left around the tub. You mowed lawns and ran errands for old ladies to keep yourself in film. At first, you barely noticed your mother's paintings, but the scent of the oil attracted you. You found yourself closing your eyes and leaning into her wet canvases. When you grew acclimated to the smell, your eyes settled on the images. All it would take to right the errors would be a brush stroke here, a shadow there. Every evening during dinner, your eyes would drift to the rider hurdling his house. You were transfixed by its utter wrongness, the same way you might have stared at a baby with a black eye.

Do you like that one, Billy? Amelia asked, following your gaze to the wall behind her.

You nodded with a mouth full of peas.

You'd be surprised, she said. It's more difficult than you'd think. But soothing. You should try it, Billy.

Your first painting was a man on a horse, riding toward home. There your man stood, a correction. Your paintings replaced hers one by one, until there was nothing left of the ones she had painted undiminished by your versions.

They're good, Billy, she said, pulling you to her. They're amazing.

I thought his paintings were very good, your sister said. I wasn't thinking they were you-should-have-a-career-doing-this good, but I understood how much more skillful they were than Mom's. On the other hand, it seems like such a mean thing to do. Why couldn't he paint, I don't know, an oak tree or something from a book? I didn't think he did it intentionally, then. Later I wondered whether he had any feelings at all. Now I'm sure he had only hatred. That didn't come from my mother. Not even from my father, though he could be a hard man. Some people are born that way. Evil, she said. It's you I wonder about, Sam. How someone like you chooses to be used by a man like that. You still have a choice. This will be the last time we see each other, so I'm going to say it. Sam, it makes you worse.

She tore herself away. I called to her, and she did not answer. Even my sweetest cajole couldn't gain a response. I made promises to the dark. Her clothes had been removed. She left no message. In the closet, I searched for her, I spoke to the figure of her whom had never been but whom one day she would become. Before me, only the black uncertainty of a future without her body, without her knowledge, without a purpose if she would not see it. I found you, Sam Mitchell, do you remember? In the makeshift shed in the courtyard, cowering over your bags. I told you not to leave. You said, I have no place to go.

Someone other than a mother, or even a sister, had to love your paintings before they held any worth. Marguerite embarrassed you with praise. She began to spend more time at your house. If she arrived while you were in the garage painting, she sat inside with Amelia. Process, to Marguerite, was ugly. Though she happily crunched through slivers of bacon, she would have been shocked to see a farmer slice through the thick skin of a hog to create a cascade of steaming, foaming blood.

Amelia abandoned her chores and made coffee to let Marguerite prattle, something her mother would never allow without correcting Marguerite's sloppy grammar and lazy manners. They nibbled shortbread from a tin. You would sneak into the house when you knew she was there to listen to their polite conversation.

William tells me you also paint, Marguerite said.

Not anymore, but it's the best thing I ever did. It made Billy try. He's something, isn't he?

Melissa avoided these visits, even though she was nearly the same age as Marguerite. At first there was no question of jealousy. Amelia and her daughter spent innumerable hours together, mopping floors, choosing cuts of meat, their movements so fluidly tandem that mother could crack an egg and daughter would wordlessly appear beside her with a spoon to separate yolk from albumen.

Marguerite, though, seemed to have no notion of appropriate times to drop in without warning. The knock—three short raps—came as Amelia placed a spoonful of oatmeal in her mouth. Or when she had her arms around her daughter, comforting her because the occasional boyfriend had become someone else's steady.

She made your father uncomfortable, but he was too polite or embarrassed to ask your mother to shoo the girl away. You noticed, though, that he chewed with his mouth closed when she joined the family for dinner. When Marguerite addressed him, he stared into his mashed potatoes, but when she shifted to someone else, he latched onto her. You watched your father watching her. His eyes jerked back to his plate when he felt your eyes on him.

Sometimes Marguerite allowed you to trail behind her. You carried shop bags and opened doors for her. You noticed that she would occasionally add a store to her repertoire, even though you could not imagine that she might need what it offered—French salts and *herbes de Provence*, or luggage and storage trunks—as often as she visited. She would charm shopkeepers with her unveiled enthusiasm, complimenting their simple displays: pyramids of perfumed soaps and jumbles of cheap, multicolored scarves.

As suddenly as Marguerite adopted them and promised the dowdy, middle-aged clerks that she couldn't live without them and the products they made available, she would refuse to pass in front of their doors. When you questioned her, she would say, There's nothing in there I want.

For a time, she seemed particularly taken with a small delicatessen and butchery well out of her normal orbit. Unlike with her other whims, even you could appreciate its draw: linked sausages strung like Christmas lights in the window, great wheels of cheeses whose names you'd never heard and couldn't pronounce, homemade ravioli placed in the cases like tiny translucent gifts. At the center of this wonderland of flesh

and curd stood squat, round Rosa with a wispy bun of black hair. Though no one would have called her a beauty, the thickness of her red lips and the flush of heat across her creamy skin forced you entirely against your will to imagine kissing her. If only those features belonged to a body with curves not created by pockets of soft, dimpled fat, or if suddenly she had a growth spurt, you might love her. Her physique made you think of a ball of dough that needed stretching: somehow appealing as it was, but not entirely satisfying when you had tasted what it, with kneading, patience, and force, could become.

Hello, Rosa darling, Marguerite said, extending her long arm over the counter to touch the fabric of Rosa's smock and the shoulder beneath. The gesture forced Marguerite to pitch forward awkwardly, and you were shocked to discover she could appear ungainly.

I couldn't stay away another second, Marguerite said. The cheese you recommended last time—yes, that one there—was wonderful. Mother served it at her luncheon last week and her friends stuffed themselves. You know how those ladies usually are. A taste of this, a smell of that. They're all as spindly as rails. But *that*—she pointed again at the squishy white round—*that* might finally fill them out a bit!

It's a good one, Rosa said. You wondered if she minded the reference to weight. You felt yourself burn under the collar.

Mother and her friends might actually be bearable if they had a bit more of that in their lives. I'd be grumpy if I was constantly starving. As though that keeps their husbands at home.

Rosa nodded. The smile hadn't dropped from her face, but it seemed in danger of cracking. You watched her scan the store. More of the same, then?

Yes, and something else just as delicious, darling. You have such fine taste.

Once her selections were packaged and paid, Marguerite continued to linger, even sliding herself behind the counter where she grabbed Rosa's hand in both of her own. You wondered whether she would bend down onto the sawdust floor to kiss it.

You've been so wonderful, Rosa. Mother should have a little pleasure.

As you left the store, Marguerite, still clutching the bag Rosa thrust at her, leaned into you and sighed into your shoulder.

Marguerite had long-standing crushes on starlets and on bankers' wives. She showered praise on the least deserving and on the most glamorous. She didn't

understand how girlfriends could admire each other's shoes and waistlines. How they were allowed to critique breasts and bottoms in bathing suits. Be honest, they would tell each other. When the gaze would sit a moment too long, though, when a friend's admiration began to exceed a boyfriend's, a lover's, robes were wrapped around shoulders.

Why do men ever get any attention, Alex asked, when women are so much more beautiful? What's there to look at on a man? It's a wonder they keep us around at all.

When Sam was eight years old, after she'd begun to feel ill but hadn't yet been diagnosed, Marguerite developed a friendship with a woman who worked for Alex. Marguerite would often find herself, child in tow, at the woman's desk.

Alex overworks you, darling. Imagine, never a break!

Not at all, Mrs. Mitchell. Best job I've ever had.

Marguerite, she said, pressing a manicured hand to her chest. Sam watched the women's eyes meet.

Well, then, she said, Marguerite. Her hands stilled.

Darling, why don't you take a break now? Come with me and my little one for coffee and cake. She wasn't quite well enough for school today and I promised her a treat to help her feel better. She's not contagious. Growing pains, that kind of thing.

I'd love to, but I shouldn't. Mr. Mitchell wouldn't like me away from my desk for that long.

You let me worry about Mr. Mitchell, darling.

After the cake and the whispered conversation that accompanied it, they walked the woman back to the building, where Marguerite kissed both of her cheeks.

Mother, Sam said, is she your best best friend?

You silly duck, she answered. We like who we like. Nobody has to be the best.

Later, during afternoon breaks, Sam was left behind with Jonathan's secretary or sometimes the receptionist whose stubbly, razor-burned legs she would study like a relief map underneath the desk.

Let me paint you.

It burst from your chest like a confession. You had been holding your breath since she walked in. Marguerite's fingers glided over the jelly jars that held brushes and tubes of color.

Don't be silly, darling. Her shoes slid purposefully across the dusty floor. You *should* have a life-model. Her lips like candy, her voice syrup.

She was beside you now, her hip temptingly near yours. To meet your eyes, she had to look up. You could count her eyelashes, the strands of hair that defined her face. For the first time, you noticed the bluish shadow beneath her eyes, the skin there as thin and fragile as tissue paper.

You should paint Amelia.

My mother?

She laughed. Yes, darling. Your mother. She pushed herself away from you. Her feet swept the floor. It would make her so happy.

She told you that?

Don't be dull, Billy. Paint her.

You did.

She giggled for most of the sitting, not knowing where to hold her hands, feeling silly in a dress she hadn't worn in years. Her head felt too heavy for her neck. The dress might be too tight, especially now. Seated, the fabric stretched taut across her hips. Her spine, she said, seemed to belong to someone else. Your insistence that she not move, not speak forced her to catalogue the strange weight of her body.

I'm not sure I want to see it, Billy, she said without shifting the tilt of her head you had painstakingly posed. I don't think I do. The whole idea of it makes me feel funny.

Painting your mother was easier than you imagined it would be. Behind your easel, your eye became a lens. Your mother, a puzzle of fluctuating shapes. Your only goal was to capture the ovals and circles, the lines and their shadows. To still them and to add another kind of energy, of movement. It was comforting, but at the same time thrilling, to look at this person and erase all familial ties. You wondered if priests made a similar leap when they buried their own brothers. Here is flesh. I must work my magic over it. It is a work that it all of me, a work that dissolves me into nothing.

She stood the instant you dismissed her. You finished from memory and from imagination. In the days you waited for her to dry, you felt a deep, growing burn inside that you could not explain. A feeling you hoped would diffuse when Marguerite saw what you had done.

Eight

Sam sits on the grass in Lafayette Square. She's so close now that she should trudge to the office and get it over with, but she wants to slow the day. She's not ready to dispense with the comfort of knowing that two people wait for her. Jonathan, who must be pacing by now, grumbling to Jessamine about Sam's lack of consideration. Michael, who is packing the last of his belongings and wondering where he'll spend the night. Jonathan in her father's office. Michael in your house.

This task should be easy. All she has to do is listen to Jonathan's plans. Her father's slight has wounded her, but she wants no money. She has no questions. She wants no revelations. After Marguerite's death, revelations were necessary. She badgered everyone who might know anything. It shames her now that she didn't spare even her father.

The evening of Marguerite's funeral, a somber party atmosphere fell over the house. Jonathan was still in the kitchen with Corinne and a few others. Sam had finally shooed her own companion away.

She was brave and numbed by the brandies she should not have drunk, drenched in compassionate lies repeated all day, anecdotes about someone who had never existed. She was rubbed raw by too many distant relatives who now wanted detailed updates on her health, on what medications she took and how often, whether it was true that she should avoid all alcohol (a disapproving nod toward her glass), whether she would have to undergo another transplant in the future, what is the lifespan of a donor liver anyway? It nearly killed your mother when you were sick, Sam, they said. She would have taken it on herself if she could have. Sam watched her father nod and smile. She listened to the terrible fictions that slid from his lips.

Later, she stepped into her father's study to find him sunk in his leather chair. She trembled. Aside from the brandy, she'd had nothing all day. Corinne kept placing small bits wrapped in napkins in her hand, a pecan cookie, a pink petit four. Sam held the little presents for a while, content to be weighed down.

You knew about her, didn't you?

This isn't a conversation I want to have with you, Sammy. Please.

So you did.

Does it matter now? Would knowing these things make it easier for you to love her and forgive her for whatever it is you think she did?

I think it would, yes.

Let me tell you this. She loved you the best she could. Not every woman is supposed to be a mother. I wished she could have been different to you. It was nothing you did. I encouraged her, but it wasn't in her. And then you were sick and it terrified her. I know what it took her, physically, to force herself into that hospital and to see you with tubes in your arms. She beat herself up. I know you find that difficult to believe, but she did. She didn't know how to take care of you. She didn't have the instinct. She was terrified when she discovered she was pregnant with you. She thought she'd killed our baby because she kept saying she didn't know if she was ready. She blamed her body for killing him. Then with you... Maybe she should have never been a mother, but I'm not sorry.

I'm not asking you to void my existence.

So forgive her now because that's the easiest thing we can both do. She's gone. You're a grown-up. You don't have to be formed by what she did or didn't do when you were thirteen or nine or in utero. I have loved every second of being a father. I hope that means something in all of this.

I know that. I'm not asking for me.

You're not asking for *me*.

She put her hand on his, a gesture that immediately felt false. He slid away from her touch.

I was married to your mother for twenty-five years. Do you think you know something significant about her that I don't? You don't get it, Sam. You're too black and white. There aren't sides to choose.

There are, she said.

You don't know everything you think you know.

Then tell me.

I love her. She loved me the best she could, which was more than I ever expected. I accepted her faults. She was never unfaithful to me. Do you understand what that means? Never in any way that I couldn't bear.

Maybe it's more than I can bear.

If I'm as naïve as you take me for, why dump this on me now, your poor cuckolded father, when nothing can ever change except my memory of her? Your dissatisfaction with her as a mother is something I would be happy to commiserate with you some other day. Maybe I could have done more, but I won't allow you to turn her into a bad wife as well. Now, leave, Sammy.

That's not how I wanted to say this. The truth matters to me. Am I crazy? All those silly women. They weren't just crushes, were they?

His eyes bored into her. She had crossed a line and could never erase this misstep. She was her mother's daughter.

I will not explain away your mother's intricacies to make you feel better. Goddamn it, Sam, don't say another word.

Tell me yes or no. Did she have affairs with women, with anyone?

He slammed his fist on the desk. You want me to be honest with you? You want me to tell you exactly how I'm feeling right now and what I'm thinking about your mother? Here it is. I plan on getting even more drunk than I already am on the very expensive wine that we were saving for our thirtieth anniversary and thinking about her and remembering every blessed thing about her until I'm unable to think anymore and I almost believe she's right beside me—don't you dare walk out of this room—I believe she's there and I can feel the heat of her thigh and if I drink a little more I'll see her, this picture of her in my mind, from a few summers ago when we spent that ridiculous weekend in Biloxi and she wore nothing every day and night but a white bikini, that wet bathing suit that smelled like salt and was so thin you could see her hair and she shocked everyone who passed us. Are these the details you want? That as soon as we got back to the room she stripped the suit off and ran around the room in her two-tone skin. That I can't believe—I can't believe—that she is in the ground and I will never again touch her smooth body, not her bony hand or the curve of her small, perfect breast. A sob caught in his throat. The only woman I ever loved has been taken from me. I don't need you or anyone else to try to explain my life away. You don't know a goddamn thing.

Stunned and shattered, she found herself outside the house, somehow in the back garden, embraced by the cool night air. Yes, maybe these were the things she wanted to know.

You wanted Marguerite to be the first to see the painting. It made it easier that Amelia decided not to look at it. Once you realized she would never see it, the painting came into focus. You had to admit that it was beautiful. You could imagine this woman, standing up from her chair and walking right out of the frame to thank you for her life.

Silly boy, she finally said. It's wonderful, darling, but let me tell you the problem. This is a portrait. A beautiful portrait of your mother. No one could find fault with it. In fact, I'm sure everyone who sees it will say, without fail, that it's a perfect likeness.

She reached out for your hand. Though you craved her touch, you wouldn't help her. She stepped forward and grabbed it. You don't want to be a portrait painter. You don't want to paint babies and brides before their wedding day. You're an artist, darling.

You said I should paint her. You told me to.

I said you should have a life-model. Artists paint *nudes*, darling. I suggested Amelia as a model. She has such interesting features.

The word struck you. You could feel it thumping down your body, through your chest and down to your knees.

She's my mother.

Before she's anything, she's a woman. You have to look at her as a woman. You'll never be an artist if you cling to convention. Don't look so horrified. I'm only suggesting you *paint* her. Marguerite laughed.

She would never, you said.

Marguerite pursed her lips. Her tongue flicked over them.

Here was an escape. You felt yourself take a breath. Your muscles uncurled.

Where's your imagination, Billy? So now you have looked at her. You have really seen her. The rest will come to you. Marguerite touched your shoulder with her fingertips. She seemed to look down at your shoes, then brought her eyes back up, leaving her chin turned to the ground. You can't tell me you've never seen her. Maybe you happened on her as she was leaving her bath, she forgot to lock the door... You came home early, she thought she was alone—

You shrugged her hand away.

Marguerite turned her back on you. I have to remember your age, your innocence. I'll leave, William. I've upset you. Her short, golden hair held a slight wave at the base of her skull. It barely moved when she walked.

Don't leave, you said.

I've made a mistake. I thought you would understand. I imagined that you were familiar with the tradition. Now you think I'm vulgar. There are sacrifices for art, not just material ones. There's a moral cost, William.

She sat on the only chair in the garage. You bent down to be level with her. Her knees were pink under her thin pantyhose.

Since you started painting, I've been reading a lot about it, she said. I'll admit I've been jealous, darling. I could never do what you do.

You opened your mouth to deny it, but she shook her head.

I've read about different movements, the artists, but I'm sure you know all these things and so much more than I do. I must sound like a fool.

A shudder flowed through your body. You knew nothing. You hadn't even realized your ignorance. In the shock of pleasure at your uncovered skill, you hadn't wondered how anyone else achieved this. You opened no books. You sought no museum. The visions in your head and the tools your mother handed to you had been your universe complete.

Many artists paint their relatives, she said. To look at something familiar and make it completely new. That's why I thought of it when you said you wanted to paint me. I thought it was my duty, because of your talent, to push you further. Now you think I'm disgusting.

You heard her words, but now closer to her face than you had ever yet been—those glassy blue eyes, her flared nose, her lips hidden under a thin coat of lacquer—your jaw would not move. You felt yourself edging nearer, your body deciding for you.

I brought some books with me, she said. Some artists you might want to see. She was gone, across the room in a single motion. You watched again the wave of her hair. Her back that arched into a V. The back of her pale thighs as she bent over into her bag.

She returned to you, flipping pages. There were pages and pages of women, each as exposed as the one before and after, their bodies twisted open. You felt her

watch you ingest each woman, each collection of elongated limbs, rosy nipples, hidden spaces that unfurled pink.

Marvelous, aren't they?

You could not look at her. Her voice skidded across your arms, setting you aflame. The swallow you attempted caught in your throat. You were aware of minutes passing, her face turned to yours. You ordered yourself to breathe. They're beautiful.

If I do it, you began, but your voice abandoned you. You fought to control it. If I do, can I paint you? Like this? Your body went limp, spent with the exertion.

She smiled at you in a way that you could interpret only as *yes*.

My mother will never see this. It became your mantra.

You had never wasted this much canvas, this much paint. You could have painted over the false starts, but they seemed insurmountable, so you dumped them on the other side of the garage where you couldn't see them. You told yourself you would use them later.

The problem was not, simply, the nakedness. Not just the idea of your mother without clothes. It was where to put her. Her imagined naked body floated before you, their ludicrous titles floating through your head: Mother Nude, Baking Biscuits; Vacuum with Naked Mother.

You skimmed your tongue over the chalky residue left on your teeth from gnawing on brush after brush.

Sam stands, wiping her hands across her bottom in an attempt to dust away the residue of the grass. If she had a phone, Jonathan would be calling now. He would use his firm but calm counselor's voice. Tell me what the trouble is, he would say. Where are you stuck?

What could she say? Thirty years ago? Only five? More? She is stranded in a past that does not belong to her.

When she arrives, she's surprised to find Jonathan in the lobby. She does not succumb to the temptation to look at her watch to avoid his face.

Sammy, he says, you worried me.

The weather hasn't changed yet. It's a beautiful, cool evening.

I just spoke to Michael. You didn't tell me what's going on with you two. Come here.

She lets him pull her into his arms. Though Michael is young and fit, his muscles do not have this conscious, dense solidity.

We don't have to do this today, he says. Are you staying for the storm? Come to my place to ride it out. I worry about your roof. I've already stocked up on beer and potato chips. I also got the last blackout cake from Gambino's. You won't believe what I paid the woman who had reserved it. That's all for me, but I even have things to make a salad.

You've been waiting for me here all day. I'm sorry, Jonny. Today has been... What's there to do? Isn't it all done?

I wish it were, Sammy.

I know it's rich for me to demand instant answers when I should have been here hours ago, but Jonny? If there's something you want to say, say it. We both knew this would happen with Michael at some point. It happens to be today. Or not. Who knows? I think he's cooking dinner.

Trout, I think he said. Or salmon.

I hope it's trout. God, I haven't eaten all day. Don't even offer unless Jessamine has those little coffee-flavored candies.

Come with me. Let's go to his office.

The office is exactly as she remembers it. Though she can't place the last time she stood here with her father—it could have been a year ago, more—it makes little difference. Standing here now, she could be twelve years old or eighteen or six.

It feels strange, doesn't it? Jonathan says. Nobody wants to do anything with it. We're all waiting for him to walk back in.

Do we have to do this here?

You know that everything in the will is clear, or clear enough. The thing is, there's a lot less than you'd think, aside from the house and the collection. Alex spread himself thin the last few years. A lot of people have come through here in the last weeks with their hands out. I don't know how to handle it most of the time. But look, that's not why I've asked you here. There are other things I need to tell you. Let's sit

down. Do you want some water? Or something else? There's no good place to begin. With the will, there was a letter for me. He wrote to me about you.

Let me see it.

It's not dated, but I think it's from about a year ago. Look, it's not about money or any of that. Forget about all of that for now.

I don't care about the money. Let me see it.

I will. I promise. Let me start over. This is going to bring a lot of things back—

Is it about my mother?

There's no easy way to say this.

Spit it out, Jonathan.

Did you know that your father met regularly with William in the last year or so before William died?

She squeezes the arms of her chair. She wants to regain control of her body, to be the one to cause discomfort or to ease it. Her throat constricts, as though attempting to force down her stomach, her spleen, her heart.

I don't know everything, but I will tell you what I do know. I don't know how it started, and I don't know at whose instigation. I think I remember seeing William in the office from time to time. Somehow, then, it didn't seem unusual. I never asked Alex about it. What I know is that William came here maybe six times. They spoke about you and about Marguerite. About a whole host of things. You remember that time, Sam. William wasn't at his best.

Let me see the letter, Jonathan.

This isn't about the letter. The letter to me is only that. His unburdening and his question to me about whether he should give them to you, the recordings. Except for the first time, he recorded their conversations. Alex didn't know whether he should destroy them. He didn't know if the things William said were true. The letter asks me, upon his death, to listen to them and decide what to do with them. I know how this sounds.

I don't believe you. Show me the letter.

He pulls it from his inside coat pocket and unfolds the pages.

Sammy, he wanted to spare you. Or he wanted to ask me whether we should spare you. What he really wanted was for you to have a second chance. He couldn't decide if the tapes would help or hinder that.

She can't read. She holds the letter, but the words slide around the page. She can see your name over and over, and hers, and Marguerite's. She feels unbearably cold.

You listened to them?

Not all of them. He asked me to, but. Look, we don't have to be bound by what other people want.

What does that mean?

I listened to enough, and I stopped. If this information, or whatever it is, is for someone, it's not me. Alex was wrong. It's not for me to decide. It's up to you.

You knew about this when you told me about the will. She focuses on the throb in her temple, the vein that threatens to worm itself out of her flesh. You've had these for two weeks.

It would have been too much at once. He's asked too much of me. Too much of both of us. He wasn't as strong as you thought he was.

She made him weak.

Maybe she did. She could have that effect on people.

Not you. Not me.

I'm not so sure, he says.

I want to see them. Show me where they are. I don't know if I can stand.

Jonathan releases her hands and walks around to her father's chair. He kept them in here, in this locked drawer. I saw them before I even found the will, but I didn't know what they were. They're not labeled, except for numbers.

Sam covers her face with her hands. I don't know if I remember the sound of William's voice. I think I do, sometimes. But there's that stupid kid. The one who's writing his thesis on the Good Children Collective. He showed me a video clip of William from maybe fifteen years ago. I never heard his voice sound like that before.

The recordings aren't of any quality, Sam. I—

He knew he was being taped?

Yes, at the beginning of each one, he asks Alex if it's ready.

Why?

Even after listening to several... I don't know. I barely know what they're talking about.

They're conversations?

Mostly William. Yes, mostly him.

About her.

No. Well, yes. But mostly about you. Sam, he's talking about you. Sometimes he's talking to you.

She tries her legs. Though they don't feel like they belong to her, they hold her up. Give them to me.

Sit. I'll bring them to you.

She watches him gather the tapes. Pressed together, they look entirely insignificant.

Can we get out of here?

Tucked into the lumpy sofa in Jonathan's office, she cradles the tapes. For the first time in her life, he has poured her a whiskey.

What do you know about me? she asks. She folds her legs under her haunches and pulls her hands into the sleeves of her shirt.

You are brave, you are strong, you are loyal—

That's not what you said two weeks ago.

I think it is, Sammy. You're all these things, but I worry that you're lost.

We're all lost.

What are you going to do?

Is there a place I can listen to these?

There are at least four hours of tape. Why don't you take them home, think about it, be in your own space.

What space would that be? Michael's there. Waiting to cook fish.

I'll find a player for you. Use my office.

Jonathan? I don't want you to wait here. Bring me the machine and go home. You didn't tell Michael, did you?

When I spoke to him, I still didn't know if I would hand them over. Let me stay.

This should never have been between anyone but him and me. Come here, Jonathan.

When he lowers himself next to her, she wraps her arms around his neck. She says, He should have told me himself.

They both should have. Look, Sam, I don't know if now's the time, but it feels like it. I think we've both had enough of secrets. I want you to know that I'm honoring the spirit of the will. I'll be setting up various scholarships and charitable foundations with the assets. We'll worry about the house later. There are still things there for you, the painting and whatever else you want. You know that I'm here. You're my family.

Tell me what time Jessamine needs to leave. I promise not to keep her late.

While she waits for the cassette player, Sam thinks of the young man you once were. A boy in a garage with a paintbrush.

Sammy. Jonathan peeks his head around the door. The batteries are dead. I sent Jess out. She'll be back ten minutes, tops.

Now that the painting was finished, you could look at it without the wrenching guilt that clothed you as you created it. You were for the first time shocked and thrilled by what your hands could do. This image was of you but beyond your ability. Even now, as you looked at it for the first time, complete, in the daylight, a current flowed through you. Your heart seemed to speed and then miss a beat, your bowels constricted and you burned to urinate, but you were paralyzed by the beauty in front of you. How could you have created this?

It had nothing to do with your mother, not after the first few feverish days of imagining her arms and legs and re-checking the portrait to capture her features. It was her hair, it's true, and her mouth. The height was correct. The weight, perhaps during her youth, slimmed for proportion. Something about the sum of the parts, rather than any feature, wasn't her at all. You were sure she would never be able to see herself in it. Equally, you were confident that Marguerite would look at it and see exactly what she wanted to find there. She couldn't know Amelia well enough to see that the eyes tilted in a way that the real woman's never did, or that your mother would never stand just so.

You could never draw your mother's nipples, imagine whether they were pale pink or bruised brown, or the delicate divide between two muscular legs. You thought of Marguerite when you painted those sites, pieces of her you had never seen except through clothes and in dreams, under the cover of your eyelids at the easel and beneath your sheets at night. This woman before you naked in a field of flowers, the colors

overcoming her, threatening to erase her, could never be your mother. More disappointing to you, she could not be Marguerite.

You had told her two o'clock, and where was she? Each second she was late ticked inside your skull.

As you opened the back door to the house, the voices came rushing to meet you: your mother's deep chuckle, Marguerite's high-pitched laugh.

Marguerite's hand covered your mother's. They sat hip to hip on the small sofa, heads leaning into one another. When you approached them, Marguerite moved a thin finger to her mouth before she looked at you.

Have you finished your painting? she asked you, though you had already told her you had. You felt the color rising up your neck and begged it to stop.

What have you painted, Billy? She straightened herself, pulling away from Marguerite.

A garden scene, you said. With a woman.

Have you seen the one he did of you? Marguerite asked her, placing a hand over the one Amelia had rested on the coffee table to brace herself.

I couldn't. Tell me you haven't.

But I have! It's wonderful. You should see it, you really should.

He should be painting prettier things than his old mother. You should sit for him, Marguerite. It's hard work, though, even if it doesn't look it.

We'll see, she said.

Are you ready? you asked her.

Aren't we in a hurry? Marguerite laughed. I'm in the middle of something with Amelia. Give us a moment, darling.

It looks like the artist can't wait, your mother said. Go on, you two. There's work waiting for me anyhow.

Marguerite threw her arms around Amelia. You watched your mother's surprise fall into an indulgent smile. You've been wonderful, Amelia.

She turned toward you, still wrapped in your mother's embrace. I can't wait to see your new painting. She kissed Amelia on the cheek. Are you sure you don't want to come with us?

He knows I'm his biggest fan, but I must leave him some room for artistic expression. Not everything is made for a mother's eyes.

You shook your head, afraid of your own voice.

Don't worry, Billy, Amelia said. One day when we're all older, the embarrassment will fade. I'm not sure that either of us is ready for that today.

You loved this woman, your mother. She was gentle and couth when Marguerite tore the rug from beneath your feet. Maybe this was sexual love: the alternating pressure in your throat and the feeling of complete weightlessness. Today, something about Marguerite grated. There was something predatory about her seemingly meaningless caresses.

Outside, on the path to the garage, your hands tugged at the thin fabric of your pockets.

You are looking awfully scruffy, darling, she said. This is a bit childish, isn't it, Billy? You haven't yet said a word to me.

Childish is inviting my mother.

There, you said them, your first harsh words to her, and she did not melt. She stood there in front of you, wearing thin nylons, a top you could almost see through with the aid of the bright sun. You could not break her, you realized, even if you wanted to.

She giggled. Did you really think she would come, darling? Were you imagining all sorts of terror, maybe someone's eyes scratched out? A man never pouts. Women do it better, so it's left to them. Show me the painting. I'm absolutely dying to see it.

You're making fun of me.

We have fun together. I thought you could take a joke. Would it help if I apologized? I'm sorry, Billy. Now let me see this painting. It's lovely, isn't it?

Her eyes changed when she asked about the painting. Everything about her did. The aloofness washed away. The sex she knew she exuded—even that diminished, but in a way that you liked. It was still there, but *she* forgot it. You wished she were like this always.

I'm not sure what you'll think of it, you said. Her attention made you brave. I thought of you while I painted it. And as quickly you lost it. I wanted to follow your directions.

Stop stalling. Let me see it.

You stood behind the canvas so you could look at her as she saw it for the first time. The sheet fell away with a tug.

My God, she said. She stared at the painting while you memorized her. You registered the pink flesh of her ears, the curve of her nose, the way the light danced in her eyes. You lost your ego in the moment; you thought of the painting as a trinket to dangle in front of her. You could almost touch her. You felt as if you were touching her, every stroke on the canvas had been a brush of your fingers over her willing body.

She broke her stare and met yours. It's exquisite, she said again to the painting. You can give it to me, if you like. Call it an engagement present.

Your eyes sprang to her hand. How could you have missed it?

A soft knock on the door. Jessamine's head peers in.

Jonathan said you needed these.

Thanks very much. Is he gone?

He did leave, but he said to tell you he's by the phone and you shouldn't hesitate to call at any hour. Also, he asked me to call you a cab when you're ready to leave. He wants you to go to his house.

You're supposed to be finished for the day by now, aren't you?

It doesn't matter. The bad weather still seems a ways off.

How long have you worked here?

About three years now. Three in October.

So you weren't here when the tapes were made.

I know the recorder and I was told to buy batteries to fit it. I try not to move to the next step unless I'm told to.

Give me half an hour, will you? Then I promise you can get out of here. And please don't order the cab. I'll be going home.

You let the painting leave. She asked for it, and you gave. You wrapped the canvas for her, dry-mouthed, unable to voice the congratulations she wanted to hear.

I can't stay long, darling. He'll be waiting for me, Marguerite said. You must be so pleased with it. If I were you, I'd never let it go. Now that it's mine, I never will, I swear.

Your breath came to you finally. Why do you want it?

Can't you see how perfect it is? You're an artist, darling. With a capital A. I can't wait to see what else you'll do.

Before it was painted. Why did you want it?

I wanted you to find your style, and you have. Could you have imagined painting that a month ago?

You said you would sit for me.

It would be silly for you to do portraits now, she said. You're on to much better things. There's a boy I met who will pose. He's done it before. He doesn't charge too much. I can help you pay for it.

Let me paint you. Just once. For me.

I am going to forget that this conversation ever happened because I would like us to remain friends. If you said those things, we couldn't.

You used me.

You're upset darling, you're embarrassed. I know it's a bit of a shock to you, losing your playmate. It was a shock to me, too. You'll be surprised at Alexander. The things he knows, the places he's been. You should see his collection. He's only started, but the pieces he has! This one will go with the rest. Part of what will one day be something spectacular. With all the excitement, you didn't even tell me its name. What do you call it?

You wanted to please her, even now, as though making her lips curve would erase this other man and the promises she had accepted. She had made a vow to you first, one as binding, more.

My mother wasn't here when I painted it, you said.

How can I hang a painting that has no name? I hate those "untitled" ones.

Dawn in the Evening, you said.

It came to you one night in bed before the painting was complete, while it was nothing but stray strokes, when you could see it like an overexposed photograph beneath your eyelids. That evening, you realized—in a flash and with no reason—that you could strip your mother, bare her breasts, explore the cleft between her thighs. It

was wrong; something in the natural order forbade it, but you could. She, *she*, with the translucent skin, she wanted this—no matter why—and you could give it.

You thought of the Greek gods and wondered if they had a specific punishment for this action of a son against his mother. Perhaps this was worse than oedipal, tempting yourself with images you would never dream in order to spark the affection of a girl who—you knew—would give you up, who had never held you, who never would. It was as unnatural as the sun at midnight.

Perfect, she said. “Dawn in the Evening.” Yes, darling. I think I understand.

The first one to leave him. A particle of himself he would never recover.

Sam fingers the cassette case labeled Number 1. Before she can change her mind again, she shoves it into the machine and presses Play.

Is it on?

Yes.

Why don't I see the wheels turning?

Look closer.

She has to press the Stop button. She is not ready for these two voices brought back to life. You, William, sounding over-excited, starved of anything but amphetamines and coffee. Her father as though from across the room, detached but patient. She picks up the glass of whiskey and sips from it. She can revive them again with the touch of her finger. Here in her hands, you and he are under her command.

Are you ready?

...

She is the form, nothing more and nothing less. She is the angle and the entry point. She is not the beginning or the end. Do you understand that?

...

She wants to be the beginning. She pretends she cannot see the end. The only thing I paint is the end. There are paintings you haven't seen. They are the truth but you are too afraid to see them.

You could show them to me.

No! You would recognize yourself. You would recognize them. Those are the secret truths. My truths. She must do the rest. Her body must do it for me. It travels the

world. Pieces of her body travel the world. Her left breast moves around Helsinki with a businessman. Torso, last identified Rome, touring collection. The arch of her back belongs to a Lolita with silver-green eyes and a cinnabar pout, commissioned for a private collection, Byron Bay, New South Wales. Thighs, from behind, were owned by you, her father, loaned to any museum that requested them. Did you know those are her thighs? Two more breasts, one wet from a child's mouth, in St. Louis. An arm that she thinks is hers but may be her mother's, sweet, evil Marguerite's, New Orleans Museum of Art. Beheaded body, destination unknown. Many parts she cannot place, the journeys of which she knows nothing. Pulled apart, tendon by tendon, bone by bone, lover by lover, until she feels that none of this is hers, that maybe it never was. That she never wanted it to be. That this, finally, is her truest work of art. My truest work. Do you see? You took Marguerite, but she gave Sam to me. Not one equal to what she took and what she withheld, but it was her greatest act of lovemaking to me. She would give me anything but herself. She didn't know how to stop taking.

Why are you telling me this?

The truth demands it.

I don't want to be your confessor, William. You need a doctor more than you need a priest.

Were you her confessor? Did she tell you everything, and did you make it all go away? Did you tell her she was a good girl?

We had no secrets.

But Sam has secrets. We have secrets.

If I feel that my daughter is in danger, I will take her far away from here.

She will never leave me, no matter what I do. If I killed myself, she would still be mine.

Nine

She tries not to startle Jessamine, but it's impossible to avoid this in a dark, deserted building.

I'm leaving now. Will you tell Jonathan I'm taking the recorder? I'll return it soon. I know you'll call him as soon as I leave, so please tell him that we'll talk tomorrow. I'm going straight home.

Be safe, Sam. I miss your father every day. He was a good man.

She knows she should have taken a cab, but she needs to lose herself again in the eerie calm of these dark streets. The words themselves are not new, but this consigning to tape, to her father's ears, creates a record of something she has always been able to deny. Regardless of how unsafe it might be to dim her senses in the darkening streets, she turns the volume up until the dial halts. She wills her finger to punch Play.

Margo, my dear stupid Margo. What does that make me if I call you stupid? What does it make your husband and daughter? I wish you could look down on me now and see the games I play with your little girl. They're not so different from the ones you played on me. The promises and the deceit. The demands that no one should ever have to obey. I'm punishing you with her, but I also punish myself. She is my penance for ever having met you. She is my prize.

Marguerite knew better than to take "Dawn in the Evening" straight from your studio to the man she planned to marry. She knew this painting could be dangerous. She couldn't explain why she hung her arms around Alex's neck one day and shrugged off his embraces the next. He waited for her, without demand, without question.

She moved from the walls of her bedroom a set of floral prints her mother had chosen. This left more room than necessary for "Dawn," but Marguerite wanted nothing to distract from the painting. She anticipated its thrill every time she looked at it, knowing her power in its creation. She forgave you for copying her mouth and arms. She had expected those slips.

Only here, in the quiet calm of her bedroom could Marguerite ponder what she had done and why. Only there did she imagine a life at odds with the one she had accepted, as solid and comfortable as the ring on her finger. She worshipped long at the foot of this nude woman, the figure that was at once her and not her, the anticipation of the thing she wanted but did not want. In those moments, she allowed herself to dream of the touch of a hand, the brush of a thumb across her trembling lips, an embrace that allowed her to feel the feline curve of a back, the delicate arc of a hip. Beyond that, she remained tentative. If not to touch those precious elements, at least to linger over them with her eyes, as she did now with this woman you had created for and of her.

She saw Alex every day. The firmness of his grip excited her in a way she had not expected. His smile, the one he reserved for her, sent a flutter through her chest. She would not name this feeling. It flashed through her mind once, *in love*, and an inconsolable terror seized her.

He took long lunches to lie in the sun with her, fingertip to fingertip. His lips found the base of her skull beneath her cropped hair. She swam in his attention, with the movements of his body. There was no job for her arms, her fingers, aside from absorbing the attention of his. She let him kiss her, her mouth and tongue learning the pressure of his passion. It lit something within her. In the places she never imagined a caress, his mouth travelled, from an earlobe to the clavicle, to the underside of a knee, an ankle. Of sex, she understood the clinical basics. Her mother left books on her bedside table once the engagement was accepted. Don't experience the shock I did, she said, before closing the door behind her.

They seemed unnecessary to her, these impossible connections, the twists and turns demanded to achieve them. What need did they serve if the mere pressure of his weight against her hip inflamed her skin? She wouldn't have stopped him from taking whatever he wanted; it seemed silly to wait for a particular date now that everything was decided, but the farthest he had pushed was a wiggle of his fingertips into the waistband of her underpants.

There's nothing you could ask for that I wouldn't give, he told her. Ask me. If you left me tomorrow, I would still have enough happiness to fill the rest of my life.

You'd be happy if I left tomorrow?

I would be inconsolable, but I could live in the sweet dream of you forever. There's nothing more I'll ever ask of you.

That's not what Mother says. She tells me that marriage is all about laundering shirts and baking bread and babies.

I hereby give you permission for all eternity to bake only what and when you see fit. And I send my shirts out.

What if I'm a terrible wife and burn soufflés?

There will never be a soufflé on our table. *Our*. How that word excites me. I can't believe I'll be allowed to sleep next to you and touch your hair at midnight when you're fast asleep.

Touch it now. You'll be disappointed when you learn that at night I wear curlers and a mud mask on my face.

I'll find it charming. Even more so when I convince you that you need none of it.

Trying to change me already!

Not a blessed thing. Hold me to what I say right now. You can do whatever you wish, as long as you allow me to love you and you're still a little fond of me, too.

He touched the curve of her ear. He was drunk on her, and he knew it, but the knowledge only heightened his enjoyment of the proximity of her body. Her love, he would work toward, a journey, he knew, that would last his life. His arms would never grow tired reaching for her.

Marguerite's body had never caused her a moment of unhappiness, except for the brief, obligatory illnesses remembered for their lazy decadence. This body had sustained her moods, shifted her from one pleasant location to another. But now, her skin bristled at a sharp wind. Still half asleep, her hands pressed against outer thighs, then skimmed up her body, across the dip of her waist, the swell of her breasts, thrilling her awake to the painting on her wall.

She saw in it nothing more or less her new, electric self. This self that had finally experienced a deep well of ache that transformed into contentment only long enough to shock her when the craving returned, amplified. She paced. Her instinct was to scratch at the walls. She spun around the room until she tripped to the floor, pleasantly dizzy, faintly nauseated.

She left without a plan, but her feet turned toward your house. Amelia opened the door, folding her into an embrace.

Come in, tell me everything, she said. What are the plans? Have you chosen a

dress?

You will have to direct those queries to my mother. Marguerite exaggerated a frown. Mother says I have a—what's the word she used?—a *disregard* for details. She hesitated. I *do* care about the day, she began, measuring each word. But it will be nothing compared with what comes later. Any girl can wear a dress. I am to be adored every day of my life.

Your happiness is beautiful and I don't want to diminish it, but I have to warn you about unreasonable expectations. Marriage is wonderful. It is also difficult. The young man that your Alex is today will always exist, but he may be hidden sometimes.

As silly as it sounds, I know this is the way it will always be. No one has ever been luckier than I am. It makes me a little monster to say it, but I know.

Never a monster. Just innocent and in love. Tell me about him.

Marguerite unrolled their story, allowing herself the alterations that a retrospective love demands. A snip here or there sharpened the fit of the thing she now prized but which at the time did not suit. As she shaped the words and watched Amelia's face soften, she began to cry. Their fingers laced together. Amelia drew her in.

There, there, she said, stroking Marguerite's head. No reason for tears.

Marguerite laughed. I don't understand what's happening to me.

These are emotional times, Margo.

She turned down to the tear-streaked girl just as Marguerite looked up to her. Their faces brushed, Marguerite's open mouth catching Amelia's chin and the bottom of her lower lip, the wet of eyes and mouth mingling. A pause, a pleasure unwittingly stolen. The separation as shocking as the connection.

I'm very silly today, Marguerite said. I'm simply overwhelmed. The planning, the decisions. Who should be seated next to whom. Mother's having a stroke over it.

Amelia stood. You'll see. It will all be worth it, dear.

Do I want almond or buttercream flavor for the cake? And the ribbons for the pews... Marguerite rose to her feet, wiping her face.

She returned the following day, but to you alone.

Clasping a trembling hand around your neck, she pulled you close in the dim garage. She said in a trembling voice, Darling, there's something you have to do for me.

You waited for Marguerite to say it again. You had listened to her, you drank every word she said, but you still could not understand her request.

I need to see her, Marguerite said. All of her. It makes no difference to me how you do it. Not a painting. A photograph. So we can both understand what you've made. If I could explain... If I could do it myself, I wouldn't ask you. I need to see what is me and what isn't, what's her. I'm so confused, William. I'm crawling out of my skin. I'll do anything. Anything at all.

He pulled himself up straight. He did not have to commit himself yet. He did not have to answer. He could control her this once, in this elongated moment. He said, Take off your clothes.

How did it happen? Did Marguerite begin with her shoes, those slippers of kid leather that formed the fabric of her feet, which begged the question, *Did she have feet?* Was her body, after all, made of ordinary facts?

Or with the stockings? Sheaths so thin he wondered why she bothered with them at all.

Or with the ring, too heavy for her delicate hand.

A shrug, the negation of everything he begged of this moment.

The fall and rise of lungs smaller than the breadth of his hands.

And then. Piece by piece, layer after layer.

Hips like saucers, like eyes.

Clothed again, she found her voice. Did you get what you wanted?

You met her eyes, afraid now of her shielded body. An hour had passed, a lifetime.

Show me.

You could fight her for the play of it, knowing that her voice would finally bend you in whatever direction she chose. If you did, it was only to watch those lips open and close and the vein pulse across her temple. To keep her near you, as close as you would ever come to pressing her heat into your arms.

You listened to her breath, believed you could feel it spray your skin. Your hand, of its own accord, placed itself on her shoulder. She flinched from its unexpected weight. How easy it was to pull her closer, how insignificant her resistance. Her feet

slid across the concrete floor now that your other hand found her second shoulder. You allowed yourself to imagine them bare beneath your mouth. She searched your eyes. In them, you saw no fear, only exhausted resignation. You turned her around. You felt the gasp travel through her body into your hands before you heard it.

There's nothing there, she said. You ruined it.

I don't want to steal it. I want you to give it to me.

You let your eyes drift back to the canvas into the blue-blackness that obscured her form. What was she or her body to you? A physical pain stretched in your chest when you saw her and when she came into your mind unbidden. There was no reason for it, and no cure. You did not love her. You only wanted her.

You saw that her eyes glistened, the thick liquid threatening to overtop her bottom lids. You knew she wouldn't let them spill. That fact alone, you thought, could force you to love her.

You're beautiful, you said. And you're safe.

Her mouth hesitated then shifted into a smile. But you still have to do it. You promised me.

It won't tell you anything. Now leave so I can get it over with.

You crouched inside the attic, the ceiling door to your parents' bedroom slightly ajar. Your sister loved to tramp up the pull-down ladder to retrieve old dolls for which she'd stitch party dresses and give to her boyfriend's sister. She was a flea market fanatic; she was allowed to take up as much room as she wanted as long as she kept her finds tidy and out of the way of anything they needed access to, like the plastic Christmas tree. Melissa seldom latched the door after her because she always expected to be running back up.

Your mother might have heard you moving up there. She might have heard your breath while removing her earrings and her necklace. She tuned the radio to a station that played sentimental love songs and began to hum along, off-key, to the music. She tugged her stockings down, unbuttoned her skirt. You pressed the button, advanced the film, pressed it again, advanced. She slipped the straps of her undergarments from her shoulders, exposing deep pink rivulets. You pressed, advanced, pressed. The motion was simplicity itself. You could sit there all day and let the pressure of your finger set in motion a series of mechanical actions that would capture those moving shapes. She

hunched over her dressing table, lifting one leg, then another, stepping out of the last confining bit of fabric. For fractions of a second, she stood open to the mirror, never catching her own reflection. You advanced, you clicked.

You assumed—the whole of your clumsy plan relied on it—that she was on her way to the bath, her sole luxury, which she afforded herself once a week, on Fridays when your father went out with the boys after work. She would be in there for an hour, at least. Melissa had already gone out to the movies with a flock of giggling girls. A premature wave of relief flooded your muscles. You would wait five minutes before tiptoeing to safety. Until you heard the full blast of water through the bathroom pipes.

You had done something unthinkable, yet you had to think about it. The more you replayed the scene, watching yourself as though floating above, the more absurd it seemed. The act itself—pressing a small switch at the front of your Argus with your middle finger—held no more significance than pulling a t-shirt over your head. In the same breath, it was the vilest act of violence you had ever committed. You had used the viewfinder to register shapes and shadows, but you didn't actually see your mother peeling off her slip. You didn't contemplate the thick mat of hair between her legs. This woman was flesh and color and a destination.

Like a dog, you sniffed the air for any sense of movement. You decided to hold out five more minutes. In that endless waiting, you should have concocted a story to explain your presence in the attic. Instead, you thought of Marguerite's cool, slight body. You made lists of what you would do with it, to it, when you claimed it again. Her wrists were so thin you were sure you could crack them between thumb and finger. Your hand reached out for the small, perfectly formed breast. Your thumb sought the surprisingly deep navel. You left your hand glide over her backside and under its modest rise until your fingers tasted inner thigh, then damp welcome.

You walked down the ladder with the resignation of the exhausted guilty. Someone—your mother, your sister—would pry the camera from your hands and unspool the damning film. The only sounds came from the bathroom faucet, from your mother's movement in the high water. You stood in her room, waiting for salvation that did not arrive. Even then, you understood that you could destroy the evidence yourself. You told yourself to do it. A hand that did not seem to be yours stroked the camera. You would not be released.

You stashed the prints and negatives under your mattress, protected from any eyes, including your guilty own. When you tried to sleep, the scent of chemicals wafted from your mother's exposed body, threatening to choke you. You never prayed as fervently as you did in those days, begging whatever god might govern the universe to obliterate the evidence. Only a heavenly force could save you from yourself, despite yourself. After entreaties to Saint Nicholas did nothing to the evidence or to your resolve, you moved the prints into the garage under cans of paint.

With a sketchbook and gnawed pencil, you sat at the kitchen table. You hadn't painted for weeks. Without a clear motive, your fingers scratched out chipped bowls and open cupboards spilling with sacks of rice and tins of ground coffee. You perfected rusted soup can rings and the crisp lip of wallpaper begging to be peeled. Without the use of paint, you felt stripped of ease. Instinctively you could do things with color that you could not teach yourself with graphite.

You're not drawing me, are you, Billy? I'd feel a bit self-conscious if you were.

Look, Mom, you said. Flipping through portraits of forks and knives and blades.

The last kitchen sketch: a tall metal pan of bread cooling on a sideboard. Your impressions of steam and heat had improved with studies of boiling soup and the humid exhale of the oven, but you were far from mastering the shine of aluminum.

The front door slammed. Before you could consciously consider the unusual violence of the entry, your stomach knew. You clenched the pencil to distract yourself from the sweet bile pushing its way up your esophagus, threatening to tip into your mouth. His boots shook the house, preparing you, rocking you into the momentum of this moment. You had seen your father angry. You had watched him, a single, terrifying time, hurl his fist at a man's nose. You had heard the wet pound of flesh against flesh, and the crunch of bone collapsing cartilage. The signals of survival shot from your brain to your legs and arms, urging you to run, to hide, but you battled against yourself, forcing your left foot to hook the leg of the chair and the pencil to remain clutched between sweaty fingers.

You looked up to face him and your shared knowledge. In the seconds before he raised his hand to you, you searched his eyes, the pinched skin of his forehead, the tension in his lips. You caught the flutter of a photograph in his right hand. He waved it above his head, a white flag of surrender. The cavernous mouth opened and closed.

Punish me, you said. I deserve it.

On the back steps of Marguerite's house, you could hear only your own panting. You had run all the way, fueled and protected by the rush of adrenaline that now subsided to expose a throbbing ankle, a raw kidney. You resisted the urge to catalogue each pain. Tremors ripped through your chest, but even as you sputtered, you were conscious of a kind of inner calm. You understood that you had been cast out for your crime. The thought shocked you for a moment, sending a fresh ripple of adrenaline through your veins.

You had done something unthinkable, yet you had to think about it. The more you replayed the scene, watching yourself as though floating above, the more absurd and small it seemed. And then, larger than anything you had ever done. The images meant nothing to you. You waited for her.

You could hear that she was already there: trembling inside the glass door, watching the blood flow from your ear onto her parents' back steps.

Ten

The voice on the tapes is the you that Sam fights against. Here burned onto tape is what she always feared but could ignore. Words meant for her shared through the medium of her father. Who was the target of your attack? Him? Her? The two of them since you could no longer get to Marguerite?

Her father witnessed these words before you fled. He said nothing when she confessed that you'd gone to Australia alone. Nothing when you were reported missing. Nothing to the police. Nothing after she brought your body home and would not accept the truth of what you'd done. No one dared correct her versions. Until now. Until your voice threatens to shatter her.

Your body was found three days after Sam arrived in Melbourne. She might have spoken to you a last time, moved you to a hospital, where she could have bought the sweat of doctors and clear plastic bags of fluids, clipboards with symbols magical in their ability to indulge her hope.

She knew you had been sick, everyone did. She knew your erratic behavior. The frantic phone calls reached her from organizers, masters of ceremonies, from your agent. *Where is he?* She learned to turn down invitations. When you raged that she was trying to ruin your career, she rescinded rejections. When the date arrived, you had to be thrust into cars and then peeled out of them. She chose your clothes, cajoled you to stick an arm into one sleeve and then the other. She handed you a toothbrush and waited for you to use it. She felt herself leave her body, float away to allow herself to be this alternate Sam, this one who could squeeze paste onto the brush held by your shaking hand and nudge it toward your mouth.

You had lost weight in the months before the trip, but she tried to ignore it by buying rich treats for you. You couldn't sleep. Some afternoons, you would crawl onto the sofa to bind yourself fetal. Years of false moves had taught her about her role during these episodes. A meal laid on the coffee table might be picked at, a request that you eat might force you to smash plates. Her hands on your body pulled you further into yourself. Her voice prompted a loud hum to drown it. She waited. Filled the fridge

with things you would want to eat if you asked for food, kept the house clean and ordered in an attempt to provide a sense of security.

You had lived a long time without her, with these moments and days and weeks of despair. The bad periods rattled her, but she learned that they passed without any obvious permanent damage. She understood that she should *do* something, but this had been your life when she was still a child. She existed because of hospitals, and she had a wary but firm belief in their power. They were your private terror. If you ever send me there, you said, they'll kill me. She trusted that the summits and plunges would continue, creating your landscape and now hers.

During those nightmares, you created the best work of your life.

Here she was in a foreign country waiting for the owner of the gallery to repeat the police officer's words, searching for someone to assure her that the sounds flooding her ears held another code than the one she had understood. *He has been found. He died this afternoon. His friends contacted authorities as soon as they found him.*

Died this afternoon. His friends.

He has no friends here, she said. He doesn't know anyone.

The woman says she met him in New Orleans, about three years ago.

She lived an hour's drive north of the city in a small house. You paid for the taxi ride with cash. When you arrived at her home, disheveled in unwashed clothes, your eyes bloodshot and fingers gnawed raw, she didn't recognize the man she had met years earlier, in another life. She guarded the peephole, waving her husband to the door, a dread filling her, convinced that you were a demon from his past. She made room for him at the door as the knock came again.

No one I know, he said. She watched his shoulders ease and believed him. What do you want, mate?

You shifted from foot to foot. Your stale scent crept through the door. Please, you said. Please.

He looks aggro, her husband said.

Where is she? Please, is she here?

Who, mate? But the woman was already pushing past her husband, shoving the door open.

William, she said.

Korra, help me.

This William was unknown to her. She had changed address twice since you had met last. She had barely thought of you since, except when she moved those two times and packed the sketches you made of her.

You expressed no specific pain and spoke little. For most of the three days you spent with Korra and her husband, you slept. When she returned home on the third evening, you were not on the sofa—your makeshift bed—or in the kitchen. She checked the bathroom with a growing sense of urgency. After calling your name elicited no response, she sat on the sofa and decided to wait for her husband.

He comes home at seven, she said to Sam. I knew something was wrong. I didn't want to look for William alone. I wish I had waited, but something called me out the back. I was afraid to go, but I was more afraid of not listening to that call.

You were too high, and she was too late. The police searched for a message of any kind. In your discarded trouser pockets, they found a receipt for a sandwich, some American and Australian coins, and a slip of paper scrawled with Korra's address. In the cushions of the sofa, a detective discovered the note: Don't go into the backyard. Call the police. Sorry.

Sam believed none of this until she saw you, the flesh that was once the man. This is the image she struggles to forget.

Eleven

Back at your house with no memory of her walk there, Sam stands outside the door with the recorder in one hand and a key in the other. Her father trained her never to fumble in the dark. That's inviting disaster, he'd say. She inserts the key as quietly as she can.

The ringing of the phone startles her more than it should. She jumps and has to laugh at herself. Michael comes running for it. Please, she says, you answer it. If it's Jonny, tell him I'm home safe and we'll talk later.

Michael nods. When he hangs up, he says, Jonathan will call tomorrow. Or you can call him whenever you need to. You're back. I was starting to worry.

I'm back.

Is everything OK? Do you want to talk about it?

Nothing's changed.

Jonathan sounds like he's been in a fight and wants to apologize to anyone who will listen, and you look like you've been crying.

Jonny wanted to give me a few things from my dad, that's all. He thinks the storm might be worse than expected. He asked me to stay with him. He's decided this roof is about to collapse.

Will you head over there later? The forecast is getting a little more serious.

The roof can sustain at least a category two. That's what the neighbor with the red hair says. He's as good an authority as any. Where will you stay tonight?

He looks at her with an expression she doesn't know how to read. He says, I'll find some place.

What does that mean?

You've always thought I could fall into anyone's bed.

I'm asking in case you leave something. So I can contact you if I find a barbell I'm not sure is mine.

There's nothing left here I want, Sam. If I've overlooked something, add it to your collection.

I thought we decided to play nice.

I'm finished with this place. I've been roaming around here trying not to feel like a bigger idiot than I am. I'm sorry, Sam, it's crass to say it this way, but you might as well have propped William's body up at the kitchen table. You never let him go.

Her hands claw at her temples. She wants it all to stop. She doesn't even want you, the one he has turned into the word *body*.

She says, Don't you think I know that?

Michael turns up the stereo in the bedroom. He plays music Sam has never heard. There's a high-pitched squeal, followed by a chaotic mash of drums and guitar. She sometimes wonders if this is what it would be like to have a teenaged son. She, standing outside the door with no idea what he's doing in there and how he came to love certain things she detests.

Once Michael has gone, there will be no one. She lost her mother, then you, then her father, now you again in a deeper sense. *Lost*, as though she has only misplaced you all. As though you are somewhere waiting for her to find the trail of breadcrumbs. Sam sinks into the sofa and her eyes fall on its worn threads. Her hand finds the recorder and then a cassette. She doesn't check the label.

I created her and I broke her to create her anew. She becomes whatever I need her to be. She is nothing until I form her. She becomes the physical manifestation of the pictures in my head. I give her food and I take it away. Her body wastes and then it blooms. Bones push their way to the surface. Do you know what it feels like to control a body? To destroy its shape to form a new shape? She does not question. She is my playground. My puppet. When I leave, she will crumble into a pile because there will be no one left to pull the strings.

An early morning. Too hungry to sit still, she scrubbed the kitchen. Under the refrigerator, she found a hardened corner of toast, tangled in months of dust and hair, alongside a cat's eye marble. An urge grabbed her. She needed to eat it.

Little food found its way into the house. First, the protein powder disappeared from the pantry. A carton of eggs, all the frozen Gulf fish. She brought home a bunch of bananas, only to find an empty fruit bowl when she next walked into the kitchen.

I have to shop, she said. I don't understand where it all goes.

Leave it, you said.

When she dressed for her morning run, you called her into your studio. I need you here, you said. Your hands moved her body into contortions she didn't know possible. She watched the pull of muscle and skin, rapt. Whips of cable bulged from thighs when you pulled her into backbends. The ache of unpadded backside against a marble table. Exhausted, she missed her evening run.

Stop running, you said. There's no time.

She sat for you. That was all. You made her stay up all night. You woke her at 4 a.m. With the thick drapes pulled tight, she forgot time.

She wasn't sure how you got your food. You drank black coffee in the morning. You went out in the afternoon, once she became too faint to hold your complex poses. A halo of grease floated around you on your return. She found herself sucking your shirt cuffs after you undressed to shower. When she tried to dress after weeks of almost constant nudity, she found that her clothes hung on her and chaffed her raw skin. You told her she was sick. You told her to stay in bed. Every night, you lifted her shirt to finger her ribs. Not yet, you said.

She watched the muscle melt from her calves. At first, she missed the hard curves, the lines of a stomach her fingers liked to fondle. Her navel deepened, skin turned pale. She wondered if she should call her doctor. She imagined her liver as a separate entity with whom she should discuss this. Are you safe? she asked the mass of strange tissue inside her.

You fed her watermelon for breakfast, oranges in the afternoon. In the beginning, she was allowed a cup of milk every second day. Then, once a week. She didn't notice when that, too, disappeared.

She made excuses not to see her father. If she had to, she layered t-shirts and covered herself in thick cardigans. She wore wide-legged pants. He encouraged her to have a full physical. We can never become complacent about your health, Sammy. She forced herself to laugh. I know, Dad. I have a ticking bomb in my midsection and X marks the spot. Well, Y marks it.

Again, she stripped. She closed her eyes and felt only your hands. You spoke, but she never answered; she found that she no longer understood. She played the protrusion of ribs, plucking one after the other, all the way up, all the way down, learning this strange animal she couldn't trust.

In the moments you didn't need her, she developed the habit of sitting before the open refrigerator, shivering in the cold, imagining what might fill the empty shelves. She ran a finger over a hardened brown spot. She thought of gooey lasagna and thick cuts of bloody meat. One day, she opened the door to find a chocolate doberge cake. She closed the door. She reopened it. Her fingers, trembling, snaked into the white cake box. She pushed her face into its scent. Gagging, she fell back onto her skinny haunches.

You fed her with a teaspoon slivers of cake so thin the light shone through their air pockets. Cradling her head, you stroked her limp hair. Another little bite, you said. Good girl.

Pudding, lick by lick.

Strawberry milkshakes, your hand bending the fat straw into her straining mouth.

French bread was delivered by the half-dozen. Fried oysters. Sheets of cheap supermarket butter cake covered in pink and purple icing, wishing unknown little girls happy birthday.

Now, when she sat, she felt the flesh fold over the waistband of her jeans. In the bathroom, she found deep, pink impressions of elastic around her thighs. At night, you rubbed her rounding belly. You circled her upper arms with your hand. Her hands found the thickening mass at each side of her lower back.

You finished the painting. She felt the wobble of thigh as she dropped the pose.

Let me see, she said.

Get dressed.

A shame she did not understand filled her body. She buttoned shirt over breasts, jerked jeans over bottom. She felt a stream of sweat seep around her eyebrows. Show me. I want to see all of them.

You said, please close the door when you go.

At the show, she viewed the paintings for the first time, like everyone else. You called it participatory art, an essay in images about the plight of one young girl you mentored to health. In the first paintings, the young woman is obese. Her face is filled with self-loathing. She is hidden in the folds of flesh. In the proceeding canvases, she wastes into a skeleton. Her self-hatred has transformed her obesity into anorexia. Her ribs and her eyes protrude. Her hipbones strain under taut skin. The final six paintings

display a body of perfect proportion. Calves with gentle swells of muscle, breasts as golden as summer sand, feet that seem to blush. In none of them is her telltale scar.

She hears you say: The grotesque is alive in these images. The girl craves death as much as she reaches toward new life. The early ones show an utter loss of self, the middle ones are a painful but necessary decay. In the last pieces you can see that she is reborn into the person she wanted to be. She's human again.

No, the model isn't here, you said, your voice as always too loud. This was a remarkable process for her, and while she accepted the creative process as part of her healing, she wants to protect her anonymity. You see her here completely exposed at her best and at her painful worst. Everything you need to know of her is right here. The rest belongs to this girl.

The door opens. Michael backs out of the room, his arms barely containing balled shirts and dirty socks, the dregs he's managed to unearth. They slide from the top, escape from beneath.

Let me help, she says.

Sam follows him through the long hallway, down the stairs, and out to his truck. She watches him heave it all into the cab. He extends his hand to her to take the few pieces she's collected behind him. The door slams.

I'm done, he says.

He walks back up the stairs. Without turning back to her, he says, It's getting late and I'm hungry.

In the kitchen, he pulls out a small sack of oysters. I bought these while you were out. I should have shucked them already. I should have had them do it for me.

While you deal with that, I'll work on the fish.

It releases a strong odor as she rinses it. She can't decide whether she's being too sensitive, or if she should question Michael about its freshness. She collects the wet paper from the counter and makes her way with it down to the courtyard.

She expects the air to cover her in a balmy film, but the night is cooler than it should be this time of year. There's a family next door having a barbeque, mother,

father, two boys, and a little girl. Sam wonders if they're tourists who haven't heard about the approaching storm. From her alley, she can see them but remain hidden from view. The girl sings. She lacks any sense of her performance and how it might be judged. One of the boys knocks the table. A pitcher of lemonade rocks, and Sam can tell from the mother's expression that, though she reaches to catch it, she expects it to resettle on its own. Before the scene unfolds, Sam turns to walk back up the stairs.

Where've you been? Michael asks.

Garbage, she says. I didn't want the house to smell like fish.

You wash and chop the vegetables, but don't turn them into coleslaw.

She watches her hands as they separate the lettuce. In the sink, under a stream of cold water, she can imagine they belong to some other body. When they flex, a fat vein pumps blue through the thin, pale skin, made even paler in contrast to the dark greens and under the chilly water.

She listens. She is always such a good listener. Did you instill that in her? If I told her to slice her skin, she would. Maybe I have. You don't know her body the way I do. They need to be splayed, Sam, I tell her. Notice the word I'm using, splayed. Do you understand it? Further. And stop twitching. That's better. Now the feet, the same way. Now don't move. Hands and feet perfect. Now the shoulders. Push them closer together. You're not shrugging. The blades need to seem like they fuse. Now don't move a thing.

Who knows more about your face, your body, than I do? You? I could describe it to you in details you wouldn't fathom. That's what defines ownership. Attention. You have always been careless when it comes to your body.

I think you've washed away every possible speck of dirt, and maybe all the nutrients along with them, Michael says.

The lettuce is waterlogged, spineless in her hands.

I'm sorry. My mind's getting away. Michael, where are you off to tonight?

Let's not do this again. I'm just getting over being completely irritated with you. I'm showing markable restraint.

She stops herself from correcting him: *remarkable*. Instead she says, Will you let me sketch you?

Why ask me this now?

My hands need something to do.

That's flattering.

It's coming out wrong. There's a reason. I don't even know it myself yet. I should have paid more attention. You deserved more attention.

Why don't you set the table? I'll finish up in here.

She removes plates from the cupboard, but she walks past the kitchen table and down the steps. Back in the courtyard, she sets the plates on the old wooden table stashed under the lean-to. Paint cans and an old tire crowd it. Across the middle, there's a pile of wood for building frames. René asked her repeatedly to get rid of the junk. She told him he could do whatever he wanted with it. I am the gardener, he said. I do not remove the garbage.

She clears the table then swipes her hand across the top, warning herself about splinters but doing nothing to avoid the threat. Careful not to tip the plates, she pulls the table into the middle of the courtyard, away from the scrap. The family next door is gone. She thinks about the little girl and her melody. The words bounce around Sam's head, looking for the song that she knows she knows, but the words slide together.

You keep disappearing, Michael says. I thought it was the fishy smell, but now I see. He looks up at the full moon. Beautiful night. The calm before, right? We should have grilled the food out here.

Do you need help?

You've asked just in time: it's all done. Stay, I'll bring it to you. I'm afraid you might vanish. I'm not quite ready for that.

She knows she should get up to help him, but she can't bring herself to leave this spot. Fused to this wooden bench, her bones feel heavier than they used to.

Did I say you could move? I don't care if I leave the room. Do you know what it takes out of me to have to fix what you've broken? That's not how I left you. That's not it either. What do you not understand about the phrase, Do not move? You want me to fail, like she did. You could never do what she did. She was terrible, but she did something incredible. She destroyed everything that I was to everyone I ever loved, except her. Only she knew me. She destroyed me for everyone else. I was hers alone,

until she forgot me. She never did have much of an attention span. Do you think you can fix that? Did you think I want you do?

Michael walks toward her, plate in hand, the steam dancing across and over his grinning face. The whiff of garlic and butter reaches her first.

Exactly the way you like them, he says. He looks proud of himself.

Michael, you're amazing.

That's what I've been waiting to hear. His fingertips touch hers across the table. Go on, see how they are.

Her eyes close the moment the oyster grazes her teeth. It's the perfect balance between soft and chewy, slick with butter, coated with breadcrumbs and spices that Michael refuses to divulge. Eyes still closed, she hears the gurgle of wine finding her glass.

If I'm right, it's been a couple of weeks since you've had any alcohol.

Don't play personal physician, Michael. Ask if I want some and I'll answer.

Wine?

Yes, please. She takes another oyster. These are amazing. You're a genius.

Sam, he says. His tone makes her stomach clinch. Don't look so scared. I just want to say let's have a nice dinner. I won't monitor every last thing you eat or drink. Let's enjoy ourselves. It's been a rough day. That's all. I don't want you choking down your food because you're afraid of what I might say. He raises his glass. To good food, a glorious moon, and cool breezes in the summer. And to Tropical Storm Bill: please be gentle and don't down too many telephone poles.

Or wreck this roof.

To sitting across from you, right now, in this moment.

Their glasses clink. To the cook, she says. More words spring into her mind, but she doesn't let herself speak them. Michael in the moonlight is exquisite. Piece by piece, there is nothing to describe: a nose, a mouth, two eyes, a jaw, but the sum of his parts makes her want to weep.

And you thought I had no taste, he says. Even I will admit that this is better than burgers and pancakes. Close, but still better. Go on, have the last one. The fish should be done. I'll be right back.

Her shoulders sway. She has drunk the wine too quickly. By the time he walks back to her with another platter, her mind is loose and nothing troubles her. Her elbows find the table. Her hands keep her head upright.

Somebody's a happy girl, he says.

What do you have for me?

A greedy girl as well. Let's see: a little broiled trout touched with olive oil and rosemary, topped with crushed macadamia nuts. A delightful mix of seasonal greens, slightly soggy, with a homemade raspberry vinaigrette. Crisp green beans drizzled with honey and dill.

Perfect, she tells him. Let me see. She pushes against the table to stand, but her weight is more than she expected and the table is less sturdy. Michael's wine glass falls, crashing into his plate and onto the bench in front of him. He jumps back. Enough for you then, he says.

She feels her hands cupping her cheeks, but she can't remember how they arrived there. She says, I've made a mess.

He walks around to her side of the table and places the platter in front of her. The bench bows under him, making her feel as though she's constructed of vapor.

We'll have to share, he says.

Her head finds his shoulder, snuggles into the down along the back of his neck. Her cheek edges toward his unshaven face, to the intoxicating smell of freshly grown hair.

No sleeping at the table, he says, shrugging her off. Eat up before it goes cold.

Her fingers pinch the thick flakes of pink meat, warm and oily. You first, she says, placing it against his lips. The cook should prove he's on the up and up.

His smile is not what she wants it to be, but he opens his mouth. Her fingers rest on his tongue. He raises an eyebrow at her. She lets them slide out.

They eat in silence. The heat of his body next to hers, enough. She listens to the pop of his jaw, to the crunch of vegetables against his teeth.

Had enough? he asks. You're slowing down. Have some more fish. It'll absorb the alcohol and you'll be able to sit up straight.

She pulls herself up, so she can tell him there's nothing wrong with her posture.

I'll start bringing this all inside. Stay here. You don't want all your dishes broken in one night.

I could make more, she says. I used to know how. I made the most beautiful purple platter once. The glaze made it look like an oyster shell. It could have been so beautiful. It must be here somewhere. She pushes against the table to stand but vertigo lowers her back onto the bench. I'll look for it later.

She brings her head to the table and listens to his tread back and forth up the stairs, back and forth, back and forth.

It is a burden to have your every word obeyed. It forces you to demand more and to ask for things only to see how far you can push. It becomes a game, but it loses its fun because only I can ever win. Let me give you an example. I told her to go to your house. I told her to go into your room and find clothes that belonged to Marguerite, anything, a dress, a bra, underwear. I knew you must have kept something; I would have. It took her no time. She brought them to me like a good little puppy. I had her put them on. I had her do things while she wore that dress and those underpants. No, I won't tell you what things. I'll let you imagine. I called her by that name and she purred to it. She will become anything I ask. She will do anything because she loves me more than I ever did Marguerite.

It wasn't like that, she wants to tell you. You are no longer listening, are you?

The only thing left to bring in is you, Michael says.

It wasn't like that, she says.

Come on, let's make the long trek up together.

You're too perfect for words.

That may be true, but you're also drunk. If I didn't love you so much, I would have gotten you drunk more often.

A tiny bit tipsy. Not even that much. She rubs her scar.

I made coffee. It'll perk you right up. Give me your hand.

The smell embraces her as soon as he opens the door. Your coffee is always better than mine. Why is that? Did Corinne teach you?

Sofa or kitchen table? Let's start at the table and see how that goes.

Are you finally full, Michael? Will you be able to hold everything down?

A definite yes on the last part. As for the first, I firmly believe that a meal is never complete without a little something sugary, preferably gooey and made of chocolate.

Coffee's good. You added cinnamon.

Now you've got me craving something else.

Tonight we give in to every temptation.

I like your thinking. The sky looks clear to me. There's still plenty of traffic on the streets. I'll go out for chocolate.

Bill's on his way, and you're leaving me here alone? It thrills her to use the name.

I won't be long. Any requests, or should I surprise you?

This is your show.

He frowns at her. Drink your coffee, he says. I'll be back. And then he's gone. With him leaves the last of her drink-induced fog. She hears the engine turn over. He has everything with him; it's all there covered with a blue tarp, tied down in the bed of the truck. He's cleaned up after himself. Even tonight's dishes and pans are tucked into the washer.

As she makes her way through the house, she sees that he has been meticulous. Gone are the hockey sticks that had stood in the umbrella stand for three years, the running shorts that hung from the shower rail to dry. Even the tang of his sweat is gone. There are no towels on the floor, no stray white socks in the hall. All the things she had wanted removed.

Back in the kitchen, she pours more coffee. A chill eats at her. She wants to cover her bare feet, but she needs to feel the floor firmly beneath her. She flips on the dishwasher for the noise it will bring. In the overstuffed chair that faces the window, she wraps herself in a woolly blanket that immediately overheats her. She watches for headlights knowing—*knowing*—that he's gone. He has made it easier for both of them by fading away without a goodbye, but she tells herself that he did not lie to her. When he told her he would come back, he meant it.

She doesn't know how to take leave of people. Tonight, she hears voices that do not belong to this world anymore. Against her own wishes, her finger again presses Play.

Twelve hours a day, six days a week, sometimes seven, naked. Even in winter, even when there is no heat. A dislocated hip goes a week without notice, hers or mine. She earns the monotony of motionless, a stillness that defies calm. She describes it, every nerve throbbing until it feels unnatural when it stops. Not recognizing her own knee. Forgetting where she begins, limbs as wooden as the bench pressed against her back. Each day fixed, for her a future without question. A purpose without purpose until I speak it.

This is the first desertion she will face alone. When she lost you, her father held her hand, knowing they had become alike in ways they had never intended. He sat up with her the night of your funeral, and he proved himself a kinder person than she had been by asking no questions. It was Michael who steered her through her father's funeral, who let her cry for days without suggesting that she pull it together. Michael, crisp in a gray pinstriped suit, who delivered the eulogy that she prepared but couldn't voice. Unembarrassed when emotion overtook him and he choked through the last few lines. Even now as he pulls himself away from her, he's here to comfort her through the loss.

She doesn't know anymore to whom she's remaining faithful. When this is over, she will ask Jonathan to place her father's house, that big silly doll's house, on the market. It's getting late, but she wants to tell Jonathan now. She dials the number before she can stop herself.

Sell it as soon as you can, she says. I don't want anything else. I've taken everything I wanted.

What about the painting? The one from the will.

I don't care, she says.

Come spend the night here, Sammy. The weather's turning. What's that sound?

I'm just sitting here looking out the window, watching for Bill's fury.

She doesn't know what to believe, her memory or the tapes, or some combination of the two. *Nothing to do with you.* That's what you would say. During the worst times. When you refused food and locked the door. When you stopped washing. When you shredded canvases, when you flung cans of paint on the walls, on the floor, when she watched crimson and black flow from under the door. When you answered the phone in some other man's voice. When you skipped through the supermarket, nodding at

everyone you passed, patting the heads of small children, opening doors for old ladies, piling the basket high with every brightly colored children's cereal. Then, home alone with her, spent from the act, you were suddenly numb. Nothing to do with you. That's what you said.

When I was in the hospital, she said, pushing herself straighter in the chair, I was terrified by the thought of death. That was the start of my religious phase. There were lots of people around who said things like, *It's the Lord's will* and *We must accept even that which we cannot understand*. I tried to picture my death and see it as a peaceful thing that God had written in a big book. I remember a volunteer who said all the time, *When I lost my Tommy, Heaven received another angel*. I felt like she was telling me to prepare for my new job. I never learned how to face it, not then. William, not now. Tell me what to do.

I see it as a terrifying silence, you said. I desire it only when sound becomes even more terrifying than the silence.

Twelve

That can't be the dishwasher I hear, Michael says. Jesus, Mary, and Joseph!

You heathen.

You look like you lost your puppy and mommy's out searching. What's going on?

I got cold. The wine wore off.

It does that. It's really the only downside of wine. Aren't you going to ask me what I got? This was a stroke of genius. Ask me.

Tell me there is more than dessert in those bags. You're a heathen and a glutton.

I thought we were breaking all the Commandments tonight.

I'm pretty sure gluttony doesn't figure in the Commandments.

I think you're wrong, Sammy.

Name them if you don't believe me.

God, I'm nine years old again and I have to pass Brother Charles's test or I won't get to attend my own First Communion and my father will put me up for adoption. OK. Here we go. Thou shalt not be gluttonous.

You are a heathen, even if you graduated from Jesuit. Michael, tell me you did graduate.

I have the ring to prove it.

Traditionally, one receives a diploma, but it has been a long time since I graduated. You finished school in the nineties, didn't you? Tell me, at least, that it was the early nineties. Actually, forget it, I don't want to know the date.

Thou shalt honor thy elders.

Go ahead and show me what you've done.

Michael pulls pink and white cartons from one of the bags. I wasn't sure of your favorite, I'm ashamed to say, so I made a few selections: mint-chocolate chip, rocky road—one of my personal all-time, eat-before-the-electric-chair picks—peanut butter and chocolate, and cookies and cream. How am I doing so far?

Are you the same man who regurgitated his lunch in my car earlier today?

That was ages ago, and you drive like Evel Knievel. Once I start on this, I'm staying put until there's no danger of a repeat. I'm not leaving this chair until one of us finishes all this off. Where was I? Yes, I was proud of my ice cream selections, but then I thought, What if Sammy wants something warm and fudgy? So I drove to Palace—

You didn't. Everything is still open?

It's beautiful out there. Why do you think I was gone so long? I had Pierre himself cut a two-serving wedge of his freshly baked flourless chocolate cake. He even drizzled it with that raspberry sauce. But then, I wondered if you were finally feeling a little low brow and wanted to slum it, so I stopped at the old K&B and grabbed one of each of the most popular chocolate candy bars this great nation has to offer: Kit-Kat, Baby Ruth, Almond Joy, Hershey, Peppermint Patty—I know, an edgy choice—Chunky, Twix, Mars Bar, Milky Way, Skor, Snickers, Lindt Milk Chocolate—

That's Swiss.

Out it goes! He throws it over his shoulder. Sneaky foreigners. Where was I? Three Musketeers, Reesie's Peanut Butter Cups—

Say that again.

Fine, Reese's. Where you from? Last, but certainly not least, Nestlé Crunch Bar.

Nestlé, hmmm. Another Swiss interloper, I think.

It says right here, Made in the U.S.A. We're a nation of immigrants, Sammy. Don't let the unusual names frighten you.

Your ice cream must be ruined.

It's prefect, on the drippy side. Goes down smoother. And don't say *your*.

You're vile, Michael. I already feel sick and I haven't even touched your stash.

Don't get dirty, sweetheart. I'm only offering dessert.

She may never eat again. The amount of sugar she has consumed is beginning to hit. Her belly is taut to the touch, but she can't tilt her head to look at it. The slightest motion threatens to send her spiraling onto the floor.

Are you going to eat that? His eyes fix on the last rectangle of Lindt bar, half hidden in its crumpled wrapper.

Don't do it. Look at all the ice cream you've eaten. I'm never moving again. I will grow old in this chair. Isn't this the ugliest chair you've ever seen?

Get rid of it, then. Come on, toss me the Snickers before my brain catches up to my stomach.

We're disgraceful. Think of the starving children in Africa.

They hate it when Americans overeat junk food. He stumbles over to her side of the table to find the candy bar under empty wrappers and puddles of cream. Clutching it, he falls into her chair. Scoot, he says. I can't make it all the way back over there.

He wiggles himself further into the chair, ignoring her groans.

I think I'm falling into a diabetic coma. Your insides must be rotten. Where are you going?

To get you some water. Dilute all that crap you ate. I had such high hopes for you.

She's not sure if she slept, and if she did, for how long. Did Michael sing a medley of candy songs, leading with The Prytania's pre-show jingle: "Delicious things to eat/The popcorn can't be beat/The sparkling drinks are just dandy/The chocolate bars and the candy/So let's all go to the lahhh-beeee to get ourselves a treat!"?

The dream comes back to her. She is back in the Melbourne hotel room, looking through your suitcase, searching for clues. The arrhythmic whistle of the gallery manager in the hall seeps into the room. For each shirt or pair of pants she removes from your bag, two or three appear at the bottom, more clothes in more shades than you ever owned.

What are you finding, lay-dee? comes the sing-song. We are wait-ing.

She grabs and grabs, and more clothes erupt, items you would never have worn: gym socks, basketball shorts, a jock strap, a flimsy pink slip, a pair of women's heels with tiny golden buckles on the sides. She is certain the answer rests at the bottom of the case. Her body becomes slick with sweat. The man bangs on the door, and the whole room shakes. She must grip the bed to avoid rolling onto the floor. The door splits from the force of his fist. Shards of wood fly at her back. And then the door is simply gone. She expects the man, but it is you.

She flings clothes left and right. Her arms cannot stop. There is no end to the pile in front of her. She is terrified. Her hands grab faster. Then, without warning, the case is cleared of clothes. A framed photograph sits alone in one of its corners. In it, a woman who is not her mother. A woman dressed in Marguerite's clothes.

I have to leave, you scream. I need my clothes.

As though the magic words have been invoked, her arms drop to their sides. Mountains of tuxedos, leather jackets, t-shirts, overalls, underpants, and stockings threaten to bury her. Sorry, she says. I must have the wrong room.

Feeling any better? Michael lounges on the too-short couch across from her chair. He has propped his head on one armrest. His legs dangle over the other.

I hate this sofa, he says. There should be an edict: May no sofa be fabricated that cannot accept a prostrate human form.

I hate the carpet, she says. It smells like cat.

I hate the kitchen. None of the cabinets are the right height. You have to jump or squat to open them.

I hate that awful sculpture in the bedroom. The one of the skeleton preparing to eat the baby, she says.

Oh, *that* sculpture, he says. I thought you might mention a different one. I hate the shower. The nozzle's too low, and the water pressure is never strong enough.

I hate this neighborhood and all its inhabitants.

Whoa, hey now. I was talking about inanimate objects. You're starting to sound like a psychopath.

You're right. But I'm sick of hosing down pink vomit and beer-soaked garbage and the sludge that ends up in the courtyard. I'm tired of the noise and all the stupid t-shirt shops. And I hate the tile in the bathroom. It looks like swirls of human hair.

I have never noticed that, he says. I will have to check that out. I hate—no, I detest—the bedroom. Forget about the cannibal skeleton: the Feng Shui is all wrong. I'm serious. The bed faces the doorway. That's a big no-no. Exposed beams? Arrows straight through the heart. Death, or at least poor finances. Or is that the peril of an exposed toilet? I get confused.

I hate the shape of it. All the long hallways. Completely unnecessary waste of space.

The color scheme, he says. No, don't look at me like that. I'm serious. For an artist, this place sure is drab. If not for the paintings, this place would be hopeless.

She pushes herself upright. You don't hate them?

The paintings? He looks wounded. How could I hate them? I'll admit, there are a few I could give or take. One I can't stand. But, no, I think they're great. Did you really think I hated them all this time?

Which one do you hate?

Hate might be a bit strong. I mean, I hate the electric stove. I'm not fond of the one down the hall near the bathroom. The one with the big red dot.

She laughs. I never liked that one either.

You are lying, he says. Then why do you have it on the wall?

I don't know. It was here when I arrived. I was thirteen the year it was painted.

He nods, his way of refusing the rest of the story.

I'm sorry, she says. It is dark and silent in the house. She feels like she should whisper. For everything.

He doesn't answer.

She says, I hate the back-splash in the kitchen.

Me too, he answers. Bright yellow. What were they thinking?

I hate the front door. It looks like it belongs on a dungeon.

There's a lot of hate in this room tonight.

You don't know the half of it, she says. I should get rid of it.

Where would you go?

Maybe I'll stay. I wanted to hear how that sounded out loud. Her stomach lurches. She has to run to make it to the bathroom in time.

You OK? he whispers across the hall as she opens the door. I know you're not supposed to eat all that stuff. I'm an ass.

She nods.

What can I do? She allows him to embrace her with the blanket. His mouth and skin radiate chocolate. More water?

I'm cold, she says.

Another blanket? Coffee?

Tea, maybe? Do we even have tea? Does anyone drink that anymore?

Whole nations, Sammy. I'll see what I can dig up.

He is correct about the cabinets. She'd like to claim that's why she spends so little time in the kitchen. Even if she brought home stacks of canned vegetables, dried

beans, and sacks of flour, how would she ever relocate them after putting them away? She knows she is lying to herself. There were many times she crouched on the floor with string bags bulging with potatoes, and when she climbed onto the counter and risked her life by balancing on her tiptoes with jars of peanut butter and canisters of lemon icing, the sickly flavor you liked to eat by the spoonful. Once, during that awful time, you left her alone so you could eat the kind of food whose smells would cling to your hair and skin while she starved. She tore through the refrigerator, inserting her tongue into old jelly jars, coaxing the final dregs of ketchup from the bottle. She climbed up the counter and rested with her head touching a big, brass handle. She pulled herself up, her every muscle trembling with the exertion. She reached for a red box. Her middle finger could scratch at its corner.

She cannot remember the fall, only your breath, which smelled like coffee, on her cheek, your fingers kneading her neck. You examined her piece by piece. She saw her prize on the floor: a box of devil's food cake mix. You picked her up and carried her back to the bed. You offered to take her to the emergency room. These words she can recall: They will take you from me.

The antiseptic smell, the bleached sheets. Bruised veins, flaking skin, honeyed voices telling lies.

You kept her awake, in case she had hit her head. You brewed coffee. One by one, you dunked three saltine crackers into the cooling coffee, then placed each onto her straining tongue. You covered her hairline, her wrists, her toes in kisses.

What's that noise?

They call it a teakettle, Michael says. It's from the Mesozoic era.

That seems like a lot of trouble, she says. What are you doing in there? Why does it smell like cooking?

We're each allowed one hot drink, then we're cut off for the night. Except you. You, I'm going to flood with the best quality water the Mississippi has to offer.

What's that you're drinking?

Hot chocolate with a few drops of Baileys. Warm the tummy, warm the mind.

How can you?

It's a gift. I don't try to understand it.

Is it late?

Early enough for me to keep my promise, he says. He settles onto the tiny couch again but leaves the blanket bunched at his feet. You wanted to sketch.

She had forgotten, but it comes back now. She had felt strong and defiant when she suggested it.

Stay here. I'll get my things.

Michael is no different from any other first-time model, like the young students you paid in cash after their clothes reappeared. The fear mingled with guilt, imagining themselves prostitutes for the eyes if not for the touch. Those seldom returned, unless a desperate situation arose: they couldn't make the rent, their favorite singer was performing for one night only and the tickets were astronomical. You used professional models. Ones who brought their own robes and formed an invisible barrier around themselves, a nakedness that said, You're not seeing me. My limbs, my penis, my fleshy buttocks, yes, but nothing that leads you to *me*.

Sam preferred the first-timers. Their nerves charged the room. They stood clothed only with their vulnerability, their embarrassment, or sometimes, their vanity in a body sculpted for admiration. Some arrived with the desire to be touched. Devotees of TV movies in which the famous artist finds his ultimate muse/new lover/future wife in the lithe body of an almost-legal redhead.

As soon as the paper and pencil surface, Michael stiffens. She hasn't even begun and the muscles in his cheek twitch. She understands: the pain of being seen is sharper than the cold of finding yourself ignored.

How do you want me? What should I do?

He is still sprawled on the sofa, but nothing in his body suggests rest. His posture makes her back ache.

Should I take something off?

A bare chest would be nice.

He pulls his socks off.

I get feet instead?

A man should always remove the socks first, he says. Otherwise, you're the idiot wearing nothing but calf-high black dress socks with a hole in the big toe. Do it first or you forget until it's too late. You can never recover from that image.

She never noticed it, but he always took his socks off first. She scans her memory for every other man she's seen without clothes. A slideshow of naked-but-the-socks flips through her mind: the artist who forgot to remove them at all, the boys in her youth whose bare feet she's sure she never saw, the ex in one sock, a man who worked for her father (red footies), and you. You, William. How could you?

Next comes the belt, the shirt. The unbuttoning of loose blue jeans, simultaneous drop of boxers and pants.

Her body does not react to this body as art. The act of Michael stripping sets a force in motion that she cannot stop. A flush of breath, the nagging friction of nipples against fabric.

How do you want me?

He drops his body onto its right side, muscles twisting as he arranges himself. There is no moment more naked than this, waiting for a lover to judge. She remembers herself in his place, back to those times she stood before a man, wanting more than anything for him to drop the charcoal and embrace her, to erase his eyes from her glaring imperfections. There is both cruelty and love in this action.

No talking?

Whatever makes you comfortable.

You sound like a physician. Is there a way for this to feel less like a doctor visit?

Wait there, she tells him.

She turns the thermostat to heat to soften the edge of the cooling night. She turns down the lights. From the kitchen, she returns with candles and a matchbook.

You must know my doctor, he says as she strikes the match.

And all her tricks as well. Close your eyes. It'll feel less strange.

Michael with his eyes closed could be asleep, but she knows this body. It cannot fool her with its deep breathing, with its creaseless face. In these last hours, he feigns sleep to give her images she has been stealing all along.

His chest rises and falls steadily. The muscles are at rest, though they are still more defined than any of hers in flex. Even now, he surrenders himself to her mercy. She allows the whisper to leave her lips only because she is confident he cannot hear: *I don't want you to go.*

Michael smiles in his sleep. He talks to someone, but his voice comes out garbled, more sounds than actual words. He walks without standing up. Sometimes he runs in place. She has, more than once, felt him jump in his sleep. When she reveals his nighttime antics, he believes she's trying to tease him with a joke he doesn't understand.

He stirs and flops onto his stomach, forcing her to abandon her sketch.

He stretches awake, his hands in fists reaching above his head. Did I miss it again?

Flip back over. Unless you want me to make a mountain of your backside, go back to the way you were.

Are you telling me my butt's big? It's *mountainous*? He laughs and turns, cupping his bottom with his hands.

Stop being a monkey. Put your hands where I can see them.

Can I look?

Not until it's finished. Bring your left hand a little closer to your navel. Your other left hand.

Are you almost done? Where do I focus my eyes? What should I look at?

It doesn't matter. I already have them.

He stares at the sketch in a way only a human can fixate on an image of himself. There's more to see in a drawing than in any photograph. This is more than a version of oneself; it is a vision of the self through another person's consciousness.

Will it make me egotistical if I say that this is amazing? You're good at this. I mean, your paintings are good, but this is amazing.

Helps to have a beautiful subject.

No, I could attempt to draw you and come up with a circle and five lines.

It's all in what you see.

Is this what you see? He holds up the sketch.

It is, she tells him.

His mouth opens, then closes again, hiding whatever response he first thought to offer. Take it all off, he says. I feel like an idiot sitting here naked alone. It's my turn.

You said two seconds ago that all you can draw is a circle. You don't need me for that.

I was doubting myself, he says. I've suddenly regained my confidence. Come on, you're a professional.

In another life, maybe. She groans. I hate this. I always have.

I'm not forcing you, but I'll be kind.

That's what I'm afraid of.

Against her better judgment, she pulls off her socks.

Five, nearly six, years have passed since you, William, owned this body, since you molded it. Long days eased into long nights with her stretched on the floor, her skin so exposed and taut that she waited to hear it rip. This body gave into you in every possible way. She cannot remember how she bore it; she cannot understand how she bears its absence, your absence, now. You immortalized this body so that its flesh seems less real than the images you left behind.

Her body is not as simple and straight as Michael's. Beauty marks dot the skin. One beneath her left eye. Another in the cleft of her chin, the one that nurses always tried to wipe clean. Another, larger, at her jawline. Each breast hides one in its shadow. One couples with her navel. Some are concealed in the folds of her fingers. A memory of a burn rests on the underside of her left wrist. A bicycle accident on a knee. She circles back to, always, the perfect scar that starts as a line beneath her breasts and splits into two tangents to point toward her pelvic bones.

This is fun, he says. I should have started doing this years ago.

Coercing naked women onto your sofa?

This is far sexier.

You're supposed to see a series of connected shapes.

I'm no artist, thank God.

I have, many times.

You were supposed to say: Of course you're an artist, Michael. Your photos make me weep.

I suppose they do, in a fashion.

So you're saying I couldn't be an artist? There's no *je me sais pas* about me that allows me to fall into that category?

You have oodles of it Michael, even if you can't speak French. I can see you falling into whatever realm you want to fall into. Are you almost done?

Silly girl, he says. You have created a monster.

The phone rings.

Don't move, he says. Don't even think about moving.

She hears Michael's voice whispering into the phone, but she can't hear what he's saying. She stares at the recorder daring her from across the room. She crosses in front of the window to retrieve it. The rain has started.

Do you think she could ever be enough for me? Do you understand what that means? She was nothing. She was makeup and perfect clothes and hairspray. Do you hear what I'm saying to you?

I'm turning the machine off now.

No! She's listening. She finally hears me. Margo was a phantom. She didn't even exist. How does it feel to know that everything you are cannot even add up to that? Her fake laugh. Everything she owned was stolen. You are a patchwork with stitches that are falling apart. He's shaking his head. Why are you shaking your head, Alex Mitchell? Say something. I can't hear the marbles rattling. My mother always said that. Speak up, Billy. I can't hear the marbles rattling around in your head.

That's enough.

That's where you're wrong. Nothing she can do will ever be enough.

There are sounds Sam cannot identify. Something small tumbling and breaking. Hands on a desk. Sighs and gasps.

William, put it down.

What is this?

You know what it is.

Name it for me.

It's a letter opener.

It's very sharp.

Put it down.

Can you see the scars on my hands? I stopped a long time ago. You're looking at this fresh wound. I didn't do it. Sammy did it. She took something like this when I was sleeping and she cut my flesh open to watch me bleed.

We can help you, William. Put it down.

She cuts into me. She makes me do things I would never do. Do you know how much this hurts? They get infected because she uses a dirty knife. She made me crawl up into the attic. Into the crawlspace. She made me wait for my mother. Mom, don't come in. Don't do it. Don't do it.

She hears Michael approach. She presses Pause. Who was that on the phone? Work, but I squeezed out a few more hours.

You said you took the day off.

I did, but with that storm approaching...

You're a sports photographer.

I shoot warriors, but my lens doesn't curl up and die if it's pointed at something else. Some shots of water rising, an electrical wire blowing in the wind. I get a little wet and they don't use any of my pictures because some other guy made better ones. No big deal. Now, where were we?

I think you're finished.

One more.

I don't want to, Michael. I'm tired.

Don't send me out in the storm. Let me stay here and play with you. I need you to move a little. Ditch the blanket. Get back on the sofa. If you could just turn onto your stomach—

You're serious.

I am taking this very seriously, Sammy. Trust me. Onto your stomach. That's a good girl. Now, prop yourself up with your elbows. Excellent. Bend your knees and slide one forward—

What are you doing?

Organizing my connected shapes. Cooperate, please. I need more arch. Your back is too straight. I'm looking for a slow curve—

Give me your last sketch.

Not until we're done, he says. This is art, sweetheart. You're not supposed to take it personally.

If this is art, why are you still naked?

To put my subject more at ease. Come on, Sam. You can't always change the rules halfway in.

What does that mean?

That I want you to do this.

Tell me what you meant by that.

No more talking. I can't concentrate with all the jabber. He pauses to lower his voice. Let me win, please.

She sighs. What do you want me to do?

Think feline, he says. A little more arch. A little more. Little more. Perfect. Your ass should be above the line from your head. Great. Now hold it.

He steps back farther, walks around her to view the pose at every angle. She closes her eyes. His hand on her back comes as a shock.

A little further down, he says. There.

The scratch of pencil on paper could transport her to other times, all of them with you, William.

Do you think you could stay like this forever and I could visit from time to time?

You're a bad man, Michael.

Considering what I'm looking at, I am a total gentleman. Don't think it's easy. I'm glad your eyes are closed, he says. You might think I've lost my professional edge. I'm going to touch you again, Sammy, but don't think it's anything more than an artist finding the shape.

A finger glides the length of back, stopping at the base of spine, where it idles. This is my favorite, he says. This place right here. I ache for this spot even when I touch it. His finger counts each of her ribs on its way back to the starting point, grazes the fleshy side of a breast on the journey to a shoulder.

She opens her eyes to see him above her. He straddles her shape, but they no longer touch, until his belly brushes hers. He lowers his weight into her, and it's almost unbearable. His heat obliterates her. The density of his muscle pushing into her skin.

Sammy, he says into her scalp. It isn't about this.

She pulls him closer, closer. She can't hold back tears any longer. His mouth finds hers. They need no more sketches, no more words.

Later, she begs to see them. Vanity nests on her shoulder, though if asked, she would claim she'd long ago shrugged it off.

I showed you mine, she says.

I don't think I will. I'm afraid you won't see them the way I do. You'll make me doubt them.

That's a nice reading you're giving me, killer of dreams.

Can I say one thing? I don't want you to respond. I want to say it and leave it. I don't know, like litter. On the highway.

Poetic.

Without an answer, OK? Seriously. Whatever I say, I don't want you to correct me or tease me. Just listen.

She sits up straight.

This was amazing, tonight. All of it. The drawing with you, being silly, even you getting sloshed at the table. I'm terrified to walk away. I knew this would happen, so I told myself earlier today that no matter what, regardless of how absurd it seemed, even if I couldn't come up with single reason to leave, that I would do it anyway because one night doesn't change everything. I want to tell that promise to fuck off because I can't imagine a better feeling than the one I have right now, or the one I had ten minutes ago wrapped in your body, or an hour ago watching you try to sleep while I tried to draw. Or any other time that I'm near you. Even if you're comparing me to a man I don't want to be. I can't understand why you want him. I wish I knew his secret, but I won't ever be anything like him, not even to please you. Tomorrow when I wake up and you're not there, I might drive back over here and bang on your door, but tonight I'm leaving. I'm not saying any of this correctly. It's not even what I wanted to say. All I wanted to say was: I am amazed. And I adore you. And I wish this night was every night, only without the nausea and the fear of the clock telling me it's time to go. Sammy, you amaze me. You always have. Don't say anything. I wanted you to know. Please, don't say anything. I'll feel like more of an idiot, OK?

Even if she wanted to speak, what could she say? She accepted Michael as an ersatz lover, one whose hands she could pretend were yours cupping her face. Now he opens his mouth, and she does not hear your voice. She wonders whether she ever again wants to hear your voice. Michael chose her. He chooses her.

She places a hand on his collarbone. She can feel his pulse.

He says, Do you want to see the sketches? Don't laugh. I think they're beautiful.

And, William, they are. The lines are crooked and the parts are out of proportion—you would mock his perspective—but they are her. They are him looking at her.

He brushes her cheeks before she realizes there are tears.

Are they that bad?

Are they mine?

I don't think so, he says. I think I need to take them with me.

But I gave you mine.

I'm greedy tonight. Leave it to me and I'll plunder everything.

She doesn't say what she's thinking: You already have, and only now have I noticed.

Don't move, he says. I want to take one more thing.

William, I have waited here for years on your funeral pyre, in my finest clothes, with a burning match in my hand. The flame licks at my fingers. I can blow it out, or I can rest my exhausted hand. My captive is slipping away.

She hears the click, once, then again, then a flutter without pause.

This isn't a football game, she says. I'm hardly moving at the speed of light.

Then show me your moves, he says from behind the lens. Dance for me.

You missed the boat on that one. During dinner, perhaps...

Ah, yes, but you had clothes on.

Good point. She reaches for his t-shirt and pulls it over her head.

That's fine. I can work with this.

You now have three hundred useless images. Are you done?

Flip your hair, Sammy. Come on, indulge a male fantasy. Make kissy faces at me.

Is this art or pornography?

Do I get that choice?

It'll take you hours to delete every frame.

Are you kidding? This will be the most fun I've ever had chimping. Wait until the fellas see how I play at home. It's a joke, Sammy. Come on, laugh at little.

Are you finished?

Do something for me. Take the shirt off. Slowly. He moves behind the camera with a fluidity he masters nowhere else. It is an extension that transforms his every move into choreographed art. His fingers slow. He shoots every twenty seconds, then once a minute.

She moves for him because he asks nothing else. Her body remembers your poses and she finds them, but they are no longer yours. *Do you know what splayed means? Push farther, deeper. The dislocated arm we did not notice for hours. She let me finger her ribs like a string instrument.*

You're beautiful, he says.

She pulls the shirt back on.

I'll show you my favorites some time.

Where will you go? she asks him.

First, the Lakefront—

When it's all over, where will you go?

This is the third time you've asked me that.

This is the third time you haven't answered.

I'm afraid to tell you, he says. He pulls on his pants.

Immediately, she conjures a woman. Legs and arms that will hold him, content to win him secondhand.

It's not what you're thinking, he says. I'm going to my apartment.

You got it back? By the time the words leave her mouth, she realizes the stupidity of her response. He never let it go. His place was there always, in case. This—the two of them—was only a moment between moments.

I don't know why I kept it, he said. The hassle of selling it, sorting through furniture and years of junk. I've barely been there. One of my soccer pals lived there for almost a year when his wife kicked him out. I had a renter for a while. It doesn't mean anything. God, Sammy, it's a good investment. I can't say it's worked out badly.

In all this time, you never mentioned it. You made me believe you sold it. You said you had to show it to people. What did you do, hang out there when you said you were at the gym? I guess there were never any camping trips. You just wanted to be safely tucked away from me for a few days until you needed a fuck.

We both know I didn't need to come here for that.

So that's what you used it for?

We're both on edge. I want you to know the truth.

What truth? That you pretended to live here for years? How many times did you lie to me about it?

You never asked. By the time it felt a little funny for me to still have it, it was too late. I was going to sell it. There was a buyer who backed out at the last minute. He couldn't get the loan or something. I got sick of trying. I knew you'd misunderstand. I check in on it occasionally to make sure everything is fine, but that's all. It's a dump, Sammy. Would you like to see it? It looks like somebody robbed the place years ago and nobody bothered to clean up the mess. It's covered in dust. I just never let it go.

Because I never gave you a reason to.

This isn't the way I wanted things.

How can I be angry with you? I am angry, but I know it's not fair. Look at everything I've kept. This was never your home. At least I'm not alone in screwing it up.

Sammy, I would have sold it if you had given me a reason to. I wanted you to ask me, but you never did. Look at this place. Sometimes I expected him to walk in on me in the shower and nothing would have pleased you more. I never gave you a reason to do anything for me.

She laughs. I sold my father's house tonight. Well, I told Jonny to sell the house. And I can't imagine staying here anymore.

I'll die if you get rid of William for someone else.

A thick silence settles between them.

These things have to go, the paintings. I can't have them here another day. Don't ask me why. Until I decide what exactly to do with them, they'll go to my father's house. Jonathan will have a conniption fit, but I'll do it anyway. Help me take them down and send them away.

I don't understand. But he's selling the house.

I'm doing it anyway.

Sam, this makes any sense. All these years and that's it? Michael's hands cup his shoulder blades. I don't believe you. You're crazy. If you want to do this, hire someone.

Start right here, I think. Leave the studio for last.

Don't play this game with me. He paces the room, fingers now dancing at his sides. Without turning to look, he reaches for a golf club where his set used to live in the corner. He expects the weight of it to support him, and he stumbles.

Are you OK?

He rubs an uninjured leg. Not at all.

I am. I don't know how, but I am. For now.

If you pack all this tonight, you'll unpack it tomorrow.

Maybe.

Goddamn it, Sam. He takes her hands, wraps them in his. She feels the clammy damp but doesn't know which of them is sweating.

It's going to happen tonight with or without you. Tonight, because I can. Tomorrow, I don't know. She hears her father's voice float through her head, *Drink the wine tonight for tomorrow there will be none*. But I need more clothes.

Michael hands her the jeans. Stay in my t-shirt. It's perfect on you.

She tugs them on while he buttons his shirt.

It's sexy without the undershirt, she says.

Really? I don't know why I even wear an undershirt. My father must have told me to when I was seven. I follow instructions too easily. Sammy, have I forced your hand in this?

Have you ever?

I've wanted to. Part of me still wants to. I might not mind if you lied to me and said yes.

Maybe I've wanted you to, too.

William Banes, "Tempestuous Dream" (also known as "Morning After Darkness"), c. 1987. Oil on canvas. 72 x 72 cm.

Largest one first, don't you think?

I'll get the supplies, Michael says.

You painted it in the weeks after the two of you escaped the gallery together. In the days and hours and minutes that she wondered why she let you taunt her and remove her clothes, whether she could live if it happened again. Whether she could if it didn't.

She slipped out of your house early that morning. You watched her dress, but said

nothing. She had no defense but inane questions.

Will you call the gallery? Do you think you should? I'm only wondering because people might ask—

What might people ask? Do you think it was unclear? Next time I'll pinch your ass on the way out. Wait, I think I did.

Don't you care that you left your show?

Do you always talk this much, Sam Mitchell?

I don't know what happened here.

It was clear that you did.

I don't understand you, William.

Like that, say it again.

She repeated your name.

Yes, he said. We have time. You're exquisite. Now go, I have to work.

You began "Morning After Darkness" during those weeks she began to believe she had invented that night. Her father bought one of the last paintings still available. Over coffee, he said, You didn't say goodbye. Poor what's-his-name was distraught.

Not you, she asked. You weren't distraught?

I think I'd choose the word *concerned*, he said. Tell me you don't have a weird daddy complex. Call me egotistical, but I'm not sure I could face that.

I don't like where this is going.

Sammy, my girl, I don't either. Watch yourself.

It's not what you think, she said.

I don't want it to be. Now, I'm feeling generous. I'll make you breakfast. What will you have, toast or toast or bread? The first one's my specialty.

You arrived nearly three weeks later, unshaven in wrinkled clothes. You looked older than her father.

I have something for you, you said to Alex when he invited you inside. It's in the car. I'll get it.

You returned with a canvas, "City Scene with a Blonde."

I like the new turn, William. I understand that the show went extremely well. I was interested in this one myself. I thought it went quickly.

I took it back. Consider it a peace offering.

I'm not sure I follow, Alex said.

What should I do with it?

Here, I'll find a place for it.

She's here?

She is.

Sam was twenty-three years old, and you had recently turned forty-five, but she could have been sixteen with a nervous boy at the door. You had given her father a painting, but you had nothing to offer her.

She sat in the passenger seat of your car, waiting for the engine to turn.

She said, You look like hell.

What? Oh, get used to it.

Is that an offer?

It's your fault. Why do you live at home with Dad?

Usually, when a gentleman comes calling, he brushes his hair and ties his shoes.

You took your eyes away from the road longer than she could bear. She met your eyes until she feared for both of your lives. Gripping the seat, she sat straighter and stared ahead to make up for your lack of attention.

There's a painting. I can't finish it. I've barely slept for two weeks.

What's that have to do with me?

I don't talk about the obvious.

I do, she told him. So say it.

I'm here, aren't I, Sam Mitchell?

She should have made you say it.

After she moved in, she asked you the questions that fuel young love. What were you like as a little boy? When did you give up photography for painting? Who did you think you'd become when you looked into the future at age sixteen?

I've done all that before, you said. Not this time.

This time?

Sam Mitchell, you're a little flower. So pretty, so easy to crush. You're open enough for both of us, so open that if I don't clutch the edge I might fall right into you.

God forbid, she said, secretly satisfied.

You said: God and everyone else.

You said nothing months later when her wheel and kiln arrived, but as soon as they were set up you called her into the studio and asked her to pose. Her sketchbooks went missing under piles of your supplies. If she placed a pencil in her hand, you asked for it as the only one that would suit. When Sam finally produced her first bowl, you said, You have no eye for color. It's uneven. But if tinkering makes you feel good, it's your time to waste.

This one is done, Michael says. Through no help from you.

Sorry, I got sidetracked. I'm so easily distracted these days.

I've noticed that's a problem of yours when there's manual labor to be done.

Maybe I just like to watch you work, she says. Rippling muscles and all that.

Hey, do you think your father's still waiting for my price?

God, this is the one, isn't it? I'm sorry, Sam. What a bastard.

It's OK. I like to think of him asking his assistant every day. Anything from the Banes Estate? No? Of course, of course.

Serves him right. What's next? How are you feeling?

I'm good, I think. This one.

William Banes, "Untitled #5," c. 1976. Oil on canvas. 36 x 24 cm.

You don't *appreciate* them.

Art is about more than appreciation.

She thinks she's bought the guided tour. Maybe she has.

Tell your mother we had a nice chat.

I'll be happy to see the backs of all three of you.

William Banes, "Still Life with Woman," c. 1990. Acrylic on canvas. 42 x 18 cm.

Nude woman, cut off at the neck, holding an orange in an outstretched hand. Her feet remain outside the frame. Her figure is full but firm.

This is one of Sam's favorites. There's a gentle, playful touch to it. You see the model's faults—you embrace them—but in your hands the defects become attractive peculiarities. Her disproportion throws focus on her most commanding features, the

great orbs of gloriously golden breast, the curve of thigh as inviting as a warm bed. Her round belly is almost edible, an echo of the fruit in her hand. Sam finds it impossible to look at this painting and not contemplate sex and its promises.

It's not you, Michael says. But it is, isn't it?

She was a model he used several times. I can't remember her name. Something with a 'K,' something unusual. Kendal? Kierdra? I was there when he drew her. She's beautiful in her way, don't you think?

Did you draw her?

Mine don't compare.

You're a liar. I'd like to see them, he says. How was it, the two of you drawing this naked woman?

She was a professional. She was there for him. He let me hang around in the background. There'd nothing sexy about it.

Nothing sexy about this?

You get used to naked strangers, even beautiful ones.

I can't find you, but I know you're there.

You're wrong, she tells him.

Remember? It was such a long time ago. You never wanted her to watch you work, but you wanted her nearby. She was your talisman, the person who happened to be there on the edge of your life when your career turned from stall into success. After that show you abandoned together, your hand strangling her wrist, buyers surfaced in such numbers that Annabella was able to sell a large stash that had been sitting, some of them for ten years, in a corner of your studio. You were able, after a few years with her help, to pay off this house. You never again had to beg credit or materials. Journals published articles about you. You were offered—and turned down with glee—a monthly column in a trendy contemporary art magazine. Sam was your rabbit's foot. She threw herself into proving you were not wrong.

The day you retrieved her from her father's house, you toyed with her wrist, stroking the soft underside and measuring it with a finger and thumb, while driving. She did not question your destination. Back at your house, you might have been a schoolboy, tugging at her, pulling kisses from her mouth, snaking hands inside her

clothes, but denying both of you the release you craved. You pulled away to make her reach for you. She traced your neck with her lips. Come back, she moaned.

With an index finger, she traced her inner thigh, an invitation. Take everything off, you said. All of it. Buttons unfastened, clasps unhooked. You placed your hot hand where her finger had painted a map. Close your legs, you said. She obeyed, and you pushed your hand into the clamp. She drove into your skin; you removed yourself. She could hear her breath, and yours. You took her hands and placed one over each breast, then opened her fingers so she exposed nipples. They strained against her trembling joints. Don't move, you said.

When you stopped painting, you pulled her diminishing body into your arms, loosening your grip only to throw off your clothes. She accepted you not with the hours-old passion but with resigned relief. You petted her face, you kissed her wet cheeks. You glided your calloused hands over her skin until you rekindled the fading spark. You are perfect, you said. You are exactly what I need. Stay with me.

When you showed her the painting, you stood behind her with your arms crushing her ribs. You kissed her on the back of the neck. You said, I thought about adding some flowers, but that would have been too obvious, don't you think?

On the canvas, she is a woman on the divide between rapture and despair. You did not paint her tears. You titled it *All I Never Wanted*. Without taking a photo, you sent it off to Annabella. It sold immediately. Sam never saw it again.

Only later did she find the many sketches you made of Marguerite in the days before you collected her from her father and installed her in your house.

Where are you, Sam? Michael asks.

He had a model come in that day, she says. He often did. I showed her in, but instead of closing the door and walking away, I stepped in after her. He saw me. I expected him to tell me to leave, but he didn't. He said to her: Whenever you're ready.

It was strange to me because this was the first completely nude woman I had ever seen in the flesh. Even in the locker room at school, I had always wanted to look at the other girls, to see what bodies looked like. I was afraid to have them look at me, but I wanted to know —

Sam, you don't have to tell me this —

The woman excited and repulsed me at the same time. I calculated and tallied her

body the way I always thought a man might. The way I feared being judged. Even so, I admired the perfect texture of her milky skin, the high cheekbones that made her somehow submissive but haughty at the same time. I liked the defiant way she stood before him, holding object after object that he placed in her hand. I loved her body and I hated it. I hated myself for comparing the two of us and for declaring myself the victor, even with my scar. His eyes didn't skip the bunching of her backside or the extra skin between her breasts and belly. I sketched her belly. I wondered whether she might be in the early stages of pregnancy. My pencil leaped across the page with almost no sound at all. He said, This isn't working. He looked at me. You being here is the problem. He stood and looked at me, then her, then me again. Take off your clothes, he said to me—

Sam, you don't have to—

This wasn't an unusual command. I posed for him all the time but never posed alongside anyone else. I felt my identity, whatever was left of it, peeling away. That I was peeling it away because he wanted me to. Please, he said. Without that word, I might have been able to run away. I walked behind the screen and stripped as quickly as I could. I stepped out naked, with my hand cradling my scar, in search of the other woman's eyes, but they were where he had left them, staring at the palm of her hand. Same pose, he said to me. Step a little closer, closer. Perfect. Now look at me.

It's not my body, Sam says, but he used my eyes. He made me stand next to her naked so he could get that expression in the eyes.

There are no eyes, Sam. Her head's not in the picture.

The phone rings.

You get it, she says. It'll be for you.

Michael returns from the kitchen, shaking his head. I'm sorry, Sam. I can squeeze maybe an hour.

William Banes, "Lapis," 1980. Oil on canvas and wood, 24 x 42 cm.

This is a painting an amateur would look at and claim, *I could do that*. Until he tried to do it. Dozens of shades of blue cover the wood, hiding and revealing its grainy texture. That's all. Waves of blue, dark, then light, then darker to almost black.

Sam knows nothing of its origin. She wonders whether it has anything to do with your categories of mental health. You would never say you were blue, but you'd say:

It's navy today. Yesterday was cobalt. I feel a wave of aqua coming on. Those days were a relief; you never spoke about colors at your worst.

This painting is you, William, without her. You with someone else who would know what each layer means.

William Banes, "Youth in Summer," 1992. Acrylic on canvas board, 18 x 18 cm.

It's an abstract, all reds and browns and yellows. The strokes flow left to right in large flourishes. At first glance, the texture seems to come from the depth of the paint and its liberal application, but she knows there's wax beneath because her hands applied it.

Solidified wax covered your hands when you found her in the kitchen.

You've done this before?

I've seen it done.

You turned to leave the room. She knew you were telling her to follow.

She stood before a canvas smeared with wax, the impressions of your knife all over it.

It needs a lighter touch.

Her hands rounded the knife and iron, getting a feel for them before touching the canvas. She brushed the hardening surface, waiting for your instruction. Behind her, she heard you drop into the couch.

Give it movement, Sam. Make it move the way you do. Let me watch you. Do it for a dirty old man.

You're not.

It keeps calling, Sam, Sam, save me from the brute with the big knuckles. When I open my eyes, I want to see your back swaying and those hands everywhere.

Later, in bed that night, you draped his arms around her. I like the way you move, you said. Should I call it "Sam Mitchell's Magical Fingers"?

Anything but that.

It felt good to have you there. I could get used to it. I know what I'll call it.

What?

You'll have to wait and see when it's done.

The next morning, you were gruff, spilling coffee on the way to your studio. You worked through lunch and didn't reappear until night had fallen. When she asked you

how the piece was shaping up, you said, Don't push me, Sam.

You showed the painting at your last exhibit, listed as sold.

William Banes, "Untitled," 1995. Oil on canvas, 36 x 48 cm.

Another nude. This time, the canvas holds more, and less, of Sam. The figure sits in a wooden chair, holding her face in her hands. Hair cascades over her slumped shoulders and is laced through her fingers. Though she is unclothed, her flesh is obscured; she is almost fetal in her sorrow.

What do you make of this one?

I can't play this game. I know it's you. They're all you, naked with him. That's not something I like to think about. I minded even then, him knowing you, even when you weren't mine and I was sure you never would be. What sense does that make?

It was a long time ago.

No, look at it. It's right now.

You're running out of time. Listen to the rain. You must be exhausted.

I feel better than I've felt for a long time, Sammy. Do you want to rest? I can do some without you.

You do this one and that one. I need to take care of something before you go.

William Banes, "Still Life I," 1980. Watercolor on paper, 21 x 29.7 cm.

William Banes, "Still Life II," 1980. Watercolor on paper, 42 x 29.7 cm.

Same title, same subject. One in muted browns and greens. The other, the larger one, in bright oranges and pinks, the hint of red. In both, a nondescript vase holds the foreground. In one, it sits on a wooden table; the other, perhaps the same table covered by a delicate cloth. The compositions are well executed and the colors, but there's nothing extraordinary about it. Until you notice the woman in the background and realize the paintings are about nothing but her.

In the smaller of the two, she is barely visible at first glance. Her body is every shade of green at once and separately. The difference—the only one aside from the color scheme—in the larger one is that she's unmistakable in her hiding place. Her pastel body still swims nude in the wallpaper, but she refuses to blend in. Her back arches in ecstasy.

She is not Sam, though she wishes she were. You painted this woman when you

were thirty-nine. You had all these lives that she will never know. She feels poorer for it, though she can't understand why. What would it mean to her to know this woman's name? She doesn't doubt that you were lovers. She knows the paintings you did from models. Those are technically superior, but they don't have the touch of the ones you did of women you loved.

She can map this change in a much later series on a woman called Ekaterina, a young Russian model you inherited when an artist friend experienced a sudden religious conversion and could no longer paint living flesh. At first, the girl is simply beautiful and strange, dark skin, pale green eyes, the tiny extra toe on her left foot, skeletal except for the bulging breasts. She is freakish, but in the most alluring manner possible. In the later paintings, she is *seen*. There is no other word for the distinction. In one painting it's there, in others it isn't. You abandoned the woman when Sam asked you to.

She appreciates your watercolors. They are unlike any of your other work, but they could have come from no one else. Sometimes, she can look at these and see only her beauty, this woman of pigment and water.

Thirteen

Sam hesitates before unlocking the closet in the studio. She last opened this door the day of her father's death. Michael never has seen inside. As with many things, he has remained seemingly incurious. Aside from you and Sam, no one has visited this space, as far as she knows. These paintings have traveled nowhere. You painted in this cramped tomb and then abandoned your people here. Your private gallery of the dead and dying.

Your mother was the first. You begged the funeral home director to give you an hour alone with her; you hadn't spoken to her or your father or your sister in more than a year. Was your plan fully formed then? Did you know you would sketch the powdered folds of her emaciated neck, the sunken eye sockets, the falsely rouged cheeks? That you would return to this house and render those drawings into a life-sized image of her empty body before which you could prostrate yourself?

You made your father next, in the same way, under the same circumstances. Sam doesn't know who came next, your sister or Marguerite, each one a projected death, as they both still had years left to breathe. You painted Marguerite again this way after she died. And many aimless times in between. Twelve in total. The last one in the year before your disappearance. In most of them, she is suspended at twenty years old, and even death can't deny her plump, ruddy lips.

You painted Alex in his gray suit, with a photograph of Marguerite tucked beneath his blue fingers. You painted Sam, at twenty-six and as a child. As ligature and muscle, and as a fleshy mass spilling over the sides of a coffin. There are others, a bartender from your local bar, an elderly supermarket cashier. A boy Sam cannot identify, not simply because he is unfamiliar, but because you created a gash across his face clumsily covered with makeup.

You asked Sam to order books on nautical knots, ones with large photographs and detailed instructions. She brought you the materials to practice. You painted coils of hemp and jute and cotton, without any context at all. You filled huge canvases with twisting shapes.

These served as your studies. Later, you painted a slim neck strung with bone-

white rope swinging from a magnolia. The tree bursts with blooms. They obscure the green of the leaves, they fall from the woman's glossy blond hair. The tree grows from the deck of a boat. The woman is in mid-swing, one foot hovering over the ink-blue sea, the other, shoeless, nearly touching the bow. You said, I'm calling it "A moonlit deck is a woman's business office."

Why do you do this? Sam asked him.

Suicide by hanging is the most dishonorable death of all. Did you know that? Judas was a suicide.

You can't change the truth, William.

Can't I? Every time you think of her now, these images I've created flood your mind. I decide my own memories. This is my story.

Please stop painting her. It scares me.

Come here. You sat her on your lap. With your rough hands, you stroked her back and her arms. You pulled thick fingers through her unbrushed hair. Lips met her neck. You sucked her fingers one by one. Your hand snaked into her shirt to pluck the strap of her slip. She arched into the warmth of your chest.

You're like a cat, Sam Mitchell. All you need is a rub when you get an itch.

The books scattered in this small, dusty space have one theme. There is a detailed history of Lenin's embalming and preservation, several technical manuals on how to capture skin tone and rigor mortis on the canvas, tomes of examples of dead bodies. On the wall, your sketches and studies still hang haphazardly, alongside autopsy photos.

From the investigating officer, Sam retrieved your last painting, your final act. She brought it home with her to this place because what else could she do with it? She never looked at it beyond that first time. Even at the end, you were practical. You used acrylic instead of your usual oil to reduce the amount of smudging when it fell from your hands. You limited your palette to three colors: brown, white, black. She was not there, but she can see you gathering your tools.

You chose one of your host's kitchen chairs, high-backed and rickety. You removed your clothes, the wrinkled shirt you left home in days earlier, the stained trousers. Naked, you placed a full-length mirror on top of a pile of bricks alongside the back of the house. You lined up the chair with the rope you had hung earlier that morning. You returned to the house to collect the small canvas, the palette, and a brush

and pencil to clutch with your teeth. With your free hand, you placed the rope around your neck.

You looked at your body in the mirror, white with sparse patches of dark hair, ashen knees, swell of stomach, loose skin on arms and chest. With the palette balanced on one side of the canvas, you sketched the man you saw in the mirror: your long toes overhanging the chair, skinny thighs, the tree and its rope that connected you like an umbilical chord.

You scooped paint from the palette into your left palm, then let the plastic disc fall to the ground. You placed one foot on the back of the chair, rocking it ever so gently, welcoming the squeeze of the fibers around your neck. You worked on the eyes, you brought out the veins of the neck, the bulge of the Adam's apple. Sweat dropped from your temple onto the canvas. Without your consent, your right hand lunged at the cord, trying to dig it away from your flesh. You told yourself to breathe. With a fingertip, you widened the rope until it concealed your neck. You felt the hot stream running down your leg. With your finger poised on the face, you looked into the mirror and kicked the chair aside.

You thought you could will your body to create a work of art through your death. You have failed at this. William, my love, this is not art.

Sam spreads a large woolen blanket on the floor. One by one, she stacks these terrible canvases until the closet contains only books and a few harmless, abandoned supplies: dried cans of paint, overused brushes. She ignores the painting left in your last hotel room, the one of the incomplete woman. It has never belonged with these, but it has never belonged anywhere else.

She swaddles the paintings, but they are too heavy to lift. Instead she kneels behind the mound and pushes it out of the studio door, down the hall, and into the room where Michael awaits her.

I did all the ones you asked me to, he says.

We can move this if we lift it together, I think.

Where are we going?

Outside.

You know it's raining, Sammy. Can't you hear it?

Help me, Michael. This is the last thing.

This will be too heavy. Are those canvases? Let's break it up into two loads.
Please help me.

He lifts the bulk of the weight and maneuvers it down the stairs backward, with Sam counting the steps aloud until he reaches the ground.

Put it in the middle, she says, as far away from the plants and the fence as possible. I'll push the table aside.

They are both drenched, huffing, but once the table is moved and the bundle is placed on the wet brick, they stand silent facing each other.

She crouches to unwrap the blanket. The canvases are turned upside down.

Are these yours? Michael shouts over the strengthening wind.

No, she says. She feels for the matches in her back pocket. She feels his hand on her shoulder.

It won't catch in this rain.

I'll wait until it's over, then.

He's not going to come back to punish you, Sammy.

He already has.

With Michael gone, the house seems to shudder more violently in the wind. Sam imagines him oblivious to the rain in the weatherproof coat she bought for you the day before she learned of your death. It suits him. Even as she carried it to the cashier, she couldn't picture you snaking an arm through its sleeve. She bought it for a man you might have been, in other circumstances. She had wanted to buy everything that day. She fingered sunglasses wide enough to fit your broad face, boots fashioned from a single sheet of leather. If she prepared for you, you would come back.

She should check the bathroom to see if the roof patch is holding, but she can't bring herself to care. Having ignored the news since her father's death, she knows nothing of the projected severity of this storm, except what she's heard third-hand. The remaining paintings stare at her, daring her to send them away.

William Banes, "Willow Ranch," 1988. Mixed media on canvas, 20 x 24 cm.

Their honeymoon, of sorts. Slivers of colored newsprint form the roof and the birds that fly overhead. There's another painting he did in Jack County, a slightly larger one of her in a field of wildflowers. The colors, reversed: the flowers are tones of flesh,

the chestnut of hair, the speckled green of eyes. Blue and white grass, an olive sky. Lips of orange. Thighs of pink and yellow. Royal purple nipples. The belly, bright cadmium. She thinks she remembers it correctly. It sold to a private collector the following year at a group show. “Willow Ranch” had no serious inquiries.

The canvases seem neverending. If she hires someone, she will be less tempted to stare at each one like she’ll never see it again. As though she’s burning them one by one, and she has to take it all in before the flames eat her history.

Her hand is already covering her mouth before she gasps. In a flood of panic and regret, she spins around the living room until she spots the camera Michael left behind, though she reminded him to take it. She clutches it, trembling with ignorance and uncertainty. For every step she takes toward the courtyard and the pyre she built, she takes another back. I don’t have to decide this minute, she says aloud. She looks through the viewfinder and presses the shutter release. The click sounds in her ear like a detonation and she has to lower the camera from her face.

What do you want me to do? She screams at you through tears. What do you want from me? She waits for a response, for the unending loop of your voice that fills her.

She rushes to her bag, which still contains the cassettes and the recorder. Now equipped, she rushes down the stairs and into the courtyard, tripping on the slick steps.

The rain stings her hands and back. In the center of the courtyard, where she abandoned them, are your paintings stacked higher than her knees. The blanket under them is sodden.

What do you want me to do? she whispers. Tell me and I’ll do it.

Under the narrow awning of the lean-to, she crouches. Vision blurred by tears and rain, she stacks the tapes on her lap to try to read the small numbers written in her father’s hand.

You think I don’t love her, but you’re wrong. She’s everything. I do everything with her voice in my ear. I see her figure in every picture I paint. I see her in a way that you, you who think you know her best, never did.

She presses the stop button and ejects the cassette. She scrambles for another, and the collection tumbles from her lap. She picks through them to find the two she hasn’t yet heard, leaving the others on the wet ground. The wind picks up again. She can hear

only by forcing the volume as high as the machine allows and pressing it hard against her ear.

She's a good girl. Too good. What kind of girl would you call Margo? Not good. Do you know what I call her? Vindictive, oblivious, conniving, black-souled. Beautiful, the worst temptation I could ever imagine. She was my apple, and I sucked every last drop of juice.

Sam forwards the tape. She hits Play again.

Where are you, Sam? Why have you forgotten about me? Why do you keep doing this to me? Did she tell you that she refuses to speak a word when I'm in the room with her, but as soon as I close the door she sings and she whistles and she whispers to someone, I don't know who. Sammy, don't be so mean to me. I'll never say her name again. I've never said her name. She made me do it and I hate her for it and I'll never draw her face again if you'll stop cutting my fingers. Sammy. Sam Mitchell. Little Sammy Mitchell. You can be so sweet when you want to be. I have to leave. She'll punish me if I'm home too late.

The tape cuts out. Sam, with cold, wet fingers, replaces it with another.

Marguerite, Margo, she, her. She rushes forward. *Margo, Margo.*

She rips the cassette from the player. Before her brain registers control of her fingers, she is yanking the tape from its plastic case, flinging it away from her into the building storm.

As she stands, the recorder and the remaining tapes fall to the ground, the sound of which is subsumed by the storm's crash of water and whipping wind. She drags herself toward the pile. She remembers the camera around her neck. Without a plan, without hope, on the edge of despair, she turns over William's final painting. She lets a finger trace his long legs, his face, the belly, the rope. The man she knew, this man who formed her, this man who never questioned who she wanted to become. She takes the camera in her hands. She focuses on the canvas, then lowers the camera without snapping a shot. She walks back to the little storage area with the painting hanging from one hand.

Time is an absence. The darkness of night shields her. She forgets the rain, the chill, the howl of—how fitting, how absurd—the storm named Bill. She moves the camera aside, safe and dry under the far wall of the awning. She doesn't count the attempts or the matches abandoned before the first flash of flame. She blows on the

tentative fire until it feeds on paint and oil. She places the burning canvas on the ground. Patiently, lovingly, she watches him melt.

The sun begins to rise. She crouches before each remaining canvas, one by one. She searches each lifeless face. First, the subjects she does not know: the little boy, the bartender, an old woman without a name. She takes herself away from these people and back up the stairs and into the kitchen without naming her task. She chooses an instrument without care. Back beside those empty faces, rain streaming around her, she holds the knife in front of them. I'm sorry, she says, unsure who she's addressing. I'm so sorry. She begins at the corner of a canvas, a section of background. The fabric rips more easily than she had expected. She allows her eyes to blur so she can see only color, not eyes or lips or fingers. When she is faced again by her pale, limp mother, she has to stifle a sob. I will never know you, Sam says aloud, once she has control of her voice. You will never let me. Sam dissects her body in long strips. Her hand aches with the effort of pushing through these heavy paint- and rain-soaked canvases.

Her father is more painful. William has captured his strong forehead and his kind, thin face. Though his lips are unnaturally blue, he looks more asleep than dead, as though he's in ghoulish Halloween costume, suppressing a smile beneath heavy makeup. Before she presses the tip of the knife into the corner to begin its descent, she speaks to this fabrication. I wish I'd been there, Dad. I miss you more than you could possibly know. You protected me longer than you should have because you knew that he didn't. Forgive me. Forgive all of us.

Then, only her own bodies remain. She is nine years old, her skin a sickly yellow. She is naked, and her body has been peeled open to expose an empty, gaping red cavity. Her organs have been sloppily removed. There are frayed veins and arteries, cartilage ripped and discarded. Her mouth hangs open, her chin sloped to one side. Worse is the figure beside her, equally eviscerated and still. A girl, maybe twelve or thirteen, with burgeoning breasts pulled aside. Her hair is a glossy, brilliant gold in tight ringlets that pool at her shoulders. Her neck and face are perfect. The girl's face is ethereally beautiful aside from the terrible wound, black and purple at her temple. This never happened, Sam says to the gruesome vision of herself and the figment donor. My donor would be a man now, if he had survived the car crash. He would be forty-five years old.

Sam takes the now-dull knife to the remaining images, each one with its own

form of shame William tried to force upon her.

She has no concept of the time that has passed. She knows only that she is cold and wet and that there is little feeling in her hands. She has nicked herself twice and has drawn blood. Shreds of sodden, multicolored linen and empty stretchers surround her. She gathers them back under the awning. After three attempts that break matches, she achieves a slow flicker with the aid of scraps and newspaper. She places the strips of canvas one by one on the smoky simmer. She pretends she is drying, warming herself, until the fumes overwhelm her.

She steps back into the exposed courtyard. The rain pours over her. She tries to wipe it from her face, but the screaming deluge blinds her.

She desires nothing more urgently than a blistering hot shower, but the electricity has gone out in her absence. Instead, she towels herself until the skin smart. She pulls on two pairs of socks, a fleece jacket and jeans.

The phone, too, is dead. She pictures Michael snapping shots of a young couple walking their Labrador through water sloshing their calves, of dangling wires, of stripped trees and smashed signs, of the crisscross of masking tape on windows. The paper might print a close-up of the dog mid-jump, owner's face contorted, hand fluttering upward to shield her face from the splash of murky water. A long night's soggy work for one unnecessary image.

She considers searching for flashlights, but if she waits a little longer, the morning sun will slip into the room. She can wrap a few more canvases in this half-light. It is no longer necessary to linger over each one, to rename it and stake her claim on it. When the supplies run out, she and everything around her is bathed in light. She opens a window to watch the calm of showered streets and sees the electricity flash on in the bathroom of a facing apartment.

Michael has left the kettle on the stove. She fills it and makes tea, but it isn't as good as his. Once, she had his attention to detail. She wonders if it is a thing to be retrieved, like muscle or whether, like crumbling bone, it is beyond repair. Once she's sure that traffic lights are in service, she'll drive over to her father's house to pick up more packing materials. Then she'll go on to Jonathan's to hand over her keys. Once all the art here is ready for transport, she'll book her father's favorite service and make Jonathan receive the delivery. He'll pretend it's a burden, but it will secretly please

him. We all need to feel useful. To feel our time on this earth has involved more than digestion, shopping, putting clothes over heads and through legs every blessed day.

She returns to the studio and pauses in front of the closet door, somehow more frightening now nearly empty.

The single remaining canvas sits in a dusty corner, covered in the plastic provided by Victoria Police, uncovered only once in five years. In the days after she returned home with an absence that only self-hatred could fill, she peeled away the covering to check whether she'd understood what she'd seen when she found it in William's abandoned hotel room. Again, she undresses the woman, baring the familiar legs and arms, the strong neck, the perfect feet.

The woman lounges on a missing chair or bed. Her back is tilted, her limbs limp, but there is nothing behind her to support the pose. The legs she has now can't bear even her slight body. The woman is negligible in her weightlessness. A thin ankle turns out, lanky arms reach toward the viewer. Her hair is cropped short, one side curling behind a long, white ear.

Yes, the woman is exactly how Sam has remembered her in the sleepless nights of five years, precisely this form imprinted on her retina. She is the final love letter Sam will, at last, acknowledge. The statement of all he ever wanted, of everything he lost, of the woman he could never hold but by whom he was hopelessly possessed. The woman who destroyed and re-formed him, who spun every moment of his life from the moment he first glimpsed her.

The face is a perfect likeness of my mother, even more convincing than any of the memento mori destroyed in the storm. Aside from the face and the hair, the woman is a simple outline of intentions. Somehow her face is more real, more beseeching and unavoidable atop her ghostlike body. He has captured her mischievous nature and her anxious boredom. Her ability to steal, to wreck, but as easily to step back and pretend she understood—and wanted to understand—nothing of the chaos surrounding her. She is innocent, but she is caked with the grime of guilt. Above it all, she is loved.

Was it enough for her that my father adored her? Did she need that constant extra beat that sounded in the deep hollow of her belly, reminding her that another life stood outside her periphery, worshipping her as devoutly as he cursed her?

I do not know what to believe now, if I ever did. Who but I could have discovered this final image of my mother? Did William know me well enough to

realize I would follow him there? Did he know me at all? Did he want to?

On his easel now, the woman seems small, almost pitiable.

Sunlight streaks through the windows. The street regains its life. I hear the laughter of children and the swish of tires displacing the shallow pools of rainwater. The grumbles of men and women checking their roofs, their cars, their trees for signs of the storm's wicked embrace. I should do the same.

William left many wooden palettes behind, but I have avoided them. They are too big for my hand, too rough against my thumb and palm. I take a paper plate and mix too many colors, my usual stall. A discarded cup will suffice to hold an inch of oil. The brush swims in the oil, then drags across a pat of brown paint. Hand suspended before the canvas, my heart quickens. Fear in the form of rising bile shimmies up my throat. I can drop the brush. My hand shakes, so I lower it. I tell myself that I will be steadier and clearer-headed with food, all the while knowing that coffee is the best I can do.

As soon as the thick brew begins to hiss through the funnel of the stovetop pot, the phone's buzz startles me. I'm sure it will be Michael, in a coat a size too large, calling to say that nothing is open but a service station that still has two flavors of Hubig's pies, pineapple and lemon. I can hear him say, Rich as gold, sweet as honey.

Are you there, Sam? Can you hear me? Hello?

Jonathan.

Are you OK? You sound like you're a million miles away. It might be my phone. I think it got fried in the storm.

I was just thinking about Hubig's. When's the last time you had one?

Whenever I visit OPP. Don't tell Corinne, but sometimes I trade her banana bread for a coconut Hubig's. If nobody has a coconut, I take chocolate.

You do know that you don't have to steal from prisoners. A Hubig's costs about ninety-nine cents at any truck stop.

So, you're OK?

What's that Dad always said? I'm still on the right side of the lawn. I haven't been outside yet, but as far as I can tell the house survived. You?

A few limbs down. They didn't hit anything. I drove by the house on Saint Charles. It looks fine, too. I poked around inside for a few minutes. Is Michael out working?

I'd guess he's back at the office now.

How are you feeling, Sammy?

You're asking if I listened to the tapes. Or you're asking if Michael's gone for good.

I'm not, he says. I'm trying to find out if I need to drive over there even though the traffic lights are out.

To save me?

I don't know. To bring you a Hubig's pie maybe. If your electricity was out too long, be sure to throw out any seafood you had in the freezer.

Listen, I'd like to make your life a whole lot more difficult, is that OK?

I'm not sure how to answer that.

I packed up a lot of paintings here and I want to send them to the house. I want you to deal with them for me.

Sammy—

I know how it sounds, but I'm not dumping them on you. I'm moving things from my sight. For now. So I can think straight. Then we'll make a plan.

They're your life insurance. And I don't know anything about selling, if that's what you're getting at.

Stop talking like a lawyer for a second. I'm asking you to accept delivery. That's all. And I want to give you my keys.

Too much change at once—

Might just stick.

All right, Sammy. We're going to have to talk about insurance and—

Whatever I need to do I'll do, Jonny. I'm asking a lot, but please let me do it. Shit! I forgot the coffee. I'm burning my pot. I have to go.

Dammit, I say to the pot once I've turned off the stove. The smell of scorched coffee tinged with metal has filled the room.

Back in the studio, I confront the woman. I hesitate, even in my mind, to refer to the figure as my mother. My mother, dead these nineteen years, cannot be here, and she cannot have been there in William's hotel room on the other side of the world. William, as a teenager blind with lust and as a man without hope, knew nothing of the object of his desire. No one knows this woman. She does not exist.

I wipe the brush, then wet it again with paint. First contact with the canvas sends

a sharp pain through my ribs. I have no sketch to follow, only the hazy image in my mind of a woman who shares a few of this figure's features: a nose slightly broader, a mouth of the same shape but thinner. The same angle of chin.

With eight clean strokes, the woman grows a new set of legs, thicker and stronger. I lower the woman's arms. Each swipe of the brush is easier than the last, less a jolt than a charge of excitement flowing through my arms and legs. Within minutes, there are two bodies on the canvas, one intersecting and disrupting the other. William's woman sprawled brown. And mine leaping out of her in paler tones. I take a larger brush and drag it through a mixture of scarlet and black. With careful, quick motions, I cover the original legs, the thin arms. Darkness descends around the new, hesitant figure, revealing her by covering everything except her striking body.

I pause again before the face, long enough to imprint a memory of it, and then choose a thin brush of fine hairs and pure white paint to wash the features, saving the chin, the lips, the nose. These can be altered. After long minutes of mistakes, incessant rubbing and blotting, I abandon the nearly featureless face, which seems shocked into silence. I am rushing, I am unpracticed.

The body, though, remains within my easy ability. I tell no one of the times I completed hands, drew and painted entire feet, shaded arms and legs for William. I am a perfectionist at fingernails, at the faint down of hair on an arm or a cheek. I can paint knees, a calf flexed until the muscle beats against skin. I have finished my own breasts, my hips, the arch of my foot. Each time, exactly under his orders, like a steadier extension of himself.

I want to brush him away, but with an equal desire my body wants to hold him closer, whispering—so I can't hear myself—for him to tell me how to do it. He will always be here, in my skin, in my blood, no matter how I bind his hands behind his back or cover his mouth. No matter how much I destroy or repurpose. There's a comfort in it, somewhere between the desire and the struggle against it.

The sun explodes into the room. Making steady progress on the background of the canvas, I wonder when Michael might show up, if he decides to, after he's felt the freedom of a night without me, and without William.

The caps screw easily onto the tubes of paint. Many of the colors are new, opened tonight for the first time. The self-portrait isn't complete. Though the foundation is there, she screams for more texture. I already find fault with it, with her, but this

doesn't discourage me.

It—she—needs a name. This painting has been untitled, unfinished for too many years. She's waited long enough, too long, for a transformation that has been denied her. There's only one possibility, though it chokes in my throat. Dawn in the Evening. A thing that wasn't meant to be. A thing that is. A thing that missed its moment but is happening anyway. I will be a thief tonight. This morning. A thief that only I could expose. A plagiarist of my own life, in search of a better version.

I tuck myself into the sofa, with a direct line to the painting. I make a tower with the cushions, tall enough to rest my head so that we can remain at eye-level with each other, me and this woman I'm creating of what was left to me.

On her imperfect legs, in her unfinished skin, she's striking against her dark backdrop.

She is beautiful, and she doesn't yet know it.

APPENDICES

"I, All Too Impatient, Go on Before":
The Afterlife of Stefan Zweig and
the Regeneration of the
Grotesque *Beware of Pity*

Appendix A: Suicide in Zweig's Fiction						
KEY Blue = male suicide Pink = female suicide	Green = ambiguous Orange = murder					
<u>TITLE</u>	<u>GERMAN TITLE</u>	<u>CHARACTER</u>	<u>SUICIDAL MUSING</u>	<u>SUICIDE ATTEMPT</u>	<u>SUICIDE</u>	<u>MURDER</u>
Spring in the Prater	Praterfruhling	none	none	none	none	none
Forgotten Dreams	Vergessene Traume	none	none	none	none	none
In the Snow	Im Schnee	* large group of persecuted Jews	none	none	surrender to cold to avoid murder	Murder of groups of Jews
A Loser	Ein Verbummelter	Liebmann	none voiced.	Liebmann throws himself off a bridge after years of humiliation and after assaulting a bullying schoolmaster	drowning	none
Two Lonely Souls	Zwei Einsame	none	none	none	none	none
The Miracles of Life	Die Wunder des Lebens	The painter (the old man)	Ambiguous in the last paragraph: "...he did not want to see new days dawning in the life he had lived for so many years, touched by its miracles yet never really transfigured by them. And now, without fear, he felt close to the last miracle, the miracle that ceases to be dream and illusion, and is only dark eternal truth."	none	see note on 'musing'	Murderous hoards kill Catholics
The Love of Erika Ewald	Die Liebe der Erika Ewald	none	none	none	none	none
The Star Above the Forest	Der Stern uber dem Walde	François (the waiter)	After realizing the baroness he loves from afar is leaving the hotel, he find his existence unbearable	He spends all his money on farewell flowers for her (unsigned) and throws himself under her train.	Suicide by train because of lost proximity to one he loves	none

A Summer Novella (also translated as The Fowler Snared)	Sommernovellette	none	none	none	none	none
The Governess	Die Gouvernante	The governess	The governess becomes pregnant and is evicted from the home. Before her employer discovers her condition, she spends days in tears.	After she is cast out, she writes two letters and leaves. By the response of the adults who read the letters, we presume they are suicide notes.	assumed 'successful' suicide. No details or method described.	none
Scarlet Fever	Scharlach	none	none	none	none	none
Twilight	Geschichte eines Unterganges	Madame de Prie	Exiled from French Court to her country chateau, she becomes depressed in her solitude. She plans her physical death since she feels her intellectual and social life has died. She names a date and promises everyone she will die then, even staging a play in which she dies.	After deciding to die, she is elated. "Death was not too high a price to pay for this second of life." She drinks an unnamed liquid and dies.	She collapses and dies. Zweig does not romanticize this suicide.	none
A Story Told in Twilight	Geschichte in der Dämmerung	none	none	none	none	none
Wondrak	Wondrak	none	none	none	none	none
Compulsion	Der Zwang	none	none	none	none	none
Moonbeam Alley	Die Mondsceingasse	none	none	none	insinuation that husband will kill wife and/or himself?	Possible murder/suicide
Amok	Der Amoklaufer	doctor	first, when he realizes his bad behavior towards a woman who seeks his help	He throws himself on the woman's coffin from the ship so it will be lost at sea and her secret kept	he kills himself to punish his bad behavior and protect her honor	none
Fantastic Night	Phantastische Nacht	lover of narrator assumes narrator will be suicidal	when lover writes to narrator to break off affair, she assumes he will attempt to harm himself	none	none	none
Letter from an Unknown Woman	Brief einer Unbekannten	none	none	none	willingly dies of the illness that killed her child	none

The Invisible Collection	Die unsichtbare Sammlung	none	none	none	none	none
Twenty-four Hours in the Life of a Woman	Vierundzwanzig Stunden im Leben einer Frau	Madame C	considers suicide after losing her beloved husband	not attempted	none	none
(as above)		Young gambler	loses a fortune through gambling and steals from family. Decides to shoot himself	He is saved by Madame C. and resolves to swear off gambling. She clears debt. She discovers him at the table again. She hears years later that he has shot himself in Monte Carlo	Shoots self in Monte Carlo	none
Confusion (Also translated as Episode in Early Life of Privy Councillor D.)	Verwirrung der Gefühle [Confusion of Feelings]	none	none	none	none	none
Downfall of a Heart (Also translated as A Failing Heart)	Untergang eines Herzens	Father	Upon discovering his daughter's promiscuity, he loses the will to live	Ignoring his severe medical condition, he refuses to care for himself in an attempt to hasten his end.	He allows himself to die through neglect	none
Incident on Lake Geneva (also known as The Runaway)	Episode vom Genfer See	Russian soldier	Realizing he can't get home to his family because of the war, he loses hope in the future	He removes his borrowed clothes and goes into Lake Geneva	He drowns himself out of despair	none
Mendel the Bibliophile	Buchmendel	none	none	none	none	none
Leporella	Leporella	title character	None voiced. Leporella kills the wife of her master and stages it as suicide	None shown.	Leporella drowns herself after her beloved master dismisses her	Leporella murders mistress of the house
Did He Do It?	War er es?		Narrator projects suicidal musing on dog, Ponto	None	none	Dog murders baby

The Debt Paid Late	Die spat bazahlte Schuld	Narrator	As a young woman, the narrator muses on suicide when her favorite actor leaves the theater.	None	none	none
The Royal Game	Schachonvelle	none	none	none	none	none
Confusion	verwirrung der Gefühle [Confusion of Feelings]	none	none	none	none	none
Burning Secret		none	none	none	none	none
The Buried Candelabrum		Benjamin	none	none	He sends his guide away, buries the candelabrum and lies down to die. Accepts death at the end of his journey and a long life.	none
The Legend of the Third Dove		none	none	none	none	none
Dissimilar Doubles		none	none	none	none	none
Journey into the Past	Widerstand der Wirklichkeit [Resistance to Reality]	none	none	none	none	none
Fear	Angst	none	none	none	none	none
Post-Office Girl	Rausch der Verwandlung	Christine	After an aunt introduces her to decadence, Christine finds her return to endless toil impossible. She and a stranger discuss joint suicide.	none described, ending ambiguous	none described.	none
(as above)		Ferdinand	He considers suicide to escape his drudgery.	none described, ending ambiguous	none described.	none
Beware of Pity	Ungeduld des Herzens	Edith	discusses suicide several times, threatens Hofmiller with it in letter and in conversations	Makes at least one previous attempt by cutting wrists	Throws self off balcony, dies of injuries	none

(as above)		Hofmiller	Considers shooting himself after his first faux pas and after he denies his engagement with Edith	Prepares to shoot self but is ordered not to by commanding officer. He obeys.	none	none
(as above)		Von Kekesfalva	none	Despairs over daughter's health, Refuses to care for himself against doctor's orders.	Seems to will himself to death after Edith's suicide, no direct action.	none

* This story is difficult to categorize. The group of Jews attempts to flee to safety when warned that a murderous mob approaches. The mob is reported to have killed the entire population of Jews in a nearby town. The group takes to the road to escape, but the winter weather is worse than they can bear. They decide to huddle together and wait for death. Rather than true suicide, the group admits defeat and accepts death with reluctance.

Appendix B: London Times and Times Literary Supplement Zweig Content

Times Literary Supplement entries highlighted in green

<u>DATE</u>	<u>ARTICLE</u>	<u>BYLINE</u>	<u>CONTENT</u>	<u>Focus on Work</u>	<u>Focus on Life</u>	<u>Placement of Suicide</u>	<u>Zweig: Mention/Focus/Contextual</u>
31-Mar-10	Sir John Suckling	Arthur Clutton-Brock	TLS. Listing of forthcoming books in French, incl. Zweig's <i>Emile Verhaeren</i> "translated from the unpublished German MS."	Yes	No		L (Listing)
8-Dec-13	Maunsel's List	not signed	TLS. List of new books, incl. Zweig's <i>Paul Verlaine</i> . No review, title only.	Yes	No		L (Listing)
3-Sep-14	Notes	not signed	TLS. List of new books, incl. SZ's <i>Paul Verlaine</i> . No review, title only.	Yes	No		L (Listing)
8-Oct-14	Constable's Announcements	not signed	TLS. Advertisement for Constable Books, incl. SZ's <i>Emile Verhaeren</i>	Yes	No		Ad
8-Oct-14	Notes	not signed	TLS. Mention of SZ's <i>Verhaeren</i> , and also news of a book by Verhaeren.	Yes	No		C (Context reference)
5-Nov-14	London	not signed	TLS. Advertisement for new books, incl. SZ's <i>Verhaeren</i> .	Yes	No		Ad
6-Nov-14	Constable's New Books	none	Advertisement for new books, including Zweig's <i>Verhaeren</i>	No	No		Ad
12-Dec-14	Multiple Display Advertisements	none	Recommended Christmas books, including <i>Emile Verhaeren</i> by Zweig	No	No		M (brief mention of title only)
4-Mar-20	Hellenism and the East	Rev. Edwyn Robert Bevan	TLS. Includes brief mention after the review of a critique by Stefan Zweig about a drama based on the Lady Godiva story. No review of the writing, just mention.	Yes	No		M (brief mention of article by SZ)
8-Jul-20	List of New Books and Reprints	not signed	TLS. Brief review of book <i>The Forerunners</i> by Roman Rolland. Includes references to those who "have been able to keep 'their international faith inviolate.'" Those named incl. Gorki, Bertrand Russell, Stefan Zweig.	No	Yes		C (Context reference)
25-Aug-21	A German on 'New France'	Sir Alex Walter George Randall	TLS. Review of a German book on France and French literature. Mention of Stefan Zweig in reference to Romain Rolland.	No	No		C (Context reference)
16-Oct-24	Passion and Pain	not signed	TLS. Review of SZ's <i>Passion and Pain</i> . "Stefan Zweig, who first attracted attention as a critic of French literature, is rapidly establishing a reputation in Germany." Stories included are "a rather mixed lot." "written with evident care and insight"	Yes	No		F (review)
6-Nov-24	Chapman & Hall	none	TLS. Advertisement for SZ's <i>Passion and Pain</i> . Quotes from review in The Saturday Review, comparing him to Liam O'Flaherty: 'Both have the extreme and painful sensitiveness of the artist. Both have (I will say the word, for I am sure of it) genius.'	Yes	No		Ad

9-Nov-26	News in Brief	none	Notice that Zweig's <i>Volpone</i> was produced at the Vienna National Theatre	Yes	No		M (brief mention of play production)
17-Mar-27	Novellen und Erzählungen	not signed	TLS. Joint review of several German-language books, incl. those by T.Mann, Werfel, Wassermann, Schitzler and Zweig. Positive review of SZ's novellas.	Yes	No		F (review)
23-Feb-28	George Allen & Unwin Ltd.	none	TLS. Advertisement for Stefan Zweig's <i>Conflicts</i> , three stories. "Three tales by the man whom Romain Rolland, Maxim Gorky, and equally discerning critics have recognized as one of the great storytellers and psychologists of our day."	Yes	No		Ad
1-Mar-28	Conflicts	n/a	TLS. Review of SZ's <i>Conflicts</i> . SZ "who is better known as a literary critic than as a novelist" Mixed review but mostly faintly positive.	Yes	No		F (review)
8-Mar-28	George Allen & Unwin Ltd.	none	TLS. Advertisement for SZ's <i>Conflicts</i> . Quotes review from <i>The Evening Standard</i> by Arnold Bennett: "The book is more than respectable. It has sparks of the divine fire."	Yes	No		Ad
23-Aug-28	A Cycle of Sagas	Garnet Smith	TLS. SZ's <i>Volpone</i> put on by Guild Theatre of New York and to be published by Allen & Unwin.	Yes	No		M (brief mention)
1-Nov-28	George Allen & Unwin Ltd.	none	TLS. Advertisement for Zweig's version of <i>Volpone</i>	Yes	No		Ad
24-Nov-28	News in Brief	none	Notice of Zweig's <i>Volpone</i> in Paris	Yes	No		M (brief mention of play production)
11-Jan-29	The Paris Theatre	Our Paris Correspondent	Positive notice of Zweig's <i>Volpone</i> in Paris	Yes	No		M (brief mention of play production)
24-Jan-29	George Allen & Unwin Ltd.	none	TLS. Advertisement for SZ's <i>Adepts in Self-Portraiture: Casanova--Stendhal--Tolstoy</i> .	Yes	No		Ad
31-Jan-29	George Allen & Unwin Ltd.	none	TLS. Advertisement for SZ's <i>Adepts in Self-Portraiture: Casanova--Stendhal--Tolstoy</i> .	Yes	No		Ad
7-Feb-29	Who'll Buy Biography	n/a	TLS. Review of SZ's <i>Adepts in Self-Portraiture</i> . "interesting, but not profound; it is informative, but contains nothing new; it is written with vigour and great evocative skill, but it is not a work of art, and the cumulative effect of its volubility is stupefying. ... he hammers away, like an engine running free... Where the graphic style is properly appropriate, Herr Zweig is brilliant."	Yes	No		F (review)
13-Feb-29	O Rare'	Nigel Playfair	Letter to the editor about New York version of Zweig's <i>Volpone</i> . Very negative about writing.	Yes	No		F (brief review of play)
14-Feb-29	George Allen & Unwin Ltd.	none	TLS. Advertisement for SZ's <i>Adepts in Self-Portraiture: Casanova--Stendhal--Tolstoy</i> .	Yes	No		Ad
21-Feb-29	George Allen & Unwin Ltd.	none	TLS. Advertisement for SZ's <i>Adepts in Self-Portraiture: Casanova--Stendhal--Tolstoy</i> .	Yes	No		Ad
18-Apr-29	Reclam Series	none	TLS. Large ad for Reclam Series of German authors, incl. Gerhart Hauptmann, Thomas Mann, and Stefan Zweig.	No	No		Ad

18-Apr-29	Putnam	none	TLS. Ad for Books from the German. Includes one by Rene Fulop-Miller, with an endorsement by SZ.	No	No		Ad
18-Apr-29	Literary Criticism	Sir Alex Walter George Randall	TLS. Discussion of types of literary criticism in vogue. Mention of criticism that makes use of psychology "under the guidance of Herr Stefan Zweig"	Yes	No		C (Context reference)
18-Apr-29	English Translations	Frank Arthur Mumby	TLS. Mention of SZ's <i>Volpone</i> published previous year and recent publication of critical studies of Casanova, Stendhal and Tolstoy.	Yes	No		M (brief mention of titles only)
16-May-29	The American Negro	Herbert William Horwill	TLS. Notes at end of review. Notice of forthcoming publication of SZ's <i>Jeremiah</i>	Yes	No		M (brief mention of title only)
23-May-29	George Allen & Unwin Ltd.	none	TLS. Advertisement of SZ's <i>Jeremiah</i>	Yes	No		Ad
6-Jun-29	George Allen & Unwin Ltd.	none	TLS. Advertisement of SZ's <i>Jeremiah</i>	Yes	No		Ad
20-Aug-29	Broadcasting	none	Listing of Zweig play in Munich <i>Legende eines Lebens</i>	No	No		M (brief mention of title only)
30-Sep-29	Broadcasting	none	List of broadcasting programs, including Die Weltminute von Waterloo from Dternstunden der Menschheit	No	No		M (brief mention of title only)
25-Nov-29	Broadcasting	none	List of broadcasting progrmas, including Zweig's Die Entdeckung Eldorados from Sternstunden der Menschheit	No	No		M (brief mention of title only)
3-Apr-30	Contemporary German Literature	Sir Alex Walter George Randall	TLS. About popularity of German literature in English since the war. Makes reference to "the imaginative biographical studies of Stefan Zweig."	Yes	No		M (brief mention as author)
24-Apr-30	Hans Carossa	Sir Alex Walter George Randall	TLS. Review of book on Hans Carossa. SZ included, discusses poet-doctor's relationship with patients.	No	No		C (Context reference)
1-May-30	A Portrait of Fouche	Sir Alex Walter George Randall	TLS. Review of SZ's <i>Fouche</i> . SZ "a leading member of the present-day 'psychological' school of biography-writing...known even before the War for his studies of Verhaeren and Nietzsche" "Apart from such occasional forcing of the facts, however, Herr Zweig has written a very attractive narrative of a career which, even in its bare facts, was full of fascination..."	Yes	No		F (review)
5-Jun-30	George Allen & Unwin Ltd.	none	TLS. Advertisement for SZ's <i>Three Masters: Balzac, Dickens, Dostoevsky</i> .	Yes	No		Ad
26-Jun-30	Three Masters	Richard Denis Charques	TLS. Review of SZ's <i>Three Masters</i> . "Herr Zweig is not content to admire or to indicate the merits of his favourite authors; he is determined to genuflect and to speak with bated breath." "Herr Zweig prostrates himself with the utmost humility and passes from one solemn and enraptured extravagance to another. A reputation is a formidable thing, but it is a little hard to discover the purpose of this translation."	Yes	No		F (review)
26-Jun-30	George Allen & Unwin Ltd.	none	TLS. Advertisement for SZ's <i>Three Masters: Balzac, Dickens, Dostoevsky</i> .	Yes	No		Ad
30-Jun-30	Some New Books	none	Listing of new books, including Zweig's <i>Three Masters</i>	No	No		M (brief mention of title only)
11-Sep-30	Cassell's	none	TLS. Advertisement for SZ's <i>Fouche</i>	Yes	No		Ad

19-Sep-30	Shorter Notices	not signed	Short mention of SZ's <i>Fouche</i> .	Yes	No		F (review)
25-Sep-30	Cassell	none	TLS. Advertisement for SZ's <i>Fouche</i>	Yes	No		Ad
9-Oct-30	Cassell's	none	TLS. Advertisement for SZ's <i>Fouche</i>	Yes	No		Ad
16-Oct-30	Cassell's	none	TLS. Advertisement for SZ's <i>Fouche</i>	Yes	No		Ad
20-Nov-30	Cassell's	none	TLS. Advertisement for SZ's <i>Fouche</i> . With quote from <i>Morning Post</i> : "The perfect biography. A profound and brilliant study."	Yes	No		Ad
27-Nov-30	Cassell's	none	TLS. Advertisement for SZ's <i>Fouche</i>	Yes	No		Ad
11-Dec-30	Cassell's	none	Advertisement for Zweig's <i>Joseph Fouche</i> , with blurb from <i>Morning Post</i> : "The perfect biography. A profound and brilliant study."	Yes	No		M (brief mention of title)
12-Mar-31	Edward W. Titus	none	TLS. Advertisement for <i>The Montparnasse Literary Quarterly</i> . Including contributions by Schnitzler. Rilke, Cummings, Zweig	No	No		C (Context reference)
19-Mar-31	New Books and Reprints	not signed	TLS. Reviews, including a brief one on an issue of <i>This Quarter</i> , which includes a character sketch of Freud by SZ.	Yes	No		C (Context reference)
25-Nov-31	Broadcasting	none	Frankfurt program: Stefan Zweig (no title)	No	No		M (brief mention only)
26-Nov-31	Broadcasting	none	Hamburg program: An Appreciation of Stefan Zweig	No	No		M (brief mention of title only)
28-Nov-31	Broadcasting	none	Vienna program: "Stefan Zweig Programme"	No	No		M (brief mention of title only)
14-Jan-32	The Theatres	none	Stefan Zweig's <i>Volpone</i> opening in London next week	No	No		M (brief mention of play production)
29-Jan-32	Some New Books	none	Listing includes Zweig's <i>Amok</i>	No	No		M (brief mention of title)
14-Jun-32	Programmes	none	Paris program: Zweig's <i>Letter from a Fair</i>	No	No		M (brief mention of title only)
12-Jan-33	Cassell	none	TLS. Advertisement for SZ's <i>Letter from an Unknown Woman</i> .	Yes	No		Ad
19-Jan-33	Spring Announcements	none	TLS. Announcement of future publication of SZ biography of Marie Antoinette	Yes	No		L (Listing)
2-Feb-33	Marie Antoinette	Mrs Walter Alison Phillips	TLS. Review of SZ's <i>Marie Antoinette</i> . "It is always a pleasure to read Herr Zweig's clear, simple, and nervous German prose, and in this work it seems to have gained something of the grace and charm of its subject."	Yes	No		F (review)
8-Apr-33	Programmes For The Week-End	none	Listing of Stefan Zweig play ("The Flight") airing in Oslo.	No	No		M (brief mention of title only)
24-Apr-33	Nazi Methods of Repression	Our Own Correspondent	Short article on Nazi storm detachment "headed by a student of philosophy" that entered Breslau bookshops and seized books by Thomas Mann, Stefan Zweig, etc.	No	Yes		M (brief mention as banned author)
19-Sep-33	Some New Books	none	Notice of new book by Stefan Zweig, <i>Marie Antoinette</i>	No	No		M (brief mention of title only)

28-Sep-33	The Theatres	none	Brief article about German Jewish actors prevented from earning living in Germany putting on plays in England. Plays include <i>Volpone</i> by Zweig.	No	No		M (brief mention of title)
12-Oct-33	German Literature and Revolution	Sir Alex Walter George Randall	TLS. Discussion of German literature. Mentions SZ in the context of writers who "looked at their despairing country, living only for the present, cut loose from all its values in complete disintegration, and they portrayed what they saw."	Yes	No		C (Context reference)
16-Oct-33	The Theatres	none	Similar article as above, mentioning <i>Volpone</i> by Zweig	No	No		M (brief mention of title)
2-Nov-33	Cassell	none	TLS. Advertisement for SZ's <i>Mental Healers: Mesmer, Mary, Baker Eddy and Freud</i>	Yes	No		Ad
9-Nov-33	The Argosy of all Newsagents and Bookstalls	none	TLS. New magazine, including a story by Stefan Zweig.	Yes	No		M (brief mention, name only)
23-Nov-33	From Mesmer to Freud	Geoffrey H. Wells	TLS. Review of SZ's <i>Mental Healers</i> . "On the whole one would term these essays well rather than brilliantly done."	Yes	No		F (review)
1-Dec-33	Court Circular	none	Brief mention of planning of luncheon to benefit German-Jewish women and children. "Mr. Stefan Zweig gave a very moving address."	No	No		M (brief mention as public figure)
5-Dec-33	Christmas Books	none	Stefan Zweig's <i>Marie Antoinette</i> "among the outstanding historical memoirs"	Yes	No		M (brief mention of title)
7-Dec-33	Cassell	none	TLS. Advertisement for SZ's <i>Marie Antoinette</i> .	Yes	No		Ad
13-Jan-34	Public Appointments	none	Advertisement for book called <i>Yisroel: The First Jewish Omnibus</i> , including 100 stories. Zweig included.	No	No		M (brief mention of title only)
27-Jan-34	Domestic Situations	none	Same advertisement as above.	No	No		M (brief mention of title only)
10-Feb-34	Mr. Charles Laughton As Louis XVI	none	Brief announcement about film adaptation of Zweig's <i>Marie Antoinette</i>	No	No		M (brief mention of title)
10-May-34	Cassell	none	TLS. Advertisement for SZ's <i>Joseph Fouche</i> . "First Cheap Edition"	Yes	No		Ad
31-May-34	Franz Mesmer	Geoffrey H. Wells	TLS. Review of a biography of Mesmer. Reviewer mentions SZ's <i>Mental Healers</i> : "The conclusions and valuations of Miss Goldsmith are more or less identical with those of Herr Zweig, though the emphases, in books of different plan, are naturally not quite the same."	Yes	No		M (mention in review of other author)
18-Jun-34	The Theatres	none	Hebrew players in London. Zweig's <i>Jeremiah</i> to be staged.	No	No		M (brief mention of play production)
21-Jun-34	Cassell	none	TLS. Advertisement for SZ's <i>Kaleidoscope</i> . 13 stories.	Yes	No		Ad
25-Jun-34	The Theatres	none	Mention of London production of Zweig's <i>Jeremiah</i>	No	No		M (brief mention of play production)

25-Jun-34	Exhibitions	none	Advertisement for Zweig's <i>Jeremiah</i>	No	No		M (brief mention of play production)
26-Jun-34	Entertainments	none	Advertisement for Zweig's <i>Jeremiah</i>	No	No		M (brief mention of play production)
26-Jun-34	Books of the Day	none	Index to reviews in this issue, including Stefan Zweig's	No	No		M (brief mention as author)
26-Jun-34	Some New Books	none	Listing of Zweig's <i>Kaleidoscope</i>	No	No		M (brief mention of title only)
26-Jun-34	New Novels	none	Short review of <i>Kaleidoscope</i> . Reviewer says stories are "marred by this fatal and excessive zeal for pathos." Suggests Zweig is better at biographies because of lack of imagination.	Yes	No		F (review)
27-Jun-34	Varieties, &c.	none	Advertisement for Zweig's <i>Jeremiah</i>	No	No		M (brief mention of play production)
29-Jun-34	Scala Theatre	none	Positive review of <i>Jeremiah</i> (translated into Hebrew)	Yes	No		F (review)
30-Jun-34	Concerts &c.	none	Advertisement for Zweig's <i>Jeremiah</i>	No	No		M (brief mention of play production)
2-Jul-34	The Theatres	none	Brief mention of Zweig's <i>Jeremiah</i>	No	No		M (brief mention of play production)
4-Jul-34	Scala Theatre	none	Brief mention of Zweig's <i>Jeremiah</i>	No	No		M (brief mention of play production)
6-Jul-34	Display Advertising	none	Advertisement for Zweig's <i>Kaleidoscope</i>	No	No		M (brief mention of title)
12-Jul-34	Kaleidoscope	Richard Denis Charques	TLS. Review of SZ's <i>Kaleidoscope</i> . "Of the thirteen stories here collected several that have not previously been translated add little to a reputation which is somewhat higher in this country than elsewhere." Mixed review. Main negative comment has to do with contrived plots and melodrama.	Yes	No		F (review)
12-Jul-34	New Books and Reprints	none	TLS. Listing for SZ's <i>Kaleidoscope</i> . Title only.	Yes	No		L (Listing)
21-Jul-34	"Aryan" Music	Our Own Correspondent	Short mention of 'problem' of Zweig having written Strauss's libretto	No	Yes		M (brief mention as banned author)
6-Sep-34	Autumn Announcements	none	TLS. Announcement of forthcoming publication of SZ's <i>Erasmus</i> .	Yes	No		L (Listing)
8-Oct-34	The Theatres	none	German version of Zweig's <i>Volpone</i> in London. Last in London in 1923. Played in almost every German theatre. French translation played for 500 nights at Theatre de l'Atelier in Paris and 200 in New York.	Yes	No		M (brief mention of play production)
1-Nov-34	Cassell	none	TLS. Advertisement for Zweig's <i>Erasmus</i> .	Yes	No		Ad
2-Nov-34	Some New Books	none	Listing of new books, including Zweig's <i>Erasmus</i>	No	No		M (brief mention of title only)

9-Nov-34	Display Advertising	none	Advertisement for Zweig's <i>Erasmus</i> , including blurb from <i>The Observer</i> : "He writes with zest and eloquence..."	Yes	No		M (brief mention of title)
22-Nov-34	Cassell	none	TLS. Advertisement for SZ's <i>Erasmus</i>	Yes	No		Ad
24-Dec-34	The Theatres	none	Mention of producer of Zweig's <i>Volpone</i>	No	No		C (contextual)
7-Feb-35	Marie Antoinette in Her Letters	Mrs Agnes Mary Frances Duclaux	TLS. In relation to review of a book on Marie Antoinette, SZ's biography is mentioned. "his masterly study"	Yes	No		M (mention in review of other author)
30-Apr-35	Lost Play By Lope De Vega	Our Budapest Correspondent	Article about Zweig finding a lost play by a Spanish contemporary of Shakespeare.	No	Yes		M (mention of collection)
26-Jun-35	The New Strauss Opera	Our Music Critic	Review from first performance of <i>Die Schweigsame Frau</i> . Rumor of Hitler attending but not case. "...there was sufficient official recognition to assure every one that the difficulties said to have arisen formerly about accepting the librettist's work for presentation on the German stage are now completely over." Overall positive review with some reservations	Yes	Yes		F (review)
6-Jul-35	The Vocal Style	none	Review of <i>Die Schweigsame Frau</i> .	Yes	No		F (review)
15-Jul-35	Dr. Strauss and Nazis	Our Own Correspondent	Resignation of Strauss. Official statement that it had nothing to do with issues over librettist Zweig. Article notes that German press made no mention of librettist in reviews.	No	Yes		M (brief mention as banned author)
21-Sep-35	Library For the Blind	none	About Braille library, including mention of nine copies of Zweig's <i>Marie Antoinette</i> .	No	No		M (brief mention of title)
26-Sep-35	Autumn Announcements	none	TLS. Announcement of SZ's <i>Mary Queen of Scots</i>	Yes	No		L (Listing)
10-Oct-35	The Times Literary Supplement	none	Listing of books reviewed in the supplement, including Zweig's <i>Mary, Queen of Scots</i>	No	No		M (brief mention of title only)
10-Oct-35	Cassell	none	TLS. Advertisement for SZ's <i>Mary Queen of Scots</i>	Yes	No		Ad
11-Oct-35	Some New Books	none	List of new books, including <i>The Queen of Scots</i>	No	No		M (brief mention of title only)
15-Oct-35	News in Brief	none	Index to reviews in this issue, including Stefan Zweig's <i>Queen of Scots</i>	No	No		M (brief mention of title only)
15-Oct-35	The Queen of Scots	none	Largely negative review of <i>The Queen of Scots</i> .	Yes	No		F (review)
30-Nov-35	Cassell	none	TLS. Advertisement for SZ's <i>Queen of Scots</i>	Yes	No		Ad
3-Dec-35	Successes of the Autumn	none	Mention of Zweig's <i>The Queen on Scots</i>	No	No		M (brief mention of title only)
6-Jun-36	Toscanini's Genius	Orlando Cyprian Williams	TLS. Review of book about Toscanini with foreword by Stefan Zweig. "The interesting parts of this monograph on the great conductor are the photographs of him conducting and the foreword by Herr Stefan Zweig."	Yes	No		F (review)
10-Oct-36	Among the English Classics	Edward Harry William Meyerstein	TLS. Announcement of forthcoming publication of SZ's <i>The Right to Heresy</i>	Yes	No		L (Listing)

7-Nov-36	Other New Books	n/a	TLS. Brief review of SZ's <i>Right to Heresy</i> . "vigorous and most readable version of what is in itself an artistic tour de force." But finds history somewhat suspect.	Yes	No		F (review)
21-Nov-36	Cassell	none	TLS. Advertisement for SZ's <i>The Right to Heresy</i> . With quote from <i>Daily Telegraph</i> : "Stefan Zweig is among the best of living Biographers"	Yes	No		Ad
30-Dec-36	Screen Version of 'La Peur'	none	Notice of film adaptation to be released next month	Yes	No		M (brief mention of title)
2-Jan-37	Recent German Fiction	Sir Alex Walter George Randall	TLS. Joint review of several German-language books, incl. Stefan Zweig's <i>Kaleidoscop</i> . "he is not only a biographer, but a short-story writer of talent" "...Herr Zweig is here, as in some of his historical studies, led astray by preconceived ideas of what his characters ought, by his own standards, to think and feel"	Yes	No		F (review)
7-Jan-37	Continental Films	none	Notice of film adaptation to be released next month	No	No		M (brief mention of title)
18-Jan-37	New Films in London	none	Negative review of film version of "La Peur"	Yes	No		F (review)
3-Feb-37	Picture Theatres	none	Advertisement for film version of "La Peur"	No	No		M (brief mention of title only)
2-Mar-37	Paul Muni Season At the Everyman Cinema	none	Mention of upcoming showing of "La Peur"	No	No		M (brief mention of title)
18-Mar-37	Concerts &c.	none	Advertisement for film version of "La Peur"	No	No		M (brief mention of title only)
20-Mar-37	Art Exhibitions	none	Advertisement for film version of "La Peur"	No	No		M (brief mention of title only)
2-Oct-37	New Foreign Books	Sir Alex Walter George Randall	TLS. Short review of German-language edition of nine SZ's biographical essays.	Yes	No		F (review)
18-Oct-37	The Theatres	none	Upcoming schedule of Westminster Theatre, including <i>Volpone</i> , not Zweig version but the original	No	No		M (brief mention of title only)
6-Nov-37	An American Film of Marie Antoinette	none	Notice about upcoming production of film adaptation of Zweig's <i>Marie Antoinette</i>	No	No		M (brief mention of title only)
6-Nov-37	Cassell	none	TLS. Advertisement for SZ's <i>Buried Candelabrum</i> .	Yes	No		Ad
11-Dec-37	Solomon's Candlestick	Richard Denis Charques	TLS. Review of SZ's <i>Buried Candelabrum</i> . "Herr Zweig tells the story with skill and with a degree of picturesqueness that springs from sympathy with the historical background. Its moral parallelism with events to-day seems to be a trifle confused... What is unsatisfactory in this long short-story, however, is the want of something that is best described as poetry..."	Yes	No		F (review)
10-Dec-37	The Times Literary Supplement	none	Index to reviews in this issue, including Stefan Zweig fiction	No	No		M (brief mention only)
11-Dec-37	The Times	none	Index to reviews in this issue, including Stefan Zweig fiction	No	No		M (brief mention of title)
17-Dec-37	Multiple Display Advertisements	none	Advertisement for Zweig's <i>Buried Candelabrum</i>	No	No		M (brief mention of title)

20-Jan-38	The Theatres	none	Mention of London production of <i>Volpone</i> , not Zweig's edition	No	No		M (brief mention only)
1-Feb-38	Forthcoming Films	none	Brief update about film adaptation of Zweig's <i>Marie Antoinette</i>	No	No		M (brief mention of title only)
26-Mar-38	Cassell	none	TLS. Advertisement for SZ's <i>Magellan</i>	Yes	No		Ad
2-Apr-38	Next Week's Books	none	TLS. Announcement of forthcoming publication of SZ's <i>Magellan</i>	Yes	No		L (Listing)
9-Apr-38	Cassell	none	TLS. Advertisement for SZ's <i>Magellan</i>	Yes	No		Ad
12-Apr-38	Magellan	none	Positive review of Zweig's <i>Magellan</i>	No	No		F (review)
12-Apr-38	News in Brief	none	Notice of review of Zweig's <i>Magellan</i>	No	No		M (brief mention of title only)
30-Apr-38	Nazi Bonfire Of Books	Our Correspondent	May Day to be celebrated in Vienna by burning books, including those by Stefan Zweig	No	Yes		M (brief mention as banned author)
2-Jul-38	Other New Fiction	n/a	TLS. Review of <i>Jewish Short Stories of To-Day</i> by Kreitman. Includes stories by Kafka, Proust, Doblin, and Zweig.	Yes	No		C (Context reference)
13-Aug-38	The Significance of Rilke	Sir Alex Walter George Randall	TLS. Collections of Rilke, with introduction by SZ. "Herr Stefan Zweig's introduction gives an impression of the poet's gentleness and modesty and an explanation of his aloofness, based on close personal acquaintance."	Yes	No		F (review)
24-Sep-38	Queen and Favourite	Mrs Walter Alison Phillips	TLS. Review of new book about Marie Antoinette. Reviewer questions the publisher's claim that its story is little known after the popularity of SZ's biography.	Yes	No		C (Context reference)
5-Nov-38	Methuen	none	TLS. Ad for a book with a blurb from Stefan Zweig.	No	No		Ad
5-Nov-38	Cassell	none	TLS. Advertisement for SZ's <i>Magellan</i>	Yes	No		Ad
3-Dec-38	Secker & Warburg	none	TLS. Advertisement for new series of German-language books, incl. SZ's <i>Maria Stuart</i>	Yes	No		Ad
23-Dec-38	New Short Stories	J.S.	Review of <i>Great Stories From Austria</i> . Calls Zweig's story "one of the oddest"	Yes	No		M (brief review)
29-Dec-38	Business Offers	none	Notice of Stefan Zweig's application for naturalization	No	Yes		M (notice of application)
21-Jan-39	Other New Novels	Sir Alex Walter George Randall	TLS. Review of <i>Great Stories From Austria</i> . "Zweig's retelling of the origin of the 'Marseillaise' is in his best style"	Yes	No		M (review in collection)
4-Feb-39	News and Notes	n/a	TLS. "Herr Stefan Zweig, who has recently applied for naturalization as a British citizen, is now visiting America, and in an interview in New York he spoke about the bad effect that the present political unrest is having on the writers of Europe."	No	Yea		F (ideas about war & writers)
22-Feb-39	New York Stage	Our New York Correspondent	Mention of Zweig's Jeremiah and calls it politely boring	Yes	No		M (brief review)

11-Mar-39	Studies in Post-War Social Life	n/a	TLS. Joint review of German-language novels, incl. Fallada's <i>Little Man</i> and SZ's <i>Ungehduld des Herzens</i> . Reviewer calls SZ's fiction "side-line." "The theme may seem slight to sustain some 400 pages of narrative, but the central problem is accompanied by such interesting portrayals of secondary characters and of the social background that it holds the reader's attention to the end."	Yes	No		F (review)
25-Mar-39	Themes Commonplace and Fantastic	n/a	TLS. Brief review of <i>Great Stories From Austria</i> . Includes a story from Stefan Zweig.	Yes	No		C (Context reference)
29-Apr-39	Announcing Cassell's Living Thoughts	none	TLS. Advertisement for series of books called <i>Living Thoughts</i> , which includes SZ's <i>Tolstoi</i> . Also an ad for Stefan Zweig's <i>Beware of Pity</i> (published May 4)	Yes	No		Ad
5-May-39	News in Brief	none	Index to reviews in this issue, including Stefan Zweig fiction	No	No		M (brief mention only)
5-May-39	New Novels	J.S.	Review of <i>Beware of Pity</i> . A book "of extraordinary power"	Yes	No		F (review)
6-May-39	Novels of the Week		TLS. Recommended. Includes <i>Beware of Pity</i> . Title only, no review.	Yes	No		L (Listing)
6-May-39	Pre-War Austria	Sir Alex Walter George Randall	TLS. Review of SZ's <i>Beware of Pity</i> . "This bare summary of Herr Zweig's story can give no idea of the subtlety and skill with which it is developed, the vivid portrayal of the secondary no less than of the principal characters, the admirable fidelity of the social background. Once the reader admits the writer's interpretation of the initial incident, he will surrender himself with the keenest intellectual enjoyment to the novelist's elaboration of his theme."	Yes	No		F (review)
6-May-39	Index of Reviews	none	TLS. Index of issue, incl. review of <i>Beware of Pity</i>	Yes	No		L (Listing)
13-May-39	Heroes of the Free Spirit	John Middleton Murry	TLS. Review of titles in the <i>Living Library</i> , incl. SZ's <i>Tolstoi</i> . SZ "with admirable courage, challenges a foremost place for Tolstoy as a thinker no less than as an artist.."	Yes	No		F (review)
3-Jun-39	Literary Supplement Recommendations	none	TLS. List of recommendations, incl. SZ's <i>Tolstoi</i> in the <i>Living Library</i> and SZ's <i>Beware of Pity</i> .	Yes	No		L (Listing)
3-Jun-39	Secker & Warburg	none	TLS. Advertisement for a German-language series of books, incl. SZ's <i>Maria Stuart</i>	Yes	No		Ad
24-Jun-39	Cassell Books	none	TLS. Advertisement for SZ's <i>Beware of Pity</i> (6th edition) with quote from the Observer: "still first in fiction"	Yes	No		Ad
23-Sep-39	The Invincible Reality	Hugh l'Anson Fausset	TLS. Short mention of <i>Living Thoughts Library</i> books, incl. SZ's <i>Tolstoi</i> . Reviewer especially recommends the SZ title and ones by Gide, Mann, and Dreiser.	Yes	No		M (brief review)
27-Sep-39	Professor Freud	none	Brief obituary. Mentions tribute by Zweig	No	Yes		C (contextual)
1-Mar-40	New Novels	none	Review of a novel about Marie Antoinette that mentions Zweig's biography unfavorably	Yes	No		M (brief mention only)

26-Apr-40	Austrian Academy in Britain	none	Austrian Academy in Britain. Mentions Zweig as patron	No	Yes		M (brief mention only)
2-Sep-40	Concerts &c.	none	Listing for showing of film based on Zweig's "Amok"	No	No		M (brief mention of title only)
5-Sep-40	Concerts &c.	none	Listing for showing of film based on Zweig's "Amok"	No	No		M (brief mention of title only)
9-Sep-40	New Films In London	none	Short review of film version of "Amok." overall negative review	Yes	No		F (review)
7-Sep-40	Cassell	none	TLS. Advertisement for SZ's <i>Tide of Fortune</i>	Yes	No		Ad
12-Sep-40	Theatres	none	Listing for showing of film based on Zweig's "Amok"	No	No		M (brief mention of title only)
17-Sep-40	Theatres	none	Listing for showing of film based on Zweig's "Amok"	No	No		M (brief mention of title only)
21-Sep-40	Theatres	none	Listing for showing of film based on Zweig's "Amok"	No	No		M (brief mention of title only)
24-Sep-40	Concerts &c.	none	Listing for showing of film based on Zweig's "Amok"	No	No		M (brief mention of title only)
28-Sep-40	Concerts &c.	none	Listing for showing of film based on Zweig's "Amok"	No	No		M (brief mention of title only)
5-Oct-40	Theatres	none	Listing for showing of film based on Zweig's "Amok"	No	No		M (brief mention of title only)
7-Oct-40	Theatres	none	Listing for showing of film based on Zweig's "Amok"	No	No		M (brief mention of title only)
11-Oct-40	Theatres	none	Listing for showing of film based on Zweig's "Amok"	No	No		M (brief mention of title only)
15-Oct-40	Theatres	none	Listing for showing of film based on Zweig's "Amok"	No	No		M (brief mention of title only)
23-Nov-40	Cassell Books	none	TLS. Announcement of forthcoming publication of SZ's <i>Tide of Fortune</i>	Yes	No		Ad
7-Dec-40	Constable	none	TLS. Advertisement for SZ's <i>Tide of Fortune</i> . With quote from <i>Daily Mail</i> : "These brilliantly told episodes, though taken from the past, have a tremendous import for the present."	Yes	No		Ad
14-Dec-40	Cassell Books	none	Advertisement for Zweig's <i>The Tide of Fortune</i>	No	No		Ad
14-Dec-40	Ifs of History	n/a	TLS. Review of SZ's <i>Tide of Fortune</i> : "Herr Stefan Zweig does this sort of thing very well. He has what it called a feeling for history, a studied talent for portraiture of the dramatic or picturesque variety and a certain florid melancholy in face of the disturbances and disillusionments of the modern period that lends an aire of topical experience to his conjurations of the past." All well done, according to review, except one of Scott in the North Pole.	Yes	No		F (review)
15-Dec-40	Novels of the Week	Ralph Westwood Moore	TLS. List of recommended titles, incl. SZ's <i>Tide of Fortune</i>	Yes	No		L (Listing)
12-Apr-41	News and Notes	Frank Arthur Mumby	TLS. Short piece on the <i>Living Thoughts Library</i> , which includes SZ's <i>Tolstoi</i> .	Yes	No		L (Listing)

11-Oct-41	News and Notes	Philip Tomlinson	TLS. Mention of an emigrant journal called Adam. "Messages are printed from H.G. Wells, Thomas Mann, Stefan Zweig and Bernard Shaw."	Yes	No		M (brief mention as author)
24-Feb-42	News in Brief: Death of Stefan Zweig	none	one para announcement of suicide. "It was reported here to-day that Stefan Zweig, the well-known writer, and his wife have committed suicide."	No	Yes	Focus	F (death)
25-Feb-42	Index	none	Notice of page number of obituary	No	Yes	Focus	M (index to obituary)
25-Feb-42	Obituary	none	Obituary. Mentions biographies as most popular works. Spiritual home France. Nazism "repulsive to him." "He was an exile in time from the nineteenth century, and his death may perhaps be attributed to his weariness of wandering."	No	Yes	Focus	F (death)
28-Feb-42	Obituary: Stefan Zweig	Sir Alex Walter George Randall	TLS. "The Austrian writer Stefan Zweig has died, it is reported by his own hand, in Rio de Janeiro, where he has been living for some months after leaving England." Produced many biographical works "which [were] sometimes romanticized, but [were] generally founded on the usual authorities and worked up into a brilliant dramatic story, with vivid personal touches and lively historical background."	Yes	Yes	Focus	Obituary
26-Sep-42	Travellers' Tales	Frank Arthr Mumby	TLS. In full: "The last book written by the Austrian author, Stefan Zweig, before his tragic end in exile in Rio de Janeiro early in the present year, is devoted to our latest ally--'Brazil: Land of the Future.' This is not a guide book, but a colourful panorama of the land in which the author had been living for some months after leaving England. Cassell's are issuing it immediately."	Yes	Yes	Focus	F (review & death)
26-Sep-42	Cassell and Co. Ltd.	none	TLS. Advertisement for SZ's <i>Brazil: Land of the Future</i>	Yes	No	none	Ad
24-Oct-42	Novels of the Week	Richard Denis Charques	TLS. Listing of recommended titles, incl. SZ's <i>Brazil</i> . Listing only.	Yes	No	none	L (Listing)
24-Oct-42	Land of the Future	Walter Alison Phillips	TLS. Review of SZ's <i>Brazil</i> . "The late Stefan Zweig, whose reputation as a writer has long been established in this country, escaped from the Nazi terror in Austria and found a refuge in Brazil. ... The only criticism that can be made of this attractive book is that the author's impressions have been very naturally coloured by the feelings of a man, who, escaping from the horror that Hitler has made of Europe, found himself in a lovely, peaceful and hospitable country..." No mention of death by suicide.	Yes	Yes	none	F (review & life)
2-Jan-43	Obituary	none	List of deaths from the previous year.	No	Yes	Focus	M (notice of death, name only)
18-Sep-43	Biography and Memoirs	Arthur Charles William Crook & Frank Arthur Mumby	TLS. "Stefan Zweig, who escaped from the Nazi terror in Austria only to meet his death in Brazil, left a volume of memories which is at once a biography of himself and a portrait of the age in which he lived." No mention of suicide.	Yes	Yes	none	F (review & life)

25-Sep-43	Cassell Books	none	TLS. Advertisement for SZ's <i>World of Yesterday</i> . Forthcoming.	Yes	No	none	Ad
20-Nov-43	Cassell	none	TLS. Advertisement for SZ's <i>World of Yesterday</i> . "In this, one of his final books, the biography of himself and the world he knew, Stefan Zweig writes as an artist, an historian, a psychologist, and above all, a lover of mankind." Second Edition printing.	Yes	Yes	none	Ad
26-Nov-43	Cassell	none	Advertisement of Zweig's <i>The World of Yesterday</i>	No	No	none	M (notice of publication)
27-Nov-43	Novels of the Week	Richard Denis Charques	TLS. Recommended titles, incl. SZ's <i>World of Yesterday</i> .	Yes	No	none	L (Listing)
27-Nov-43	Stefan Zweig's World	Richard Denis Charques	TLS. Review of <i>World of Yesterday</i> . First sentence: "Stefan Zweig committed suicide in Brazil in 1942, at the age of sixty-one. He had been a singularly successful writer, whose reputation in other than German-speaking countries was not appreciably impaired during his latter years of exile from the Austria of his birth." ... "Zweig's thought is always patently sincere and is sometimes not without depth... At the same time, however, it has to be said that the autobiographer's egotistical solemnity in (sic) inclined to be overpowering now and then."	Yes	Yes	Focus	F (review & death)
11-Dec-43	Cassell	none	TLS. Advertisement for SZ's <i>World of Yesterday</i>	Yes	No	none	Ad
4-Jan-44	Foreign Books in Spain	Our own Correspondent	"Fewer Translations To Be Permitted" Includes list of books banned by ecclesiastical authorities, including "novels by Stefan Zweig"	No	No	none	M (brief mention of title only)
19-Feb-44	Latin American Books	Semion Joffe	TLS. Reviews of South American books. Reviewer quotes Stefan Zweig "an acute observer" on Brazil	Yes	No	none	M (brief mention as author)
21-Jul-44	Richard Strauss's Librettists	none	About Strauss's relationship with von Hoffmannsthal and Zweig. Refers to suicide "...who took his own life in a far-off land of exile."	Yes	Yes	mention	F (relationship with Strauss)
18-Aug-44	Life-Boat Instruction	none	Advertisement for books from Hamish Hamilton (no title mentioned)	No	No	none	M (brief mention of name only)
19-Aug-44	Hamish Hamilton Ltd	none	TLS. List of new forthcoming books, incl. by Stefan Zweig (in German). No title given.	Yes	No	none	Ad
24-Feb-45	Other New Books	none	TLS. List of new books, incl. SZ's <i>Royal Game</i>	Yes	No	none	Ad
24-Feb-45	Cassell	none	TLS. Advertisement for SZ's <i>Royal Game</i> with Letter from an Unknown Woman and Amok.	Yes	No	none	Ad
3-Mar-45	Novels of the Week	Richard Denis Charques	TLS. Review of SZ's <i>Royal Game</i> . "It is, as a piece of story-telling, on the artificially concocted side, though handled with skill and a persevering explanatory sympathy." ... "The psychological exploration of Dr. B's circumstances, though marked by a too portentous case-book emphasis, so certainly made with a practised and probing adroitness."	Yes	No	none	F (review)
17-May-45	Hitler And Lueger	Robert Eisler	Letter to the editor. Mention of Stefan Zweig in reference to Lueger's administration	Yes	No	none	M (brief mention of details from Z's <i>World of Yesterday</i>)

21-Jul-45	Stefan Zweig	none	TLS. Advertisement for SZ's <i>Die Welt Von Gestern</i> available in London.	Yes	No	none	Ad
23-Mar-46	Days of Disintegration	Eric Lionel Mascall	TLS. Review of <i>Doom and Resurrection</i> by Hromadka. "Dr. Hromadka is profoundly disquieted by the moral and spiritual disintegration of the Anglo-Saxon world and, indeed, of western civilization as a whole. He sees the suicide of Stefan Zweig in 1942 as symptomatic of a decay which it may be too late to arrest." no further discussion of SZ	No	Yes	focus of mention of SZ	M (mention of suicide)
13-Apr-46	Letters to the Editor	Kester Svendsen	TLS. Letter requesting readers to send the writer references to chess in novels and short stories, in the vein of SZ's <i>Royal Game</i> .	Yes	No	none	M (brief mention as writer of chess)
17-Jun-46	New Films In London	none	negative review of film version of <i>Beware of Pity</i> . Not "as engrossing as the original"	Yes	No	none	M (brief review based on work)
27-Jul-46	Cassell		TLS. Advertisement for SZ's <i>Tolstoi in Living Thoughts</i> Library.	Yes	No	none	Ad
27-Jul-46	Deborah	none	TLS. Advertisement for novel titled <i>Deborah</i> by Esther Kreitman, with a blurb by Stefan Zweig.	No	No	none	Ad
26-Oct-46	Cassell	none	TLS. Advertisement for SZ's <i>Beware of Pity</i> . "A reprint of Stefan Zweig's only full-length novel which called from John Brophy the comment 'here is a novel with all the certainty and grace of a classic.'"	Yes	No	none	Ad
21-Dec-46	Cassell Books	none	TLS. Advertisement for SZ's <i>Beware of Pity</i> . "A reprint of Stefan Zweig's only full-length novel which called from John Brophy the comment 'here is a novel with all the certainty and grace of a classic.'"	Yes	No	none	Ad
18-Jan-47	Cassell and Co. Ltd.	none	TLS. Forthcoming books for 1947, including SZ's <i>Balzac</i> .	Yes	No	none	Ad
1-Feb-47	Books to Come	none	TLS. "For many years before his death in 1942 Stefan Zweig was preparing a large study of Balzac and his work. ... Zweig's posthumous biography of Balzac has been seen through the press by Mr. Richard Friedenthal."	Yes	Yes	none	F (forthcoming book)
22-Mar-47	W.H. Allen & Co.	none	TLS. Advertisement for Friderike Zweig's biography of SZ	Yes	Yes	none	Ad
7-Jun-47	East and West Library	none	TLS. Advertisement for SZ's <i>Buried Candelabrum</i>	Yes	No	none	Ad
15-Nov-47	Cassell & Co. Ltd.	none	Advertisement for SZ's <i>Balzac</i> .	Yes	No	none	Ad
6-Dec-47	Books to Come	none	TLS. Listing for forthcoming books, incl. SZ's "last posthumous work, his long-announced study of Balzac."	Yes	Yes	none	Ad
27-Dec-47	Cassell	none	TLS. Advertisement for SZ's <i>Balzac</i> .	Yes	No	none	Ad
3-Jan-48	Books Received	none	TLS. Listing for SZ's <i>Balzac</i> . His "last work portrays with sympathy and insight the incongruous character, struggles and genius of Honore de Balzac."	Yes	No	none	Ad
8-Jan-48	Points From Letters	none	Letter to editor from Robert Eisler, who claims to have been a school friend of Zweig and to have traded him an autograph at the beginning of his collecting days.	No	Yes	none	M (brief mention of collection)

17-Jan-48	A Hopeful Traveller	John Philip Stead	TLS. Review of SZ's Balzac. "Although this posthumous book is not as comprehensive as its author intended, his editor's statement that it forms a worthy conclusion to Stefan Zweig's life's work is just."	Yes	Yes	none	F (review)
17-Jan-48	Cassell & Co. Ltd.	none	TLS. Advertisement for forthcoming uniform edition of Stefan Zweig	Yes	No	none	Ad
28-Feb-48	Books Received	none	TLS. Listing of received books, incl. Friderike Zweig's biography of SZ.	No	Yes	none	Listing
22-May-48	W.H. Allen & Co.	none	TLS. Advertisement for Friderike Zweig's biography of SZ	No	Yes	none	Ad
26-Jun-48	Cassell	none	TLS. Advertisement for SZ's Tolstoi reprint	Yes	No	none	Ad
25-Dec-48	Cassell	none	TLS. Advertisement for SZ's Balzac.	Yes	No	none	Ad
15-Jan-49	Cassell & Co. Ltd.	none	TLS. Advertisement for uniform editions of SZ. First two titles to be published in 1949. The Queen of Scots and Selected Stories	Yes	No	none	Ad
9-Sep-49	Obituary	none	Death of Richard Strauss. Mentions Zweig as librettist and problems with Nazis.	No	Yes	none	M (brief mention as librettist)
3-Feb-50	An Austrian Writer	Michael Peter Leopold Hamburger	TLS. Review of autobiography of Felix Braun. Mention of SZ as a friend.	No	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
31-Mar-50	Cassell's Anthology	none	TLS. Announcement of The Hallam Edition of the works of Stefan Zweig. The Queen of Scots and Kaleidoscope One.	Yes	No	none	Ad
28-Apr-50	Books Received	none	TLS. Listing for SZ's Queen of Scots. "first published in this country in 1935."	Yes	No	none	L (Listing)
30-May-50	Scala Theatre	none	Positive review of Hebrew production of "Jeremiah"	Yes	No	none	F (review)
17-Jul-50	New Films In London	none	Positive review of film adaptation of "Letter from an Unknown Woman."	Yes	No	none	F (review)
11-Aug-50	Books to Come	none	TLS. Announcement of forthcoming book by Sir Newman Flower. Incl. recollections of Hardy, Well, Bennett and Stefan Zweig.	No	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
25-Aug-50	W.H. Allen & Co.	none	TLS. Advertisement for book about SZ: Stefan Zweig: A Tribute, edited by Hans Arens. Contributors include Werfel, Rilke, R. Rolland, Bruno Walter, Strauss.	No	Yes	none	Ad
25-Aug-50	Cassell & Co. Ltd.	none	TLS. Advertisement for memoir by Sir Newman Flower, with memories of various literary figures, incl. SZ.	No	Yes	none	Ad
16-Mar-51	Books Received	J.C. Trewin	TLS. Short listing for Hanns Arens's book on Stefan Zweig.	No	Yes	none	M (brief mention as author)
12-Jun-51	Multiple Display Advertisements	none	Advertisements for books from W.H. Allen, including Stefan Zweig: A Tribute.	No	No	none	M (notice of publication)
15-Jun-51	Viennese Mirage	Mrs. Arturo Barea	TLS. Review of book about Schnitzler. Context reference to Stefan Zweig (and Karl Krauss) to show difference in perception between writers of the different generations and how anti-Semitic feeling reached them in Vienna.	No	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
17-Aug-51	W.H. Allen & Co.	none	TLS. Advertisement for Arens's tribute book on SZ. "It explains the terrible story of Zweig's tragic death."	No	Yes	Alluded to	Ad

2-Nov-51	Books Received	John Goldup	TLS. Listing of new books, including new edition of SZ's Erasmus.	Yes	No	none	Ad
16-Nov-51	Books Received	none	TLS. Listing for reprints. Stefan Zweig's Kaleidoscope Two.	Yes	No	none	Ad
14-Dec-51	Dr Thomas Mann	n/a	TLS. Review of collection of essays on Thomas Mann. Includes piece by Stefan Zweig.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
29-Aug-52	German Uncertainties	n/a	TLS. About German works published since the war. Discusses exiles and deaths. "...Toller, Hasenclever and Stefan Zweig, by their own hand..."	Yes	Yes	mention	C (Context reference)
15-Sep-52	New Films In London	none	Negative review of film version of "24 Hours in the Life of a Woman." "The film is founded on a novel by Stefan Zweig. Poor Stefan Zweig."	Yes	No	none	F (review)
30-Jan-53	Books Received	none	TLS. Listing for new books, including new Hallam Editions of works of Stefan Zweig, including Beware of Pity, Adepts and Self-Portraiture.	Yes	No	none	L (Listing)
20-Mar-53	Cassell	none	TLS. Advertisement for the Hallam Editions of Stefan Zweig. Two new volumes: Marie Antoinette and World of Yesterday.	Yes	No	none	Ad
20-Mar-53	Diaries of Romain Rolland	Miss Elizabeth M. Wiskemann	TLS. Review of diaries of Romain Rolland, with mentions of Stefan Zweig.	No	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
29-May-53	Anglo-French	none	TLS. Advertisement for Anglo-French Books, London. Incl. SZ's Amok in French.	Yes	No	none	Ad
24-Jul-53	Reliving an Epoch	E.M. Butler	TLS. Review of Herr Siegfried Trebitsch's memoir. He was a friend of SZ. Large section of review focuses on Zweig, his memoir and suicide. "The two men were friends; they moved in the same circles, they lived through the same horrors and they underwent similar vicissitudes. But Zweig experienced them in a way which resulted in a work of literature, one of the few classics produced by a double world war. He speaks with the voice of a whole lost generation who saw the downfall of their world: and his almost symbolical suicide is the epilogue to the catastrophe." Reviewer claims that author found SZ's suicide incomprehensible.	Yes	Yes	about a sixth of the review focuses on it	C (Context reference)
5-May-54	Rapid Growth of Sao Paulo	Our Rio de Janeiro Correspondent	Discussion of future of Sao Paulo, including mention of Stefan Zweig, who "described her as a city where they pull down with alarming speed anything that recalls yesterday or the day before."	No	No	none	M (brief mention from Brazil)
5-Jul-54	Famous Plays At Bad Hersfeld	Our own Correspondent	Production of "Jeremiah." "Zweig's Jeremias, written 37 years ago, has been almost entirely neglected"	Yes	No	none	M (brief mention of work)
9-Sep-54	Broadcasting	none	Mention of play ("The Private View") based on Stefan Zweig story.	No	No	none	M (brief mention of title only)
1-Jan-55	Young Germans Rediscovering Recent History	A German correspondent	Discussion of literary tastes and readership in Germany. Banned books being republished, including those by Stefan Zweig. "Stefan Zweig is popular."	No	No	none	M (brief mention as banned author)
14-Jan-55	Operatic Issues In Berlin	Our own Correspondent	Brief review of Strauss's Die Scheigsame Frau, with libretto by Stefan Zweig	Yes	No	none	M (brief mention of work)
2-Feb-55	"Volpone" In Paris	From a Paris Correspondent	Notice of play based on Romain's version of Zweig's version of Ben Jonson	No	No	none	M (brief mention as librettist)

25-Feb-55	Cassell	none	TLS. Advertisement for two new editions to the Hallam Edition of the works of SZ: Stories and Legends, and The Tide of Fortune	Yes	No	none	Ad
28-Feb-55	The Old Vic	none	Notice of Zweig's Volpone coming to London	No	No	none	M (brief mention of work)
11-Mar-55	The Place of Max Brod	none	TLS. Article about Max Brod and relationship with Kafka. Brief mention of Stefan Zweig having written about Brod.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
11-May-55	Verhaeren's Birth Commemorated	Our Brussels Correspondent	Mention that he was friends with Zweig.	No	Yes	none	M (brief mention as friend)
13-May-55	A Musician Under the Third Reich	F.S. Howes	TLS. Review of a biography of Curt Riess. Mention of Strauss and his complications with Nazis and his relationship with SZ.	No	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
27-May-55	English Plays in Paris	Jean-Pierre Lenoir	TLS. Discussion of plays on in Paris incl. SZ's Volpone.	Yes	No	none	F (review)
23-Dec-55	The Boy Mozart in England	none	Exhibition of Mozart, including some materials on loan from the Zweig heirs	No	No	none	M (brief mention of collection)
10-Jan-56	Soviet Union Book Production	Our Special Correspondent	New publications will include a two-volume collection of works by Stefan Zweig	No	No	none	M (notice of publication)
27-Jan-56	British Museum Treasures	none	Exhibition of Mozart, including some materials on loan from the Zweig heirs	No	No	none	M (brief mention of collection)
2-Mar-56	Strauss in His Letters	Martin Du Pre Cooper	TLS. Joint review of Strauss-Gregor letters and Hans von Bulow-Strauss letters. Review discusses relationship with SZ and difficulties with other librettists.	Yes	Yes	none	M (brief mention as librettist)
30-Apr-56	News in Brief	none	Brief mention of Mozart exhibition.	No	No	none	M (brief mention of collection)
5-Apr-57	Bulgarian Actors in Yugoslavia	Our Special Correspondent	Review of plays produced, including version of Volpone based on Zweig adaptation	Yes	No	none	M (short review of play)
7-May-57	Fifteenth-Century Annexe To A Yugoslav Theatre	Our Special Correspondent	Brief mention that company has done production of Zweig's Volpone	No	No	none	M (brief mention of title only)
14-Jun-57	New Satiric Theatre in Sofia	From a Correspondent	Brief mention of Zweig's Volpone	No	No	none	M (brief mention of title only)
21-Jun-57	Essays of a Wanderer	Ernst Kaiser	TLS. Review of German edition of Zweig's essays from 1912 to 1937. Generally very positive review. Review begins: "Stefan Zweig, cosmopolitan and traveller, who was mainly known as a biographical interpreter of human greatness, achievement, and tragedy, voluntarily took his leave of life in February, 1942."	Yes	Yes	begins with suicide	F (review & life)
27-Dec-57	How Hamburg Spends its Money on the Theatre	Our Special Correspondent	Mention of theatre staging Zweig's Volpone	No	No	none	M (brief mention of title only)
10-Jan-58	Composer and Librettist	Hanns A. Hammelman	TLS. Review of German edition of Richard Strauss-Stefan Zweig letters.	Yes	Yes	none	F (relationship with Strauss)
12-Sep-58	Notes on Foreign Sales	none	TLS. About auctions of manuscripts and autographs. Bidding for a manuscript of Dostoyeski "laboriously reached £105, about two-thirds of the auctioneer's estimate."	Yes	Yes	none	M (brief mention as author)

21-Aug-59	Not Just the Rosenkavalier Mixture as Before	Our Special Correspondent	Die Schweigsame Frau "one of the few highlights of the Salzburg Festival this year." Discusses history of opera and Zweig and librettist. Also reviews production.	Yes	Yes	none	F (review)
3-Sep-59	Return of an Exile	George Cloyne	Imaginary conversation among an exile returned from America and two friends who remained in England. Mention of Stefan Zweig's suicide.	No	Yes	mention of suicide	M (mention of death)
5-Nov-59	Non-Scientist of the Atom Debate	From Our Own Correspondent	Brief reference to interviewee reading Zweig	No	No	none	M (brief mention as author)
6-Nov-59	Cassell	none	TLS. Advertisement for Cassell authors, incl. SZ. No list of any author's titles.	No	No	none	Ad
11-Dec-59	Bug Bestiary	G.E.J. Nixon	TLS. At end of column, a request for readers to submit letters from Stefan Zweig for S. Fischer Verlag's proposed edition of SZ correspondence.	No	Yes	none	M (brief mention as author)
19-Feb-60	Books Received	none	TLS. Brief review of collection of German Short Stories. Seven stories: two by T. Mann and one each by Hesse, Robert Walser, Kafka, Stefan Zweig and Friedo Lampe.	Yes	No	none	M (brief mention as author)
25-May-60	Operatic Version of Volpone	none	Version of Volpone, not Zweig's	No	No	none	M (brief mention of play production)
3-Jun-60	A Briton's First Opera Staged in Germany	From Our Own Correspondent	Version of Volpone, not Zweig's	No	No	none	M (brief mention of play production)
29-Jul-60	Artist Against Art	John William Mills Willett	TLS. Review of several books about Franz Masereel. Mention of Jean-Christophe and SZ's love of it.	No	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
1-Sep-60	Ballet Film Opens Venice Festival	Our Special Correspondent	Notice of film version of The Chess Story	Yes	No	none	M (brief mention of work)
5-Sep-60	Film of a Stefan Zweig Story	none	Unfavorable review of film version of Chess Story	Yes	No	none	M (brief review based on work)
23-Sep-60	S. Fischer Verlag	none	TLS. Advertisement for several of the press's authors, incl. SZ. No titles mentioned.	Yes	No	none	Ad
21-Oct-60	Dickens Re-Alphabetized	Simon Nowell Smith	TLS. Review of British Museum catalogue on Dickens. Article mentions those who have written about Dickens, incl. SZ.	Yes	No	none	M (brief mention as author)
28-Oct-60	Books Received	none	TLS. Review of collection of Gorky, incl. letters he wrote to SZ.	No	Yes	none	M (brief mention as author)
9-Dec-60	Jewry and Judaism	none	TLS. Review of one-volume encyclopedia of Judaism, from Aachen to Stefan Zweig.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
6-Jan-61	One Man's Freedom	Donald Prater	TLS. Review of Stefan Zweig works edited by Richard Friedenthal. (In German). Third such volume. This contains SZ's long piece on Montaigne.	Yes	Yes	none	F (review)
20-Jan-61	One Man's Freedom	Donald Prater	TLS. Letter to the editor about the previous review (6 Jan. 1961). Editor of collection found fault with review, and reviewer responded.	Yes	Yes	none	F (review)
24-Feb-61	A Musical Poet	Donald Prater	TLS. Review of book about Hugo von Hofmannsthal. Incl. quote from SZ about H.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
9-Mar-61	Strauss's Non-Literary Opera	Our Special Correspondent	Mention of Zweig as Strauss librettist	No	Yes	none	M (brief mention as librettist)

28-Apr-61	Harrap's	none	TLS. Advertisement for German language educational list, incl. work by Stefan Zweig	Yes	No	none	Ad
16-Jun-61	The Hogarth Press	none	TLS. Advertisement for collection of Freud's letters. Includes those with SZ	No	Yes	none	Ad
19-Jul-61	Professor William Rose	Professor J. Isaacs	Response to obituary of Bill Rose. Writer says Zweig and Werfel were frequent visitors to his home.	No	No	none	C (contextual)
11-Aug-61	Cosmonaut of the Mind	Oliver Louis Zangwill	TLS. Review of Freud letters. Mentions that writers like Mann and SZ knew him better than fellow practitioners	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
12-Sep-61	Strauss Opera that the Nazis Banned	none	First British production of The Silent Woman. Includes history of Zweig-Strauss relationship	Yes	Yes	none	F (review)
13-Oct-61	The Stranger Feels at Home	John Russell	TLS. Article about reading about foreign places. Mention of popularity of Stefan Zweig among previous generation	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
13-Oct-61	S. Fischer Verlag Frankfurt	none	TLS. Advertisement for its authors, incl. SZ (complete edition)	Yes	No	none	Ad
13-Oct-61	History of Music in Pictures	none	TLS. Advertisement for various books, incl. Frans Masereel, with contributions by SZ and others	Yes	No	none	Ad
27-Oct-61	A Good European	Donald Prater	TLS. Review of Stefan Zweig by Friderike Zweig and a fragment of a SZ novel. First few paragraphs discuss SZ's life and popularity. Comparison with Somerset Maugham. "rank high in the German prose of this century, and it is gratifying to find now an increasing interest in Zweig and his work..." The fragment in German seems to be what is known in English as Journey into the Past.	Yes	Yes	none	F (review & life)
16-Nov-61	From Sherlock Holmes To Ben Jonson	none	Mention of production of The Silent Woman	No	No	none	M (brief mention of play production)
17-Nov-61	The Man Who Detested Noise	Our Music Critic	Review of The Silent Woman. Gives history of Zweig-Strauss relationship. Discusses Hofmannsthal and calls him the better librettist. Mentions Zweig's suicide.	Yes	Yes	mention of suicide	F (relationship with Strauss)
21-Nov-61	Strauss's Only Wholly Comic Opera	none	Mixed review of Zweig and Strauss's Silent Woman	Yes	No	none	F (review)
27-Aug-62	Munich Adds to Its Strauss Repertory	Our Special Correspondent	Strauss operas opening in Munich, including The Silent Woman	Yes	No	none	F (review)
21-Sep-62	Fischer Bucherei	none	TLS. Advertisement for collected works of such authors as Thomas Mann and Stefan Zweig.	Yes	No	none	Ad
8-Oct-62	An American Looks at Shakespeare on the English Stage	Our New York Critic	Brief mention of Zweig's Volpone	No	No	none	M (brief mention of title only)
12-Oct-62	The Artist as Biographer	John Ernst Neale	TLS. Article about Edith Sitwell. Mention of SZ in connection with Mary Queen of Scots and the Casket Letters.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)

24-May-63	Hermann Broch	Jean Starr Untermeyer	TLS. Letter to the editor to correct information about Broch and his 'untranslatable' Virgil. SZ told him it was "the greatest thing to come out of Europe in the last hundred years. Too bad, it is untranslatable."	No	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
27-Sep-63	Le Encicliche Dei Papi	none	TLS. Advertisement for Italian language books, incl ones by SZ	Yes	No	none	Ad
27-Sep-63	Background to Mr. Norris	Hilde Spier	TLS. Review of several books in German. Brief mention of SZ.	No	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
2-Jan-64	Background to Mr. Norris	Heinrich Straumann	TLS. Letter to editor referring to 27 Sep 63 article. Questioning reviewers comments, incl. that Robert Faesi was anti-Semitic. Mentions that Faesi was a friend of SZ	No	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
16-Jan-64	New and Forthcoming Foreign Books		TLS. Listing for forthcoming books, incl. SZ's Unbekannte Briefe aus der Emigration an eine Freundin	Yes	No	none	L (Listing)
23-Jan-64	The Music Collectors	Percy Horace Muir	TLS. Review of book on English music collectors. Mention that Zweig and his heirs are included.	No	Yes	none	M (brief mention of collection)
14-Feb-64	Music for a Woman with Much to Remember	Our Music Critic	Brief mention of Zweig in reference to Strauss	No	No	none	M (brief mention only)
3-Sep-64	S. Fischer Verlag	none	TLS. Advertisement for various German-language authors, incl. Stefan Zweig for Die Dramen	Yes	No	none	Ad
17-Sep-64	New and Forthcoming Foreign Books	none	TLS. Listing for SZ's Die Dramen.	Yes	No	none	L (Listing)
1-Oct-64	Driving Through this Vale of Tears	Walter Alexander Stewart Keir	TLS. Review of a novel. Stefan Zweig is referenced as one who spoke about the sentiments more succinctly in his title Beware of Pity.	Yes	No	none	M (brief mention as author)
8-Oct-64	And for its New Poets	Robin Milner-Gulland	TLS. About an anthology from 1961 of young Soviet writers "with Pasternak and Stefan Zweig thrown in for ballast."	Yes	No	none	M (brief mention only)
15-Oct-64	Letters from Without and Within	John William Mills Willett	TLS. Review of three German autobiographies. Discussion on émigré writers. "Stefan Zweig in January, 1940, writes from Bath of the émigré writers' duty to stay in Europe"	No	Yes	none	M (brief mention as author)
30-Sep-65	German Jewry	Richard Grunberger	TLS. Review of book about German Jewish writers. "seven fixed stars of brightest lustre...clustered hundreds of 'lesser' luminaries" SZ is listed among the lesser.	No	No	none	M (brief mention as author)
21-May-66	Art of the Librettist	none	discussion of the work of the librettist, mentioning relationship between Zweig and Strauss	No	No	none	M (brief mention as librettist)
23-Jun-66	Trick Cycle	John William Mills Willett	TLS. Review of anthology of Expressionist writing, incl. SZ's essay.	Yes	No	none	M (brief mention only)
8-Sep-66	S. Fischer Verlag	none	TLS. Ad for several books, incl. SZ's Silberne Saiten (poems)	Yes	No	none	Ad
25-Oct-66	Sales By Auction	none	Collector selling items, including books/manuscripts (?) by Zweig	No	No	none	M (brief mention as author)

27-Oct-66	Sotheby & Co.	none	TLS. Documents, autographs and various papers for auction, incl. manuscripts of SZ.	No	No	none	M (brief mention as author)
1-Nov-66	Sales By Auction	none	Collector selling items, including books/manuscripts (?) by Zweig	No	No	none	M (brief mention as author)
8-Nov-66	Sales By Auction	none	Collector selling items, including books/manuscripts (?) by Zweig	No	No	none	M (brief mention as author)
20-Apr-67	Multiple Display Advertisements	none	Mention of Stefan Zweig in current TLS	No	No	none	M (brief mention as author)
20-Apr-67	Zweig on Stage	B. Prater	TLS. Review of two books by SZ, Silberne Saiten and Die Dramen. Mentions Zweig's "incomparable prose" "this collection of his dramatic work, like that of his poems, will certainly illuminate a less known side of his genius."	Yes	Yes	none	F (review)
27-Apr-67	Hachette-London	none	TLS. Advertisement for German books, incl. SZ's Sternstunden der Menschheit	Yes	No	none	Ad
20-Jul-67	Hachette	none	TLS. Advertisement for German books, incl. SZ's Maria Stuart	Yes	No	none	Ad
29-Aug-67	Mr Maurice Elvey	none	Obituary of filmmaker. His films included an adaptation of Zweig's Beware of Pity	No	No	none	M (brief mention of title only)
5-Mar-68	The Arty and Hearty on Common Ground	Peter Roberts	Review of Volpone by SZ, produced in Billingham. First English production of the play. Calls it a hatchet job of Jonson "reducing a great anarchic classic into a ney and wholly innocuous farce." but also calls it "a laugh-a-minute presentation...remarkably fast and efficient. The arty and hearty on common ground."	Yes	No	none	F (review)
14-Mar-68	Wilted Flowers	Norman de Mattos Bentwich	TLS. Review of The Jews of Austria. Peak of Viennese Jewry achievement reached in generation incl. Herzl, Freud, Zweig, Mahler.	Yes	brief	none	C (Context reference)
6-Feb-69	Elegance and Finesse	John Russell Taylor	Review of film version of SZ's Twenry-four Hours in a Woman's Life. Compares disfavor ably with Max Ophuls's version of SZ stories.	Yes	No	none	F (review)
12-Jun-69	In the Shadows	n/a	TLS. Review of book by Erich Fitzbauer. Reviewer sees the best of Kafka, Mann and Zweig. May be successor to Musil.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
26-Jun-69	Sotheby & Co.	none	Listing for auction of manuscripts and autographs by many authors, incl. SZ	Yes	No	none	L (Listing)
1-Jul-69	Sotheby's	none	Advertisement for auction of first editions, incl. those by SZ	No	No	none	Ad
6-Nov-69	Up the Mountain Again	n/a	TLS. Review of book about religion in Middle East. Brief quote from Buber to Zweig about Zionism.	No	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
16-Feb-70	An Object of Hate	none	Review of works about Richard Strauss. Mention of relationship with and letters to SZ	No	Yes	none	M (brief mention as librettist)
14-Dec-70	Between an Artist and His Art: The Magic of Genius	Stephen Vizinczey	Review of The Letters of Thomas Mann. Includes section of Mann's letter to Friderike Zweig about Zweig's death. Reviewer discusses Mann's belief that people should be measured by their effects on others. "This epic view of life is also the only moral one."	No	Yes	discussion of reason/effect	M (mention of suicide)

21-Jan-71	Obituary	none	Brief (3-sentence) obituary of Friderike Zweig "first wife of Stefan Zweig. She was 88. Stefan Zweig died in 1942."	No	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
28-Jan-71	Bernard Levin	none	article about pedestrian streets. Mention of Stefan Zweig in Salzburg: "...where the ghost of Stefan Zweig sits sipping ghostly lemon-tea."	No	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
2-Apr-71	Stefan Zweig Material Wanted	none	TLS. Ad calling to purchase Stefan Zweig material.	Yes	No	none	Ad
9-Apr-71	Advertisement	none	TLS. Ad calling to purchase Stefan Zweig material.	Yes	No	none	Ad
16-Apr-71	Stefan Zweig Material Wanted	none	TLS. Ad calling to purchase Stefan Zweig material.	Yes	No	none	Ad
29-May-71	Friedenstag Radio 3	William Mann	About broadcast of Strauss's Friedenstag. Libretto by Joseph Gregor "heavily aided anonymously by the Jewish Stefan Zweig who had initially conceived the scenario, and prepared for the first performance four years later [1938], those war clouds were gathering more and more densely and insistently."	Yes	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
30-Jun-71	W.H. Allen	none	TLS. Ad for Allday's Zweig biography. Mention suicide in one-line ad.	Yes	Yes	Focus	Ad
30-Jul-71	A Faraway Island	George Mikes	TLS. Article about Hungarian author who has lived in England for more than thirty years. Mentions love of Mann and "an ill-judged enthusiasm for Stefan Zweig..."	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
4-Aug-71	Open Verdict on Strauss	William Mann	About Munich Festival. Review of production of Strauss's Die Schweigsame (Silent Woman) as adapted by Stefan Zweig	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
6-Jan-72	Mr Frans Masereel	none	Obituary of Masereel, Belgian artist. Mention of experiences in Switzerland during war and pacifist movement including Rolland, Jouve, and Stefan Zweig.	No	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
28-Jan-72	The Roots of Anti-Semitism	n/a	TLS. Discussion of anti-Semitism. Incl. history of German-language literature, stressing divide between German writers and "liberal-democratic-Jewish literature, with Jakob Wassermann, Franz Werfel, Arnold and Stefan Zweig..."	Yes	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
18-Feb-72	W.H. Allen	none	TLS. Ad for Allday's Zweig biography.	Yes	No	none	Ad
13-Mar-72	Die Schweigsame Frau	Stanley Sadie	About Bavarian State Opera production of Strauss's Silent Woman. Unmemorable work. Mention of SZ as librettist	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
7-Apr-72	Oxford University Press	none	TLS. Ad for Prater's Zweig biography, Mentions Zweig's current obscurity in England and American. Biography seeks to redress that.	Yes	No	none	Ad
28-Apr-72	Also in This Issue	none	TLS. Notice about article on Racine and Stefan Zweig.	No	No	none	L (Listing)
28-Apr-72	Homage to Heroics	n/a	TLS. Joint review of Allday and Prater biographies. Reviewer calls Allday's passionate and Prater's comprehensive.	Yes	Yes	none	F (review)
7-Jul-72	Stefan Zweig	Donald Prater	TLS. Letter to the editor in response to review.	Yes	Yes	none	F (review)

18-Aug-72	M Jules Romains	none	Obituary of M Jules Romains, French novelist and playwright. Mentions his French adaptation of Stefan Zweig's German adaptation of Ben Johnson's Volpone.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
24-Apr-73	Government Measures to Make Industry Competitive	Peter Lennox-Kerr	Article about industry in Brazil. Mention of Zweig calling Brazil "land of the future."	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
6-Sep-73	Balzac and His Coffee Pot	Richard Holmes	Review of Balzac by V.S. Pritchett. Mentions previous biographies, incl. those by Andre Billy and SZ (both 1947). Since those, huge revival in Balzac scholarship.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
5-Oct-73	dall 'Oglio	none	TLS. Ad for Milan publisher with list of authors published, incl. SZ.	Yes	No	none	Ad
11-Oct-74	Thinking with the heart	R. Hinton Thomas	TLS. Review of book on Austrian literature and politics. Some mentions of Zweig. Largely negative, including reference to turgid prose.	Yes	Brief	none	M (brief review)
11-Jul-75	Barrie & Jenkins	none	TLS. Ad for book about German refugees in Britain by Austin Stevens. Includes info about Stefan Zweig.	No	Yes	none	Ad
18-Jul-75	Freud's case-history of Dostoevsky	Joseph Frank	TLS. About Freud on Dostoevsky. Mentions that Freud found fault in Zweig's writing on Dostoevsky.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
12-Sep-75	Strauss's shadow world	Robert Donington	TLS. Discussion of Strauss and Hofmannsthal. Mention that the worst of his libretti are better than Zweig's	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
19-Mar-76	Personal effects	Alan F. Bance	TLS. Review of biography of Gunter Grass. Reviewer claims many misprints and errors, incl. that Zweig survived in exile.	No	No	mention of suicide	C (Context reference)
7-Jun-77	After Strauss: Andrew Davis's Glyndebourne	John Higgins	Discussion of, among other things, Die schweigsame Frau. Mentions weak final act. Conductor Andrew Davis: 'Blame that as you will on Stefan Zweig's libretto or on the original Ben Jonson play.'	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
8-Jul-77	The faces of	none	TLS. Brief paragraph about Frans Masereel, with four of his drawings, incl. one of Stefan Zweig.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
5-Aug-77	Bayreuth's national front	John Deathridge	TLS. Review of several books on music. Mentions letter from Strauss to Zweig telling him his appearances were not political.	No	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
7-Oct-77	In the mouths of the speechless	Martin Esslin	TLS. Review of German book. Quotes from book and likens it to Nazis adding "Not Yet Hanged" on biographies that appeared of prominent Jews, incl. Einstein and Zweig.	No	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
2-Dec-77	A Good Opening and a Sinister Endgame	Bernard Levin	Positive review of <i>The Encyclopaedia of Chess</i> by Golombek. Claims all that is missing is a section on chess literature, particularly discussion of SZ's The Royal Game.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
13-Jan-78	A Surrealist Notebook	Maurice Richardson	TLS. Mention of Dali and Freud. Zweig brought them together.	No	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
19-May-78	University of California Press	none	TLS. Ad for Strauss-Zweig Letters book.	No	Yes	none	Ad
26-May-78	Stravinsky's politics	Robert Craft	TLS. Discussion of Stravinsky. With brief mention of Zweig in connection with Strauss.	No	No	none	M (brief mention as librettist)

26-May-78	Performing for Hitler	Peter Gay	TLS. Review of Zweig-Strauss Letters.	Yes	Yes	two mentions	F (relationship with Strauss)
25-Aug-78	The Contradictory Capitalist	James Joll	TLS. Review of book by Rathenau with brief quote from Zweig on R's work.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
13-Oct-78	The vivisector at his window	S.S. Prawer	TLS. Review of works by Musil (in German). Begins with assessment of Musil's place in the cannon, that he is sometimes considered minor while writers he hated--Zweig, Ludwig, Werfel--are more esteemed.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
27-Oct-78	Sothebys	none	TLS. Auction of many items, incl. manuscripts and autographs of authors, incl. Stefan Zweig.	Yes	No	none	Ad
3-Nov-78	Sothebys	none	TLS. Auction of many items, incl. manuscripts and autographs of authors, incl. Stefan Zweig.	Yes	No	none	Ad
23-Nov-79	The Vienna Connexion	Nicholas Wapshott	About return of Ophuls's Letter from an Unknown Woman.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
12-Jul-80	Saturday Review	Ronald Clark	An order for Freud's release. Mention of burned books, incl. those by Freud, Mann, Remarque and SZ.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
7-Aug-80	Conquistador of the Unconscious	Richard Holmes	Review of Freud by Ronald Clark. Discussion of Vienna using Mahler, Kafka and Stefan Zweig to evoke the time and place.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
3-Oct-80	Satisfaction at the Summit	Idris Parry	TLS. Brief review of book on German Expressionist Poetry. Mentions Zweig.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
5-Dec-80	A Title-page Design for The Nonesuch Press	none	TLS. Illustrations from Nonesuch Books, incl. one from SZ's Legende. In reference to exhibition at Victoria and Albert Museum.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
5-Jan-81	The Anniversaries of 1981	Jack Lonsdale	Listing of anniversaries, incl. the birth of Stefan Zweig in 1881.	No	Yes	none	L (Listing)
21-Aug-81	The Elevation of Ho	Dennis Duncanson	TLS. Review of book about Vietnam War. Brief mention of Zweig's belief that minor figures often hold key to history.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
16-Oct-81	Poet and Scarecrow	Harry Zohn	TLS. Review of collection of Hebrew ballads. Brief quote from Zweig. Context only.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
6-Nov-81	Jonathan Cape	none	TLS. Ad for Zweig's Royal Game.	Yes	No	none	Ad
20-Nov-81	The Comedian and His Concepts	Peter Conrad	TLS. Review of book about Duchamp. Brief quote from Zweig about chess.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
21-Nov-81	Saturday Review	John Fowles	Reprint of the introduction the an edition of SZ's The Royal Game	Yes	Yes	begins with suicide	F (life and work)
3-Dec-81	Fiction	Elaine Feinstein	Review of The Royal Game. Reviewer compares the title story to one by Borges. Positive but not in-depth. No mention of suicide.	Yes	No	none	F (review)
25-Dec-81	Angst and Roses	Gabriele Annan	TLS. (also listed on cover of issue). Review of The Royal Game. Mostly positive review.	Yes	Yes	mention of suicide	F (review)
11-Jun-82	Advertisement	none	TLS. Ad for many titles, including Zweig's Royal Game.	Yes	No	none	Ad
9-Jul-82	Reviving the nation	Daniel Johnson	TLS. Review of German-language books. Brief context mention of Zweig.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)

19-Nov-82	Racing, swelling, throbbing burning words	S.S. Praver	TLS. (also listed on cover of issue). Largely negative review of Beware of Pity. Reviewer mentions resurgence in interest. Calls the novel full of cliches and overwritten, but praises some stories and memoir. Calls the novel a good holiday read.	Yes	Yes	mention of exile and suicide	F (review)
25-Feb-83	Education of a Democrat	S.S. Praver	TLS. Review of Thomas Mann diaries. Brief mention of Mann's descriptions of writers, incl. Zweig's "weaknesses"	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
1-Apr-83	Educative Encounters	Philip Brady	TLS. Review of book by Hans Mayer. Mention of Musil's quip about not fleeing to South America because Zweig was there.	No	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
27-May-83	Wars of Words	Richard Calvocoressi	TLS. Review of book on German writers and artists in exile. Also mention of exhibition by the Goethe Institut, with portraits of several exiles, incl. SZ.	No	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
8-Nov-83	The Orphan Culture of Austria	Roger Scruton	Article about Austrian culture. Reference to SZ's World of Yesterday.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
28-Jul-84	Music of Third Reich	Harold Rosenthal	Letter to the editor about 'cultural haemorrhage' during periods in history, particularly writers and artists who left Germany during Hitler's rule, incl. Mann, Franz Werfel, Stefan Zweig	No	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
1-Sep-84	Strauss's Fifth Last Song	Peter Lennon	Article about lost, unfinished Strauss composition found after 50 years. Discussion of Strauss's war-time activity, with mention of Stefan Zweig as librettist and problems thus.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
5-Oct-84	The Novelist as Icon	John B. Dunlop	TLS. Review of books about Tolstoy and the Russians. Brief quote from Zweig's book on Tolstoy.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
7-Dec-84	Safely Trapped	Martin Davies	TLS. Review of German-language book about writers in exile. Mentions Musil's resentment of writers such as Mann, Broch and Zweig.	No	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
4-Jan-85	Jali Psalms	Denni Deletant	TLS. Review of Romanian book. Mentions that political prisoners recited literature to remain sane. From works of Dumas, Dickens, Zweig, etc.	Yes	No	none	C
16-Apr-85	Fred Uhlman	none	Obituary of Fred Uhlman: "gifted artist and writer, a successful art collector, an important figure in the intellectual life of exiled German artists in the 1930s and 1940s, and an unforgettable Hampstead 'character'." How founded the Free German League of Culture in England "whose members included Kokoschka and Stefan Zweig."	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
17-May-85	Willing Vessels	Ian Huish	TLS. Review of novel called The Age of the Fish, first published in Amsterdam in 1937 to acclaim by Mann, Hesse, Zweig and Werfel.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
24-May-85	The Road to Alienation	Edward Timms	TLS. (also listed on cover of issue.) Review of Stefan Zweig Tagebucher. Diaries from 1912-13, 1914-18, 1930s. Mentions that he notes in 1940 buying a bottle of morphium. Ends June 1940, before leaving for Brazil, where he died.	Brief	Yes	mention	F (review)
7-Jun-85	Selected Poems		TLS. Ad for various books, incl. Zweig's Beware of Pity.	Yes	No	none	Ad

11-Oct-85	International and German authors		TLS. Listing of writers published by S. Fischer Verlag. (names only)	No	No	none	Ad
6-Dec-85	Organic Growth	Ronald Stevenson	TLS. Review of book about composer Busoni. Mention of brief quote from Zweig.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
4-Feb-86	Dreams Made Real	John Percival	Monte Carlo ballet. Ballet of Zweig's 24 Hours in the Life of a Woman, updated by twenty years. Writer says ballet is thin compared with novella and doesn't present well the framing device of the narrative.	Yes	No	none	F (review of ballet based on work)
24-Mar-86	Opera: Review of 'Intermezzo' at the Grand, Leeds	Hilary Finch	Review of Strauss performance. Reviewer quotes Zweig reminding Strauss that without sympathy there is no theatre.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
13-May-86	Musical MS Donated to British Library	Robin Young	"The British Library has received its most important donation since its foundation in 1973. It is an outstanding collection of 180 musical and literary autograph manuscripts gathered by Stefan Zweig, the Austrian biographer and poet who worked as a librettist with Richard Strauss on the comic opera, <i>Die Scheigsame Frau</i> , in the 1930s." Brief description of collection (Mozart, Wagner, Shubert, Beethoven, Ravel, Verdi, etc). Article ends: "Zweig, who became a British citizen in 1940, committed suicide in Brazil in 1942."	Brief	Brief	End	F (autograph collection)
13-May-86	Great Minds with Second Thoughts	Richard Morrison	About British Library bequest. Collection spans three centuries. Literature manuscripts include those by Keats and Hitler, Goethe, Rimbaud, Tolstoy, Balzac. "As well as being an influential biographer, poet and novelist in the inter-war years, Zweig had a passionate interest in accumulating documents which illustrated the creativity, and second thoughts, of great minds." Mention of suicide.	Mention	Yes	mention of suicide	F (autograph collection)
23-May-86	The Stefan Zweig Donation	H.R.W,	TLS. British Library announces donation of 180 musical and literary manuscripts from Stefan Zweig Estate. Description of some of the items.	No	Yes	mention of suicide	F (autograph collection)
25-May-86	Books" Founding father of sex research	Anthony Clare	Sunday Times. Review of book about Freud. Mention of Zweig's support of his theories.	No	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
3-Oct-86	S. Fischer Verlag	none	TLS. Listing of writers published by S. Fischer Verlag. (names only)	No	No	none	Ad
30-Jan-87	BBC 1	none	Radio listings, incl. broadcast of Stefan Zweig's Letter from an Unknown Woman (a play version)	Yes	No	none	L (Listing)
16-Mar-87	This Selective Guide to Entertainment and Events	none	Listing for events associated with the SZ bequest at the British Library.	No	No	none	L (Listing)
28-Mar-87	The British Library Stefan Zweig Series	none	Advertisement for The British Library Stefan Zweig Series, including concerts and lectures. Lectures include "Zweig, Strauss, The Silent Wife--and Hitler" and "Aspects of Autograph Collecting, Past and Present"	Yes	Yes	none	L (Listing)
8-Apr-87	The Times Information Service	none	Listing for opening day of the Stefan Zweig Collection exhibition.	No	No	none	L (Listing)

9-Apr-87	Theatre	none	Events listing. Stefan Zweig Series of Poetry Readings. Reading of poems by Edward Thomas to mark anniversary of his death 70 years prior at Battle of Arras.	No	No	none	L (Listing)
15-Apr-87	Tonight at the Wigmore Hall the Linday Siring	Max Harrison	Short listing (with photo of SZ) for first concert in Stefan Zweig Series. "Music lovers think of Zweig ... chiefly as librettist of Richard Strauss's Die schweigsame Frau, but he was a prolific writer in other fields and a very successful collector of musical autographs."	Yes	Yes	none	F (autograph collection)
22-Apr-87	The Times Information Service	none	Listing for event associate with British Library Stefan Zweig Collection: "Walter De La Mare: Verse 'For the Young of All Ages'"	No	No	none	L (Listing)
6-May-87	Theatre London	none	Listing for event associate with British Library Stefan Zweig Collection: poetry reading of sonnets by Sir Thomas Wyatt.	No	No	none	L (Listing)
7-May-87	Nursing a Great Voice	Hilary Finch	Article about recital from Stefan Zweig Collection series.	No	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
22-May-87	Laurel Love-Object	Arthur Jacobs	TLS. Review of Strauss's Daphne. Mention of Joseph Gregor as librettist after broken partnership with Zweig.	No	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
29-May-87	Theatre London	none	Listing for an event associated with the Stefan Zweig Collection exhibition.	No	No	none	L (Listing)
27-Jul-87	Nazi Ghosts Crowding in on Mozart	Richard Bassett	About Salzburg Festival. Following year will be 50th anniversary of the Anschluss. Will feature readings from works of Nazi-banned artists, incl. Stefan Zweig, Franz Werfel. But "In common with most Austrian literature of the period, a blind eye is turned to events which Austrians admit they have been rather good at forgetting."	No	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
12-Sep-87	Christie's Evening Concerts	none	Listing for events, including one concert to benefit the Stefan Zweig Programme at the British Library.	No	No	none	L (Listing)
18-Sep-87	Christie's	none	TLS. Ad for exhibition of Stefan Zweig Collection from British Library.	No	No	none	Ad
2-Oct-87	Without Fear or Shame	Michael Hofann	TLS. Review of biography of Knut Hamsun. Brief mention of Hamsun's 70th birthday in 1929, with tributes by Mann, Hesse, Musil, Schnitzler, Wassermann, Zweig, Buber and Schoenberg.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
24-Oct-87	Olaf Rises to the Wolf Challenge	Hilary Finch	Brief review of recording. Writer quotes Stefan Zweig in reference to music.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
9-Nov-87	This Mating Madness	Bernard Levin	Article about chess. Penultimate paragraph mentions Stefan Zweig's The Royal Game. "The Royal Game is still a masterpiece of excitement and allusion, even to those who do not know the difference between Zugzwang and Sitzfleisch."	Yes	No	none	M (brief review)
13-Nov-87	Paperbacks	Peter Kemp	TLS. Review of various paperback biographies. Includes short positive review of World of Yesterday.	Yes	Yes	mention	F (brief review)
27-Nov-87	Tangled Roots	Savkar Altinel	TLS. Review of book by Tony Cartano. Character's memoirs evoke the Vienna of Freud and Zweig.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)

26-Mar-88	The British Library Stefan Zweig Series	none	Listing of events of The Stefan Zweig Series. Includes recitals, French poetry and prose from collection, music and poetry reflecting the work of Zweig, John Keats, and George Eliot.	Yes	No	none	L (Listing)
9-Apr-88	Picture Gallery	none	Listing for event at Stefan Zweig Collection, recital by Felicity Lott.	No	No	none	L (Listing)
12-Apr-88	Journey's Fair Prospect	Noel Goodwin	Review of recital at Stefan Zweig Collection.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
26-Apr-88	Musical Gem	none	Review of recital at Stefan Zweig Collection.	brief	No	none	C (Context reference)
26-Apr-88	This Selective Guide to Entertainment and Events	none	Listing of event in The Stefan Zweig Series. Reading from The Waste Land.	No	No	none	L (Listing)
29-Apr-88	TLS Listings	none	List of new and forthcoming books received by TLS, incl. Zweig's Marie Antoinette.	Yes	No	none	L (Listing)
22-Jul-88	A Man out of Time and Place	Michael Hofmann	TLS. Review of several books on Rilke, incl. Rilke-Zweig letters. Quote from Zweig about difficulty of translating Rilke.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
10-Sep-88	Foreign Legions Take Prizes	David Robinson	About Venice Film Festival. Includes brief mention of The Burning Secret, based on Stefan Zweig novella, as one of the 13 films at the festival that are adaptation of literature. Took the festival prize for art direction and special mention for the child actor.	Brief	No	none	M (brief review)
16-Sep-88	A European Friendship	Donald A. Prater	TLS. Review of German collection of Zweig-Rolland letters. Mentions Zweig's long battle with depression. 1918 letter from Friderike to Rolland about Zweig's suicidal thoughts. As early as 1915 Zweig claims 60 is long enough to live. Quotes suicide note.	No	Yes	Part focus	F (review)
4-Nov-88	Composer at Work	Paul Griffiths	TLS. Review of book about Mozart. Mention of autographs from Zweig Collection.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
22-Feb-89	Anniversaries	none	Anniversary listings. Includes anniversary of death of Stefan Zweig "novelist, Petropolis, Brazil, 1942"	Brief	Brief	none	C (Context reference)
13-Apr-89	A child's guide to adult guile	David Robinson	Positive review of film version of Burning Secret.	Yes	No	none	F (review of film version)
8-Apr-89	The British Library Stefan Zweig Series	none	Listing for events in The British Library Stefan Zweig Series	No	No	none	L (Listing)
8-Apr-89	The Week Ahead	none	Listing for screening of Burning Secret, based on Stefan Zweig's novella. "Elegant, old-world melodrama"	Yes	No	none	L (Listing)
16-Apr-89	The risible rise of a fall guy	Iain Johnstone	Sunday Times. Review of film version of Burning Secret. Reviewer compares it unfavorably with the novella.	Yes	No	none	F (review of film version)
26-Apr-89	This Selective Guide to Entertainment and Events	none	Listing for events in the Zweig Series at The British Library	No	No	none	L (Listing)
12-May-89	TLS Listings	none	TLS. Listing of books, incl. Zweig's Marie Antoinette.	Yes	No	none	L (Listing)

19-May-89	Theatre	none	Listing for events in the Zweig Series at The British Library	No	No	none	L (Listing)
3-Jun-89	Wigmore Hall	none	Listing for events in the Zweig Series at The British Library	No	No	none	L (Listing)
10-Jun-89	Multiple Display Advertisements	none	Listing for events in the Zweig Series at The British Library	No	No	none	L (Listing)
15-Jun-89	Natural Curves	Noel Goodwin	Review of recital in the Stefan Zweig Series	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
1-Jul-89	Backward Glance at the Years in Between	Alan Ross	Review of book about the 1930s. Mention that it includes references to writers including J.B. Priestley and Stefan Zweig.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
30-Dec-89	Sunday's Television and Radio	none	Listing for radio broadcast of concert from Stefan Zweig Series	No	No	none	L (Listing)
10-Feb-90	From Scripts to Screen	none	Film review with mention of Max Ophuls's <i>Letter from an Unknown Woman</i> , based on the Stefan Zweig novella.	Brief	No	none	C (Context reference)
22-Feb-90	Anniversaries	none	Listing of anniversaries, incl. the death of Stefan Zweig, "novelist"	No	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
9-Mar-90	Avant-garde Intimations	Roger Morgan	TLS. Review of several books about Jews in Vienna. Mention of Zweig as Jewish and later mention of his work as reflection of his time.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
24-Mar-90	Emerson Quartet	none	Listing for a concert in the Stefan Zweig Series	No	No	none	L (Listing)
31-Mar-90	Multiple Display Advertising Items	none	Listing for a concert in the Stefan Zweig Series	No	No	none	L (Listing)
31-Mar-90	Opening Next Week	none	Listing for a concert in the Stefan Zweig Series	No	No	none	L (Listing)
20-Apr-90	Recitals	none	Listing for a concert in the Stefan Zweig Series	No	No	none	L (Listing)
21-Apr-90	Wigmore Hall	none	Listing for a concert in the Stefan Zweig Series	No	No	none	L (Listing)
19-May-90	Multiple Display Advertising Items	none	Listing for a concert in the Stefan Zweig Series	No	No	none	L (Listing)
11-Oct-90	Critic's Choice: Video	Geoff Brown	Listing for film version of Stefan Zweig's <i>Burning Secret</i>	Brief	No	none	L (Listing)
8-Feb-91	Chess and Art	none	TLS. About Tate's Art and Chess event. Mention of Zweig's Chess Story.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
30-Mar-91	Wigmore Hall	none	Listing for a concert in the Stefan Zweig Series	No	No	none	L (Listing)
3-May-91	Veiled Confessions	S.S. Praver	TLS. (also listed on cover of issue). Review of German edition of Clarissa. Claims Zweig uses this novel to say "at one or two removes, what the autobiography would not and could not say." Found incomplete after suicide. "The effort to make memory speak in a fictional context, after the veiled exertions of the autobiography, animates the whole of this fragment which constitutes, in its tentatively reconstructed form, a worthwhile addition to Stefan Zweig's autobiographically coloured narratives."	Yes	Yes	mention	F (review)

4-May-91	Wigmore Hall	none	Listing for a concert in the Stefan Zweig Series	No	No	none	L (Listing)
11-May-91	Wigmore Hall	none	Listing for a concert in the Stefan Zweig Series	No	No	none	L (Listing)
29-Jun-91	Wigmore Hall	none	Listing for a concert in the Stefan Zweig Series	No	No	none	L (Listing)
12-Jul-91	Englishman's Cassell	D.J. Enright	TLS. Review of Desmond Flower's memoirs. Publisher. Mention of Zweig.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
23-Aug-91	Quelle douceur, quelle tendresse	John Rogister	TLS. Review of Marie Antoinette biography by Evelyne Lever. Dismisses Zweig's claim that Louis XVI needed an operation to have children.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
30-Dec-91	All Our Yesterdays are Made of This		Listing of anniversaries, incl. the death of Stefan Zweig: "German writer, died Petropolis, Brazil"	No	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
5-Jun-92	The Dying Years	D.J. Enright	TLS. Review of diary of Freud. Mention of Freud receiving Mesmer book from Zweig.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
8-Jun-92	Sun, Surf and Accrington	Michael McCarthy	Article about famous hotel in Rio. Mentions names of those who stayed there, incl. Noel Coward, Thomas Mann, Errol Flynn and Stefan Zweig.	No	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
11-Jun-92	Tuition	none	TLS. Ad for tuition with brief quote from Zweig.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
16-Jan-93	Music and the Nazis	Richard Goldsmith	letter to the editor clarifying details of Richard Strauss's interaction with the Nazi government. Includes mention of Stefan Zweig.	No	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
22-Feb-93	Anniversaries Today	none	Anniversary listings. Includes anniversary of death of Stefan Zweig "novelist, Petropolis, Brazil, 1942"	No	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
23-Feb-93	British Library	none	Listing for event in the Stefan Zweig Series at The British Library: "Mary Shelley in Italy."	No	No	none	L (Listing)
3-Jul-93	Cavalier Games In Laid-Back Places	Roger Boyes	Article about chess in cafes. Discussion of novelists who wrote about chess, including Elias Canetti, Stefan Zweig and Nabokov.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
27-Aug-93	Great Writers Hooked By the Chess Bug	Daniel Johnson	Article about chess and literature. Writer says Nabokov's The Defence is "matched only by the Austrian Stefan Zweig's 1939 (sic) novella <i>The Royal Game</i> , with sinister premonitions of his suicide."	Yes	Yes	claims connection with The Royal Game	M (brief review)
6-Sep-93	The Intrigue that Surpasses All Attempts to Subdue It	George Steiner	Article about chess and literature. Writer mentions "two classic [chess] fictions: Stefan Zweig's <i>The Royal Game</i> (1944) and Vladimir Nabokov's <i>Zaschita Luzhina</i> (Luzhin's Defence) of 1930."	Yes	No	none	M (brief review)
24-Dec-93	What Are You Reading at Christmas?	none	Christmas book lists. Julia Neuberger: "I have just found a copy of Stefan Zweig's <i>Kaleidoscope</i> . He is an amazing writer, and I hope to find all his books in translation eventually."	No	Yes	none	M (brief review)
18-Feb-94	A Lost Fatherland	Robert S. Wistrich	TLS. Review of Freud's Russia. Quote from letter from Freud to Zweig.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
22-Feb-94	Anniversaries	none	Anniversary listings. Includes anniversary of death of Stefan Zweig "novelist, Petropolis, Brazil, 1942"	No	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
25-Feb-94	The British Library	David McKitterick	TLS. Review of British Library catalogue of additions to manuscripts, three volumes. Mentions "the outstanding Stefan Zweig Collection"	No	No	none	C (Context reference)

10-Aug-94	Time to Liberate Ludwig	Richard Morrison	Article about Beethoven as focus of Edinburgh Festival. Discussion of the legacy of Beethoven. Includes a quote from Zweig about the state of the composer's manuscripts and thus his style of creation.	No	Yes	none	M (mention of autograph collection)
24-Sep-94	Opera	John Higgins	Article about Strauss and Karl Bohm. Brief mention of Zweig as librettist.	No	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
24-Sep-94	Greta, Orson and Gary Glitter	David Robinson, John Marriott & Richard Scott	Listing for Max Ophuls's Letter from an Unknown Woman, based on the Stefan Zweig novella. "Poignant, polished adaptation of Zweig's tragic-romantic novel."	Yes	No	none	M (brief review of film version)
26-Nov-94	How Old Is Placido?	Amanda Holden	Review of The Illustrated Story of Opera. No mention of Zweig in the article, but the accompanying photograph is of Richard Strauss composing Die schweigsame Frau "to a libretto by Stefan Zweig."	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
22-Feb-95	Anniversaries	none	Anniversary listings. Includes anniversary of death of Stefan Zweig "novelist, Petropolis, Brazil, 1942"	No	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
10-Mar-95	Golden Twilight	Robert S. Wistrich	TLS. Review of Twilight of the Habsburgs by Alan Palmer. Brief quote from Zweig about age of security.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
6-May-95	Wigmore Hall	none	Listing for a concert in the Stefan Zweig Series	No	No	none	L (Listing)
29-Sep-95	Gottfried Bermann Fischer	none	Obituary for Gottfried Bermann Fischer "one of Germany's most resourceful publishers who, in exile through the dark days of the Nazi regime, succeeded against all odds in maintaining the great literary tradition of the house of S. Fischer." Mention of authors published, including Shaw. Hemingway, Werfel, Stefan Zweig.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
25-Jan-96	The Novelist with Quality to Spare	Roger Scruton	Article about Robert Musil, using reference to Joseph Roth, Stefan Zweig and Hugo von Hofmannsthal for context. "...even their great achievements pale beside the novel which Robert Musil began in 1918 and left unfinished at his death in 1942."	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
22-Feb-96	Today's Anniversaries	none	Anniversary listings. Includes anniversary of death of Stefan Zweig "novelist, Petropolis, Brazil, 1942"	No	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
13-Apr-96	Wigmore Hall	none	Listing for a concert in the Stefan Zweig Series	No	No	none	L (Listing)
27-Apr-96	Wigmore Hall	none	Listing for a concert in the Stefan Zweig Series	No	No	none	L (Listing)
6-Jul-96	Films of the Week	David Robinson	Brief review of film version of Stefan Zweig's <i>Letter from an Unknown Woman</i> .	Yes	No	none	F (review of film version)
4-Nov-96	Creativity of the Outsiders	Hilary Finch	Article about festival in London celebrating Jews in Vienna's arts. Begins with quote from Stefan Zweig from <i>The World of Yesterday</i> about the contribution of Jews.	Quote only	Quote only	none	C (Context reference)
22-Feb-97	Anniversaries	none	Anniversary listings. Includes anniversary of death of Stefan Zweig "novelist, Petropolis, Brazil, 1942"	No	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
27-Jul-97	On the Shelf	Derek Severn	Sunday Times. Review of Beware of Pity. "Stefan Zweig, the author of Beware of Pity, ... has been unjustly forgotten." Discusses life and suicide. "Only later do we realise how masterly is the whole design, how penetrating the portraiture, how perfectly judged the conclusion."	Yes	Yes	mention	F (review)

12-Dec-97	Fragments of the Truth	Stephen Wilson	TLS. Review of biography of Freud by Paul Ferris. Includes quote from letter from Freud to Zweig about his legacy.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
16-Jan-98	Listings	none	TLS. Listing of new books, incl. Zweig's Invisible Collection.	Yes	No	none	L (Listing)
21-Feb-98	Weekend Anniversaries	none	Anniversary listings. Includes anniversary of death of Stefan Zweig "novelist, Petropolis, Brazil, 1942"	No	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
5-Mar-98	Caught in a Deadly Game	Daniel Johnson	About chess literature. "Two works stand out as psychological masterpieces: Stefan Zweig's novella <i>The Royal Game</i> and Vladimir Nabokov's early novel <i>The Luzhin Defence</i> . Now they have been joined by a third: <i>The Luneburg Variation</i> ."	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
23-Apr-98	The Character and Art of Eric Gill	Richard Goldsmith	Letter to the editor clarifying Strauss's anti-Semitism and his relationship with Stefan Zweig.	Yes	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
18-Oct-98	A modern-day Erasmus	Raif Dahrendorf	Sunday Times. Review of book about Isaiah Berlin. "It is tempting to compare Ignatieff's Isaiah Berlin to Stefan Zweig's Erasmus."	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
6-Nov-98	Listings	none	TLS. List of new books. Titles only. Incl. Zweig's Casanova.	Yes	No	none	L (Listing)
17-Jan-99	No friend of the Nazis	Hugh Canning	Sunday Times. Review of book about Richard Strauss. Discusses Strauss-Zweig relationship.	No	Yes	none	M (as Strauss librettist)
29-Jan-99	Casanova's Returns	John Bayley	TLS. Review of several books, incl. Zweig's Casanova and a story collection. Brief positive reviews.	Yes	No	none	F (review)
22-Feb-99	Anniversaries Today	none	Anniversary listings. Includes anniversary of death of Stefan Zweig "novelist, Petropolis, Brazil, 1942"	No	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
13-Jun-99	In tune with the Third Reich?	Hugh Canning	Sunday Times. Review of book about Richard Strauss. Discusses Strauss-Zweig relationship.	No	Yes	none	M (as Strauss librettist)
25-Jun-99	Nietzsche's love-hate affair	n/a	TLS. Article about Nietzsche. Mention of Jews who liked him, incl. Zweig.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
4-Jul-99	Strauss at once rare and well done	Hugh Canning	Sunday Times. Review of Strauss production. Mentions Strauss-Zweig relationship.	No	Yes	none	M (as Strauss librettist)
13-Aug-99	At the heart of playfulness	Michael Tanner	TLS. Review of several books about Richard Strauss. Only one mention of Zweig, in relation to quote from a letter written by Strauss.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
29-Aug-99	Richard Strauss: Record of the Week	Hugh Canning	Sunday Times. Review of recording of Strauss. Mention that the idea for <i>Friedenstag</i> came from Zweig.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
24-Sep-99	Casa Nostra	Robin Buss	TLS. Review of book about Casanova. With brief mention of Zweig's Casanova.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
24-Dec-99	A People Apart?	James Sheehan	TLS. Review about the "Jewish Question" in German literature. Incl reference to Zweig.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
22-Feb-00	Court & Social	none	Anniversary listings. Includes anniversary of death of Stefan Zweig "novelist, Petropolis, Brazil, 1942"	No	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
3-Apr-00	Gisele Freund	none	Obituary for Gisele Freund, photojournalist. Among subjects she photographed: Colette, Joyce, Sartre, Gide, Stefan Zweig.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)

21-Apr-00	Tips for Types	Leo A. Lensing	TLS. Review of Viennese Types by Emil Mayer. Books of photography. Mention of Zweig's memoir and his notice of the age of security.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
26-Apr-00	Film Choice	David Robinson	Brief listing for adaptation of Stefan Zweig's <i>Letter from an Unknown Woman</i> .	Yes	No	none	F (review of film version)
24-Nov-00	Letter from an Unknown Woman	Sally Connolly	TLS. Review of Zweig's <i>Letter from an Unknown Woman</i> . Mostly positive.	Yes	No	none	F (review)
12-Jan-01	Dethroned Kings	Philipp Blom	TLS. Review of <i>Journey of No Return</i> . Zweig is one of subjects of the book. Discusses exile and suicide.	Brief	Yes	mention	F (review)
16-Feb-01	Letter From...Jerusalem	Bernard Wasserstein	TLS. Mention of distant relative of Zweig.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
2-Mar-01	Second Thoughts	Leo A. Lensing	TLS. Review of Roth's <i>Wandering Jews</i> . Mention of letter Roth wrote to Zweig.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
5-Mar-01	Satellite, Cable & Digital	none	Listing for programs of Artworld, including one on Stefan Zweig. No description.	No	No	none	L (Listing)
6-Mar-01	Satellite, Cable & Digital	none	Listing for programs of Artworld, including one on Stefan Zweig. No description.	No	No	none	L (Listing)
11-Mar-01	High Society	Hugh Canning	Sunday Times. Article about Natalie Dessay. Mention of Strauss-Zweig relationship.	No	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
27-Mar-01	Radio	none	Listing for radio program on Richard Strauss. Mention of Stefan Zweig as librettist and Nazi connections.	Brief	Brief	none	C (Context reference)
29-Mar-01	Radio	none	Listing for radio program on Richard Strauss. Mention of Stefan Zweig as librettist and Nazi connections.	Brief	Brief	none	C (Context reference)
14-May-01	Satellite, Cable & Digital	none	Listing for programs of Artworld, including one on Stefan Zweig. No description.	No	No	none	L (Listing)
1-Jun-01	A Modest Search	Edward Timms	TLS. Review of autobiography of German literary critic, Marcel Reich-Ranicki. Reviewer compares book to Zweig's <i>Defining Moments in History</i> and says the book stands alongside Zweig's memoir as the best of the 20th century.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
1-Jul-01	Tapping the funny bone	Nicholas Lezard	Sunday Times. Review of Clive James's <i>Reliable Essays</i> . Brief mention of Zweig.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
12-Sep-01	Donald Prater	none	Obituary for Donald Prater, intelligence officer and biographer of Rilke, Mann and Zweig.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
19-Sep-01	Sky One	none	Listing for programs of Artworld, including one on Stefan Zweig. No description.	No	No	none	L (Listing)
26-Sep-01	Sky One	none	Listing for programs of Artworld, including one on Stefan Zweig. No description.	No	No	none	L (Listing)
2-Nov-01	Man, Woman and Parrot	Ritchie Robertson	TLS. Review of poems and plays by Kokoschka. Mentions connection with Zweig's Erasmus.	Yes	Brief	none	C (Context reference)
25-Mar-02	Chess	Raymond Keene	Chess puzzle by Nabokov. Writer mentions 20th century authors with "an intense interest in chess", including Elias Canetti, Martin Amis and Stefan Zweig	Brief	No	none	C (Context reference)
17-Apr-02	Journey's Into the Interior	Rachel Campbell-Johnston	About connection between psychoanalysis and art, and Freud museum in London. Mention of Freud's dislike of modern art, which altered after he met Dali. Freud wrote to Stefan Zweig about this after the meeting that Zweig had arranged.	No	Yes	none	C (Context reference)

23-Apr-02	Sex Bomb? She's a Lulu	Robert Thicknesse	Discussion of Opera Lulu. Writer mentions Stefan Zweig's description of fin-de-siècle Vienna as "sticky, perfumed, sultry, unhealthy atmosphere."	Quote only	No	none	C (Context reference)
10-May-02	Bertha Pappenheim	Allen Esterson	TLS. Letter to the editor about recovered memory of Bertha Pappenheim according to Freud. Writer quotes from Freud letter to Zweig to correct this.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
13-May-02	Satellite, Cable & Digital	none	Listing for programs of Artworld, including one on Stefan Zweig. No description.	No	No	none	L (Listing)
14-May-02	Sky One	none	Listing for programs of Artworld, including one on Stefan Zweig. No description.	No	No	none	L (Listing)
19-May-02	Alexandra the great	Hugh Canning	Sunday Times. About soprano Alexandra von der Weth. Discussion of Strauss-Zweig relationship.	Yes	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
31-May-02	Bertha Pappenheim	Alan Elms	TLS. Letter to the editor about Freud's Anna O. Corrects previous reader. Mentions Zweig's letter.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
15-Jun-02	Feud in C Major	none	Long article about Nazi-looted art and cultural artifacts, particularly as concerns Johann Strauss. Discussion of secret warehouses full of 'lost' art, including "a famous bust of Stefan Zweig, officially missing."	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
4-Oct-02	The Maimed	Will Stone	TLS. Review of Hermann Ungar's The Maimed. Mentions Zweig admired the book.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
13-Oct-02	The Day JFK's Son Swam Off the Bay of Pigs	Inigo Thomas	Sunday Times. About JFK Jr's trip to Cuba to interview Castro. Dinner between JFK Jr and Castro. Castro discusses favourite authors, incl. Zweig.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
27-Dec-02	The Paper Trail	Robert Macfarlane	TLS. Review of Zweig's Confusion. Positive review. "Zweig's economy and subtlety as a writer." Discusses Zweig's life and exile and death and resurgence of interest in "psychoanalytic literary studies" on him.	Yes	Yes	part focus	F (review)
14-Jun-03	Robert Thicknesse's Opera Choice	none	Brief review of production of Strauss's <i>Die schweigsame Frau</i> , with libretto by Stefan Zweig.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
18-Jun-03	Opera Die Schweigene Garsington Opera	Geoff Brown	Lackluster review of Strauss-Zweig opera	Yes	No	none	F (review of opera)
22-Jun-03	All dressed up	Hugh Canning	Sunday Times. About opera company. Discussion of Strauss-Zweig relationship.	Yes	Yes	none	M (as Strauss librettist)
30-Jul-03	Satellite, Cable & Digital	none	Listing for programs of Artworld, including one on Stefan Zweig. No description.	No	No	none	L (Listing)
31-Jul-03	Satellite, Cable & Digital	none	Listing for programs of Artworld, including one on Stefan Zweig. No description.	No	No	none	L (Listing)
19-Sep-03	To the Knowledge of all Nature	Michael Caines	TLS. Review of Oxford Encyclopedia of Theatre and Performance. Mentions that Zweig is last entry.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
5-Dec-03	Books of the Year	various writers	TLS. 36 writers pick their books of the year. Paul Bailey picks Zweig reissues by Pushkin. Calls Confusion "more subtle and less melodramatic than Death in Venice." "He deserves to be famous again, and for good."	Yes	No	none	F (review)

6-Dec-03	Neil Tennant My Choice	Neil Tennant	Brief article on what Tennant is reading. Includes mention of <i>Beware of Pity</i> and <i>Casanova</i> by Stefan Zweig.	Yes	No	none	M (mention, with short review)
16-Jan-04	Extended Codas	Paul Bailey	TLS. Review of radio programs, incl one based on Nabokov's <i>Laughter in the Dark</i> . Reviewer likens to work of Zweig and Schnitzler.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
21-Feb-04	Anniversaries	none	Anniversary listings. Includes anniversary of death of Stefan Zweig "novelist, Petropolis, Brazil, 1942"	Yes	No	none	C (context reference)
5-Mar-04	Radio	Chris Campling	Listing for radio program on Richard Strauss. Mention of Stefan Zweig as librettist.	No	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
29-Mar-04	Status restored	not signed	In full: Status restored. Vienna: Thirty-two graduates of the University of Vienna, who were stripped of their academic status by the Nazis, are to receive posthumous recognition of their achievements more than 60 years later. Among them are Stefan Zweig, the Austrian writer, and Alfons Rothschild, of the banking family."	No	Yes	none	C (context reference)
11-Apr-04	Cover Story: Oh, Brazil!	Alex Bellos	Sunday Times. Article about contemporary Brazil. Mentions Zweig's book, but claims it was written in 1914.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
16-Apr-04	Fallen Pawns	David Ekserdijan	TLS. Review of book about Bobby Fischer. Mention of great chess literature, incl. Zweig's <i>Schachnovelle</i> .	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
8-May-04	TV Film Guide	Stephen Dalton	Listing for film of SZ's <i>Letter from an Unknown Woman</i> (1948)	Yes	No	none	L (Listing)
11-May-04	Choice Stephen Dalton	Stephen Dalton	Listing for film of SZ's <i>Letter from an Unknown Woman</i> (1948)	Yes	No	none	L (Listing)
23-Jul-04	Greasy Joan's Man	Paul Bailey	TLS. Review of radio drama about Isaac Bashevis Singer. Reviewer mentions he'd like to hear a program about Szerb or Zweig.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
27-Aug-04	Bernard H. Breslauer	not signed	Obituary of Bernard Breslauer, antiquarian dealer. Born in Berlin in 1918, he was a poet in his youth, praised by Stefan Zweig.	No	No	none	C (context reference)
1-Oct-04	Doctor of Dislocation	Daniel Johnson	TLS. Review of biography of Jean Amery. Reviewer calls his suicide "a grievous mistake" and mentions his interest in literary suicides, incl. those of Zweig and Kleist.	No	Yes	mention	C (Context reference)
12-Nov-04	Greek Roots	Ritchie Robertson	TLS. Review of Peter Singers book about his family. Discussion about prudishness in Vienna, contrasting Singer's family with Zweig's writing about sexual mores.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
25-Nov-04	We Argued the Ethics of Hunting, But Forgot Its Pastoral Aesthetics	Rachel Campbell-Johnston	One para mention of Stefan Zweig's "Invisible Collection." "Zweig, himself persecuted by the Nazis, poignantly shows that even when political machinations erase the outward marks of culture, they cannot eradicate the loved memories."	Yes	Yes	none	M (mention, with short review)
10-Dec-04	Towards the End of the Afternoon	T.G. Otte	TLS. Review of books about lead-up to First World War. Reviewer mentions "The brilliant, tragic" Stefan Zweig and his writing about that time.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)

11-Dec-04	Paperbacks	Chris Power	Review of SZ's <i>Fantastic Night and Other Stories</i> . Incl. <i>Letter from an Unknown Woman</i> . Popular "before his Jewishness compromised his position in Austria and he was forced to flee, eventually landing up in Brazil, where, in 1942, he and his wife committed suicide. [...]Zweig's revival, thanks to the Pushkin Press, is another example of long overdue literary disinterment."	Yes	Yes	one sentence of 1 para review	F (review of life and work and legacy)
24-Dec-04	One Way to Get the Story Out	Paul Bailey	TLS. Review of Zweig's <i>Fantastic Night</i> . Positive review. Ends with Zweig's suicide.	Yes	Yes	at end	F (review)
15-Jan-05	Paperbacks	Chris Power	1 para review of Ernest Weiss novel Jarmila. Mentions that he was "an intimate of Stefan Zweig, displays here much of that Austrian writer's artful unity of purpose and economy of language."	Yes	Yes	none	C (context reference)
22-Jan-05	Monday 24	none	Listing for radio reading of Stefan Zweig's "The Fowler Snared"	Yes	No	none	L (Listing)
22-Jan-05	Thursday 27	none	Listing for radio reading of Stefan Zweig's "Twenty-four Hours in the Life of a Woman" part 3	Yes	No	none	L (Listing)
22-Jan-05	Friday	none	Listing for radio reading of Stefan Zweig's "Invisible Collection"	Yes	No	none	L (Listing)
24-Jan-05	Radio 4	none	Listing for radio reading of Stefan Zweig's "The Fowler Snared"	Yes	No	none	L (Listing)
25-Jan-05	TV & Radio	none	Listing for radio reading of Stefan Zweig's "Twenty-four Hours in the Life of a Woman" part 1	Yes	No	none	L (Listing)
26-Jan-05	Radio 4	none	Listing for radio reading of Stefan Zweig's "Twenty-four Hours in the Life of a Woman" part 2	Yes	No	none	L (Listing)
27-Jan-05	Radio 4	none	Listing for radio reading of Stefan Zweig's "Twenty-four Hours in the Life of a Woman" part 3	Yes	No	none	L (Listing)
28-Jan-05	Radio 4	none	Listing for radio reading of Stefan Zweig's "Invisible Collection"	Yes	No	none	L (Listing)
13-Mar-05	In the News: Books Behind the Headlines: Casanova		Sunday Times. Listings only of books on Casanova, incl. Zweig's and Andrew Miller's.	Yes	No	none	L (Listing)
28-May-05	Da-da-da-dah!	Richard Morrison	Article about Beethoven. Mention of SZ's description of Beethoven's manuscripts: 'Wild. Impatient strokes, a chaotic mixture of motifs begun and discarded in a creative fury.'	No	No	none	C (context reference)
30-Sep-05	In Brief	Victor Price	TLS. Brief review of Zweig's <i>Twilight and Moonbeam Alley</i> . Reviewer claims these stories will not cement Zweig's reputation, but <i>Fantastic Night</i> and <i>Beware of Pity</i> may.	Yes	Brief	none	F (review)
5-May-06	Freud on the Couch	Dr Anthony Daniels	Article on Freud, on 150 anniv of his birth. "Highly intelligent men, such as the great Austrian writer Stefan Zweig, were deeply impressed by him."	No	Yes	none	C (context reference)
28-Jul-06	Too Much of the Same	Modris Eksteins	TLS. Review of book by Niall Ferguson. Quotes Zweig about interwar Germany.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
23-Sep-06	Film Choice	Stephen Dalton	Brief review of <i>Letter from An Unknown Woman</i> .	Yes	No	none	F (review of film version)

13-Oct-06	The Dead Man's Hat	Mark Thwaite	TLS. Review of book by Hermann Ungar. Mentions positive review of book by Zweig, with quote from review.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
1-Dec-06	Books of the Year	n/a	TLS. Julian Barnes picks Zweig's (out of print) <i>Fouche</i> biography.	Yes	No	none	F (review)
16-Feb-07	Literary Criticism	Will Stone	TLS. Review of book about the hotel in literature, incl. novels and stories by "existentially homeless" Kafka, Werfel, Roth and Zweig.	Yes	Brief	none	C (Context reference)
18-Mar-07	History in the Making	Isabella Thomas	Sunday Times. Review of Geert Mak's <i>In Europe</i> . Mention of Stefan Zweig.	No	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
25-May-07	Friendly Arts	Rudiger Gorner	TLS. Review of Stefan Zweig <i>Briefe</i> volumes 1-4 and of new biography. Largely an overview of his life and death.	Brief	Yes	part focus	F (review and overview of life & death)
23-Sep-06	Multi Channel	none	Listing for film version of Stefan Zweig's <i>Letter from an Unknown Woman</i> . "from a novel by Stefan Zweig, this is a symphony in melancholy understatement."	Yes	No	none	L (Listing)
7-Apr-07	The Pawn Industry	Philip Olerman	Article about chess books. At end, there is a sidebar listing classic chess novels, incl. SZ's <i>Chess</i> : "Published after the author's suicide in Brazilian exile, Zweig's novella works as a poignant parable for the European intelligentsia's checkmate in the fight against National Socialism."	Yes	Yes	mention of suicide	F (review)
7-Apr-07	Chess in Literature	none listed	Brief descriptions of literature containing chess, including <i>Through the Looking Glass</i> , <i>The Luzhin Defence</i> , <i>Murphy</i> , <i>Chess</i> by Stefan Zweig. In full, the Zweig description: "Published after the author's suicide in Brazilian exile, Zweig's novella works as a poignant parable for the European intelligentsia's checkmate in the fight against National Socialism."	Yes	Yes	Focus	F (brief description of story)
12-Sep-07	Is Clive James the New Montaigne?	Adam Bresnick	Review of <i>Cultural Amnesia</i> , which includes an entry on Stefan Zweig.	No	No	none	C (context reference)
14-Sep-07	Unforgetting	Adam Bresnick	TLS. Review of Clive James book. Mention of essay about Zweig. No discussion of it.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
28-Sep-07	A People Apart	Steven E. Aschleim	TLS. Review of Hannah Arendt title. Mentions her essay on Zweig.	Brief	No	none	C (Context reference)
26-Oct-07	Fiction as Truth	Peter Graves	TLS. Review of book <i>The Buchenwald Child</i> . About a child named Stefan Zweig who survived Buchenwald. Reviewer makes clear that this is not the author Zweig.	Yes	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
26-Oct-07	Recircumcision	Edward Timms	TLS. Review of <i>Freud's Library: A Catalogue</i> . Mentions presence of books by Zweig, etc.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
7-Dec-07	Petr Eben	none	Obituary of Petr Eben, Czech composer. Created a version of SZ's <i>Jeremiah</i> "a plea for the overcoming of hatred between peoples based on a First World War drama by the Austrian Jew Stefan Zweig."	Yes	No	none	C (context reference)
22-Feb-08	Birthdays and Anniversaries	none	List of anniversaries, incl. deaths: "Stefan Zweig, novelist, Petropolis, Brazil. 1942"	No	Yes	none	C (context reference)
22-Feb-08	No Fairy Tale	Geoffrey Wheatcroft	TLS. Review of several books about Zionism. Reviewer (or author?) mistakenly writes about Stefan Zweig when he means Arnold Zweig.	No	No	none	Incorrect reference

7-Mar-08	Wrong Zweig	Edgar Pick	TLS. Letter to the editor correcting the above error.	Yes	Yes	none	F (correction)
8-Apr-08	Marie Antoinette: Secrets of a Pearly Queen	Tony Spawforth	Article about an exhibition on Marie Antoinette. Mention of SZ's biography.	Yes	No	none	C (context reference)
4-Jul-08	Whose Jewish?	Paul Reitter	TLS. Review of book about Judaism. Reviewer discusses book's decision to compare Zweig and Arendt as different figures because of north-south comparisons.	No	Brief	none	C (context reference)
31-Jul-08	Collaboration at the Minerva, Chichester	Benedict Nightingale	Review of <i>Collaboration</i> , play about SZ and Strauss. Discusses SZ's final 'collaboration' with Nazis in killing himself.	No	Yes	Yes	F (review of play about SZ)
24-Aug-08	Collaboration at the Minerva, Chichester	John Peter	Sunday Times. Review of Harwood's play, Mention of Zweig's suicide.	No	Yes	mention	F (review of play about SZ)
26-Sep-08	Multiple Display Items	n/a	TLS. Ad for Museum of Modern Literature, including manuscripts by Hesse, Kafka, Rilke, Roth, Zweig.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
21-Nov-08	The Museum of Modern Literature	n/a	TLS. Ad for Museum of Modern Literature, including manuscripts by Hesse, Kafka, Rilke, Roth, Zweig.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
28-Nov-08	TLS Books of the Year 2008	n/a	TLS. Ali Smith picks Zweig's <i>Beware of Pity</i> . "frighteningly gripping"	Yes	No	none	F (review)
31-Jan-09	Ruin of the Individual	Chris Bowlby	Review of <i>Post-Office Girl</i> . Writer discusses that it was found among papers left behind, having committed suicide. "his characters' descent into despair was far more than a matter of detached aesthetic interest." Discusses Zweig's life after rise of Hitler: "But rather than retreat into silence, Zweig the refugee continued to bear defiant witness from his hotel rooms and temporary homes, including London and Bath."	Yes	Yes	part of focus	F (review and overview of life & death)
7-Feb-09	We're reading		Two-sentence mention of Post Office Girl: "The Austrian writer Zweig committed suicide in 1942. Now, for the first time, his final novel--a beautifully observed tale of the anxieties and ambitions of 1920s Europe--is published in English."	Yes	Yes	mention	F (brief description of story)
13-Mar-09	Myths of France	Paul Gifford	TLS. Review of biography of Paul Valery. Mentions that he knew Zweig.	No	Brief	none	C (Context reference)
20-Mar-09	Fairy Tale's Ending	Lidija Haas	TLS. Positive review of Zweig's <i>Post Office Girl</i> . Mentions Zweig's suicide and makes connections between him and his character.	Yes	Yes	mention	F (review)
22-Mar-09	Mountain tension	John Spurling	Sunday Times. Review of <i>Post-Office Girl</i> . Second sentence mentions suicide. Ends: "This exhilarating ski run of poverty, joy and misery suddenly stops just short of the precipice and one is left to contemplate the more sophisticated despair of the famous storyteller and pan-European himself as Europe fell wholesale to the Nazis."	Yes	Yes	Focus	F (review of life and work and legacy)
14-Apr-09	The Vanity of the Bonfires	Richard Morrison	About Nazi book burning. Review of book that tracks fate of authors of the books burned. Quote from SZ to Romain Rolland letter proclaiming his disbelief about the book burning and lack of response to it.	No	Yes	None	C (context reference)

26-Apr-09	Curtain up on the outsider's return to centre stage	Maggie Fergusson	Sunday Times. Profile of Ronald Harwood. Discussion of his play about Strauss and Zweig. Harwood feels "contempt" for Zweig for his abandonment of hope.	No	Yes	part focus	M (brief review of life and death)
29-May-09	A gripping reminder of how fragile freedom is	Dominic Maxwell	Review of Ronald Harwood's plays about Zweig and Strauss	No	Yes	none	F (review of play about SZ)
30-May-09	All the world's two stages for Oscar winner who refuses to dumb down	Rachel Sylvester & Alice Thompson	Interview with playwright. Some discussion on his play about Zweig and Richard Strauss	No	Yes	none	C (context reference)
31-May-09	He has ways of making you think	Christopher Hart	Sunday Times. Review of two Harwood plays. "For it was men such as Zweig who should have been there to rebuild the new Europe. Was his suicide, far from being a noble falling on his sword, not the worst collaboration and betrayal of all?"	Brief	Yes	Focus	F (review of play about SZ)
31-May-09	UK theatre highlights	Christopher Hart	Sunday Times. Short review of two Harwood plays. "He makes an astonishing accusation against Zweig that turns everything on its head. For it was men such as Zweig who should have been there to rebuild the new Europe. Was his suicide, far from being a noble falling on his sword, not the worst collaboration and betrayal of all?"	No	Yes	Focus	F (review of play about SZ)
1-Jun-09	Taking Sides/Collaboration	Dominic Maxwell	Review of Harwood plays. Mention of Zweig.	No	Yes	none	F (review of play about SZ)
27-Jun-09	Summer Reading: Fiction	Kate Mosse	Summer reading picks, incl. SZ's <i>The Post Office Girl</i> . "A tour de force."	Yes	No	none	F (review)
12-Sep-09	You're Reading	Rob Morgan	Brief synopsis of <i>Chess</i> by Zweig.	Yes	No	none	F (review)
28-Nov-09	Treasured present	Antony Beevor	Brief description of best book the author ever received. "I was entranced by this feverish, fascinating story of disastrous love. Zweig, a Jewish Viennese intellectual, somehow manages to capture the mentality and ethos of the Austro-Hungarian army perfectly. But most telling of all is the way that he develops the complex link between physical courage and moral cowardice."	Yes	Brief	none	F (review)
11-Dec-09	Joy on the Brink	Ruth Scurr	TLS. Review of Szerb's <i>Queen's Necklace</i> . Mentions Szerb's reliance on several histories of Marie Antoinette, incl. Zweig's	Yes	No	none	C (context reference)
11-Jan-10	Found in Translation	anonymous	Article about translation awards, including one for Anthea Bell for translations of "an outstanding 20th century-writer. An Austrian Jew who committed suicide in exile in 1942, his library in Salzburg having been razed by the Nazis, Zweig is revered in France and well as Germany and Austria. Yet he is unjustly barely known among English readers."	Yes	Yes	Focus	M (brief review of life and death)
13-Jan-10	Eva Green: I Never Regret Anything I Wear	Alice Olins	Q&A. She cites Stefan Zweig books as desert-island staples.	No	No	none	C (context reference)

31-Jan-10	The Oxford Companion to the Book edited by Michael F. Suarez	James McConnachie	Sunday Times. Review. Book includes an entry on Stefan Zweig	No	No	none	C (context reference)
22-Feb-10	Anniversaries: Feb 22	none	Brief segment on news of this day in history. "Deaths: [...] Stefan Zweig, novelist, 1942"	No	Yes	none	C (context reference)
31-Mar-10	Lives Remembered: Lionel Lambourne and Alan King-Hamilton	Miki Lentin	In reference to obituary of Daphne Park, she was member of British Library Board during the time of the gift of the trustees of the Stefan Zweig collection.	No	No	none	C (context reference)
11-Jun-10	Marina Semyonova	none	Obituary of ballerina. Includes quote from Zweig about her dancing.	No	No	none	C (context reference)
1-Aug-10	Currency's house of cards	Dominic Lawson	Sunday Times. Review of book about Weimar inflation. Reviewer claims book lacks the "sheer pathos" of "someone who lived through that experience." Recommends Zweig's <i>World of Yesterday</i> .	Yes	Yes	none	C (context reference)
1-Aug-10	Teutonic nights	Hugh Canning	Sunday Times. Mention of Strauss-Zweig relationship.	Yes	Yes	none	C (context reference)
22-Nov-10	Music Saved Me From the Nazis	Jane Wheatley	About the oldest surviving Holocaust survivor. Mentions that she is reading a book by Zweig.	Yes	No	none	C (context reference)
3-Dec-10	Doctor Death: German literature	Iain Bamforth	TLS. Review of Geog Letham. Mentions that Zweig aided him financially.	No	Yes	none	C (context reference)
3-Dec-10	Books of the Year	various writers	TLS. End-of-year recommendations. Jonathan Bate recommends Zweig's <i>Angst</i> .	Yes	No	none	F (brief description of story)
5-Dec-10	Unlimited Shelf Life	Godfrey Smith	Sunday Times. Article about independent bookstores in London. One shop loves Zweig's <i>Post Office Girl</i> .	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
17-Dec-10	Travel	Charlotte Ryland	TLS. Review of Stefan Zweig's <i>Journeys</i> . Positive.	Yes	Yes	none	F (review)
19-Dec-10	Pick of the day	Paul Donovan	Sunday Times. Radio listing of radio version of <i>The Royal Game</i> .	Yes	No	none	L (Listing)
22-Feb-11	On This Day	none	Anniversary listings. Includes anniversary of death of Stefan Zweig "novelist, Petropolis, Brazil, 1942"	No	No	none	L (Listing)
28-Feb-11	Trollope in Bassetshire at the Riverside Studios	Clive Davis	About dramatic readings of artists' works. One of Trollope and another on Stefan Zweig. SZ at the Royal National Hotel. "If Zweig was too ambivalent and self-doubting a figure to qualify as a prophet--falling prey of depression, he took his own life in exile in Brazil in 1942--his attempts to grapple with the reality of war and persecution made for an absorbing hour."	No	Yes	part focus	F (review)
15-Apr-11	The warm south	Caroline Moorehead	TLS. Article about Sybille Bedford. Mention of writers and artists in Cote d'Azur in 1920s and '30s, incl. Mann and Zweig.	No	Yes	none	C (context reference)
15-Jul-11	This Week's Contributors	none	TLS. Author bios. Will Stone mentions his translation of Zweig's <i>Journeys</i> .	Yes	No	none	C (context reference)
15-Jul-11	In Brief	Will Stone	TLS. Brief review of South American letters. Focus on both suicides.	Yes	Yes	several mentions	F (review)

30-Jul-11	The Sense of an Ending by Julian Barnes	Ruth Scurr	Review of the novel by Julian Barnes. Mention of a character who reads Stefan Zweig. Much of the novel is focused on suicide.	No	Yes	none	C (context reference)
6-Aug-11	Silvio Narizzano	not signed	Obituary of Silvio Narizzano, film director. His films incl. <i>SZ's 24 Hours in the Life of a Woman</i>	No	No	none	C (context reference)
30-Sep-11	Stefan Zweig: The Governess	Christina Petrie	TLS. Positive review of Zweig's <i>The Governess and Other Stories</i> .	Yes	No	none	F (review)
1-Oct-11	TV Sensation: Asterix To Go on Frater Magnus	Giles Coren	Discussion of Asterix, but mention of Anthea Bell as translation and that she also translates Stefan Zweig and W.G. Sebald.	No	No	none	C (context reference)
1-Nov-11	The Top Nine Symphonies, Chosen By Times Writers	various writers	Richard Morrison on Beethoven: "I love Stefan Zweig's description of Beethoven's manuscripts: 'Wild, impatient strokes, a chaotic mixture of motifs discarded in a creative fury.'"	No	No	none	C (context reference)
23-Dec-11	Stefan Zweig: Beware of Pity	Alexander Starritt	TLS. Review of Bell translation of <i>Beware of Pity</i> . The novel "has a place among the extraordinary works of literature that sprang from the end of the Austro-Hungarian Empire."	Yes	Brief	none	F (review)
30-Jan-12	Meeting of Minds Reveals How Thinkers Think	David Aaronovitch	Review of book by Tony Judt. His discussions include Stefan Zweig and Joseph Roth and economists in a single paragraph.	No	No	none	C (context reference)
10-Feb-12	This Week's Contributors	not signed	TLS. Author bios. Will Stone mentions his translation of Zweig's <i>Journeys</i> .				
12-Feb-12	Joseph Roth: A Life in Letters Translated and Edited by Michael Hofmann	William Boyd	Sunday Times. Review of Joseph Roth letters. Begins with Roth's death and leads into Zweig's suicide.	No	Yes	Suicide in lead paragraph, with details about wife's death	C (context reference)
17-Feb-12	Double Vision	Frederic Raphael	TLS				
22-Feb-12	On This Day	none listed	Listing of Zweig's death in 1942.	No	Yes	none	L (Listing)
3-Mar-12	Joseph Roth: A Life in Letters Translated and Edited by Michael Hofmann	Iain Finlayson	Review of letters. Discusses Roth's difficult nature: "This comes across forcibly in his letters to publishers, friends and patrons, notably to the generous and unfairly berated Stefan Zweig."	No	Yes	none	C (context reference)
7-Apr-12	First Lady is Told to Play Second Fiddle	Adam Sage	Sarkozy's advisors tell Carla Bruni-Sarkozy to dumb down to appeal to more voters. She now talks about love of soap operas instead of previous mentions of poets she likes, incl Yeats and Dorothy Parker. But beside her piano are books by Stefan Zweig and the complete works of Almodovar.	No	No	none	C (context reference)
6-May-12	Roy Hodgson: Professor Mid-Table's Stunning Promotion	n/a	Sunday Times. Article about Roy Hodgson. He likes Kundera, Hesse, Zweig.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)

10-Jun-12	A Late Winner from Austria	Clive Davis	Sunday Times. About England football manager Roy Hodgson, who is a fan of Stefan Zweig. Also about SZ revival. "an Austrian Jew who ultimately fell victim to the Nazis far from his homeland." "The best of his stories are crisp, economical and intensely readable, although some critics mistake his clear, unpretentious prose for the work of a middlebrow hack."	Yes	Yes	first para and further discussion of motives, whether he was cowardly, his role in Lotte's death, etc	F (focus on life, death and work)
26-Jun-12	Welcome Home	not signed	Brief article about football, with mention of Roy Hodgson's ability to speak five languages and refer to works of Stefan Zweig	No	No	none	C (context reference)
28-Jun-12	Let's Not Be a Whiskery, Scared Old Nation	David Aaronovitch	Begins with story of SZ committing suicide months after completing memoir. Author reminded on this and info from memoir about SZ's youth and education when faced with current events about immigration & welfare	Yes	Yes	brief	C (context reference)
10-Aug-12	Letters to the Editor	Frederic Raphael	TLS. Response to a letter in early August. Brief context reference to suicide of Stefan Zweig.	No	Yes	mention	C (context reference)
14-Sep-12	No Shell	Mark Harman	TLS. Review of biography of Herman Hesse. Reviewer makes reference to Zweig's idea of the <i>World of Yesterday</i> .	Yes	No	none	C (context reference)
20-Feb-13	The Golden Ages of Jewish Austro-Hungary	Edward Timms	TLS. Review of book by Georg Gaugusch. Mention of Vienna's golden age, which included figures such as Freud, Herzl, Mahler, Zweig.	No	Yes	none	C (context reference)
8-Mar-13	German Literature	Yvonne Sherratt	TLS. Review of Zweig's <i>Struggle with the Daemon</i> . Ends with Zweig's suicide and asks whether he "[flew] too close to the sun."	Yes	Yes	mention	F (review)
24-May-13	J.M. Ritchie	not signed	Obituary of JM Ritchie, German culture scholar. He wrote book about German writers for and against Nazism, incl. Mann, Zweig, Brecht.	No	Yes	none	C (context reference)
31-May-13	This Week's Contributors	none	TLS. Author bios. Will Stone mentions his translation of Zweig's <i>Journeys</i> .	Yes	No	none	C (context reference)
5-Sep-13	A Promise at the Venice Film Festival	Wendy Ide	Negative review of film <i>A Promise</i> , based on SZ's <i>Journey into the Past</i> . "blighted by an emotional register that is permanently off key"	Yes	No	none	F (review of film version)
6-Sep-13	German Literature	Leo A. Lensing	TLS. Review of Zweig's <i>Nietzsche</i> . Reviewer claims this is a better translation than the Pauls'.	Yes	No	none	F (review)
27-Sep-13	Oh yet we trust	Jonathan Keates	TLS. Review of Szerb's <i>Love in a Bottle</i> . Mention of other writers rediscovered, incl. Zweig.	Yes	No	none	C (context reference)
13-Nov-13	Books of the Year	various writers	TLS. Sue Prideaux recommends Zweig's novellas and Nietzsche book. "his eventual response to Nazism was suicide."	Yes	Yes	mention	F (review)
28-Dec-13	Master Class	not signed	About Magnus Carlsen chosen as The Times Young Person of 2013. Chess champion. Writer mentions the importance of the game and that it has been "celebrated by writers of the calibre of Vladimir Nabokov and Stefan Zweig."	No	No	none	C (context reference)
12-Jan-14	Exceeding expectations	Bryan Appleyard	Sunday Times. About Ralph Fiennes. Mentions Zweig connection with <i>Grand Budapest Hotel</i> .	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
12-Feb-14	Journalism	Rebecca K. Morrison	TLS. Review of Roth's <i>On the End of the World</i> . Mention of financial assistance from Zweig.	No	Yes	none	C (context reference)

15-Feb-14	Richard Strauss	Neil Fisher	Interview with Strauss's grandson about whether Strauss was a collaborator. Mention of Zweig as librettist and surrounding controversy.	No	Yes	none	C (context reference)
22-Feb-14	On This Day		Listing of Zweig's death in 1942.	No	No	none	L (Listing)
26-Feb-14	Sensory temerity	Jonathan Keates	TLS. Review of the <i>Collected Stories of Stefan Zweig</i> . Begins with suicide. Focuses on life, legacy, Hofmann review. Largely negative. "these stories seldom add up to more than a gesture or performance. It is himself Zweig needs to convince, not just his readers."	Yes	Yes	Begins with	F (review)
28-Feb-14	Fragrances intact	Will Stone	TLS. Review of <i>Last Days</i> , novel about Zweig. "If the premature death of a well-known writer guarantees a fallout of morbid curiosity, then suicide leaves behind a veritable aura."	Yes	Yes	focus	F (review)
6-Mar-14	Why did I embellish my life?	Andrew Billen	Interview with Jeffrey Archer. Archer reads a section from <i>Beware of Pity</i> to demonstrate good writing.	Yes	No	none	C (context reference)
9-Mar-14	The Sweet Smell of Excess	Camilla Long	Sunday Times. Negative review of <i>The Grand Budapest Hotel</i> . Mentions Zweig connection.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
26-Mar-14	Operatic Spritis Fulfilled	Guy Dammann	TLS. Review of Strauss's <i>Die Frau Ohne Schatten</i> . Quotes Zweig criticising Hofmannsthal's librettos.	No	Brief	none	C (context reference)

Appendix C: The Guardian Zweig Content							
DATE	ARTICLE	BYLINE	CONTENT	Focus on Work	Focus on Life	SUICIDE	Zweig: Mention/Focus/Contextual
8-Jul-10	Miscellany	n/a	"Stefan Zweig, in his book on Verhaeren, gives an eloquent description of this 'poetry of the future.'" Description of the Venetian Futurists.	Yes	No		C (Context reference)
3-Feb-14	New Books: Symbolic Art in West and East	n/a	Brief (1 para) review of Zweig's <i>Verhaeren</i> . "deserved translation" "M. Zweig's method has been to weave biography and criticism together in mingling threads. ... No words are wasted; the work is cumbered with no repetition or enthusiasms..."	Yes	No		F (Focus, review)
10-Nov-14	Miscellany	n/a	About those trying to arrange recital for Verhaeren in Manchester. Regards Zweig's book as "best book on Verhaeren." With long quote from the book.	Yes	No		F (Focus, review)
17-Nov-14	A European Poet	n/a	Review of Zweig's <i>Verhaeren</i> . Positive.	Yes	No		F (Focus, review)
19-Nov-14	Photo Standalone No title	n/a	Photo of Verhaeren (reproduced from Zweig's book) to publicize an event	No	No		L (Listing only)
19-Nov-14	M. Emile Verhaeren	n/a	Description of event with Verhaeren, incl. long quote from Zweig's ("the most authoritative of Verhaeren's critics") book.	Yes	No		M (Mention)
27-Jul-15	New Books: Pleasant Gossip	B.S.	Review of collection of Verhaeren poetry. Zweig mentioned as expert.	No	No		M (Mention)
22-Apr-21	New Novels: Mothwise	A.M.	Short (1 para) review of Zweig's <i>Burning Secret</i> . Calls the piece too long, the first half unnecessary.	Yes	No		F (Focus, review)
15-Oct-24	Display Ad 24	n/a	Chapman & Hall display ad, including Stefan Zweig's <i>Passion and Pain</i> "not magazine short stories; stories as perfect in their way as those of Turgenev and Maupassant"	Yes	No		Ad
15-Nov-26	Ben Jonson's 'Volpone'	Our Vienna Correspondent	Review of performance of Zweig's "exquisite" adaptation of Volpone. "great success"	Yes	No		F (Focus, review)
2-Mar-28	New Novels: Change	A.N.M	Review of Zweig's <i>Conflicts: Three Tales</i> . Calls previous work (<i>Burning Secret</i>) "the work of a remarkable writer." These three inferior but still remarkable. "Two of the stories are of the hectic-sublime order"	Yes	No		F (Focus, review)
27-Jul-28	Books of the Day: New Novels	F.S.	Review of novel by Max Brod with a foreword by Zweig. No discussion of foreword.	No	No		L (Listing only)
10-Aug-28	Tolstoy Centenary	G.B.S.	Brief mention of centenary and invited guests, incl. Thomas Mann, Bernard Shaw and Stefan Zweig.	No	No		C (Context reference)
1-Oct-28	The 'Universal Bibliothek'	A correspondent	About centenary of German publisher known for inexpensive editions of classic works. Also publishes "virtually all the most prominent of the modern German writers, Gerhart Hauptmann, Thomas Mann, Ricarda Huch, Stefan Zweig..."	No	No		C (Context reference)
10-Jan-29	Books of the Day	n/a	Review of production of Zweig's <i>Volpone</i> . Negative. "Ben Jonson would blaze with fury"	Yes	No		F (Focus, review)

23-Jan-29	Books Received	n/a	List of books received, incl. Zweig's <i>Adepts at Self-Portraiture</i> .	No	No		L (Listing only)
1-Apr-29	The Paris Stage	Philip Carr	Mention of French version of Zweig's version of <i>Volpone</i> .	No	No		C (Context reference)
8-Apr-29	Otakar Brezina	A correspondent	Article about Czech writer who recently died. Mentions his popularity in German translation, loved by writers such as Stefan Zweig.	No	No		C (Context reference)
29-May-30	Books of the Day	n/a	List of forthcoming books announced, incl. Zweig's <i>Three Masters</i> .	No	No		L (Listing only)
25-Jun-30	Display Ad 15	n/a	Ad for new books, incl. <i>Three Masters</i> by Zweig	No	No		Ad
17-Jul-30	Books of the Day	B.I.E.	Review of <i>Three Masters</i> by Zweig. Calls Zweig interesting but wonders about the truth of his analysis. Questions his reading of Dickens, which puts the others in the collection under question.	Yes	No		F (Focus, review)
21-Aug-30	Forthcoming Books	n/a	Forthcoming biography of Joseph Fouché by Zweig.	No	No		L (Listing only)
9-Sep-30	Books Received	n/a	Including <i>Joseph Fouché</i> by Zweig.	No	No		L (Listing only)
6-Oct-30	Books of the Day	n/a	Brief review of <i>Joseph Fouché</i> by Zweig. Calls his style easy and readable, but questions his research.	Yes	No		F (Focus, review)
27-Mar-33	Letters to the Editor	E.S. Kaye	Letter from G.V. Jones about the "reason" behind Nazi anti-Semitism. Goes on to describe problems with various Jewish-German writers, incl. Jakob Wassermann and Zweig "considered to be unrepresentative of the German spirit."	No	No		C (Context reference)
1-Aug-33	The German "Index"	Our Special Correspondents	List of books banned in Germany, incl. those by Zweig.	No	No		C (Context reference)
7-Aug-33	Life in Paris	Our Own Correspondent	Article about state of affairs in France. Discussion of German refugees. Also about artistic matters, incl. films in production, incl. Zweig's <i>Amok</i> .	No	No		C (Context reference)
11-Oct-33	Books of the Day	A.P.W.	Review of Zweig's <i>Marie Antoinette</i> . Mixed review. "very readable and, regarded as a whole, a sensible and convincing book" but reviewer questions Zweig's use of psychology and not being more transparent about his research.	Yes	No		F (Focus, review)
9-May-34	Display Ad 5	n/a	Ad for Marjorie Bowen's biography of Mary Queen of Scots. Hugh Walpole is quoted: "This is, for me, the most exciting historical biography since Stefan Zweig's <i>Marie Antoinette</i> ."	Yes	No		M (Mention)
23-Jun-34	Our London Correspondence		About a symposium titled "Wither Jewry?!" to discuss the persecution of Jews. Guests include Jews and Gentiles. Stefan Zweig, Normal Angell, etc.	No	No		C (Context reference)

27-Jun-34	Books of the Day	T.M.	Review of Zweig's <i>Kaleidoscope</i> . "There is a greater power in a single short story by Herr Stefan Zweig than in a whole sheaf of examples by our conventionally successful writers. This perhaps is because the author's own experience has been wide, deep, and terrible, not confined to any especial phase of the social scene, so that he has chosen for his heroes and heroines...the serving lady and the sumptuous courtesan..." "His episodes have every kind of setting" This collection will establish him "as a leading European artist of the realist type."	Yes	Yes		F (Focus, review)
15-Oct-34	Jonson's 'Volpone'	J.S.	Review of production of English translation of Zweig's version of Ben Jonson's <i>Volpone</i> . Reviewer finds it a shadow "of a paraphrase"	Yes	No		F (Focus, review)
1-Nov-34	The Voluntary Aunts		Brief article about Manchester's "Voluntary Aunts," community helpers. Mentions letters the group has received, incl. one by Zweig, wishing their example would be followed everywhere.	No	No		M (Mention)
12-Dec-34	Victorian Fiction	R.B.L.	Review of Zweig's <i>Erasmus</i> . Questions Zweig's knowledge of the time period but calls the book refreshing and convincing.	Yes	No		F (Focus, review)
25-Jun-35	The New Strauss Opera	n/a	Brief review of Strauss's <i>Silent Woman</i> . Notices that Hitler and Goebbels did not attend and that Zweig, an Austrian Jew, was listed prominently in the program. "received with great applause"	Brief	No		M (Mention)
27-Jul-35	Jewish Cultural Life in Germany	A correspondent	About groups of artistic Jews setting up clubs to perform against German dictates. One performed Zweig's <i>Jeremiah</i> .	No	No		C (Context reference)
15-Jul-35	Richard Strauss Resigns	Our Own Correspondent	Resignation of Strauss as president of Reich Chamber of Music. Reasons given were advanced age and other demands. Writer reveals "real cause" is Strauss's politics and his use of Zweig as librettist for recent opera.	No	No		M (Mention)
28-Oct-35	Mary Queen of Scots	J.E.N.	Review of Zweig's <i>Mary Queen of Scots</i> . Mixed review. Writer claims the book is very readable but that Zweig isn't a traditional biographer. He uses facts that fit his story.	Yes	No		F (Focus, review)
5-May-36	Court & Personal	n/a	Brief article about Freud's eightieth birthday and an address written to him by 200 writers, incl. Well, Mann, Rolland, Virginia Woolf and Zweig.	No	No		C (Context reference)
27-Jun-36	Our London Correspondence		Brief article about the Little Theatre and its intention to stage future plays, incl. Zweig's <i>Jeremiah</i> .	No	No		C (Context reference)
18-Aug-36	Books of the Day	George Jackson	Review of Zweig's <i>Right to Heresy</i> . Reviewer calls it readable and finds himself unable to put it down, but questions Zweig's scholarship and vitriol about Calvin.	Yes	No		F (Focus, review)
17-Nov-36	Lord Morely on John Calvin	G.J.	About Calvin. Mention of Zweig's book.	Brief	No		M (Mention)
14-Jun-37	The Bible in Spain	Our Barcelona Correspondent	About Book Fair in Barcelona. Biggest successes were translations of Zweig, Emil Ludwig and Aldous Huxley.	No	No		C (Context reference)

18-Nov-37	Studio and Screen	n/a	Note about Norma Shearer starring in upcoming production of Marie Antoinette film, based on Zweig's biography.	No	No		M (Mention)
22-Jan-38	Our London Correspondence		About production of Ben Jonson's original, having not been on the stage in revival since the 18th century, except through translation of Zweig's version. "Never can a masterpiece have known such disgraces."	Yes	No		M (Mention)
4-Nov-38	Display Ad 7	n/a	Ad for new books, incl. one by Odon von Horvath with a blurb from Zweig.	No	No		Ad
8-Nov-38	Shorter Tales	Thomas Moulton	Brief mention that Stefan Zweig and Franz Werfel applaud an English translation of work by Odon von Horvath, a German exile killed in Paris.	No	No		M (Mention)
23-Jan-39	United States of Europe	Our London Staff	Article about speech by Emil Ludwig. Mentions "the most brilliant writers of modern Germany were now in exile--Thomas Mann, Arnold and Stefan Zweig..."	No	No		C (Context reference)
24-Jan-39	Austrian Short Stories	Thomas Moulton	Review of Austrian short story collection. Incl. authors such as Werfel, Zweig, Bahr, Wassermann.	No	No		M (Mention)
28-Apr-39	Classified Ad 66	n/a	Books received, incl. Zweig's <i>Tolstoi</i>	No	No		L (Listing only)
5-May-39	From Austria to Australia	Wilfred Gibson	Positive review of <i>Beware of Pity</i> , but reviewer dislikes the story-within-a-story set-up.	Yes	No		F (Focus, review)
10-May-39	no title	n/a	Brief mention of Zweig sending letter to Voluntary Aunts.	No	No		C (Context reference)
9-Jun-39	Display Ad 12	n/a	Ad for the Living Thoughts Library. One of first selections is <i>Tolstoi</i> by Zweig.	No	No		Ad
24-Aug-39	Letters to the Editor	Rudolf Olden	Letter from secretary of PEN Austrian Group and PEN German Group against Nazi regime. Lists German-language writers in exile, incl. Zweig.	No	No		C (Context reference)
1-Dec-39	Reviewers' Choice	Wilfred Gibson	Guardian's four literary reviewers name their books of the year. Among his choices, Gibson picks <i>Beware of Pity</i> . "It is the work of a mature imagination nourished by a wide and intense experience of life...penetrating psychological insight."	Yes	No		F (Focus, review)
10-Apr-40	no title	n/a	Notice that Stefan Zweig has received British naturalisation.	No	Yes		F (notice only)
13-Dec-40	Display Ad 7	n/a	Ad for Cassell books, incl. Zweig's <i>Tide of Fortune</i>	Yes	No		Ad
25-May-41	The Hippodrome	G.	Negative review of French film of Zweig's <i>Amok</i> .	Yes	No		F (film review)
24-Feb-42	Stop Press News	n/a	"It is now established that the death of Stefan Zweig and his wife, reported on this page, was due to swift-acting poison."	No	Yes	Focus	F (death)
24-Feb-42	Stefan Zweig Dead	n/a	Notice of death of Zweig and his wife. First attributed to gas poisoning. Mention his books, including erroneously attributing to him one of Arnold Zweig's books.	Yes	Yes	Focus	F (death)

25-Feb-42	Our London Correspondence	n/a	Article about Zweig's death. His death will shock "but perhaps not altogether surprise their many friends in this country. He was extremely sensitive in his hatred of war..." Mentions that <i>Beware of Pity</i> , <i>Amok</i> and <i>Letter From an Unknown Woman</i> may have had basis in fact. No relation to Arnold Zweig.	Yes	Yes	Focus	F (death)
23-Mar-42	Our London Correspondence	n/a	Mention of production of "the late" Zweig's <i>Volpone</i> .	No	No	none	M (Mention)
11-Nov-42	George Moore	D.S.	Brief article about Zweig's <i>Brazil</i> . "Perhaps, too, it was because he found the serpent at work even in this earthly Eden that he ended his own life."	Yes	Yes	Focus	F (Focus, review)
29-Dec-43	Stefan Zweig	H. I'A. F.	Review of <i>The World of Yesterday</i> . Overall positive, but claims "There is an element of characteristic exaggeration in this." Calls this his "last book" but does not mention suicide.	Yes	Yes	none	F (Focus, review)
24-Apr-45	Our London Correspondence	n/a	About actress Gladys Cooper returning to London for a visit after spending six years in the US. She is back to play Condor's wife in the film version of <i>Beware of Pity</i> .	No	No	none	M (Mention)
14-Sep-45	Nazis' Black List Discovered in Berlin	n/a	List discovered chronicling Gestapo arrests to occur once Germany invaded England, incl. Churchill and Jewish refugees including Stefan Zweig.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
15-Jun-46	NKW Films in London	Our London Film Critic	Brief mention of film version of <i>Beware of Pity</i> . "made from the late Stefan Zweig's much-read book of the same title. It is conscientiously, even reverently, made; it commits almost no error of taste in dealing with the poignantly embarrassing subject of physical deformity and it is at least competently acted. It is, for all that, a flat film."	Yes	No	none	F (film review)
17-Sep-46	Picture Theatres	W.E.C.	Brief review of film version of <i>Beware of Pity</i> . Calls the adaptation "rather heavy-handed."	Yes	No	none	F (film review)
30-Dec-47	A Life of Balzac	Philip Carr	Review of Zweig's Balzac. "It happens that the present reviewer was one of the last Europeans to have had personal contact, in Brazil, with Stefan Zweig and his wife before their tragic suicide..." Positive review, but mainly gives overview of Balzac's life rather than commenting on the writing of the book.	Yes	Yes	Begins with suicide	F (Focus, review)
13-Apr-48	Stefan Zweig	Philip Carr	Review of Friderike Zweig's biography of her ex-husband. Mention of suicide near beginning and end. Discusses his life and work. "His own contribution was that of a highly cultured populariser, not that of an original creator. In his own life ran a similar thread."	Yes	Yes	Focus	F (Focus, review)
14-Apr-50	Display Ad 22	n/a	Ad for several books, incl. The Hallam Edition of the Works of Stefan Zweig. Uniform editions. First volumes are <i>Queen of Scots</i> and <i>Kaleidoscope One</i> .	No	No	none	Ad
25-May-50	Our London Correspondence	n/a	Notice about Israeli theatre company performing Zweig's <i>Jeremiah</i> in Hebrew.	No	No	none	F (play notice)
15-Jul-50	New Films in London	Our London Film Critic	Brief review of film version of Zweig's <i>Letter From an Unknown Woman</i> .	Brief	No	none	F (film review)

28-Sep-50	The Making of Cassell's	I.H.	Review of book by head of Cassell's. Includes mentions of Stefan Zweig and other authors.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
3-Feb-53	8,000 Lives Lost in Great Storm of 1703	n/a	Mention of film version of Zweig's Twenty-four Hours of a Woman's Life.	Brief	No	none	F (film review)
28-Jan-56	Mozart's Visit to British Museum	Neville Cardus	Article about Mozart autograph. Discusses collection held by Zweig heirs.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
6-Dec-57	Three Men of Science	John Cohen	Review of book about Freud. Mentions the address written for Freud for his eightieth birthday, incl. contributions by Mann, Zweig, etc.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
4-Jan-58	The Merry Widow	Neville Cardus	Opera review. Reviewer quotes from a Zweig-Strauss letter.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
20-Aug-59	The Last Intimate Salzburg Festival	Bryan Magee	Review of Salzburg Festival. Disappointing production of Zweig-Strauss Silent Woman.	Brief	No	none	M (Mention)
25-May-60	Display Ad 14	n/a	Ad for education German language books, incl. books by Mann and Zweig.	No	No	none	Ad
22-Feb-61	The wonderland of Salzburg	Monica Krippner	Article about Salzburg. Mentions homes of famous people, incl. Zweig.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
30-Aug-61	Festival at Munich	Rothon Greville	About Strauss performance. Mention of Strauss-Zweig relationship.	Brief	Yes	none	M (Mention)
20-Nov-61	The collaboration of a German and a Jew	n/a	Article about Strauss and Zweig, incl. references to their letters. Ends with Zweig's suicide.	Yes	Yes	At end	F (as Strauss librettist)
21-Nov-61	At the Theatre	Philip Hope-Wallance	Review of The Silent Woman performed at Covent Garden. Mention of Strauss-Zweig relationship.	Yes	Yes	none	M (Mention, in Strauss review)
25-Feb-66	Before the Fall	A.M. Gollin	Review of Barbara Tuchman book. Brief quote from Zweig.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
1-Feb-67	Volpone at the Garrick Theatre	Philip Hope-Wallance	Mixed review of production of Volpone.	Brief	No	none	F (play review)
29-Aug-67	Mr Maurice Elvery	n/a	Obituary. Film industry. Worked on film of Beware of Pity.	No	Brief	none	C (Context reference)
17-Jan-68	Volpone at the Old Vic	Philip Hope-Wallance	Review of Jonson's Volpone. Reviewer wishes for Zweig's version instead.	Brief	No	none	C (Context reference)
13-Feb-68	Teesside theatre jumps in	John Ardill	Theatre will open with Zweig's Volpone.	No	No	none	M (Mention)
31-Dec-68	Miscellany	n/a	About New York store fees for author autographs, incl. Zweig (40 pounds).	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
7-Feb-69	A separate peace	Richard Roud	Review of film version of Zweig's Twenty-Four Hours in a Woman's Life. Positive.	Yes	No	none	F (film review)
25-Feb-69	The Most Beautiful Woman I Know	Neville Cardus	Context reference to writers such as Zweig.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
24-Apr-69	The smell of Weimar	James Joll	Review of Weimar Culture by Peter Gay. Includes brief quote from Zweig.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
11-Mar-72	Bavarian State Opera at Covent Garden	Philip Hope-Wallance	Positive review of The Silent Woman. Mention of Zweig as librettist.	No	No	none	M (Mention, in Strauss review)
17-Mar-75	Distorted reflections	Jill Tweedie	On literary biography. Discusses her love of Zweig's biographies and his type of research.	Yes	No	none	M (Mention)

18-Mar-76	Average Man	Hans Keller	Review of book by Albert Speers. Reviewer admits not feeling "infringement" when books by Zweig, Man, Freud, etc. were banned in Germany.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
27-Nov-78	Roundhouse	Michael Billington	Review of revue of songs from Germany 1919-1933. Missing "cabaret atmosphere of the period when Berlin was, in Stefan Zweig's works, the Babel of the world."	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
28-Nov-78	Tide Munich socialist who believed in the new technology	Hugh Rank	Article about Ernst Toller. Mention of his friendship with Zweig.	No	Brief	none	C (Context reference)
13-Feb-79	Letters to the Editor	Leo Hughman	Letter in response to suggestion that Martin Luther be named Christian hero "saint" for Europe. Writer gives info from Zweig's Erasmus book to show folly of this idea.	Yes	No	none	F (on work)
31-Jul-80	Nasty dose of disco fever	n/a	About German and French filmmakers. Hopes such films as Burning Secret, based on Zweig's work, will achieve large audiences.	Brief	No	none	M (Mention)
21-Feb-81	Messages From My Father	Alex Hamilton	Personal story about growing up in Brazil but born in England. Mentions Zweig's idea of Brazil as the land of the future.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
Nov-81	Some period effects: Short stories	Aidan Higgins	Review of The Royal Game. Mention of exile and suicide. Positive review.	Yes	Yes	Mention	F (Focus, review)
Jan-85	Youth champion	Hugo Cole	Article about Robert Mayer. Held musical evenings in Regent's Park attended by Ernst Toller, Zweig, etc.	No	Brief	none	C (Context reference)
21-Jan-85	Salieri opera	Edward Greendfield	Mention of Zweig in connection to Strauss.	No	Brief	none	C (Context reference)
Mar-85	Friedenstag	Edward Greendfield	Mention of Zweig as Strauss's librettist.	No	Brief	none	C (Context reference)
25-Apr-85	Companionship pickings	Christopher Driver	Review of Margaret Drabble's Oxford Companion to Literature. Reviewer wonders why Zweig is left out.	No	No	none	M (Mention)
24-Apr-86	BBC-1	n/a	Radio listing for Zweig's Letter from an Unknown Woman.	No	No	none	L (Listing only)
10-May-86	Mozart provides main theme as library puts a gift to the nation on display	Edward Vulliamy	Article about donation of Zweig's collection to British Library. Mention of exile, British naturalization and suicide.	Brief	Yes	Mention	F (collection)
10-May-86	News in Brief	n/a	Notice about musical autographs donated to British Library by trustees of Zweig.	No	No	none	L (Listing only)
3-Jan-87	British Library unveils Zweig programme	Edward Vulliamy	Article about program of events to coincide with collection donation. Mention of suicide.	Brief	Yes	Mention	F (collection)
30-Jan-87	Television and Radio	n/a	Listing for dramatic version of Letter from an Unknown Woman	No	No	none	L (Listing only)
28-Mar-87	Classified Ad 78	n/a	Ad for British Library's Stefan Zweig series. Incl. lectures on The Silent Woman and autograph collecting.	No	No	none	Ad
25-Apr-87	Classified Ad 88	n/a	Listing for British Library's Stefan Zweig series.	No	No	none	L (Listing only)

1-May-87	Psalm songs	Hugh Canning	Article about Zweig series performances.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
Oct-87	Paperbacks	Alex Hamilton	About uniform editions of "classic lives" published, incl. Zweig's World of Yesterday. Mention of his exile and suicide in Brazil.	Brief	Yes	mention	F (brief review)
17-Mar-88	Best films on TV	Derek Malcolm	Listing for "magnificent" Letter From an Unknown Woman.	No	No	none	L (Listing only)
2-Apr-88	Classified Ad 62	n/a	Listing for event in Stefan Zweig series.	No	No	none	L (Listing only)
9-Apr-88	Classified Ad 35	n/a	Listing for event in Stefan Zweig series.	No	No	none	L (Listing only)
16-Apr-88	Classified Ad 8	n/a	Listing for event in Stefan Zweig series.	No	No	none	L (Listing only)
14-Feb-89	Television and Radio	n/a	Listing for radio program reading letters between Zweig and Strauss.	No	No	none	L (Listing only)
20-Mar-89	Tragic operetta of the last Habsburg Queen	Andrew Wheatcroft	About burial of last empress of Austro-Hungarian Empire. Quote from World of Yesterday in which Zweig claims to have seen the couple fleeing Austria.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
13-Apr-89	Big bad Baron	Desmond Christy	Article about actor in film version of Zweig's Burning Secret.	Brief	No	none	C (Context reference)
14-Apr-89	Review	n/a	Listing for film version of Zweig's Burning Secret.	No	No	none	L (Listing only)
17-Apr-89	Review	n/a	Listing for film version of Zweig's Burning Secret.	No	No	none	L (Listing only)
18-Apr-89	Arts and Entertainment Guide	n/a	Listing for film version of Zweig's Burning Secret.	No	No	none	L (Listing only)
20-Apr-89	Classified Ad 10	n/a	Listing for film version of Zweig's Burning Secret.	No	No	none	L (Listing only)
28-Apr-89	Sound of missed chances	Tom Sutcliffe	Lackluster review of concert in Stefan Zweig series.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
19-Jun-89	Watching Brief	Sandy Smithies	Listing for radio show with interval talk about British Library's Stefan Zweig collection.	No	No	none	L (Listing only)
24-Aug-89	A Fish Called Wanda in your home aquarium	The Pulleine	About video releases, including Burning Secret. Brief review. Mention that it's adapted from Zweig's story.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
21-Dec-89	Our camps and theirs	Christopher Driver	Mention of Richard Friedenthal, Zweig's literary executor	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
26-Apr-90	Review 1	n/a	(First part of article incl. title missing.) Grindea founded a literary journal in England in 1941. First issue had contributions from Mann, Zweig, etc.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
3-Jan-91	Before the Brown Shirts	Christopher Wordsworth	Review of book by Joseph Roth. Overview of Roth's life, incl. that he was a friend of Zweig.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
21-Feb-91	A scientist of bel canto	Lucie Manen	Obituary of Lucie Manen, famous singing teacher and teacher. Was a friend of Stefan Zweig.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
4-May-91	Classified Ad 74	n/a	Listing for an event in the Stefan Zweig series.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
16-Mar-92	Table of Contents	n/a	Listing for article inside newspaper only	No	No	none	L (Listing only)

16-Mar-92	His own war was lost too soon	Donald A. Prater	Article in time for the 50th anniversary of Zweig's suicide. Quotes from suicide note. Overview of life and work. "In the half-century that has passed since then, Stefan Zweig has occupied a curious, in some ways, unique, position in literary history. Most of his contemporaries are now largely forgotten but Zweig...has remained for the most part in print, in German at least..." "ambivalence has infected English literary criticism. Readers have so far looked in vain for any mention of the anniversary in the TLS, for example, and only three of his books are currently available." Writer bio mentions that author's biography of Zweig is also out of print.	Yes	Yes	Several mentions	F (life and work)
3-Oct-93	The bucolic tragedy of sun-living Daphne	n/a	Mention of Zweig as Strauss's librettist.	Brief	Brief	none	C (Context reference)
27-Oct-93	P.S. West End? Dead End: 1	Ronald Bergan	Article about theatre in Paris. Mention of productions of plays by writers as various as Chekhov, Frayn, Pirandello, Shakespeare, Wilde and Zweig.	No	No	none	B (Brief mention)
24-Nov-93	Paris spring with le grand Sam Obituary James Stern	Anne Chisholm	Obituary. James Stern translated such authors as Thomas Mann and Stefan Zweig.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
6-Dec-94	Paperback roundup	Nicholas Lezard	Capsule review of Penguin Book of Interviews, which includes an interview with Zweig.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
21-Aug-95	Gravitas at Rick's Café: Obituary Howard Koch	Ronald Bergan	Obituary of one of writers of Casablanca. Also adapted for the screen Zweig's Letter from an Unknown Woman, directed by Ophuls.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
2-Jul-96	Language: Eine Weisse Rose	Olicia Schoeller	article in German about resistance fighter. Brief mention of a work of Zweig's nonfiction.	Brief	No	none	C (Context reference)
19-Feb-98	Books: Paperbacks	Desmond Christy	Brief review of Schnitzler book with mentions of other Pushkin Press titles, incl. one by Stefan Zweig	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
9-May-98	St Petersburg: A postcard from	Isobel Montgomery	Article about St Petersburg's Hermitage. "close your eyes like the German writer Stefan Zweig, and only open them when you reach the Rembrandts, the Impressionists or the Scythian gold."	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
Jul-98	Peter and the donkey	Tim Ashley					
3-Oct-98	A Voice in the Darkness	Gaby Wood	Article about artwork by a Jewish woman who died in Auschwitz. Writer quotes Zweig on the difficulty of losing one's language.	Brief	None	none	C (Context reference)
9-Jun-99	Eyes Wide Open	Michael Ellison	Article about Kubrick and Eyes Wide Shut. About sending the story on which the film is based to his collaborator and him it was by wither Schnitzler or Zweig.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
31-Jul-99	Books: Moments of Rapture	Andrew Porter	Review of Richard Strauss biography. Mention of Zweig as librettist and quotes Zweig telling Strauss that his letters would be of interest to posterity.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)

6-Sep-99	Arts: Money Grabber and Nazi Stooge or Postmodern Genius?	Tim Ashley	Overview of Strauss's life, incl. reference to relationship with Stefan Zweig.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
6-Nov-99	Nazis' Black List Discovered in Berlin	n/a	Article about Gestapo list of 2300 people to arrest when invading England in 1940, including Churchill, Stefan Zweig, Freud.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
11-Dec-99	Empire of the Infinite	James Wood	Review of Roth's Rebellion. Reviewer begins with quote from Zweig's World of Yesterday. Briefly compares the upbringing of both writers.	No	Brief	none	C (Context reference)
12-Feb-00	Tales from the Vienna Backwoods	Stephen Hearst	Article about Nazism and anti-Semitism in Austria and the country's desire to forget its past. Mention of Viennese Jews, incl. Roth, Kraus and Zweig.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
15-Jul-00	Pick of the Week	Nicholas Lezard	Review of Roth's Rebellion. Claims four writers make up a square: Roth, Kafka, Musil, Zweig.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
27-Jul-00	Books: Finding God in the machinations of bureaucracy	Nicholas Lezard	Review of Roth's Rebellion. Same article as printed on July 15.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
Nov-00	Saturday Review: Books: Fiction	Isobel Montgomery	Brief review of Zweig's Beware of Pity: "Zweig, essayist and biographer, wrote only this one full-length novel before he committed suicide, a refugee from Nazism, in Brazil in 1942. ... The lesson is rammed home and the contrast between now (1937) and then (1913) made inescapably obvious. It is a curiously 19th-century response to the 20th-century nightmare."	Yes	Yes	In first sentence	F (Focus, review)
9-Dec-00	Saturday Review: Small Press Corner	n/a	Brief review of Zweig collection, incl. Letter from an Unknown Woman. "It is all the more moving because Zweig's life itself had its own dark ending. ... With the rise of Nazism he moved briefly to London in 1934, then New York and finally Brazil--where together with his wife he was found dead in bed in 1942 in what appeared to be a double suicide."	Yes	Yes	Focus	F (Focus, review)
5-Mar-01	Satellite, Cable & Digital	n/a	Listing for Artsworld program on Stefan Zweig	No	No	none	L (Listing only)
6-Mar-01	Pick of the Day: Films	n/a	Listing for Artsworld program on Stefan Zweig	No	No	none	L (Listing only)
12-May-01	Satellite, Cable & Digital	n/a	Listing for Artsworld program on Stefan Zweig	No	No	none	L (Listing only)
14-May-01	Films: Sky Premier	n/a	Listing for Artsworld program on Stefan Zweig	No	No	none	L (Listing only)
15-May-01	Films: Sky Premier	n/a	Listing for Artsworld program on Stefan Zweig	No	No	none	L (Listing only)
23-Jun-01	Echoes from Another Century	Clive James	Article about totalitarianism. Brief discussion of Zweig's Castelli book, which James claims is directed toward Hitler.	Yes	Yes	none	M (Mention)
20-Sep-01	Satellite, Cable & Digital	n/a	Listing for Artsworld program on Stefan Zweig	No	No	none	L (Listing only)

30-Nov-01	Radical Visions: Classical CDs of the Week	Tim Ashley	Review of Strauss recordings. Discussion of Zweig as librettist.	Brief	Brief	none	C (Context reference)
10-May-02	Death and the Maiden	Tim Ashley	Discussion of Strauss compositions. Incl. discussion about Zweig as librettist.	Brief	Brief	none	C (Context reference)
13-May-02	Pick of the Day: Films		Listing for Artsworld program on Stefan Zweig	No	No	none	L (Listing only)
29-Jun-02	Review: Summer Reading	Various	Edmund White's summer reading picks include Zweig. "The British have a bewildering blind spot for Stefan Zweig, one of the great writers of the 20th century. ... Zweig completed this extraordinary memoir of a civilisation destroyed by the Great War and by Hitler in 1941, just a year before he and his wife killed themselves in exile in Petropolis, Brazil, too tired, he said, to wait for 'the dawn after the long night.'"	Yes	Yes	Focus	F (Focus, review)
27-Jul-02	Rebels Against Reality	Julian Evans	Survey of central European fiction. Mentions Zweig's suicide.	No	Yes	Mention	C (Context reference)
10-Aug-02	Ghosts of Memory	Julian Evans	More about central European literature. Mentions that Jaan Kross translated Stefan Zweig.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
13-Jun-03	All Aboard the Love Boat	Tim Ashley	Review of Strauss's Die Schweigsame Frau. Long discussion of Zweig-Strauss working relationship. Mention of Zweig's suicide.	Some	Yes	Yes	F (Focus as Strauss librettist)
17-Jun-03	Review: Strauss' 21st-century opera	Edward Greendfield	Review of Strauss's Die Schweigsame Frau. Mention of Zweig as librettist.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
x June 03	Die Schweigsame Frau	Alexis Petridis					
5-Jul-03	Pawn Brokers	Steven Poole	Discussion of chess as inspiration for artists, including chess in literature. Zweig's Schachnovelle "the most brilliant chess novel!"	Yes	No	none	F (Focus, review)
26-Jul-03	Channel 4	n/a	Listing for Artsworld program on Stefan Zweig	No	No	none	L (Listing only)
26-Jul-03	BBC1	n/a	Listing for Artsworld program on Stefan Zweig	No	No	none	L (Listing only)
30-Jul-03	Pick of the Day: Films	n/a	Listing for Artsworld program on Stefan Zweig	No	No	none	L (Listing only)
3-Sep	Carried Away by Passion	Nicholas Lezard	Review of Twenty-Four Hours in the Life of a Woman. Positive review. "One hardly knows where to begin in praising this work."	Yes	No	none	F (Focus, review)
10-Jan-04	Paperbacks: Fiction	Alfred Hickling and Sarah Adams	Brief review of Beware of Pity, "a corker."	Yes	No	none	F (Focus, review)
31-Jan-04	Hard-core Pawns	Steven Poole	Review of Bobby Fischer Goes to War. Reviewer contrasts book against great chess literature, including Nabokov's Defense and Zweig's Chess Story.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
8-May-04	Books in the Media	n/a	List of radio and TV programs, incl. film version of Letter from an Unknown Woman.	No	No	none	L (Listing only)
2-Apr-05	In the Cellar with Heine	Natasha Walter	Review of novel by Gilles Rozier. Character in the book secretly reads banned German books, incl. those by Stefan Zweig.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)

22-Apr-05	The Good, the Bad and the Ugly	Andrew Clements	Brief article on Ferruccio Busoni quoting Zweig on the composer's music.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
26-Nov-05	From Poetry to Prose	Ginny Hooker	Writers pick their books of the year. Michael Berkeley chooses Zweig's Twilight and Moonbeam Alley.	Brief	No	none	L (Listing only)
17-Jun-06	Review	Various	Writers pick books for summer. Julian Barnes chooses Zweig's World of Yesterday. "the autobiography of a passionate and melancholy humanist"	Brief	Brief	none	L (Listing only)
29-Jul-06	The Ogre of Betrayal	Edna O'Brien	Article about Joyce's play, Exiles. Mentions that Stefan Zweig helped bring about the first production of it in Munich in 1919.	No	Brief	none	C (Context reference)
27-Jan-07	The Heroine who's Heading for Hell	Josh Lacey	Review of novel by Kai Meyer. Anthea Bell is translator. Mentions she also translates Stefan Zweig.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
30-Mar-07	Pieces of Me: Belinda Carlisle Singer	Anita Sethi	Favourite things of singer Belinda Carlisle. Zweig is her favourite author.	Brief	No	none	C (Context reference)
28-Apr-07	Hail the Master of the Bitter End	Nicholas Lezard	Review of Amok and other stories by Zweig. All four stories end in suicide. "Actually, there are quite a few of Zweig's stories which contain suicides; you could almost imagine that suicide was his preferred formal method of narrative resolution. His own life ended by his own hand, as he contemplated the fall of Singapore... But suicide isn't, by any means, all that these works are about: in fact, now that I've let that particular cat out of the bag, you can concentrate more on what leads his characters to their ends."	Yes	Yes	Focus	F (Focus, review)
12-May-07	Review: Letters	Various	Letter from Will Stone about Lezard's review and comment that Zweig was "once hugely internationally popular." Stone says it is only in England that he has been neglected.	Brief	No	none	F (legacy & popularity)
19-May-07	Review: Letters	Miriam Lewis	Letter in response to Will Stone's letter about blinkered nationalism. Miriam Lewis writes that she studied Zweig in England in the 1960s.	Brief	No	none	F (legacy & popularity)
11-Jul-07	Obituary: Natalia Karp	Caroline Heslop	Death of Polish pianist. Helped by cousin of Stefan Zweig early in her career.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
24-Nov-07	Books of Christmas	A. S. Byatt	About books read this year. Mentions reading Zweig and Roth.	No	No	none	L (Listing only)
5-Jan-08	Only pawns in their game?	Steven Poole	Review of book about chess. Author of book likens experiences to those had by Zweig's protagonist in The Royal Game.	Brief	No	none	C (Context reference)
12-Jan-08	Letters: Ways of losing one's sanity	Bernard Besserglik	Letter writer corrects the assertion made in the previous review that the protagonist of The Royal Game maintains his sanity by playing chess in his mind. After his release, he nearly goes mad with chess and can't be around the game.	Yes	No	none	F (clarification of story)
2-Feb-08	Enemy Alien	Patrick Wright	Article about life, death and work of Stefan Zweig.	Yes	Yes	Ends with suicide	F (life and work)

9-Feb-08	How Should I Do It?	Harry D. Watson	Letter in response to Wright's article about Zweig. Letter writer claims Zweig's suicide was long planned. In the late 1930s, Zweig questioned Axel Munthe on ways of committing suicide. Quotes Munthe: "I have never met anyone who was so preoccupied with death."	No	Yes	Focus	F (suicide)
25-Apr-08	View From the Bench	Stuart Jeffries	Article about French film about football. Mentions that filmmaker (and star of film) reads Jonathan Coe and Stefan Zweig.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
26-May-08	Comment: Mark Ravenhill	Mark Ravenhill	Article about politics of Brecht. Mention of Richard Strauss and Zweig as his librettist.	No	Brief	none	C (Context reference)
12-Jun-08	Music: On your marks, get set, compose!	Anthony Bateman	About Olympic competitions for arts. Richard Strauss wrote music for 1936 Berlin Olympics. Wrote to Zweig about hating to compose for sports and "the plebs."	No	Brief	none	C (Context reference)
31-Jul-08	Theatre: Collaboration/Taking Sides	Michael Billington	Review of Harwood plays, incl. one about relationship of Zweig and Strauss.	No	Yes	none	F (review of play about Z)
6-Sep-08	Paperbacks: Nicholas Lezard's Choice	Nicholas Lezard	Review of Burning Secret. Positive review.	Yes	No	none	F (Focus, review)
18-Oct-08	A complicated beast	Nicholas Wroe	Article about Ian McEwan libretto For You. Mentions consideration of adapting work by Stefan Zweig.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
18-Oct-08	While the markets melt down and the empire falls	John Patterson	About most popular film in American during financial crisis. Discussion of what other crumbling regime's produced, incl. Zweig during the end of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
6-Dec-08	Critical Eye	Anonymous	Year-end book list. Ali Smith most loved Zweig's Beware of Pity "frighteningly gripping...an intoxicating, morally shaking read about human responsibilities and a real reminder of what fiction can do best."	Yes	No	none	F (review)
31-Jan-09	Ten of the Best: Chess games	John Mullan	List includes Chaucer, Thomas Middleton, Shakespeare's Tempest, Lewis Carroll, The Royal Game, Eliot, Nabokov, Fleming and Beckett and Rowling.	Yes	No	none	F (brief review)
28-Feb-09	Ruined Souls	John Banville	Review of Post Office Girl. Begins with overview of life and suicide. "Zweig's work is marked by a clear, fluent and expressive style." "The Post Office Girl is fierce, sad, moving and, ultimately, frightening. True, it is over-written--Simenon would have done it better, in half the space--but it is also hypnotic in its downward spiral into tragedy."	Yes	Yes	focus to compare novel's outcome	F (review)
22-Apr-09	Piped music in libraries	Marcel Berlins	Brief mention of Zweig's Post Office Girl. In full: "Only recently translated into English, this tragedy of lost innocence confirms my view that Zweig is one of the greatest writers of the 20th century."	Yes	No	none	F (brief review)
16-May-09	Theatre: Taking Sides/Collaboration	Mark Cook	Brief mention of Harwood plays, incl. one about Strauss and Zweig. No review.	No	No	none	F (play about Z)

30-May-09	Theatre: Taking Sides/Collaboration	Lyn Gardner	Review of Harwood's two plays. Mention of Zweig's suicide as a possible collaboration.	No	Yes	Yes	F (review of play about Z)
17-Jul-09	Games: Chess	Ronan Bennett and Daniel King	Books about chess. Zweig's The Royal Game and Stalemate by Meras. Positive review.	Yes	No	none	F (brief review)
3-Dec-09	Obituary: Clare McIntyre	David Edgar	Obituary. Wrote an unperformed adaptation of Zweig's Beware of Pity.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
5-Dec-09	Paperbacks: Nicholas Lezard's Choice	Nicholas Lezard	Review of World of Yesterday. Reviewer describes the book as "an unusually eloquent and moving suicide note, albeit one more than 450 pages long." Next para: "Suicide notes tend to be the kind of document that get read through from start to finish, and this is particularly compelling."	Yes	Yes	focus	F (review)
7-Dec-09	Letter: Obituary: Clare McIntyre	Timberlake Wertenbaker	Personal reminiscence of Clare McIntyre. Ends with the statement that her adaptation of Beware of Pity should be staged.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
19-Dec-09	Plums and turkeys: The publishing year	Kate Figes	Books publishers wished they'd published. Juliet Annan chooses Zweig's Post Office Girl.	Brief	No	none	F (brief review)
16-Jan-10	Life Lessons	Adam Thorpe	Review of book on Montaigne. Mention that Zweig found consolation in Montaigne's works before his suicide.	No	Yes	mention	C (Context reference)
29-Jan-10	They called it puppy love	David Thomson	Review of film version of Letter from an Unknown Woman.	Brief	No	none	F (review of film)
12-Feb-10	Letter from an Unknown Woman	Peter Bradshaw	Brief review of film version of Letter from an Unknown Woman	Brief	No	none	F (brief film review)
13-Mar-10	Paperbacks: Nicholas Lezard's Choice	Nicholas Lezard	Review of Stefan Zweig's Fear. With comments about Michael Hofmann's "splenetic, infuriated attack on Zweig."	Yes	Yes	none	F (review)
10-Sep-10	Fanning the flames of hatred	Jon Henley	Article about history of book burning and recent threats to burn the Koran. Mention of Zweig among authors whose books were burned by the Nazis.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
23-Oct-10	Ten of the Best: Balls	John Mullan	Ten best balls in literature. Includes Beware of Pity. Brief description of plot.	Brief	No	none	F (brief review)
16-Apr-11	Roy Hodgson: 'There's no middle ground'	Paul Hayward	Begins with stating that Roy Hodgson recently read Beware of Pity.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
25-May-11	Comment: The European dream is in danger	Paul Mason	About world financial crisis. Begins and ends with quotes from Zweig about optimism and confusion at beginning of First World War.	No	Brief	none	C (Context reference)
16-Jul-11	Rereading: The lost world	Nicholas Lezard	Positive review of Beware of Pity.	Yes	Yes	Yes	F (review)
29-Jul-11	Obituary: Silvio Narizzano	Ronald Bergan	Obituary of TV and film director. Director of 24 Hours in a Woman's Life (1961) based on Zweig's novella.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
24-Sep-11	Books 100	Anonymous	List of most influential people in books. Anthea Bell is #93. "She was responsible for the rediscovery of Stefan Zweig in English..."	No	No	none	C (Context reference)

11-Feb-12	William Boyd wrote about the writers, artists and musicians who haunted Vienna		Online comments about William Boyd's article about Vienna. One mentions Zweig's Beware of Pity as a favourite of that time and place.	Brief	No	none	B (Brief mention)
18-Feb-12	Author, Author	Michael Hoffman	Article about Hofmann's devotion to translating Roth. Mentions Zweig "certainly a not very good Austrian colleague"	Brief	Brief	none	C (Context reference)
25-Feb-12	Critical Eye: Authorial familiarity and Capital gains		Wrap up of reviews of new books, incl. Hofmann's translation of Roth letters. Notes caustic references to Stefan Zweig throughout.	No	Brief	none	C (Context reference)
25-Feb-12	Review: Love and pink elephants	Lara Feigel	Review of Hofmann's Roth letters. Discussion of Hofmann's treatment of Zweig in footnotes, incl. the suggestion that any comparison between Roth and Zweig confirms a reader as "basically illiterate and unpardonable."	Brief	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
11-Jun-12	Football: Euro 2012: Heat is on for Hodgson	Daniel Taylor Donestsk	Roy Hodgson, manager of England national team, reading Zweig's Chess.	Brief	No	none	C (Context reference)
Oct-12	Book review: A Century of Wisdom	Beverley Guardian	Article about oldest concentration camp survivor. Her mother knew writers and musicians, incl. Mahler, Mann and Zweig.	No	Brief	none	C (Context reference)
26-Jan-13	Review: Fiction: Goodnight Vienna	A.S. Byatt	Review of a Hofmann translation of Roth. Mentions that Zweig was a friend.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
16-Mar-13	Review: Fiction: Strange happenings in Castelluccio	Ian Sansom	Review of book by Sort Of Publishers. Reviewer writes that the publisher issues oddities, including works by "the great lightweight's lightweight, Stefan Zweig"	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
11-May-13	Review: Nonfiction: The year the world turned urban	Kathryn Hughes	Review of The World Before the Great War by Charles Emmerson. Author uses "non-canonical" works by writers such as Zweig rather than those by Proust or Lawrence.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
14-Jun-13	Film & Music: Review: Strauss	Tim Ashley	Brief article about Strauss's 11th opera, with Zweig as librettist.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
17-Oct-13	Comment: Our politicians have a lot to learn from Roy Hodgson	Martin Kettle	Article about Roy Hodgson. Mentions that he reads European authors, incl. Zweig, who had no use for sport.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
16-Nov-13	Review: The books interview: Anthea Bell	Claire Armistead	Article about translator Anthea Bell. Mentions that she translates Zweig.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)

30-Nov-13	Review: Non-Fiction: The epitome of bland?	Ian Sansom	Review of Zweig's Shooting Stars. "For anyone who has not yet embarked on their own journey of discovery--their own little abzwieg--it is probably worth noting that Zweig was born to a wealthy Jewish family in Vienna...before going to Brazil, where he killed himself in 1942." "Zweig's great virtue was that he sought to please. There are worse vices."	Yes	Yes	Yes	F (review)
6-Dec-13	Reply: Letter: Postcode democracy	Anna Summers	Letter disagreeing with Ian Sansom's verdict on Zweig.	Yes	No	none	F (brief review)
15-Feb-14	Review: Arts: Artifice for art's sake	Jonathan Romney	Article about Wes Anderson's films. Mention of Zweig as an influence.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
22-Feb-14	Review: The Back Page: Stefan Zweig: Master of doomed love	Nicholas Lezard	Brief overview of work and life of Zweig.	Yes	Yes	Yes	F (life and work)
26-Feb-14	Just-so stories	Anna Smith	About Wes Anderson's Grand Budapest Hotel. Inspired by work of Zweig.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
7-Mar-14	Reviews: Film: In the palace of eccentric pleasure	Peter Bradshaw	About Wes Anderson's Grand Budapest Hotel. Mentions Zweig connection. "Zweig...might however have been baffled by this personal homage..."	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
29-Mar-14	Review: Nicholas Lezard's Choice	Nicholas Lezard	Review of Selections of Balzac's Human Comedy. Reviewer mentions connection he sees between Balzac and Zweig.	Brief	No	none	C (Context reference)

Appendix D: The New York Times Zweig Content

DATE	ARTICLE	BYLINE	CONTENT	Focus on Work	Focus on Life	SUICIDE	Zweig: Mention/Focus/Contextual
10-Oct-14	Give Us Work! Cries Grossman	Special Cable to the NYT	Shortages and unemployment in Austria. "There is too little sleep on this earth now" writes the Viennese poet Stedan Zweig. 'Long are the days, endless the nights.' Long quote continues.	No	No		F (Quote about state of affairs)
27-Dec-14	War Brings Fame	Joyce Kilmer	Overview of Verhaeren as unappreciated in English; mention of Zweig's book on him	Yes	No		M (Review of book that includes Z)
3-Jan-15	Verhaeren: Stefan Zweig's Appreciation of Belgium's Poet-Philosopher	none	"brilliant Viennese lyrist" "poet of no small attainment" also referring to his overzealous appreciation of Verhaeren: "Here and there are moments of overstrain; again points of absurdity, as when his zeal endeavors to find something symbolic in the master's disorder of the stomach or his hay fever." Ends positively: "To Herr Zweig, however, belongs honest praise for a rich, vivid impression, much as it may be colored by his personal admiration of a man who is undoubtedly one of the looming figures of the day, and the fact that he mixes with his critical estimate some very noble poetic feeling is rather to his lasting credit than otherwise."	Yes	No		F (Review)
11-Dec-21	Romain Rollans, the Idealist	n/a	Review of Zweig's <i>Romain Rollans: The Man and His Work</i> . "brilliantly written book"	Yes	No		F (Review)
24-Dec-22	Germany's Craze for Literary History	Allen W. Porterfield	Article on histories of German literature. Author of article quotes SZ's article on J. Wassermann written ten years earlier: "German literature has never acquired world significance..."	No	No		M (quote from essay)
24-Dec-22	Drama for a Post-War World	n/a	Review of Zweig's <i>Jeremiah</i> (English translation). "scale and sweep of Zweig's tragedy, its vivid characterization and the fervor and loftiness of its diction would have attracted attention at any time."	Yes	Brief		F (Review)
15-Mar-25	Books Impending for the Spring	n/a	Long list of forthcoming books, incl. Zweig's <i>Passion and Pain</i> .	No	No		L (Listing only)
26-Apr-25	Tales of Peasant Russia and Other New Fiction	n/a	Review of Zweig's <i>Passion and Pain</i> . "curious compound of gayety and elegance, of ethical earnestness, of passive and pervasive sweetness, of Viennese esprit..." Mention his neutrality during the war and stay in Switzerland. Some stories contain "somewhat sentimental confusion." Comparison with Jacob Wassermann. Discussion of faults of the translators. Lesser than his plays, novels and biographies but may introduce new readers to "his felicitous culture, his international sympathy and his quickened intensity of writing."	Yes	Yes		F (Review)
26-Dec-26	Books and Authors	n/a	Notice of correction of statement in review that claimed Zweig's <i>Invisible Collection</i> was limited to 50 copies; it is not limited.	Yes	No		M (correction about review)

7-Aug-27	Announcing the Shows of the New Theatrical Season	none	Listing of forthcoming theatrical performances, incl. Zweig's <i>Volpone</i> .	Yes	No		L (Listing only)
9-Oct-27	Three Powerful Stories	none	Review of <i>Conflicts: Three Tales</i> by Stefan Zweig. Mixed review of "24 Hours," "A Failing Heart" calls him "a spendthrift of words, diffuse, even prolix" and "A willing victim to the sex-urge in literature...his stories are not to be recommended for prescribed reading in seminaries for young ladies." Zweig not a great writer but a powerful one. About life: asks about lost decade between finishing degree & writing this. Talks about Zweig living dangerously, questions relation of his life to stories	Yes	Yes		F (Review)
10-Feb-28	Theatre Guild to Produce 'Volpone'	none	Notice that next presentation by the group will be Zweig's <i>Volpone</i> .	Yes	No		L (Listing only)
19-Feb-28	A New Hit Comes to Town	none	Notice that Zweig's <i>Volpone</i> opens in late March.	Yes	No		L (Listing only)
8-Apr-28	New Plays and Old in the Week's Premiere List	none	Listing for opening of Zweig's <i>Volpone</i>	Yes	No		L (Listing only)
10-Apr-28	The Play	J. Brooks Atkinson	Mostly positive review of Zweig's <i>Volpone</i> .	Yes	No		F (play review)
22-Apr-28	Importing Jonson Via the North Sea	R.G. Noyes	Zweig's adaptation of <i>Volpone</i> on stage in NY. Mentions play is also in repertories in theaters in Berlin, Frankfurt, Munich, Dresden, Kiel and Hanover. "the Zweig treatment has excellent dramatic advantages which the fuller version would lack, namely, compression, unity, heightened irony, and conformation to the demands of the modern stage with its manifold resources."	Yes	No		F (Review)
22-Apr-28	Rare Ben: How Zweig's Adaptation of "Volpone" Transforms Jonson's Text	J. Brooks Atkinson	positive review of Zweig's <i>Volpone</i>	Yes	No		F (Review)
14-Sep-28	Russia Dedicates Tolstoy School	Wireless to the NYTimes	Opening of school on 100th birthday of Tolstoy. Guests listed, with Zweig in the first position. "Stephen Zweig, Austrian writer"	No	No		M (brief mention as a writer)
11-Nov-28	Three Great Egoists Portrayed by Stefan Zweig	Edwin Clark	review of <i>Adepts in Self-Portraiture: Casanova, Stendhal, Tolstoy</i> . Begins that Zweig is known in US for adaptation of <i>Volpone</i> , but is known in Europe for his biographical sketches and fiction. Positive. Ends with: "So, in Zweig we have a critic extending the function of criticism and revivifying it."	Yes	No		F (Review)
9-Dec-28	Pretty Rare Ben Jonson	Philip Carr	Discussion of French version of Zweig's version of Jonson's <i>Volpone</i> .	Brief	No		F (play review)
7-Jul-29	Brief Reviews of New Books in Miscellaneous Fields	n/a	Review of book called <i>Christian and Jew: A Symposium for Better Understanding</i> . Contributors include Zweig.	No	No		C (as context)

12-Jan-30	Books and Authors	n/a	Listing for new books, incl. Zweig's <i>Three Masters</i> .	No	No		L (Listing only)
9-Mar-30	The Week's Openings	n/a	Listing for opening of Zweig's <i>Volpone</i>	No	No		L (Listing only)
11-Mar-30	Volpone' Is Revived	n/a	Review of Zweig's <i>Volpone</i> . "still entertaining" "lively, if brutal, entertainment." Mentions that it ran for 160 performances in 1928.	Brief	No		F (play review)
11-May-30	Three Great Novelists Critically Surveyed by Stefan Zweig	Louis Kronenberger	review of <i>Three Masters: Balzac, Dickens, Dostoevsky</i> . "a brilliant and exciting book" "masterly analysis of the men themselves, to the piercing manner in which he has cut to essentials." about Dostoevsky piece: "an interpretative masterpiece"	Yes	No		F (Review)
22-Jun-30	Books for the Summer Months	n/a	Listing of books to be published, including Zweig's <i>Fouche</i>	Yes	No		M (Brief mention of title)
11-Aug-30	Women Petition World to Disarm	n/a	About petition by Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. Signatures include Einstein, Jane Addams, Stefan Zweig.	No	Brief		C (as context)
17-Aug-30	Fouche, Whom Napoleon Called "The Perfect Traitor"	Alexander Nazarov	Review of Joseph Fouche. "a subject worthy of his talent". Mixed review, first part great, second too many generalities and lacking in detail.	Yes	No		F (Review)
28-Sep-30	Realism Mingles with Romance in Tarkington's Tale of Maine	Louis Kronenberger	Review of book by Booth Tarkington. Reviewer begins with quote from Zweig about Dickens.	Brief	No		M (brief quote from book)
1-Mar-31	Creative Path of Soviet Films	B.S. Glagolin	Article about Russian cinema. Brief quote from an unnamed book by Zweig.	Yes	No		M (quote from essay)
19-Apr-31	Current Magazines	n/a	Notice about English-language magazine published in Paris (This Quarter). Current issue features Americans and Austrians. Incl. work by Schnitzler, Zweig, Rilke (misspelled as Wilke), E.E. Cummings, Allen Tate, etc.	Yes	No		C (as context)
9-Jun-31	Finds the Long Novel Passe	none	Notice about survey done by Viking Press about Americans wanting shorter fiction. Ends with note that Zweig's <i>Amok</i> will soon be published.	Yes	No		M (Brief mention of title)
14-Jul-31	Zweig's Tale of Guilt in the Tropics	Louis Kronenberger	Review of <i>Amok</i> . "SZ...has mastered the short narrative form and made it as significant in its way as the novel."	Yes	No		F (Review)
14-Jun-31	Books and Authors	none	Notice about publication of Zweig's <i>Amok</i> and mention that he helps discover literary talent, incl. Erich Maria Remarque and Arnold Zweig.	Yes	Brief		F (forthcoming book)
21-Jun-31	Facts and Chatter about 400 Living Authors	none	Brief review about book of biographies, beginning with Leonie Adams and ending with Zweig.	No	No		C (as context)
22-Nov-31	Palestine Goes to the Theatre	Jean Jaffe	About theatre in Palestine. Brief mention of Zweig's <i>Jeremiah</i> .	Yes	No		C (as context)
6-Dec-31	Books and Authors	none	List of upcoming publications, including <i>Mental Healers</i>	No	No		M (upcoming book)
13-Dec-31	What Is Going On This Week	none	List of events, including discussion of Zweig's <i>Mental Healers</i> book at the New School for Social Research	Yes	No		M (Brief mention of title)

21-Jan-32	Favorite Sons in Paris	Philip Carr	Brief review of play based on Zweig's <i>Twenty-four Hours in the Life of a Woman</i> (but unnamed in the article).	Yes	No		M (play review)
13-Feb-32	Mental Healing Art Is Traced By Zweig	none	Review of <i>Mental Healers</i> . More a synopsis, no critical judgment given.	Yes	No		F (Review)
21-Feb-32	Seekers for the Power of Mind Over Matter	Herbert Gorman	positive review of book on Mesmer, Eddy and Freud.	Yes	No		F (Review)
8-Mar-32	Book Notes	n/a	Notice of award given to book by Walther Reinhardt. Jury included Thomas Mann, Jacob Wassermann and Zweig.	No	No		C (as context)
19-Jul-32	A Masterly Novelette by Stefan Zweig	Harold Strauss	Review of <i>Letter from an Unknown Woman</i> . "all the richness and force of a fullbodied novel" notes his use of a particular climactic moment in a character's life. "it is difficult to see what further achievement in the field of the novelette is possible."	Yes	No		F (Review)
2-Oct-32	Books and Authors	n/a	Notice about new literary journal, Europa, with contributions by Thomas Mann, Stefan Zweig, John Galsworthy, Sigrid Undset, Franz Werfel...	No	No		C (as context)
30-Sep-32	Jewish New Year Begins At Sundown	n/a	Brief mention of New Year issue of <i>The American Hebrew and Jewish Tribune</i> . Contributors include G.B. Shaw, Thomas Mann, Stefan Zweig, etc.	No	No		M (brief mention as a writer)
24-Dec-32	Walter Says Opera Will Survive Crisis	n/a	Bruno Walter conducting in NY, warning that depression in Europe is hampering art. Mentioned Strauss working on new opera with libretto by SZ, "Lord Spleen"	No	No		M (brief mention as a writer)
1-Jan-33	Greek Tragedy, Pantomine and Acting	Brooks Atkinson	Mention of Zweig's <i>Volpone</i> . "This was one instance in which the long way round was the shortest way home."	Yes	No		M (mention of play)
1-Jan-33	Richard Strauss Works on New Operas	n/a	Note taken from Neue Freie Presse of Vienna that Strauss is working on <i>The Silent Woman</i> using Stefan Zweig's text.	No	No		C (as context)
16-Jan-33	Book Notes	n/a	Note on Viking Press nonfiction bestseller of the spring: Stefan Zweig's <i>Marie Antoinette</i> . Also current bestseller in Germany, where it has sold 50,000.	Yes	No		F (sales)
16-Mar-33	Book Brevities	n/a	Book of the Month Club recommending Zweig's <i>Marie Antoinette</i>	Yes	No		L (Listing only)
28-Mar-33	O'Brien Pays Tribute to Jewish Contribution to German Culture	n/a	Reprint of Mayor O'Brien's speech at protest at Madison Square Garden. Condemning violence and sanctions against Jews reported in Germany. Questions German culture without Jewish contributions. "Could any one estimate the value of the contribution of such contemporaries as Lion Feuchtwanger and Stefan Zweig, recognized the world over a leaders among the great creative artists?"	Yes	Yes		C (as context)
1-Apr-33	Doubts Old Tales of French Queen	none	Overview of <i>Marie Anoinette</i> by Zweig just published.	Yes	No		F (Review)

2-Apr-33	Stefan Zweig's Remarkable Study of Marie Antoinette	Herbert Gorman	Review of <i>Marie Antoinette</i> . "what must be regarded as the biography to end all biographies on Marie Antoinette."	Yes	No		F (Review)
9-Apr-33	Books and Authors	none	Mention of new all-Europe review called Europa. Published in America. First issue contains contribution from SZ.	No	No		M (brief mention as a writer)
7-May-33	Is History Repeating	Robert Grimshaw	Letter writer uses quote from Zweig's <i>Marie Antoinette</i> to talk about current taxation and government waste.	Yes	No		F (quote from work)
7-May-33	Direction by Moeller	n/a	List of plays put on by theater, incl. Zweig's <i>Volpone</i>	No	No		L (Listing only)
18-Jun-33	Books and Authors	n/a	Notice about Viking Press checking on its German authors "scattered by the Hitler regime." Mention of Roth, Doblin, Arnold Zweig. "Stefan Zweig, being an Austrian, has not been personally molested, although some of his books were burned in the famous Nazi bonfire, and he has been summarily dismissed, along with Thomas Mann and Jacob Wassermann, from the jury of the Ralph Beaver Strassburger Award."	No	Yes		M (Mention as victim of book burning)
26-Jun-33	M.G.M. to Offer 46 Feature Films	n/a	Among to-be-produced films is Zweig's <i>Marie Antoinette</i> .	Yes	No		M (film based on work)
27-Jun-33	Book Notes	n/a	Two national bestsellers now in 68,000 copies: Zweig's <i>Marie Antoinette</i> and <i>British Agent</i> by R.H. Bruce Lockhart.	Yes	No		M (as bestseller)
2-Jul-33	Out on the Coast: West and Far West	M.S.	Theater in Hollywood. Includes mention of production of Zweig's <i>Volpone</i> .	Yes	No		M (mention of play)
16-Jul-33	Before the Cameras and Microphones	n/a	Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has purchased rights to Stefan Zweig's <i>Marie Antoinette</i> . Published three months ago, Book of the Month Club pick and bestseller	Yes	No		M (film based on work)
30-Jul-33	En Route to the Screen	n/a	Mention that film rights to Zweig's <i>Letter from an Unknown Woman</i> sold to RKO-Radio	Yes	No		M (radio rights)
28-Sep-33	Book Notes	n/a	Brief mention: "Stefan Zweig, whose 'Marie Antoinette' is still a best seller in non-fiction, has been signed as the official representative of the Viking Press in Europe."	No	No		M (brief mention as a writer)
15-Oct-33	Books and Authors	n/a	Huebsch of Viking Press announces that Zweig will be official representative of Viking Press for Europe. Next book will be collection of stories.	Yes	Yes		M (title and forthcoming work)
2-Nov-33	Stefan Zweig in London	n/a	brief notice about Zweig from president of the Viking Press, that he is not a German and not an émigré, as reported in NYT.	No	Yes		M (Mention as writer)
16-Dec-33	Book Notes	n/a	Notice about people seeing connection between film Only Yesterday and plots of Zweig's <i>Letter from an Unknown Woman</i> . Clarification that Universal Pictures bought rights but didn't mention Zweig's name in connection to film.	Yes	No		F (film adaptation)
17-Feb-34	Book Notes	n/a	Two books with title <i>Kaleidoscope</i> published, incl one by Zweig.	Yes	No		M (Brief mention of title)
18-Feb-34	His Mother Tells About the President	S.J. Woolf	Article about Sarah Delano Roosevelt. Mentions that among her stacks of recently read books is SZ's <i>Marie Antoinette</i>	No	No		M (Brief mention of title)

18-Feb-34	Projection Jottings	n/a	Actor to appear in film version of Zweig's <i>Marie Antoinette</i> .	Yes	No		M (film based on work)
1-Apr-34	Brilliant Tales by Stefan Zweig	Louis Kronenberger	Review of <i>Kaleidoscope</i> . 13 novellas and stories. Compares him to Maupassant and Kipling but calls the collection uneven. "entertainment that has subtlety and wit, variety and understanding." calls some endings sentimental. At times lacking reality. "the next best thing to art, you will find it here in perfection and abundance."	Yes	No		F (Review)
8-Apr-34	History and the Screen	Stefan Zweig	Article by Zweig about filming historical events, particularly his <i>Marie Antoinette</i> becoming a film.	Yes	No		F (film adaptation)
16-Apr-34	Book Notes	n/a	Brief notice about new book manufacturing codes. Viking Press claims not viable because some books sell only 1500 copies. Only five story collections sold more, incl. Zweig's <i>Kaleidoscope</i> , published two weeks previous and already sold 4,000.	Yes	No		F (sales)
20-May-34	Laughton Back on Job	n/a	Article about Charles Laughton to appear in Zweig's <i>Marie Antoinette</i> . Says he met with Zweig about the role and wished Zweig would be brought over to work on the story.	Yes	No		F (film adaptation)
21-Jun-34	Paramount Plans 64 New Features	n/a	Mention that Norma Shearer and Charles Laughton will appear in Zweig's <i>Marie Antoinette</i>	Yes	No		M (film based on work)
10-Jul-34	Book Notes	n/a	Viking Press best publishing season in seven years. Six most popular books include Zweig's <i>Kaleidoscope</i> . Also notice that Zweig's <i>Marie Antoinette</i> was one of most successful nonfiction titles in last few years. <i>Erasmus</i> released soon.	Yes	No		F (sales)
18-Jul-34	Nazis Preoccupied so Jews Get Relief	n/a	Trouble in Nazi party means relief for Jews. Slip in anti-Jewish items in newspapers. Mention that war medals will be restored to Jews. Report that Strauss is being criticized for using Zweig as a librettist.	Brief	Yes		M (Strauss connection)
4-Sep-34	Toscanini Declines New Bid to Baireuth	n/a	Toscanini will not conduct in Germany as long as musicians are discriminated against because of race or politics. Mention that Toscanini and Bruno Walker "were entertained by Stefan Zweig, the author, at the latter's Salzburg residence."	No	Brief		M (brief mention as a writer)
30-Sep-34	Books and Authors	n/a	Notice of forthcoming books, incl. Zweig's <i>Erasmus</i> .	Yes	No		L (Listing only)
7-Oct-34	Marie Antoinette: The Merry Queen	Louise Maunsell Field	Review of Marie Antoinette biography by Pierre Nezelof. Unfavorably compared to Zweig's.	Yes	No		C (contextual, review of other writer)
2-Nov-34	Book of the Times	John Chamberlain	Review of <i>Erasmus</i> . 'parable' for modern times. Concedes that Z never mentions Hitler or the times, but says the book "is aimed, directly, at the contending factions of today." Mostly positive but says it could be "more meaty" and more of an essay than a biography.	Yes	No		F (Review)
4-Nov-34	Stefan Zweig's Life of Erasmus	Percy Hutchison	Review of <i>Erasmus</i> . "The book is a quietly astounding bit of biographical and historical achievement."	Yes	No		F (Review)

6-Nov-34	Book Notes	none	Brief note about SZ's <i>Erasmus</i> . Only 600 copies published in Germany. "its import is such that an edition for general circulation seemed 'inexpedient' in Germany today.	Yes	No		M (Brief mention of title and work)
11-Nov-34	Lines from a Paris Watch Tower	Herbert L. Matthews	Article about films in France. Discusses Amok, based on Zweig story. "deserves all the attention that can be given to it"	Yes	No		F (film adaptation)
2-Dec-34	A Wide Choice for Readers in the Christmas Book Lists	none	Mention on Zweig's <i>Erasmus</i> as a "stand out" among biographies	Yes	No		M (Brief mention of title)
24-Dec-34	Book Notes	n/a	Notice about Viking bestsellers, incl. Zweig's <i>Erasmus</i> .	Yes	No		M (sales)
15-Apr-35	Schultz Declares He's a Benefactor	Meyer Berger	About trial of Arthur Flegenheimer for tax evasion. Mentions Zweig is his favorite author.	No	No		C (as context)
28-Apr-35	Dutch Schultz Trial Caps a Vivid Career	Meyer Berger	Mention of Zweig as his favorite author.	No	No		C (as context)
12-Jun-35	Strauss to Lose Nazi Music Post	n/	About Strauss's ousting as president of Third Reich's Musical Chamber because of use of Zweig as librettist.	Yes	Yes		F (Strauss connection)
16-Jun-35	Footnotes on Headliners	n/a	Paragraph about Strauss's removal as president of the Third Reich's Musical Chamber. Cites reason as choosing SZ as librettist for opera that opened in Dresden on June 24.	No	No		M (Brief mention as reason for Strauss's trouble with Nazis)
24-Jun-35	The Silent Woman With Text by Jewish Writer	Herbert F. Peyser	Article about preparation for Strauss premier. Discussion of Zweig as librettist and implications.	Yes	Yes		M (Strauss connection)
25-Jun-35	Strauss Premiere Politely Received	Herbert F. Peyser	<i>Silent Woman</i> "fails to win high critical approval." Demonstrations against Zweig expected but did not materialize. Some criticism of Zweig's libretto	Yes	Yes		F (review and Strauss connection)
26-Jun-35	All Germany Hails New Strauss Opera	n/a	Premiere "celebrated throughout Germany today as the year's major European musical event despite the fact that the libretto was written by a Jew, Stefan Zweig."	Yes	No		M (Strauss connection)
4-Jul-35	Book Notes	n/a	Notice for forthcoming Zweig book on life of Mary Stuart, a "sister book" to his <i>Marie Antoinette</i> .	Yes	No		M (upcoming book)
14-Jul-35	A Panorama of German Writing from 1871 to 1931	Harold Strauss	Negative review of book about German literature. Reviewer questions choices, calling Thomas Mann, Wassermann, Stefan Zweig "men of genius"	Yes	No		C (as context)
14-Jul-35	Strauss Resigns From Reich Post	n/a	Discussion of Strauss's resignation and connection with Zweig.	Yes	Yes		M (Strauss connection)
14-Jul-35	Books and Authors	n/a	Notice for forthcoming Zweig book on life of Mary Stuart, a "sister book" to his <i>Marie Antoinette</i> .	Yes	No		M (upcoming book)
14-Jul-35	Politics Held Reason	n/a	Strauss resignation. "Nazis resented the fact he had retained Stefan Zweig, Jewish author, to wrote the libretto for the opera.	No	No		M (Brief mention as reason for Strauss's trouble with Nazis)
5-Aug-35	Book Notes	n/a	Notice of forthcoming publication of Zweig's <i>Mary Queen of Scotland</i> .	Yes	No		L (Listing only)
11-Aug-35	New Book on Toscanini	n/a	Brief mention of monograph on Toscanini by Paul Stefan, with an "eloquent" preface by Stefan Zweig.	Yes	No		M (Mention as writer)

11-Aug-35	William Seabrook Explores the World of an Asylum	C.G. Poore	Review of William Seabrook's <i>Asylum</i> about his stay in one. Reviewer mentions readers' love of personal confession, in such books as Rousseau, Casanova and Zweig's <i>Adepts in Self-Portraiture</i> .	Yes	No		C (as context)
16-Aug-35	Book Notes	n/a	Mention of forthcoming <i>Mary Queen of Scotland</i> by Zweig. He claims Mary and Queen Elizabeth never met.	Yes	No		F (Upcoming publication)
25-Aug-35	Ban on Jewish Agents Urged	AP	Reich Film Chamber urges ban on Jewish agents. Mention of Strauss librettist Zweig.	Yes	Yes		F (Strauss connection)
25-Aug-35	Zweig's Mary of Scotland	Peter Monro Jack	Review of <i>Mary Stuart</i> . "Zweig's most dramatic and poignant work" questions some of his choices but basically positive	Yes	No		F (Review)
27-Aug-35	Books of the Times	John Chamberlain	Review of <i>Mary Stuart</i> . Reviewer finds it lacking historically and too one-sided. Prefers an alternative biography of the queen.	Yes	No		F (Review)
12-Sep-35	Book Notes	n/a	Zweig's <i>Mary Queen of Scotland</i> has sold more copies at the end of two weeks than had his <i>Marie Antoinette</i> .	Yes	No		F (sales)
6-Oct-35	Notes on Books and Authors	n/a	Viking Press's 10-year anniversary. Ten bestselling books include Zweig's <i>Marie Antoinette</i> . Each of the books has sold more than 100,000 copies. Zweig's <i>Mary Queen of Scotland</i> expected to outsell all of them.	Yes	No		F (sales)
13-Oct-35	German Literature Outside Germany	Heinz Liepmann	discussion of book burning (including SZ) and other trends in German writers publishing from abroad.	No	No		M (Mention as victim of book burning)
31-Oct-35	Students' Choice of 50 Books Listed	n/a	Recommendations from English Teachers' Council and by students from fifty-three colleges. List of student recommendations includes Zweig's <i>Marie Antoinette</i> .	Yes	No		L (Listing only)
3-Nov-35	Neilson to Speak at Morrow Home	n/a	Women's Club of Boonton, NJ, will discuss Zweig's <i>Mary Queen of Scotland</i> .	Yes	No		L (Listing only)
28-Nov-35	Book Notes	n/a	Announcement of publication of monograph of Toscanini by Paul Stefan, with introduction by Stefan Zweig "his intimate friend."	Yes	No		L (Listing only)
8-Dec-35	Books and Authors	n/a	Announcement of publication of Paul Stefan's "Toscanini," with intro by Stefan Zweig.	No	No		M (Brief mention of title)
12-Dec-35	Unusually Rich and Varied, the Season Offers Stimulating Fare	n/a	Christmas book lists, including "Mary, Queen of Scotland and the Isles" by SZ. "Stefan Zweig's most dramatic and poignant work."	Yes	No		M (Brief mention of title)
22-Dec-35	Among Musicians Here and Afield	n/a	Notice that an overture of Strauss's <i>Silent Woman</i> will be performed in Philadelphia, first time this music is performed in US. Zweig librettist.	Yes	No		M (Strauss connection)
29-Dec-35	The Embattled. Disputed Character of Danton	Cuthbert Wright	Review of a book about Danton, calling it disappointing. No "ponderous Teutonic touch, that psychological supergravity, we have come to associate with the work of certain German amateur historians, even with Stefan Zweig."	Yes	No		M (brief mention as a writer)
1-Jan-36	Books of the Times	John Chamberlain	lists SZ's <i>Mary Stuart</i> book as one of top ten nonfiction titles of the year, as per Baker and Taylor lists	No	No		M (Mention as writer)
26-Jan-36	The Illustrious Musical Career of Arturo Toscanini	Richard Aldrich	biography by Paul Stefan, with foreword by SZ. Positive review of book and of foreword.	Yes	No		M (foreword of book reviewed)

9-Feb-36	Opera Banned by Reich is Performed in Graz	n/a	<i>The Silent Woman</i> performed in Austria after ban in Germany. Mention of Zweig as librettist.	Yes	Yes		M (Strauss connection)
23-Feb-38	Liebestod; One Unknown	Harold Strauss	Review of German novella. Discussion of the "novelette" as an unfamiliar form for American readers since publishers discourage it. Reviewer mentions successful ones, incl. Mann's <i>Death in Venice</i> and Zweig's <i>Letter from an Unknown Woman</i> .	Yes	No		M (mention of work)
1-Mar-36	Strauss Acclaimed in Austria	Herbert F. Peyser	Rave reviews from Austria for Strauss-Zweig opera.	Yes	Yes		M (Strauss connection)
7-May-36	Freud is Honored on 80th Birthday	Herbert F. Peyser	Freud celebrated in Vienna. Congratulations signed by hundreds of artists, incl. Zweig.	No	No		C (as context)
10-May-36	Footnotes on Headliners	n/a	Note on congratulations for Freud's 80th birthday, signed by Virginia Woolf, Mann, Zweig, etc.	No	No		C (as context)
12-May-36	Features Listed by MGM for Year	n/a	Upcoming films, incl. Zweig's <i>Marie Antoinette</i> .	Yes	No		L (Listing only)
12-Jun-36	Book Notes	n/a	Note that none of the German writers who sent contributions to Georges Schreiber's <i>Portraits and Self-Portraits</i> mailed them from Germany. This includes Einstein, Mann, Werfel, Arnold Zweig, Stefan Zweig, Ludwig.	No	No		C (as context)
14-Jun-36	Kipling, Musicals, Mark Twain and Other Pleasant Promises	Frank S. Nugent	Forthcoming film of Zweig's <i>Marie Antoinette</i> .	Yes	No		L (Listing only)
20-Jun-36	Book Notes	n/a	Notice that Stefan Zweig will be attending PEN conference in South America. And his work on Castelli released soon.	Yes	Yes		F (PEN conference)
5-Jul-36	Honor for Janet	Rutledge T. Wiltbank	Manifesto issued in London assigning credit to Freud of being pioneer of psychology. Signed by HG Wells, Virginia Woolf, Rolland, Romain, Zweig.	No	No		C (as context)
7-Jul-36	News of the Screen	n/a	article about Walter Wagner, new United Artists producer. Asked about new projects, he mentions wanting to bring SZ over but won't say for what project.	No	No		M (brief mention as a writer)
29-Aug-36	Book Notes	n/a	Forthcoming "double-biography" <i>The Right to Heresy</i> forthcoming.	Yes	No		F (forthcoming book)
6-Sep-36	Buenos Aires Host to PEN Congress	Special Cable to the NYT	Noted writers attending include Stefan Zweig, Duhamel, Ludwig, etc.	No	No		C (as context)
15-Sep-36	French Novelist Succeeds HG Wells, Who Is Extolled by Zweig	Special Cable to the NYT	About new president of International PEN. HG Wells stepping down. Zweig read tribute to Wells and "belief that the profession of writing could become the highest and most necessary in the modern world." Zweig also said: as the writer's influence grows so does his debt to humanity.	No	Yes		F (speech at PEN)
20-Sep-36	Books and Authors	n/a	About German Academy of Arts and Letters, organization for German culture in exile. Members include Thomas and Klaus Mann, Stefan Zweig, etc.	No	Yes		C (as context)

25-Oct-36	German Authors Who Write in Exile	Heinz Liepmann	About German-language publishing in exile, esp. presses in Netherlands, France, Switzerland and Czechoslovakia. Mentions contemporary writers whose work is published that way, incl. Mann and Zweig.	No	No		C (as context)
28-Oct-36	Books of the Times	Ralph Thompson	Review of book by Sholem Asch. Reviewer questions Zweig's claim that the publication of this book is "an event in world literature."	No	No		C (as context)
15-Nov-36	Stefan Zweig's New Parable of the Right to Heresy	Lloyd Eshleman	Review of <i>The Right to Heresy</i> . Positive.	Yes	No		F (Review)
13-Dec-36	How Forty Famous Authors Look and What They Say	Charles Poore	Review of book of sketches of writers alongside brief autobiography. Includes Zweig.	No	No		C (as context)
3-Jan-37	Bruno Walter Writes about Mahler	H.F.P.	About Paul Stefan book on Bruno Walter, with essays on Thomas Mann and Stefan Zweig.	Yes	No		M (Review of book that includes Z)
10-Jan-37	Stimson Room Busy at Mount Holyoke	n/a	About leisure reading tastes of Mount Holyoke students. Mention that they don't read Stefan Zweig much.	Yes	No		M (Mention as writer)
11-May-37	To Honor Peace Worker	none	Award to honor peace worker Rosika Schwimmer. Lloyd made public list of 172 people willing to support campaign for peace prize in Europe. Includes SZ.	No	No		M (brief mention as a writer)
25-Apr-37	Ernst Toller's Letters From Prison	John Cournos	Review of book by Ernst Toller. Includes letters written in prison to friends incl. Stefan Zweig.	No	Brief		C (as context)
14-Jun-37	Book Notes	n/a	Notice about European travel of Viking editor to meet with the press's authors, incl. Werfel, Wells and Zweig.	No	No		C (as context)
8-Aug-37	The New Koechel	Noel Straus	About new Mozart catalogue. Mention of Zweig as holder of Mozart treasures.	No	Yes		M (as collector)
17-Aug-37	Rift with Nazis Evidently Has Been Healed	Wireless to the NYTimes	About Strauss's new opera to be performed, with libretto by Josef Gregor. Mention of association with Zweig and fallout because of it.	Yes	Yes		M (Brief mention as reason for Strauss's trouble with Nazis)
22-Aug-37	Nine Muses Regimented to Serve Nazi Kultur	Otto D. Tolischus	Long article about art under Hitler. Mention of Strauss's forced retirement because of use of libretto by Zweig. Writer calls the opera "the last creative work of note in the Third Reich."	Yes	Yes		M (Brief mention as reason for Strauss's trouble with Nazis)
25-Sep-37	Own Hall of Fame Created by Jews	n/a	"120 greatest living Jews" named to Jewish Hall of Fame in worldwide poll by The Ivrim, honor society of Chicago Jewish students. List includes Stefan Zweig, alongside Arnold Zweig, Emil Ludwig, Sholom Asch, Freud, Max Reinhardt. From list of 420 suggested names sent to 110 Jewish communities.	No	No		C (Context reference)
3-Oct-37	New Editions, Fine & Otherwise	Edward Larocque Tinker	Article about edition of Zweig stories called <i>The Old-Book Peddler and Other Tales for Bibliophiles</i> . Description of several stories. Positive review.	Yes	No		F (Review)
9-Oct-37	Book Notes	none	Short mention of upcoming book <i>The Buried Candelabrum</i>	Yes	No		F (Upcoming publication)

15-Oct-37	Books Published Today	none	Listing of books published, including <i>The Buried Candelabrum</i> by SZ and Edith WHarton and Hemingway	No	No		M (Brief mention of title)
17-Oct-37	Swedish Biography and Memoirs	Alma Luise Olson	Brief review of "Journal" of Axel von Fersen. Reviewer mentions SZ's <i>Marie Antoinette</i> and how it differs from what is found in the journal.	Yes	No		M (Brief mention of title and work)
17-Oct-37	Stefan Zweig's Legend of the Menorah	Harold Strauss	Review of <i>The Buried Candelabrum</i> mostly positive. Relates it to the time, calling it "a message to the Jews of modern Germany"	Yes	No		F (Review)
23-Nov-37	Book Fair Held at Synagogue	n/a	Notice of book fair. Readings from Zweig's <i>Buried Candelabrum</i> and Sholom Asch's <i>The Mother</i> .	Yes	No		M (Brief mention of title)
5-Dec-37	New Editions, Fine & Otherwise	Edward Larocque Tinker	Mention of new publication of Zweig: <i>The Old Boo Peddler and Other Tales</i> of four stories about book lovers	Yes	No		M (Brief mention of title)
5-Dec-37	Books for Christmas Among the Recent Publication	none	Long list of Christmas recommendations. Incl. Zweig's <i>Buried Candelabrum</i> .	Yes	No		M (Brief notice)
31-Dec-37	Dix to be Starred in Seeing Eye Film	n/a	Notice of a French film version of Zweig's <i>Fear</i> .	Yes	No		M (Brief notice)
16-Jan-38	Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI Before the Revolution	Katherine Woods	Review of biography of Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI. Reviewer briefly discusses author's problems with Zweig's biography.	Yes	No		C (Context reference)
17-Jan-38	48 American Publishers to Shun 'Puppet' Book Congress in Reich	none	American publishers boycott International Congress of Book Publishers because it's being held in Germany, citing lack of freedom of press and banning of books, including those of Zweig	No	No		M (brief mention as a writer)
18-Jan-38	Book Notes	none	Literary Guild has selected Zweig's <i>Conqueror of the Seas</i> for book of the month.	Yes	No		M (Brief mention of title)
4-Feb-38	Books Published Today	none	Listing of new books, incl. Zweig's <i>Conqueror of the Seas</i> .	Yes	No		L (Listing only)
5-Feb-38	Books of the Times: Stefan Zweig's <i>Magellan</i>	Charles Poore	Review of <i>Magellan</i> . Positive, says it rehashes old material but makes it fresh and vital, unlike many works of new scholarship	Yes	No (few references to prompt for book)		F (Review)
6-Feb-38	A Smooth-Sailing Narrative of Magellan and His Voyage	R.L. Duffus	Positive review. "His own passion for his subject carries the story well."	Yes	No (few references to prompt for book)		F (Review)
6-Feb-38	All is Not Waltz Time in Vienna	H.B. Kranz	About politics and art in Vienna. Mention of several writers, incl. Zweig.	Yes	Yes		C (Context reference)
21-Feb-38	New York St Louis Boston San Francisco Washington	none	List of bestsellers across the country. Zweig's <i>Conqueror of the Seas</i> bestseller in New York.	Yes	No		L (Listing only)
6-Mar-38	Books and Authors	none	Report of contract for book by Klaus and Erica Mann, <i>Escape to Life</i> . Mentions that it will contain info about many writers, incl. Zweig.	No	Yes		C (Context reference)

13-Mar-38	New Mystery Stories	Kay Irvin	Brief mention that Zweig showed Oxford University Press the original copy of Mozart's "Register of All My Works," which Zweig owns. Facsimile edition of 200 produced.	No	Yes		M (mention of collection)
24-Apr-38	Nazis to Purge Vienna Library	none	Bookstores already removed 'offensive' books two weeks ago. Incl. works by Mann, Zweig, Wassermann, etc.	No	Yes		C (Context reference)
22-May-38	Hollywood Cake	Douglas W. Churchill	Article about film version of Zweig's <i>Marie Antoinette</i> . Mostly about set design and actors chosen.	Yes	No		M (brief mention as a writer)
22-May-38	Winston Churchill, Maude Adams to Be Among Speakers	(Society News)	Town Hall lecture series for 1938-39 announced. Stefan Zweig among them.	No	No		M (brief mention as a writer)
20-Jul-38	News of the Screen	Special to the NYT	Notice of premiere of film version of Zweig's <i>Marie Antoinette</i> .	Yes	No		M (brief mention as a writer)
24-Jul-38	German Publishing Outside Germany	Heinz Liepmann	About German exile publishing houses. Discusses German-language writers published there and in translation, incl. Zweig.	Yes	No		M (brief mention as a writer)
7-Aug-38	The Screen: MGM's 'Marie Antoinette'	none	review of the film version. Only mention of Zweig as a writer	No	No		M (brief mention as a writer)
14-Aug-38	Van Dyke, the Trouble-Shooter	none	Article about director of Marie Antoinette film. Mentions that he read Zweig's biography.	Yes	No		M (brief mention as a writer)
15-Aug-38	Janet Gaynor-Myron Selznick Form New Company	Special to the NYT	Notice of premiere of <i>Marie Antoinette</i> film. Mention that it is partly based on Zweig's biography.	Yes	No		M (brief mention as a writer)
17-Aug-38	Marie Antoinette in Terms of Norma Shearer	none	Mostly negative review of film <i>Marie Antoinette</i> . Calls the script weak.	Yes	No		M (brief mention as a writer)
16-Oct-38	Books and Authors	none	Notice about the Alliance Book Corporation in New York publishing 12 books in German, incl. ones by Thomas Mann, Stefan Zweig, Arnold Zweig, Emil Luwig, Vicki Baum, Heinrich Mann.	Yes	No		C (Context reference)
24-Oct-38	New Firm's First List to be Headed by a Thomas Mann Book	none	Notice about the Alliance Book Corporation, exile publishing company in New York, publishing 12 books in German, incl. ones by Thomas Mann, Stefan Zweig, Arnold Zweig, Emil Luwig, Vicki Baum, Heinrich Mann.	Yes	No		C (Context reference)
30-Nov-38	Two Stage Shows Close Saturday	none	Notice that Zweig's <i>Jeremiah</i> will likely open soon.	Yes	No		L (Listing only)
9-Dec-38	Webb to Appear in Wilde Revival	(Society News)	Overview of theatre happenings; mentions that a production of <i>Jeremiah</i> is being held off because of problems with casting.	Yes	No		M (Brief mention of title)
11-Dec-38	Books and Authors	none	Notice of forthcoming <i>Living Thoughts Library</i> of condensed books. Includes works by Thomas Mann, Zweig, Rolland.	Yes	No		C (Context reference)
22-Dec-38	News of the Stage	none	Notice that the Theatre Guild will call Zweig's <i>Jeremiah</i> "Voices in the Night."	Yes	No		L (Listing only)

30-Dec-38	Variety Program on Majestic List	none	Notice that Theatre Guild will keep Zweig's original title for its production of <i>Jeremiah</i>	Yes	No		L (Listing only)
1-Jan-39	New Editions, Fine & Otherwise	Edward Larocque Tinker	Article about Tolstoy. Quotes Zweig on Tolstoy.	Yes	No		M (brief quote only)
2-Jan-39	Zweig Says Unrest Hampers Writers: General Instability Blamed for a Decline in Standard of Literature	none	interview of Zweig at Viking Press in NY. Claims unrest makes art almost impossible. No young generation of German writers because of times.	No	Yes (as refugee writer)		F (interview about state of Europe and art)
13-Jan-39	'Freedom Pavilion' at Fair Planned to Celebrate the Pre-Nazi Culture	(Society News)	Meeting to plan a pavilion to appear at the World's Fair to portray German art, culture, science pre-Nazis. Not to be warlike or lead the country into the war, but to celebrate a culture. Preposal to include a display of banned book, including those by SZ	No	No		M (brief mention as a writer)
16-Jan-39	The Play	W.S.	Brief notice about performance of Zionist collegiate youth group. Program included reading of Zweig's poem "Rachel's Prayer."	Yes	No		C (Context reference)
21-Jan-39	Opening Tonight of 'American Way'	(Amusements)	About theatre happenings. Paragraph about Stefan Zweig instructing Theatre Guild to turn over his royalties for the performances of <i>Jeremiah</i> to fund for 'expelled' German and Austrian writers.	Yes	Yes		M (brief mention of philanthropy)
22-Jan-39	Books and Authors	none	Notice about posthumous publication of German novelist Odon von Horvath, who died last year unexpectedly at 36 from a fallen tree in Paris. Quote from Zweig about the author being "the most gifted writer of the younger generation."	No	No		C (Context reference)
29-Jan-39	The Openings	none	Notice of opening of Zweig's <i>Jeremiah</i> .	Yes	No		L (Listing only)
1-Feb-39	Book Notes	none	Notice that Viking will reissue Zweig's <i>Jeremiah</i> .	Yes	No		L (Listing only)
3-Feb-39	News of the Stage	none	Notice of Zweig's <i>Jeremiah</i> , first American production. Mentions that Zweig's royalties will go to a fund for exiled German and Austrian writers.	Yes	Yes		F (notice of play)
4-Feb-39	The Play: Theatre Guild Puts on Stefan Zweig's 'Jeremiah'; as the	Brooks Atkinson	Theatre Guild put on <i>Jeremiah</i> . Reviewer compliments actors, set, etc, and give context for play but finds it dull. "ponderous and hackneyed drama"	Yes	Yes (brief context circumstances of writing)		F (Review)
5-Feb-39	Books and Authors	none	Notice about Zweig donating royalties of <i>Jeremiah</i> to exiled writers.	Yes	Yes		F (royalties to exiles)
21-Feb-39	Institute Honors Stefan Zweig	none	Brief mention. Dinner for SZ at the New School for Social Research (Ernst Toller one of attendees)	No	No		F (honorary event)
23-Feb-39	Book Notes	none	Notice of Zweig's first novel forthcoming.	Yes	No		L (Listing only)
12-Mar-39	Books to Be Published During the Spring Months	none	List of books to be released, including <i>Beware of Pity</i>	Yes	No		M (Brief mention of title)

17-Mar-39	Books of the Times	Charles Poore	Review of <i>Beware of Pity</i> . Contains all Zweig's "glossy, rolling assurance" and has a "Brontesque tumult." "Herr Zweig presents this story with considerable skill, with compelling force, and in far, far too many words." "remains singularly moving" "Herr Zweig might easily have confined his novel to the limits of the novelette, as he has in the past. But the inescapable fact remains that if he had done so he would have left out a taut, tense lot of story-telling."	Yes	No		F (Review)
17-Mar-39	Books Published Today	none	Notice of publication of <i>Beware of Pity</i> .	Yes	No		L (Listing only)
17-Mar-39	Stefan Zweig's Brilliant Novel	Louis Kronenberger	Review of <i>Beware of Pity</i> . Quibbles, but calls it "an original and often brilliant" novel. Main problem: melodrama. Calls Zweig "a brilliant writer, but not a profound one."	Yes	No		F (Review)
21-Mar-39	Books Published Today	none	List of new books, incl. <i>Tolstoi</i> edited by Zweig.	Yes	No		L (Listing only)
26-Mar-39	Latest Books Received	none	Books received, incl. Zweig's <i>Tolstoi</i> .	Yes	No		L (Listing only)
2-Apr-39	The Literary Scene in Canada	Howe Martyn Toronto	Article about literary life in Canada. Mention of talk and reception for Zweig in Toronto. He spoke about biography. They hope he will return to speak about Canadian literature.	Yes	No		M (mention of appearance)
17-Apr-39	Best Sellers of the Week Here and Elsewhere	none	<i>Beware of Pity</i> bestseller in San Francisco, along with <i>Rebecca</i> and <i>Grapes of Wrath</i>	No	No		M (Brief mention of title)
30-Apr-39	New Studies in Four Masters	John Cournos	Review of several works in the <i>Living Thoughts</i> library, incl. Zweig's <i>Tolstoi</i> . Reviewer considers these books a response to the political situation. Quotes Zweig on Tolstoi about revolution "from within, revolution not of the mailed fist but of a conscience unshakable and ready for any suffering."	Yes	Brief		F (Review)
16-Jul-39	New Books by German Writers in Exile	Heinz Liepmann	Discussion of German-language exiles. Mentions great success of Zweig's novel and that he is working on a new biography.	Yes	Brief		M (mention as exile writer)
26-Jul-39	Books of the Times	Ralph Thompson	Review of <i>Living Thoughts Library</i> . Mixed, but appreciative of Zweig's <i>Tolstoi</i> .	Yes	No		F (Review)
6-Sep-39	Book Notes	none	Notice of forthcoming book by Zweig. Worked on for 25 years, the collection <i>Master Builders</i> will be published this month.	Yes	No		L (Listing only)
10-Sep-39	Books and Authors	none	Notice of forthcoming book by Zweig. Worked on for 25 years, the collection <i>Master Builders</i> will be published this month.	Yes	No		L (Listing only)
18-Sep-39	Books Published Today	none	Notice of publication of Zweig's <i>Master Builders</i> .	Yes	No		L (Listing only)
27-Sep-39	No Religious Service is Held	none	Notice about cremation of Freud. Tributes paid by Zweig, Dr. Ernest Jones, and Dr. P. Neumann.	No	Yes		C (Context reference)
24-Nov-39	Comedy By Sturm At Hudson Tonight	none	Theatre happenings. Mention that Owen Davis Sr is writing a dramatic adaptation of <i>Beware of Pity</i> , but no production arrangements yet made	Yes	No		M (Brief mention of title)

11-Feb-40	Notes on Books and Authors	none	Notice that Irwin Edmann's <i>Candle in the Dark</i> impressed Stefan Zweig so much that he translated it into German. The translation will be published in Stockholm.	Yes	Yes		F (translation)
10-Apr-40	Stefan Zweig Becomes a Briton	none	Brief mention that SZ has become a "naturalized British subject" on Apr. 9. Works mentioned are all biographies.	No	Yes		F (naturalization)
12-May-40	Notes on Rare Books	Philip Brooks	Notice about bookseller C.A. Stonehill of London catalogue, <i>The Jewish Contribution to Civilization</i> . Includes books and autographs by Jews. With introduction by Stefan Zweig: first attempt of bookseller to "give a bibliographical survey of the entire contribution made by Jews of all nations to philosophy, literature, art, music and science." Restricted to works created in the last 2000 years and not including books about the Jewish question.	Yes	No		M (brief mention as a writer)
8-Jul-40	71 Child Refugees Here on Scythia; Arrived Here From	none	Stefan Zweig also on board. Quoted as saying: "We have hoped for an international federation for thirteen years.... Now we see our Europe go to pieces. We hope in our hearts that Roosevelt will continue in the same way that Wilson has done in the last war. All our hopes are set on him--in Europe and everywhere."	No	No		M (Mention of his arrival, brief interview)
28-Jul-40	The Future of Writing in a World at War: Stefan Zweig Talks	Robert van Gelder	Interview about state of the artist in Europe. Quote: "From hour to hour one waits for news, one cannot avoid reading the papers, listening to the wireless, and at the same time one is oppressed by the worries about the fate of near relatives and friends. ...every one of us lives more the lives of a hundred others than his own." States he started another novel after <i>Beware of Pity</i> but beginning of war made it seem frivolous.	Yes	Yes		F (interview with long quotes)
9-Aug-40	Ocean Travelers	none	List of ship passengers. Stefan Zweig aboard American Republics liner Argentina bound for Buenos Aires via Rio.	No	Yes		L (Listing only)
25-Aug-40	Letters to the Editor	Robert H. Elias	Letter to editor in response to interview with Zweig in which he stated that at this time the writing of literature seemed frivolous and too personal. Writer claims that artists are necessary and relevant.	Yes	Yes		F (response to Zweig's interview)
8-Sep-40	Sigrid Undset Speaks of Writing and War	Robert van Gelder	Interview with Sigrid Undset. Reporter asks if, like Zweig, she believes that literature written now will be more reportorial. She will not guess.	No	Yes		C (Context reference)
8-Sep-40	Troubled Waters' Has Its Setting on a Trawler Off the Iceland Coast	Katherine Woods	Notice about Zweig "the former Austrian author who is now a British citizen" arriving in New York before going on to South America for lectures. Working on <i>Tide of Fortune</i> .	Yes	Yes		F (Zweig's travels)
15-Sep-40	Notes on Books and Authors	none	Mention of upcoming publication of <i>The Tides of Fortune</i>	No	No		M (Brief mention of title)
27-Oct-40	HG Wells Discusses Himself and His Work	Robert van Gelder	Interview with Wells. He mentions a story by Zweig.	Yes	No		C (Context reference)

11-Nov-40	Books Published Today	none	Listing of new books published, incl. Zweig's <i>Tide of Fortune</i> .	Yes	No		L (Listing only)
1-Dec-40	Books for Christmas Among the Recent Publication	none	Mention of <i>The Tides of Fortune</i> (to be reviewed)	No	No		M (Brief mention of title)
5-Dec-40	Books---Authors	none	Notice that Zweig has retreated to "the hills" to escape the heat in Rio.	No	Yes		F (Zweig's travels)
8-Dec-40	Stefan Zweig's Notes on History	Herbert Gorman	<i>The Tide of Fortune</i> . Mildly positive review, but questions some of the topics of the 12 episodes. Lack of completeness and history "tinted" by the novelist	Yes	No		F (Review)
22-Dec-40	The Antagonists	none	Notice that Zweig has returned to Brazil after lecturing in Uruguay and Argentina and is escaping the heat of Rio. Is working on a book.	Yes	Yes		F (Zweig's travels)
29-Dec-40	Notes on Rare Books	Philip Brooks	About destruction of publisher's books, including those by SZ	No	No		M (Mention as victim of book burning)
3-Jan-41	Books of the Times	Charles Poore	About Freud. Mentions that Freud liked such writers as Rolland, Schnitzler, Werfel, Zweig.	Yes	No		C (Context reference)
7-Jan-41	New Magazine Out Today	none	Notice about new 'cultural review' by Klaus Mann. Contributors include Zweig, Sherwood Anderson, Somerset Maugham, Thomas Mann.	Yes	No		C (Context reference)
4-Mar-41	Musicians Guests at Cocktail Party	none	Notice about the Emergency Rescue Committee. List of those supporting the efforts include "Mrs Stefan Zweig." This reference can only be to Friderike Zweig.	No	No		C (Context reference)
22-Mar-41	Catholics List Approved Books	none	100 books recommended for March by Cardinal Hayes Literature Committee. Includes <i>The Tide of Fortune</i> by "Stephan" Zweig	Yes	No		M (Brief mention of title)
4-May-41	A Happy Invasion	Lawrence Langner	Article about Theatre Guild. Mentions that it long has had relationship with now-exiled writers, including Zweig.	Yes	No		C (Context reference)
12-May-41	First Dinner of PEN to be Broadcast to Conquered Lands	none	Notice about broadcast of PEN dinner. Attendees will include Zweig, Undset, Jules Romains, Somerset Maugham.	No	Yes		C (Context reference)
16-May-41	1000 Authors Here Defy Nazi Power: Zweig, Exiled German Writer, Apologizes for Wrongs Inflicted on Humanity	none	dinner for European PEN. "...a public apology by a great exiled German writer for the wrongs inflicted on humanity 'in the name of the German spirit.' proceeds to fund writers in exile and to bring writers to US stranded in Europe. Zweig: "We writers of the German language feel a secret and tormenting shame because these decrees of oppression are conceived and drafted in the German language, the same language in which we write and think. Though we are no longer considered Germans by the Germans, I feel it my duty publicly to ask forgiveness of each of you for everything which today is inflicted on your peoples in the name of the German spirit."	No	Yes		F (as exile writer)

17-May-41	Dr Butler Makes Public List that Includes His Own Works	none	List of books banned in occupied France, incl. those by Stefan Zweig.	Yes	No		C (Context reference)
15-Aug-41	Ocean Travelers	none	Notice of ship passengers, incl. Mr and Mrs Stefan Zweig.	No	Yes		L (Listing only)
24-Aug-41	Books and Authors	none	List of forthcoming books, incl. Zweig's <i>Brazil</i> .	Yes	No		L (Listing only)
13-Sep-41	Says London PEN Congress Was Called on Short Notice	none	Report that international PEN seeks to dissolve European PEN in America. Response signed by Romains, Thomas Mann, Sigrid Undset and Stefan Zweig.	No	Yes		C (Context reference)
5-Oct-41	New Editions, Fine & Otherwise	Edward Larocque Tinker	Notice: "Immediately after reading the proofs of his forthcoming book, 'Brazil: Land of the Future,' Stefan Zweig set sail for his third extended visit to that country. Viking Press published 'Brazil: Land of the Future' on Sept. 26."	Yes	Yes		F (Zweig's travels)
5-Oct-41	An Exile Sees Brazil as the Land of the Future	Ernesto Montenegro	Review of <i>Brazil</i> , positive	Yes	No (just reference to Z's time in Brazil)		F (Review)
19-Oct-41	About Brazil	Manet Fowler	Letter to the editor about reviewer's choice of words in Zweig's <i>Brazil</i> , in reference to "decent women" and race relations.	Yes	No		C (Context reference)
7-Dec-41	Books for Christmas Among the Recent Publications	none	Includes listing of SZ's <i>Brazil</i>	No	No		M (Brief mention of title)
9-Jan-42	Notes on Books and Authors	none	Notice that Viking published an appreciation of Zweig by Jules Romains for his sixtieth birthday. Zweig's new book, <i>Amerigo</i> , to be published.	Yes	Yes		F (life and work)
10-Feb-42	Books--Authors	none	Notice about Zweig's <i>Amerigo</i> .	Yes	No		F (forthcoming book)
22-Feb-42	The Literary Scene in Colombia	Herschel Brickelbogota	About Colombian newspaper survey. Voters favorite prose writers "outside Colombia" are Stefan Zweig (first) and Thomas Mann (second).	Yes	No		M (as popular writer)
2/24/42	Stefan Zweig, Wife End Lives in Brazil	United Press	news of death, most of text of suicide note, letters addressed to friends, incl FZ, Vargas to pay for state burial, autopsies at the home, funeral next day 25th, US edition of <i>Amerigo</i> released day before; ends with mention of <i>Beware of Pity</i> 'only full-length novel"	No	Yes	subject of the piece	F (Death)
25-Feb-42	Brazil Pays Honor to Zweig's in Death	Special Cable to the NYT	buried at expense of Brazil; left money to pay staff, will with instructions to executor Abraham Koogan. Photos destroyed. Friends said they were cheerful	No	Yes	burial	F (Death)
25-Feb-42	One of the Dispossessed	none	"Men like Stefan Zweig, creatively gifted, have a homeland everywhere. Or they should have one." "Yet his death may make us understand a little more personally the problems of the exile for conscience's sake. Such men are the salt of the earth. They fought and suffered while many of us were still indifferent, and had no dear spot of ground to which they could return."	No	Yes	editorial on his exile and death	F (Death)

26-Feb-42	Notes on Books and Authors	none	Notice that Zweig's <i>Brazil</i> now available in French translation. "It was in the introduction to this book that Zweig, who ended his life in Brazil, declared that one of the greatest hopes for future civilization and peace rested on the existence of the vast South American country."	Yes	Yes	Mention	F (work and death)
27-Feb-42	Zweig Estate Left to Altman	none	Notice that Zweig's estate left to brother-in-law.	No	Yes	none	F (estate)
1-Mar-42	Memorial Gathering Honors Stefan Zweig; His Suicide Not a Discouraging Sign for Exiles	none	Emil Ludwig tells 500-person audience not to be discouraged by SZ's suicide. Memorial arranged by Aufbau, Jewish publication for immigrants. Ludwig: "Zweig considered himself the real European. ... He was not only the Austrian; he was the French poet; he was the English gentleman. He did not believe that Europe, as Europe, would ever come back. It was a personal thing with him. He did not mean it as a symbol for other immigrants."	No	Yes	subject of the piece	F (Death)
1-Mar-42	Tribute to Stefan Zweig	Letter to Editor by Austin Stevens	Quotes from tribute by Jules Romains from SZ's 60th birthday	No	Yes	prompt for the piece	F (Death)
8-Mar-42	How America Received Its Name	Philip Ainsworth Means	review of <i>Amerigo</i> . Para 1 talks of this being last book, released days before death. Review: "...with new vividness and witty poignancy. It is an enthralling book."			first para only	F (Review)
8-Mar-42	Speaking of Books	J.D.A.	about sadness at death of SZ; calls him gently modest, with deep sympathy. Integrity of skill. "But to these and to all who prize the freedom of the human spirit there must come an even intenser hatred of the forces in our world that threaten and destroy that freedom."	No	Yes	feature	F (Death)
15-Mar-42	Speaking of Books--Opinion	J.D.A.	Notice of book <i>A Treasure of Democracy</i> . Mention of section by Zweig, including long quote from him. Mention of death but not suicide.	Yes	Yes	none	F (review)
11-Jul-42	Hayes Committee Chooses 100 Books	none	Cardinal Hayes Literature Committee list. Includes <i>Amerigo</i> by SZ	Yes	No	none	M (Brief mention of title)
8-Nov-42	How Men Have Fought and Died	Herbert Gorman	Review of Hemingway's anthology of war writing: <i>Men at War</i> , includes mention of Zweig's "Buchmandel"			none	M (Review of book that includes Z)
28-Dec-42	Books---Authors	none	Viking Press announcing Winter-Spring list, including <i>The World of Yesterday</i> (10,000 copies) for March.	Yes	No	none	M (Brief mention of title)
8-Feb-43	Notes on Books and Authors	none	Notice of new pictorial biography on Arturo Toscanini by Susanne Winternitz Hoeller, "daughter of Mrs. Stefan Zweig."	No	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
14-Mar-43	Results of German Composer's Effort to Cooperate with Hitler Group	Dr Max Graf	Article about Strauss and Nazis. Mentions relationship with Zweig and ban of his opera with libretto by Zweig.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
26-Apr-43	Books of the Times	Orville Prescott	Review of <i>World of Yesterday</i> , but beginning and ending with death	Yes	Yes	beginning and end	F (Review)
18-Jul-43	Arthur Byron Dies	Special to the NYT	Actor played in Zweig's <i>Jeremiah</i> at the Guild Theatre.	Yes	No	none	C (as context)

15-Aug-43	The Treasure Chest	none	column of quotes from books, including the end of <i>The World of Yesterday</i>	Yes	No	none	M (brief quote from book)
29-Sep-43	Thomas Seltzer, Book Publisher , 68	none	obit. Mentions that he published SZ			none	C (as context)
2-Oct-43	Hayes Committee Chooses 100 Books	none	Hayes Committee announces list, including <i>World of Yesterday</i>	Yes	No	none	M (Brief mention of title)
17-Oct-43	Farrar & Rinehart	Irwin Stark	Review of <i>Torch of Freedom</i> by Ludwig and Kranz. Mentions Raoul Auernheimer's "somewhat oblique tribute to Stefan Zweig."	No	Yes	none	M (mention as part of book)
30-Dec-43	Books of the Times	John Chamberlain	Review of book <i>Heart of Europe: An Anthology of Creative Writing, 1920-1940</i> by Klaus Mann and Hermann Kesten. "The Invisible Collection" is included; reviewer suggests that a portion of a biography would give readers better indication of SZ as a writer.	Yes	No	none	M (Review of book that includes Z)
6-Feb-44	Literary Milestones in Brazil	Erico Verissimo	Long article about Brazil. Reviewer hopes that Brazilians "can fulfill the hopes of Stefan Zweig--who saw in Brazil the land of the future."	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
27-Feb-44	Correspondent Sheds Some Further Light on Strauss	n/a	Article about Strauss, with mention of relationship with Zweig.	Yes	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
9-Apr-44	Chess Mad	Kenneth Fearing	Review of <i>The Royal Game</i> : "...one of the most skillful and fantastic tales in the literature of chess, certainly, and one that is brilliant enough in its own right." mentioned character's journey to Buenos Aires: "This journey will painfully recall SZ's tragedy to the reader's mind, but there are no fateful overtones in the story he has written, despite the brutal facts implicit in the plot itself." "last work of fiction" discusses other stories in collection, part. letter from unknown and amok as being perhaps too plotted or overworked. Includes photo of Stefan & Lotte Zweig.	Yes	Yes	in reference to plot point and refers to Royal Game as last fiction/photo of S&LZ	F (Review)
28-May-44	A Poet and the Stream of History	Albert Guerard	Review of book by Georges Bernanos. Reviewer compares Bernanos book to Zweig's and finds Zweig's wanting.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
31-Dec-44	Henry V' Rated As Social Event	C.A. LeJeune	Notice that Lilli Palmer will appear in film version of <i>Beware of Pity</i> .	Yes	No	none	M (Brief mention of title and work)
21-Jan-45	Random Notes of the Film Scene	A.H. Weiler	Mention of forthcoming film version of <i>Beware of Pity</i> .	Yes	No	none	M (mention of film)
7-Mar-45	Screen News	Special to the NYT	Mention of production of film version of <i>Beware of Pity</i> .	Yes	No	none	L (Listing only)
1-Apr-45	Stendhal and the American Reader	Bernard Smith	Mention of books on Stendhal, incl. Zweig's <i>Adepts at Self-Portraiture</i> .	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
20-Mar-46	Books--Authors	none	Notice of new edition of foreign books, incl. Zweig's biography of Stefan Zweig.	No	Yes	none	L (Listing only)
23-Mar-46	Brandts Will Issue Foreign Films Here	none	Notice of French film version of Amok.	Yes	No	none	L (Listing only)

14-Apr-46	Some Recent German Writers	none	Review of <i>Modern German Literature</i> . Authors includes: Hauptmann, Heinrich and Thomas Mann, Wassermann, Stefan Zweig, Kafka, Werfel, Toller, etc.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
20-Jun-46	Books--Authors	none	Book-of-the-Month Club selects Zweig's <i>Balzac</i> as its reserve selection.	Yes	No	none	M (forthcoming book)
28-Jun-46	Books--Authors	none	brief note of upcoming Balzac being published posthumously, edited by Friedenthal.			none	F (Upcoming Pub)
30-Jun-46	People Who Read and Write	John K. Hutchens	Mention of SZ's <i>Balzac</i> as a Reserve Book of the Month Selection	No	No	none	M (Brief mention of title)
22-Sep-46	It Was the Hairdo that Did It	Thomas M. Pryor	Article about Ann Todd. Mention that she will star in film version of Zweig's <i>Letter from an Unknown Woman</i> .	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
27-Sep-46	Books Published Today	none	Notice of publication of Friderike Zweig's biography of Zweig.	No	No	none	L (Listing only)
27-Sep-46	Books--Authors	none	Book-of-the-Month Club chooses Zweig's <i>Balzac</i> for its December selection.	Yes	No	none	L (Listing only)
29-Sep-46	An Unhappy Author's Workshop	Alfred Werner	review of SZ by FZ. Begins with suicide and worldwide speculation about why he did it. Reviewer claims a more even-minded, detached biography on Zweig is needed.	Yes	Yes	Yes	F (life and death)
27-Oct-46	People Who Read and Write	none	Mention of release of SZ's <i>Balzac</i>	No	No	none	M (Brief mention of title)
31-Oct-46	Books--Authors	none	Book-of-the-Month Club chooses Zweig's <i>Balzac</i> for its December selection.	No	No	none	L (Listing only)
3-Nov-46	Representative Plays From Abroad Again Are Being Shown	Emil Lengyel	Austrian writers plays being stages again, incl. Zweig's.	Yes	No	none	M (Brief mention of work)
6-Nov-46	Pasternak Will Produce	none	on purchase of <i>Burning Secret</i> for screen	Yes	No	none	F (upcoming production)
18-Nov-46	Books Published Today	none	List of new books, incl. Zweig's <i>Balzac</i> .	Yes	No	none	L (Listing only)
20-Nov-46	Books of the Times	Orville Prescott	Review of Zweig's <i>Balzac</i> . "This is an excellent biography, the crowning achievement of a distinguished career." "He wrote with an easy grace which half concealed the depth of his psychological perception and the tremendous scope of his research."	Yes	Yes (brief)	mention of suicide	F (Review)
24-Nov-46	A Baffling, Superhuman Figure	Henri Peyre	"work of art" "As it is, this is one of the most important biographies to have been published in any country in the last few years." glowing review, death only in passing & to explain editing of book	Yes	Yes	7th para	F (Review)
1-Dec-46	Dostoevsky's "Twilight of Torment"	Richard Plant	Review of Dostoevsky biography. Reviews it unfavorably in comparison to Zweig's <i>Three Masters</i> .	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
2-Feb-47	Queen of Trinkets	Thomas Caldecot Chubb	Review of book about Pauline Bonaparte. Positive, but reviewer claims about the writer: "If he were a Stefan Zweig he might also have given the portrait of a great period."	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)

23-Feb-47	Writers From Aakjaer to Zweig	Harry Levin	Review of <i>Columbia Dictionary of Modern European Literature</i> . No mention of Stefan Zweig in the text of the review (other than the name 'Zweig,' which may refer to Arnold.	No	No	none	M (brief mention as a writer)
24-Feb-47	Wolfitt to Offer 'Volpone' Tonight	none	Notice about Broadway production of Jonson's <i>Volpone</i> . Mention of previous production of <i>Volpone</i> using Zweig's text.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
11-Mar-47	Fontaine, Dozier List First Films	Thomas F. Brady	About venture to produce film version of Zweig's <i>Letters from an Unknown Woman</i> .	Yes	No	none	M (Brief mention of title)
11-May-47	Germans Proclaim 'Day of Free Book'	Special to the NYT	About German "day of the free book," marked in Berlin on site of previous book burning, including those by Stefan Zweig.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
29-Oct-47	Musical Planned For Betty Hutton	Thomas F. Brady	Theatre news. Mention of <i>Volpone</i> to open	Yes	No	none	M (Brief mention of title)
10-Sep-47	Closing on Sept 27 for 'Sweethearts'	Sam Zolotow	About Actors Lab to present a version of Jonson's <i>Volpone</i> based on Morris Carnovsky's interpretation of Ruth Lerner's translation of Zweig's adaptation.	Yes	No	none	M (Brief mention of title)
27-Oct-47	Metro Lead Role to Robert Taylor	Thomas F. Brady	Mention of upcoming release of film version of <i>Beware of Pity</i> .	Yes	No	none	M (Brief mention of title)
31-Oct-47	Look Homeward, Angel	Thomas F. Brady	Mention of release of film version of <i>Beware of Pity</i> .	Yes	No	none	M (Brief mention of title)
9-Nov-47	Memory Book: The Way It Was	none	Look back at the review pages from 19 years ago. Reviewer appreciated Zweig's <i>Adepts in Self-Portraiture</i> .	Yes	No	none	M (Brief review)
21-Jan-48	Volpone' French-Made Picture	none	Notice that the film version of <i>Volpone</i> , based on Jules Romains's adaptation of Zweig's version, has been condemned by the National Legion of Decency as immoral and blasphemous.	Yes	No	none	M (Brief mention of title)
25-Jan-48	Germany's Presses Turn	H. Peter Dreyerberlin	Incorrect attribution of book (Axe of Wandsbeck) to Stefan Zweig. It is a work of Arnold Zweig.	No	No	none	M (Brief incorrect mention of title)
25-Mar-48	Of Local Origin	none	Notice of forthcoming release of film version of <i>Letter from an Unknown Woman</i> .	Yes	No	none	M (Brief mention of title)
30-May-48	Germany, World War I	James Stern	Review of book about Germany in World War I. Mentions quote from Zweig about seduction of war for people.	Yes	No	none	M (Brief quote)
4-Mar-49	Dr. Halkin Going to Palestine	none	Brief notice about professor of Hebrew appointed to Hebrew University in Jerusalem. Professor has translated Zweig and others.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
1-May-49	Speaking of Books	J. Donald Adams	Discussion of story writer Elizabeth Madox Roberts as first rate writer. Critic gave book to Zweig before he left for South America "on that voyage which carried him to despair and suicide in Brazil" and Zweig wrote back that she should be known in England and Europe.	No	Yes	Mention	C (Context reference)
10-Jun-50	Mrs. Pinkham' Set For Fall Premiere	Louis Calta	Brief notice that Kurt Hellner has acquired the English rights to Zweig's posthumous play "Legend of a Life"	Yes	No	none	M (Brief discussion of work)

18-Jun-50	Without O'Neill's Imprimatur	Saul Colin	review of <i>Lost Plays of Eugene O'Neill</i> . Begins with Pirandello's comment about characters not dying. Asks who gets to kill characters: Kafka, Zweig (who said in will that he wanted Balzac destroyed. Etc) "This last testament was disregarded and the published biography was a huge success."	Yes	Yes	none	M (brief mention as a writer)
9-Jul-50	A Literary Letter From Germany	J. Alvin Kugelmass	How many books burned by Nazis now republished? Author did study with U of Frankfurt. Of 3225 titles (rep 265 authors), only 42 reappeared in Western zone and 1 and 1/2 percent in eastern. Refers to SZ as doing well as a refugee writer who has become a bestseller in America	Yes	Yes	none	M (brief mention as a writer)
17-Sep-50	Random Notes of the Film Scene	A.H. Weiler	Mention of production of film version of <i>Twenty-four Hours in the Life of a Woman</i> in Monaco.	Yes	No	none	M (Brief mention of title)
3-Dec-50	The Price of Peace	Hans Kohn	Review of new book on Erasmus. Reviewer references Zweig's <i>Erasmus</i> and calls Zweig "a true world citizen and lover of peace" who emphasized Erasmus's pacifism.	Yes	No	none	M (Brief discussion of work)
18-Apr-51	Prof. Olinger Is Elected	none	Notice about American-European Friendship Association officers being announced. Friderike Zweig "widow of Stefan Zweig, the author" named vice president, alongside Emil Lengyel.	No	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
28-May-51	Straw-Hat Circuit Faces Busy Season	none	Mention of Summer Theatre production of Zweig's <i>The Royal Game</i> .	Yes	No	none	M (Brief mention of title)
15-Jun-51	Signs to Write Adaptation of Stefan Zweig Novel, 'Burning Secret'	Thomas F. Brady	Brief article about film version of <i>Burning Secret</i> , incl. brief summary of story.	Yes	No	none	F (upcoming production)
14-Jul-51	Raphaelson Works on Play	none	Mention of screenplay for Zweig's <i>Burning Secret</i> .	Yes	No	none	M (Brief mention of title)
15-Jul-51	How Shall One Write of a Man's Life?	Allan Nevins	Discussion on types of biographies and biographers. Mention of Zweig. Zweig "by free imaginative reconstructions of scenes and mental states, explained precisely all the secrets of Mary Queen of Scots' passion, weakens and tragedy."	Yes	No	none	M (Brief discussion of work)
9-Dec-51	A Literary Letter From Austria	Frederic Morton	Schnitzler, Rilke, Werfel, Zweig "representative of the last great Austrian lights. A tradition passed with them."	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
18-Jan-53	Premiere of Antheil's 'Volpone'	Mildred Norton	History of <i>Volpone</i> productions in America. Some discussion of Zweig's version.	Yes	No	none	M (Brief discussion of work)
15-Feb-53	By Way of Report	A.H. Weiler	Notice about possible film version of Zweig's <i>Royal Game</i> .	Yes	No	none	M (Brief mention of title)
13-Mar-53	Books--Authors	none	Notice of upcoming book (<i>21 Variations on a Theme</i>) containing Zweig story.	Yes	No	none	M (brief mention as a writer)

5-Apr-53	A Report on German Letters	H.E. Jacob	Overview of the state of German literature post-WWII. Includes photo of Zweig and brief mention in reference to burned books: "But their burned books have come to life again; the sun that blazes through the windows of bookstores in Frankfurt and Hamburg, Heidelberg and Munich once more shines upon the modern classics of Thomas Mann and the books of Werfel and Stefan Zweig."	No	No	none	M (brief mention as a writer)
2-Aug-54	Miss Bergman in German Film	none	Notice that actress will appear in film adaptation of Zweig's <i>Fear</i> .	Yes	No	none	M (Brief mention of title)
14-Nov-54	It Ended in Despair: Stefan and Friderike Zweig, Their	Rene Fuelop-Miller	review of correspondence. No mention of suicide.	Yes	Yes	none	F (Review)
27-Feb-55	The Music of Neighing	Frederic Morton	Review of book about Austrian horses. Reviewer says it has an unfamiliar Alpine folk flavour for American readers of Zweig, Musil and Broch.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
6-Mar-55	He Had Plenty to Tell	Carlo Beuf	Review of a book about Casanova. Mention of Zweig's book.	Yes	No	none	M (Brief mention of title and work)
6-Nov-55	Marie and the Cake	E.D. Collins	Mention of the "Let them eat cake" episode. Zweig mentioned as debunking this myth.	Yes	No	none	M (Brief mention of work)
24-Jun-56	Hollywood Views	Oscar Godbout	Mention of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer thinking of producing Zweig's <i>Burning Secret</i> .	Yes	No	none	M (Brief mention of title)
17-Aug-56	Another 'Ox' Tale Bought by Disney	Oscar Godbout	MGM will produce Zweig's <i>Burning Secret</i> . Brief description of plot.	Yes	No	none	M (Brief mention of title and work)
20-Nov-56	Events Today	none	Listing for meeting of the American-European Friendship Association in memory of Stefan Zweig.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
20-Dec-56	Menasha Skulnik in Town Tonight	Louis Calta	Theatre news. Off-Broadway production of 'Volpone'	Yes	No	none	M (Brief mention of title)
6-Jan-57	Drollery Is His Cup of Tea	Herbert Mitgang	Listing only of revival of Zweig's <i>Volpone</i> .	No	No	none	L (Listing only)
7-Jan-57	'Volpone' To Open On Stage Tonight	Arthur Gelb	<i>Volpone</i> by Zweig opening.	Brief	No	none	L (Listing only)
8-Jan-57	Theatre: Jonson's Elizabethan Prank	Louis Calta	Positive review of Zweig's <i>Volpone</i> .	Yes	No	none	F (play review)
13-Jan-57	Dance: 'Theatre'	John Martin	Positive review of Zweig's <i>Volpone</i> .	Yes	No	none	F (play review)
27-Jan-57	Manhattan Latin; Mr Lamas, Formerly of Buenos Aires	Milton Z. Esterow	Article of new Broadway actor Fernando Alvaro Lamas. He reads Stefan Zweig.	No	No	none	C (as context)
27-Jan-57	The Barrault Touch	Louis Calta	About theatre company's visit to New York. Will perform <i>Volpone</i> by Zweig, translated and altered by Jules Romains.	No	No	none	C (as context)
31-Jan-57	The Renaud-Barrault Troupe Returns	Herbert L. Matthews	Company's next play will be <i>Volpone</i> by Zweig and Romains.	No	No	none	C (as context)
4-Feb-57	2 More Musicals Offered Robbins	Arthur Gelb	Mention that <i>Volpone</i> opens tonight.	No	No	none	C (as context)
5-Feb-57	The Theatre: 'Volpone'	Herbert L. Matthews	Review of Zweig-Romains <i>Volpone</i> . Positive.	Yes	No	none	F (play review)

17-Feb-57	Made in Paris	Brooks Atkinson	Mention of Zweig-Romains <i>Volpone</i>	No	No	none	M (Brief mention of work)
24-Feb-57	Frivolous Visitor	Brooks Atkinson	Discussion of farce. Mention of Zweig's <i>Volpone</i> .	No	No	none	M (Brief mention of title)
16-Jun-57	The Dance: Theatre	John Martin	Brief mention of production of Zweig's <i>Volpone</i> .	Yes	No	none	M (Brief mention of work)
30-Jun-57	A Guillotine at the End	Frances Winwar	Review of Marie Antoinette biography by Andre Castelot. Story of queen is "perhaps best known to American readers, by Stefan Zweig, whose 'Marie Antoinette' was a literary sensation the year it appeared (1933)." Reviewer prefers this new one.	Yes	No	none	M (Brief discussion of work)
23-Jul-57	Warners Names 3 For Wouk Movie	Thomas M. Pryor	Curt Jurgens to make film based on Zweig's <i>Royal Game</i> .	Brief	No	none	M (film based on work)
1-Sep-57	Queries and Answers	none	Previous issue asked readers to identify a novella. Seventy-plus readers answered that the story was by Stefan Zweig.	Yes	No	none	F (work)
29-Sep-57	On Bringing the 'Karamazovs' to the Screen	Richard Brooks	Discussion of difficulty adapting <i>The Brothers Karamazov</i> . The writer read many works on Dostoevsky to prepare, incl. by Zweig.	Yes	No	none	M (Brief discussion of work)
5-Mar-58	Role as Co-Star For Mel Ferrer	Thomas M. Pryor	Brief mention that film rights to Zweig's <i>Burning Secret</i> has been passed around Hollywood since 1950. "now is scheduled to be produced by Joseph Pasternak."	No	No	none	C (as context)
11-May-58	First Hundred Days of the Hitler Nightmare	Felix F. Hirsch	On the 25th anniversary of Hitler's rise to power. Includes section on book-burning, which includes SZ's name	No	No	none	M (brief mention as a writer)
22-Jun-58	Strauss-Zweig Letters	Robert Breuer	Review of German-language version of correspondence.	Yes	Yes	none	F (as Strauss librettist)
27-Jul-58	Zweig	Friderike Zweig	letter to editor from FZ about Strauss letters	No	Yes	none	F (as Strauss librettist)
27-Jul-58	Aaron to Zweig	Harold Ridalow	Review of <i>The Junior Jewish Encyclopedia</i> . Only mention of Zweig is in article headline. May reference Stefan or Arnold.	No	No	none	M (brief mention as a writer)
27-Jul-58	Richard Strauss Will Be Produced by NYC Opera	Ross Parmenter	About US premiere of Strauss's <i>Silent Woman</i> with New York City Opera. Discusses briefly Zweig's role as librettist.	Yes	Brief	none	M (Mention as librettist)
8-Oct-58	Opera: Strauss' The Silent Woman	Howard Taubman	Review of <i>The Silent Woman</i> . Mentions Dresden premiere, but little discussion about problems. "Stefan Zweig, a man who suffered much from the Hitler plague..."	Yes	Brief	none	F (as Strauss librettist)
19-Oct-58	Strauss' Output in Later Life Shows He Was Far From Written Out	Howard Taubman	Overview of late Strauss, including <i>The Silent Woman</i> . Mention of Zweig and their relationship.	Yes	Yes	none	F (as Strauss librettist)
4-Apr-59	Ruth Langner, 60, Play Translator	none	Obit. Mentions that she translated Zweig's <i>Volpone</i>	No	No	none	M (Brief mention of title)
31-Jan-60	Austrians Strive to Restore Arts	M.S. Handler	Mentions that: "Arthur Schnitzler, Stefan Zweig and other others of those sparkling generations have had no real successors."	No	No	none	C (as context)
12-Feb-60	A Well-Liked Russian	none	Article about Russian diplomat. Mentions that he likes to read Stefan Zweig.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)

8-Mar-60	A Rollicking 'Volpone' is 'Play of Week'	R.F.S.	Review of production of Zweig's <i>Volpone</i> . Positive.	Yes	No	none	F (play review)
27-Mar-60	New of TV and Radio	Val Adams	News of Ingrid Bergman to star in dramatization of Zweig's <i>24 Hours in the Life of a Woman</i> .	Yes	Brief	none	M (Brief discussion of work)
3-Apr-60	Brazil's Juscelino and the City He Built	Tad Szulc	Article about Juscelino Kubitschek, president of Brazil. Writer of article references Stefan Zweig's <i>Brazil</i> "and the Brazilian comment was that Brazil would <i>always</i> be the country of the future, but never one of the present."	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
24-Apr-60	Gleason Feature Due	A.H. Weiler	Production of film version of Zweig's <i>Royal Game</i> . Shot in both English and German.	Yes	No	none	F (upcoming production)
2-May-60	Bergman TV Play Replacing Aides	Val Adams	Article about production of '24 Hours in the Life of a Woman' with Ingrid Bergman	Yes	No	none	F (upcoming production)
5-May-60	CBS Postpones Bergman TV Play	Val Adams	Postponement of Zweig's <i>24 Hours in the Life of a Woman</i> .	Yes	No	none	F (upcoming production)
12-Jun-60	Screen Scene From a Local Level	A.H. Weiler	Mention of Curt Jurgens starring in production of Zweig's <i>Royal Game</i> .	Yes	No	none	M (Brief mention of title)
23-Oct-60	Selfishness	James Stern	Article about why writers "who are neither geniuses nor poor" continue publishing books. Reviewer once asked Zweig why he continued to write. Zweig claimed he owed it to his public.	Yes	Yes	Mention of "tragic death"	F (work and reputation)
12-Feb-61	Ingrid and Lars Schmidt	John P. Shanley	Profile about Ingrid Bergman and her husband during the production of Zweig's <i>24 Hours in the Life of a Woman</i> .	Yes	No	none	M (film based on work)
3-Jul-61	Students Make Movie to Honor Horace Mann on Its 75th Year	Howard Thompson	Article about school whose students make short films, including one based on Zweig's "Invisible Collection."	Yes	No	none	M (film based on work)
20-Aug-61	Review	none	Brief mention of new release of Zweig stories, including <i>The Royal Game</i> . "The last has a strong autobiographical element, for it deals with a refugee Austrian whose death, like Zweig's, was introduced by the Nazis."	Yes	Brief	mention of death caused by Nazis	F (work and life)
19-Oct-61	Harold K. Guinzburg, 61, Dead; Co-Founder of the Viking Press	none	Obit. Mentions that he published SZ's <i>Marie Antoinette</i>	No	No	none	M (Brief mention of title)
10-Dec-61	News of TV and Radio	Val Adams	Discussion of Ingrid Bergman's new projects. Mentions unfavorable reviews of Zweig's <i>24 Hours in the Life of a Woman</i> .	Yes	No	none	M (Brief mention of title)
2-Jun-63	Viewpoint Visitors Swifties	Lewis Nichols	Discussion of bestsellers from 1933. Zweig's <i>Marie Antoinette</i> is near top of list for nonfiction.	Yes	No	none	M (Brief mention of title)
18-Jul-63	Lost Haydn Opera Opens	none	Notice of program for Bregenz (Austria) Festival. Includes Zweig's drama "Franziskus" in its world premiere.	Yes	No	none	M (Brief mention of title)
10-Nov-63	A Wish to Go It Alone	Tad Szulc	Review of John Dos Passos's book on Brazil. Reviewer begins article discussing Zweig's Brazil book.	Yes	Brief	"the end of his bitter flight from Nazism"	C (Context reference)

16-Feb-64	Seventy Million Brazilians and How They're Growing	Juan De Onis	Review of book on Brazil. Reviewer contrasts it with Zweig's <i>Brazil</i> . It "is not, however, an exercise in enthusiastic impressionism (a la Stefan Zweig and his 'Brazil, Land of the Future...')."	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
8-Aug-64	B.W. Huebsch, Publisher, Dead	none	Obit. Mentions that he published SZ.	No	No	none	M (brief mention as a writer)
16-Aug-64	Glittering Era of 'The Merry Widow'	John Keating	discussion of "The Merry Widow" Mention of SZ's memoir and its nostalgia for the age of security.	Yes	No	none	M (Brief mention of work)
18-Oct-64	Chess	Seth C. Hawkins	Letter to the editor about chess literature. Writer claims that Zweig's <i>Royal Game</i> and Kester Svendsen's "Last Round" are of the best.	Yes	No	none	M (Brief discussion of work)
6-Dec-64	Henry G Koppell is Dead at 69	none	Obituary for Henry Gunther Koppell, travel agent and book publisher. Mentions writers he represented, incl. Zweig.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
2-Jan-66	In a Certain Silver Box	Lillian De La Torre	Review of book on Mary Queen of Scots. Reviewer recommends Zweig's, Lang's or Gorman's for the general reader.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
22-May-66	The Supernovelist	Francis Steegmuller	Review of Andre Maurois's biography of Balzac. Mention of Zweig's <i>Balzac</i> as one of few previous recent biographies of the writer known to English speakers.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
21-Oct-66	Nelly Sachs	none	Notice of Nelly Sachs's win of the Nobel Prize for Literature. Mention of early reluctance to have poems published and that Zweig helped place at least one.	No	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
6-Nov-66	Lone Survivor	J.P. Bauke	Article about Nelly Sachs. Mention of story of Zweig helping to get a poem published, but not verified.	No	Yes	none	C (Context reference)
25-Dec-66	Timely Operatic Theme	Raymond Ericson	Discussion of Strauss's later works. Discussion of relationship with Zweig on <i>The Silent Woman</i> , then later secretly helping Joseph Gregor with his librettos for Strauss.	Yes	Yes	none	F (as Strauss librettist)
1-Jan-67	History, Jargon and Ph.D.'s	F.M.H.	Discussion of scholars verses writers. Barbara Tuchman warned at the Historical Association's annual convention against academic historians resorting to jargon. She refers to non-academic writers who have written successful histories, including Stefan Zweig.	Yes	No	none	M (brief mention as a writer)
12-Mar-67	European Notebook	Marc Slonim	Discussion of Balzac's popularity in Russia. Brief mention of Balzac biographies, incl. Zweig's.	Yes	No	none	M (Brief mention of title)
3-Apr-67	John W Gassner is Dead at 64	none	Obituary. Mention that Gassner adapted Zweig's <i>Jeremiah</i> for the Theater Guild in 1939.	Yes	No	none	M (Brief mention of title)
18-Jun-67	European Notebook	Marc Slonim	Mention of statement made by critic at literary congress in Munich: six or seven out of every ten well-known authors in German are Austrian. Mention of Zweig.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
10-Nov-67	Jacob Dies	none	Obituary for H.E. Jacob, biographer. Mention of an article Jacob wrote for The Times Book Review in 1953 about writers exiled by Hitler alive again in their book, "the sun that blazes through the windows of bookstores in Frankfurt and Hamburg, Heidelberg and Munich, once more shines upon the modern classics of Thomas Mann and the books of Werfel and Stefan Zweig."	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)

25-Feb-68	Back at the Front	Richard R. Lingeman	Mentions books sent to US soldiers during WWII by publishers in special editions to fit in pocket. Included "The Royal Game"	No	Yes	none	M (Brief mention of title)
6-Apr-68	Austrians Here Plan Show of Émigré Writers' Work	none	Exhibition honoring Austrian writers who lived in the US (from period of 1938-68) opened at Austrian Cultural Institute. Includes Zweig, Werfel, etc.	Yes	Brief	none	C (Context reference)
6-Sep-68	Grossman Sold to Viking Press	Henry Raymont	Purchase of Grossman Publishers by The Viking Press. Viking authors include Joyce, Lawrence, Zweig, Werfel, Steinbeck, etc.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
25-Sep-68	Film Fete: Period Piece by Delouche	Renata Adler	Review of <i>24 Hours in the Life of a Woman</i> screened at film festival. Negative impression of the acting and production.	Yes	No	none	M (brief mention as a writer)
26-Feb-69	Israelis Starred in Viennese 'Fiddler' Draw Enthrall'd Yet Uneasy	Tad Szulc	Jewish refugee from Nazism returns to Vienna to star in production. Mention of Vienna as home to Freud and Zweig.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
29-Mar-69	Books of the Times	Thomas Lask	Review of books about the German magazine <i>Die Weltbühne</i> . Writers of the magazine included Toller, Heinrich Mann, Brecht, Stefan Zweig, etc.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
29-Jun-69	European Notebook	Marc Slonim	Short review of <i>Exile and Literature</i> by Matthias Wegner. Mentions Zweig as subject of book, referring to <i>The World of Yesterday</i> as autobiographical fiction	Yes	Yes (as refugee writer)	none	M (brief mention as a writer)
20-Jan-71	Mrs. Friderike Maria Zweig, 85: A Novelist and Biographer, Dies	none	Obit. Mentions SZ immediately. Mentions his suicide and her biography of him. Says she founded the Stefan Zweig Society.	No	Yes	mention in second para	C (as context, frequent mentions)
5-Jan-72	Frans Masereel, Artist, Is Dead	Special to the NYT	Article on the death of Masereel. Mentions that his "carvings, in black and white with a gothic kind of simplicity and strength about them, were praised by such contemporaries as Thomas Mann and Stefan Zweig, the writers."	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
4-Feb-72	Film: A Costume Drama: 'Mary, Queen of Scots' Opens at Music Hall	Vincent Canby	Review of a film about <i>Mary, Queen of Scots</i> . Zweig is mentioned as one who previously wrote about her.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
20-Feb-72	'Cabaret' May Shock Kansas	Stephen Farber	Review of the film <i>Cabaret</i> . Brief mention of Zweig toward the end, in which he refers to Berlin as "the Babel of the world."	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
27-Feb-72	Meyer Weisgal	Elie Wiesel	Review of Weisgal's autobiography. Brief mention that he worked with Zweig.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
4-Sep-72	In Search of Chess Fiction	Christopher Lehmann-Haupt	Article about writer's obsession with chess and desire to read novels about it. Several mentions of Zweig's <i>Royal Game</i> . Brief plot synopsis.	Yes	No	none	M (Brief discussion of work)
5-Oct-72	Ballet: Joffrey Opens at City Center	Clive Barnes	Review of ballet <i>Le Beau Danube</i> . Context reference: "The story is so absurd that it would need a Stefan Zweig to make it acceptable literature."	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
15-Nov-72	Dramatists Taking Center Stage	Alden Whitman	Review of <i>McGraw-Hill Encyclopedia of World Drama</i> . Made up of 950 playwrights. Stefan Zweig is last entry "listed but without special praise."	Yes	No	none	M (brief mention as a writer)

20-Jan-74	Grandmasters of Chess	Frank Brady	Review of book about chess. Mention of chess in literature, incl. those by Forster, Zweig, Nabokov, etc.	Yes	No	none	M (Brief mention of work)
16-Mar-75	Do we play games to escape?	Mel Watkins	Review of book about chess. Mention of Zweig's <i>Royal Game</i> .	Yes	No	none	M (Brief mention of title)
7-Oct-75	A Faded, Aloof Vienna Keeps Old, Slow Pace	Craig R. Whitney	Article about Vienna today, as opposed to its heyday. Quotes someone who says: "Between the wars many of the great names in German literature--Arthur Schnitzler and Stefan Zweig--were Viennese. Now it's no longer the case. There is no such thing as a Viennese literary scene these days."	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
8-Mar-76	Practice Makes Carnegie Program Perfect for 1977	Richard Severo	About concert hall director. He mentions Thomas Mann and Stefan Zweig as favourites. He remembers being in Greenwich Village at a party with both of them forty years earlier: "Can you imagine two such men in the same room? Can you imagine?"	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
5-Jan-77	Author in Awe of 'Death, Sex and Money'	Mel Gussow	About recent production of version of Ben Jonson's <i>Volpone</i> called <i>Sly Fox</i> . Mentions that Zweig did a version.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
24-Jul-77	Late Straus Operas	John Rockwell	Discussion of Strauss's late operas, including those worked on by Zweig. Briefly mentions their working relationship.	Yes	Brief	none	M (brief mention as librettist)
6-Jan-78	Auctions	Rita Reif	Discussion of auctions and their contents, including collections recovered from Nazi looting. Includes works from Alfred Zweig's collection. Brother of Stefan Zweig.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
4-Feb-79	Victoria Ocampo, 88, Writer in Argentina	n/a	Obituary of writer and magazine editor from Argentina. Published many international writers and artists, incl. Stefan Zweig.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
24-Jun-79	New Recordings Recall Opera Under Tyrants	Peter G. Davis	Discussion of musical works banned by Hitler and Stalin. Discussion of Strauss and Zweig collaboration, incl. review of the libretto, largely favourable.	Yes	Yes	none	M (Mention as librettist)
18-Aug-79	Film: A Late Rossellini and an Early Carpenter	Vincent Canby	Review of 1954 film <i>Fear</i> (Angst) based on the work of Stefan Zweig.	Yes	No	none	F (film review)
20-Apr-80	Martha Graham	Jack Anderson	Mention that the choreographer read Zweig's <i>Mary Queen of Scots</i> to help prepare her work on Mary and Elizabeth.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
7-Mar-81	Books of the Times: When Inflation Strikes	Steve Lohr	mention of SZ in a review of a book about inflation. Quote from SZ on inflation in Weimar Germany.	No	No	No	M (quote from work)
25-Mar-81	Books of the Times	John Leonard	review of Pavel Kahout book. Mention of several European authors in reference to death, incl. SZ	No	No	No	M (brief mention as a writer)
3-May-81	Austria's Jewish Question	Paul Hofman	about history of Jews in Austrian, incl references to famous Viennese writers such as Freud and Zweig	No	No	No	M (brief mention as a writer)
16-Aug-81	Music View--A Hearty Mix of Opera and Green Chillies	Donal Henahan	about Santa Fe festival, including production of Strauss's 'Daphne.' mention of libretto by Joseph Gregor, who was secretly aided by SZ	Yes	Yes	None	M (brief discussion of work and place in history)

1-Dec-81	Books of the Times	John Leonard	Review of <i>The Royal Game</i> with intro by John Fowles. First sentence: "Stefan Zweig was a poet, translator, biographer, novelist, Viennese Jew and suicide." Para continues about death, ending: "For Zweig, unlike so many other modern artists who looked too long into the abyss, killing the self did not improve the reputation or increase the royalties. The world promptly forgot him." publication to coincide to SZ's 100th birthday. Overall negative review: "As period pieces, they are tolerable." More positive about <i>Royal Game</i> : "It is strong and original and his best argument for staying at work." About the other stories: "Zweig may have been a modernist, but he liked gumdrops."	Yes	Yes	Yes. Begins with suicide and uses it as context for the work	F (Review)
10-Dec-81	Books of the Times	Christopher Lehmann-Haupt	Review of book: <i>The Age of Wonders</i> by Aharon Appelfeld. The novel mentions Zweig.	No	No	none	M (brief mention as a writer)
11-Dec-81	Publishing--New Interest Marks Zweig Centenary	Edwin McDowell	suicide in 4th para. In the article, it is mentioned that SZ had three Book-of-the-Month Club main selections in US... 'and to go to total obscurity in three generations seems unjustified.' quote from Bruce S. Harris, director of trade publishing for Crown Publishing Group.	Yes	Yes	Yes	F (feature on his life, work and centenary of birth)
24-Jan-82	Situation Tragedy	Simon Brett	Notice of recent books published, incl. <i>Royal Game</i>	No	No	No	M (Brief mention of title)
24-Jan-82	Men and Women Possessed	Salman Rushdie	review of <i>The Royal Game and Other Stories</i> with John Fowles intro. First para: "a writer who...has been all but forgotten since his suicide in 1942" "The quintet of fictions in 'The Royal Game' are brilliant, unusual and haunting enough to ensure that Stefan Zweig's time of oblivion is over for good." "To break through the facades of this society, Zweig developed a remarkable literary and psychological method, which is brought to something like perfection in the five long stories that make up this collection." compares him to Nabokov and Lewis Carroll. Also criticizes "hack devices" and report to melodrama. "Stefan Zweig was a dark and unorthodox artist; it's good to have him back."	Yes	Yes (brief)	Brief	F (Review)
6-Jun-82	Books for Vacation Reading	none	List of recommended books, incl. Zweig's <i>Royal Game</i> and <i>Other Stories</i> .	Yes	No	none	F (brief review)
19-Sep-82	About Books and Authors	Edwin McDowell	Mentions of reprints. The mention in total: "Stefan Zweig has been dead for more than 30 years, yet his 'Beware of Pity' is scheduled for republication in January; his 'The Royal Game' was republished earlier this year."	No	No	none	M (Brief incorrect mention of title)
31-Oct-82	Do Angels Play Mozart for God?	Edward Rothstein	Review of biography of Mozart. Mention that SZ sent letters of Mozart to Freud.	No	No	none	C (as context)
21-Nov-82	Richard Strauss and the Third Reich	Letter to editor by Daniel F. Tritter	About orchestra in Israel lifting ban of Strauss. Writer reminds readers about Strauss's relationships with Hoffmannsthal and Zweig	Yes	No	none	C (as context)
2-Dec-82	A Composer's Delayed Reaction to Nazism (Letter to the Editor)	Clemens Auerbach	clarifying Strauss's relationship with Nazis. Includes info about his relationship with SZ	No	Yes	none	M (brief discussion of work and place in history)

5-Dec-82	Notable Books of the Year	none	List of recommended books, incl. Zweig's <i>Royal Game and Other Stories</i> .	Yes	No	none	F (brief review)
27-Apr-83	Jerusalem Book Fair Starts With a Look Back	Herbert Mitgang	Display of banned and burned books, including those of "Stephen" Zweig	No	No	none	M (brief mention as a writer)
22-May-83	About Books and Authors	Edwin McDowell	Mention of several books on writers in exile, including one (<i>The Muses Flee Hitler</i>) that includes "the tragedy of the author Stefan Zweig, who committed suicide along with his wife in Brazil."	No	Yes	Brief	M (brief mention of exile and suicide)
17-Jul-83	Shopper's World-England's Paradise For Bibliophiles	Michael Billington	Review of Lilies Bookstore, outside London. Writer buys a copy of Zweig's <i>Balzac</i> .	Yes	No	none	M (Brief mention of title)
6-Nov-83	Music View; Good Opera Librettists are hard to find	Donal Henahan	About Strauss's librettists, from Hoffmannsthal to Zweig and beyond	Yes	Yes	brief	C (as context, frequent mentions) & F (review of his work)
27-Nov-83	Charismatic Manipulator	Peter Gay	Review of Brecht by Hayman. Mentions an error in the book that has SZ giving a speech in 1948 (after his death)	No	No	brief	M (brief mention as a writer)
27-Nov-83	Music View	Donal Henahan	Article about music. Brief mention of Strauss-Zweig letters.	No	No	none	C (as context)
18-Dec-83	Slips	Letter to the editor by Gunter Zweig	response to Peter Gay article in which he refers to Arnold Zweig and Stefan's brother.	No	Yes	brief	F (correction of facts)
10-Jun-84	In Short	Leo Goldberger	Review of book about Freud. Mentions friendship with Stefan Zweig	No	No	none	M (brief mention as a writer)
3-Aug-84	Publishing--World Literature, R to Z	Edwin McDowell	Publishing announcement of 4th volume of <i>Encyclopedia of World Literature</i> . Zweig is included, with a photo	No	No	none	M (brief mention as a writer)
21-Oct-84	Theater Review; Opulent 'Volpone' Staged	Leah D. Frank	Review of <i>Volpone</i> . Mention that it is Zweig's version	Yes	No	none	M (brief mention as a writer)
4-Nov-84	New & Noteworthy	none listened	Notice of new book: <i>Exiled in Paradise: German Refugee Artists and Intellectuals in America</i> , from the 1930s to the Present by Heilbut. Zweig is a subject of the book.	No	No	No	M (brief mention as a writer)
13-Oct-85	Colonel Redl	Richard Grenier	Review of new film about Col. Redl. Mentions SZ's reaction to the Redl Affair.	No	Yes	none	C (as context)
2-Feb-86	Music View: Could supertitles solve the 'capriccio' problem?	Donal Henahan	Review of Strauss's final opera. Mentions Zweig as minor collaborator.	Yes	No	none	C (as context)
12-May-86	The Background--One-Act Opera by Strauss	none listened	About Zweig as Strauss's librettist	Yes	Yes (brief)	none	M (brief mention as a writer)
21-Sep-86	Achievements of a Lifelong Guest	Michael Hofmann	review of Prater's Rilke biography with passing reference to his Zweig bio	no	no	none	M (brief mention as a writer)
23-Dec-86	Going Out Guide	Richard F. Shepard	Mention of film adaptation of Zweig's <i>Fear</i> .	Yes	No	none	C (as context)

10-Aug-87	Opera: Strauss's 'Schweigsame Frau'	Will Crutchfield	About Santa Fe Opera putting on Strauss's <i>Die Schweigsame Frau</i> . Mentions Zweig as librettist after von Hofmannsthal's death. Negative on the performance but calls the opera "lively and brilliant, sometimes charming, occasionally beautiful..." Much reference to Zweig's role.	Yes	No	none	F (part focus, review of work)
25-Oct-87	The Czechs' Defiant Playwright	Marie Winn	interview with Vaclav Havel. Mentions books on his shelves, including those of Stefan Zweig	No	No	none	M (brief mention as a writer)
26-Jun-88	Why Strauss, Why Now?	John Rockwell	Mention of Strauss's relationship with Zweig. Also mentions the suicide.	Yes	Yes	mention	M (brief mention as librettist and relationship with Strauss)
30-Oct-88	Ambivalence in the Three-Quarter Time	Mark Anderson	Review of <i>The Viennese Splendor</i> by Paul Hofmann. Mentions Zweig among exiles. Later quotes from <i>World of Yesterday</i> and discusses his idea of the Viennese coffeehouse	Yes	No	none	C (as context)
22-Dec-88	Review/Film; A Boy's Errand Mother	Vincent Canby	Review of film version of <i>Burning Secret</i>	Yes	No	none	M (mention as author of original)
17-Dec-89	A Bittersweet Pilgrimage	Leslie Maitland	article about a Jewish family's return to their German hometown fifty years after being exiled. Mention of Zweig's <i>Chess Story</i> .	No	No	none	M (mention as Jewish writer)
14-Jan-90	Blooming While the Sun Went Down	Leon Botstein	Review of <i>The Jews of Vienna in the Age of Franz Joseph</i> . Mentions Viennese Jews who were "seminal in the development of 20th century culture," including Stefan Zweig.	Yes	No	none	M (brief mention as a writer)
28-Jan-90	Spas (Letter to the editor)	Hans Pollak	writer's mother ran a spa that was visited by SZ	No	Yes (brief)	none	M (brief mention as a writer)
29-Jul-90	Noted with Pleasure	n/a	Discussion of Hans Mayer's book on Werfel. Claims that Zweig was "an intolerably poor writer. Zweig blows himself up, he inflates ideas that he doesn't even have."	Yes	No	none	M (brief discussion of work)
18-Dec-90	Books of the Times	Michiko Kakutani	Review of book about Freud. Brief mention of Zweig.	Yes	No	none	C (as context)
26-May-91	Art View: Images of Mozart, Writing as Fast as He Can	John Russell	about British Library and the 1986 donation of the Zweig collection to the library.	No	No	none	M (brief mention of autograph collection)
14-Jul-91	A Touch of Home on Dlouha Street	Susan Brownmiller	writer's visit to Prague. Mentions that apartment contains books, incl those of SZ	No	No	none	M (brief mention as a writer)
8-Oct-91	Players Shine in New Paris Season	Thomas Quinn Curtiss	Mention of production of <i>Volpone</i> . Reviewer claims audiences prefer the Zweig-Romain version.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
10-Nov-91	Ideas & Trends	Alessandra Stanley	Article about erotomania, the disorder in which women think they're having an affair. Mentions Zweig's <i>Letter from an Unknown Woman</i> .	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
29-Jul-93	Kiyoshi Hayakawa, Tokyo Publisher, 80	none listed	obit. Japanese publisher whose list included books by SZ	No	No	none	M (brief mention as a writer)

30-Sep-93	Max Knight, Writer and Translator, 84	none listed	obit. Mention that he translated Strauss-Zweig correspondence.	No	No	none	C (as context)
29-Dec-93	On Paris Stages, a Feast of Entertainment	Thomas Quinn Curtiss	Plays open in France. Mention of Zweig in reference to a play about Marie Antoinette	No	No	none	M (brief mention as a writer)
6-Feb-94	Film: A Director Focuses on Children and Incest	Kenneth M. Chanko	Article about director who made film version of Zweig's <i>Burning Secret</i> .	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
9-Jul-94	Cameron Mitchell, 75, Actor, Created Role in 'Salesman'	William Grimes	obit. Made Broadway debut in Jeremiah in 1939.	No	No	none	M (brief mention as a writer)
5-Feb-95	Recordings View: Touched by War, A Legacy Laden With	Alex Ross	about a recording of Zweig's 'brilliant' comedy	Yes	No	none	M (brief mention as librettist)
20-Aug-95	Classical Music; In Music, Though, There Were No Victories	Alex Ross	About German composers, Thomas Mann, etc. Mention of Zweig as Strauss's librettist and problems it caused.	No	No	none	C (as context)
26-Nov-95	Essay: A Man Without Luck	Louis Begley	Article about French writer Pierre Jean Jouve. Mentions friendships with Rilke, Zweig, Balthus.	No	Brief	none	C (Context reference)
3-May-96	The Day Is Too Short for Genius, Too (Letter to the editor)	David E. Anderson	About overlooked work about genius by SZ.	Yes	Yes	Yes	mention of suicide "in despair about where progress and evil geniuses had led the world"
14-Jun-96	Gold-Rush Misfortune (Letter to the Editor)	Stephen J. Tauber	Correction to an article, using info from a SZ essay "The Discovery of Eldorado"	Yes	No	none	M (brief discussion of work)
31-Aug-97	Nationalism With a Zionist Twist	Roger Cohen	About Jewish home in Palestine. Mention of SZ's phrase "the world of yesterday"	No	No	none	C (as context)
12-Mar-98	Books of the Times: Diary of a Wordsmith, Or Is That a Wordjones?	Christopher Lehmann-Haupt	Review of <i>Laughing Matters</i> . Mentions that the author (Larry Gelbart) used Stefan Zweig's <i>Volpone</i> to write a version of the opera called 'Sly Fox'	Yes	No	none	M (Brief mention of title)
12-Apr-98	Mann and Super Mann	John Simon	Review of letters of Heinrich and Thomas Mann, 1900-1949. Discussion of Thomas Mann as unforthcoming about his opinion, quoting a letter: "Thomas Mann will praise everybody, and only in his most intimate moments does he let out that his opinion of, say, Stefan Zweig is: scheusslich (dreadful)."	No	No	none	M (brief mention as a writer)

27-Dec-98	Other People's Books	Ken Gross	Essay about vacation reading. Mentions wife takes Marquez, Nabokov, Zweig. "My wife does not travel light."	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
24-Jan-99	Birthright for Sale	Larry Wolff	Review of <i>The Conversation</i> by Appelfeld. SZ mentioned as context reference	No	No	none	M (brief mention as a writer)
24-Oct-99	University Presses; The Last Romantic	Paul Griffiths	review of biography of Richard Strauss. Mention of Zweig as librettist.	No	Yes	none	M (brief mention as librettist and relationship with Strauss)
28-Oct-99	Bookmarks/Sustained by Classics	John Schmid	Celebration of 100th anniversary of Insel Verlag. Mentions that the press fostered Stefan Zweig.	No	No	none	M (brief mention as a writer)
5-Jan-00	Critic's Choice/Pop CD's; Recombining Brazil's Cultural Mix	Ben Ratliff	article about Brazilian music introduced by comments from SZ's Brazil book, a "curious, awestruck book called 'Brazil: Land of the Future.'"	Yes	No	none	F (on his work)
16-Jan-00	Music: A Rare Hearing for a Strauss Opera That Nearly Vanished	Michael P. Steinberg	About Strauss. Mentions his relationship with Zweig and subsequent problems.	Yes	Yes	none	M (brief mention as librettist and relationship with Strauss)
5-Jul-00	Recombining Brazil's Cultural Mix	Ben Ratliff	Begins with Zweig's "curious, awestruck book" on Brazil.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
28-Feb-01	From Jonson via Zweig, Strauss Opera Enraged the Nazis	David Stevens	About Strauss's <i>Die Schweigsame Frau</i> . Controversy of relationship. Libretto by SZ "unnecessarily involved and verbose"	Yes	Yes	none	F (discussion of relationship with Strauss)
12-Jun-01	Harry Zohn, Brandeis Professor, 77	Wolfgang Saxon	Obit. Mentions that Stefan Zweig was a subject of his research.	No	No	none	C (as context)
30-Sep-01	Family Business'	Louis Ginsberg & Allen Ginsberg	Excerpt from a book of letters between the two. Louis mentions he's reading <i>The World of Yesterday</i> .	Yes	No	none	M (Brief mention of title)
6-Jan-02	Richard Strauss and Hitler's Reich--Jupiter in Hell	Michael H. Kater	overview of Richard Strauss and relationship with SZ	Yes	Yes	none	F (relationship with Strauss)
3-Feb-02	Houseman: Producer and Hero	David Thomson	Mention of Zweig's <i>Letter from an Unknown Woman</i> in relation to film.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
17-Feb-02	Music: A 'Baroque' Approach to Strauss Opera	Anne Midgette	Mention of Strauss's reaction to Joseph Gregor's text based on Stefan Zweig's idea for 'Friedenstag'	No	No	none	C (as context)
24-Feb-02	O Madonna Had a Farm	William Norwich	Article about celebrities with farms. Includes a quote from Stefan Zweig's <i>Marie Antoinette</i>	Yes	No	none	M (Brief mention of work)
7-Mar-02	Vienna Skewered as a Nazi-Era Pillager of Its Jews	Steven Erlanger	Mention of Holocaust Museum on Israel about a program on Austria's Jews, incl. Freud, Mahler, Zweig.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)

7-Jul-02	It's Hot! Bring Me a Book!	Margo Jefferson	About summer reading. Colleagues recommend Zweig, Sybille Bedford, Richard Wright, Paula Fox.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
25-Aug-02	The Ghosts in the Machines	Miranda Seymour	Review of book that makes mention of Zweig's <i>Chess Story</i> .	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
7-Mar-03	Critic's Notebook: Bodies Imperfect, Images Ideal	Stephen Holden	Mention of several films, incl. Laurent Bouhnik's version of <i>Twenty-four Hours in the Life of a Woman</i> .	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
7-Jan-04	40 Years of Making a Point in Novels	Mel Gussow	Article about John le Carre. Mentions that he doesn't allow his books to be put forward to the Booker or any other prizes. Says writing is battling against only oneself, which he says is a quote from Zweig.	Yes	No	none	C (Context reference)
22-Feb-04	Mountain Getaways For Cariocas	Larry Rohter	Article on Brazil, including Petropolis and its illustrious visitors, namely Elizabeth Bishop, SZ and Gabriela Mistral	No	No	none	M (brief mention as a writer)
28-Mar-04	Theater; The Sly Fox of 'The Sly Fox'	none	Interview with Larry Gelbart. Discusses his play 'Sly Fox,' based on SZ's <i>Volpone</i> .	Yes	No	none	M (brief discussion of work)
25-Apr-04	18th-Century Crib Notes	William Norwich	Article about exhibition of 18th century fashion and furniture. Mention of new film about Marie Antoinette based on Antonia Fraser's biography. "For our money, Stefan Zweig's 'Marie Antoinette' is still the bio par excellence."	Yes	No	none	M (brief discussion of work)
30-Jun-04	Summer of Strauss and farewells	David Stevens	Strauss's final opera, 'Capriccio.' Libretto based on idea by SZ but written by Clemens Krauss.	No	No	none	M (brief mention as a writer)
2-Jul-04	Art In Review: Jeff Gabel	Ken Johnson	Review of art by Jeff Gabel, which includes a nine-page comic translation of an unnamed novella by "Stephen" Zweig.	Yes	No	none	M (brief mention as a writer)
5-Sep-04	Why the Dying Richard Strauss Couldn't Get Enough of 'Daphne'	Bryan Gilliam	Discussion of Strauss's work, include relationship with SZ	Yes	Yes	Yes (brief)	M (brief mention as librettist and relationship with Strauss)
25-Oct-04	Music as Political Tool in the Service of the Reich	Alan Riding	About music and the Third Reich. Mention Hitler was against, among others, Zweig as a librettist	No	No	none	M (brief mention as a banned writer)
18-Nov-04	Far, Far From Neverland, a Spare and Quiet Place	Jamie Diamond	Interview with director Marc Forster. Mentions that he was influenced by the work of Schnitzler, SZ and Thomas Mann.	No	No	none	M (brief mention as a writer)
7-Feb-05	An Illusion of Effortlessness for Musical Time Travelers	Jeremy Eichler	Concert review. Menton of SZ's term "the world of yesterday"	No	No	none	C (as context)
1-May-05	Office Space: The Boss, After Saying It, Making It So	Jean-Cyril Spinetta, as told to Perry Garfinkel	Interview with chief executive of Air France-KLM Group. Asks latest biography read: "Joseph Foch" by SZ	Yes	No	none	M (Brief mention of title)

21-Aug-05	Nonfiction Chronicle	Jacob Heilbrunn	Reviews in brief, incl of Dalrymple's <i>Our Culture, What's Left of it</i> . Mentions his essay on "little-known Austrian novelist Stefan Zweig"	No	No	none	M (brief mention as a writer)
14-Oct-05	Unsinkable Maybe, Yet 'Daphne' Blooms	Anne Midgette	Mention of Strauss wanting Zweig instead of Gregor as librettist	No	No	none	C (as context)
6-Mar-06	Chinese Bloggers Grapple With the Profit Motive	David Barboza	about 2004 film version of <i>Letter from an Unknown Woman</i>				
8-Oct-06	Can It Happen Here?	Tom Reiss	Review of Fritz Stern's <i>Five Germanys I Have Known</i> . Brief mention of SZ and part of book's resemblance to <i>The World of Yesterday</i> .	No	No	none	C (contextual, review of other writer)
15-Oct-06	The Queen's Wardrobe	Liesl Schillinger	books on M. Antoinette. Mention of SZ's biography.	Yes	No	none	M (brief mention as a writer)
19-Oct-06	At Home With Sena Jeter Naslund	Joyce Wadler	About her novel that features Marie Antoinette. Came upon subject after reading Stefan Zweig's biography and thought it needed a more feminist take	Yes	No	none	M (brief discussion of work)
24-Oct-06	New DVDs: 'Hands Over the City'	Dave Kehr	Listing of DVD release of the film based on SZ's <i>Marie Antoinette</i>	Yes	No	none	M (Brief mention of title)
3-Dec-06	The Remix, Bio Dynamic	S.S. Fair	Zweig's <i>Marie Antoinette</i> better than Sophia Coppola's. Zweig's: "the smartest, most readable book ever written about the Versailles vixen"	Yes	Yes	mention of suicide after fleeing Nazism	F (Review)
11-Mar-07	Follow the Earrings, and Find the Mystery Woman	Dave Kehr	Discussion of a Max Ophuls film. Also mentions SZ's <i>Letter from an Unknown Woman</i>	No	No	none	M (Brief mention of title)
20-Mar-07	One Man's musings About Assorted Influential Lives	Michiko Kakutani	review of Clive James's <i>Cultural Amnesia</i> , which contains chapter on Zweig. Reviewer mentions that it makes her want to read <i>The World of Yesterday</i> .	Yes	No	none	M (Brief mention of title)
20-Jan-08	Freud's Family Tree	George Prochnik	Review of <i>Revolution in Mind</i> . Mentions omissions by author, including ideas Freud wrote about to Stefan Zweig.	No	No	none	M (brief mention as a writer)
23-Mar-08	Human Smoke	Nicholson Baker	First chapter of Baker's book <i>Human Smoke</i> . Quotes heavily from SZ about post WWI inflation	Yes	No	none	M (quotes from work)
20-Apr-08	About a Girl	Valerie Steiker	Review of biography of Marie Antoinette's daughter. Refers to SZ's biography, calls him "the mordant Stefan Zweig" Says he referred to daughter as "mentally inert"	No	No	none	M (brief mention as a writer)
5-Jun-08	Energy Lessons	Roger Cohen	Discussion on Brazil's future. "...Stefan Zweig, arriving in Brazil from Nazi Europe, coined the phrase "Pais do Futuro" ("Country of the Future")--and then killed himself."	Yes	Yes	focus of mention	C (Context reference)
7-Jan-09	A Berliner's Portraits of People and Her Familiar, and Foreign, Home	Michael Kimmelman	Discussion of Gisele Freund's photographs, including mention of portrait of Stefan Zweig	No	No	none	C (as context)

13-Mar-09	Stray Questions for: Wendy Lesser	Gregory Cowles	Interview with Lesser, who mentions reading <i>Post-Office Girl</i>	Yes	No	none	M (Brief mention of title)
3-Apr-09	Stray Questions for: Sylvia Brownrigg	Blake Wilson	Discusses love of Stefan Zweig books.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
10-Apr-09	The House of Wittgenstein	Alexander Waugh	Only mention: "The Viennese writer Stefan Zweig remembered that passion from his youth: "Whereas in politics, in administration, or in morals, everything went on rather comfortably and one was affably tolerant of all that was slovenly and overlooked many an infringement, in artistic matters there was no pardon; here the honour of the city was at stake."	none		none	Q (quote from work only)
23-Jun-09	A New Brew: Sarko Black Label	John Vinocur	About Nicolas Sarkozy's change in his reputation: stopped wearing Ray-Bans, "upped his cultural aspirations to read Stefan Zweig and Jose (sic) Luis Borges."	No	No	none	M (brief mention as a writer)
10-Jul-09	Postcard From London: Americans on Parade	Ben Brantley	brief mention in the article about an actor who is also appearing as SZ in the play "Collaboration" [first produced 2008?]	No	No	none	M (Brief mention of title)
23-Aug-09	Untamed Creature	Fernanda Eberstadt	review of Clarice Lispector biography; Zweig to lend context to story: "Nineteen forty-three — the year after Stefan Zweig, another Jewish writer who hoped Brazil could offer redemption from Europe's genocidal impulses, committed suicide in a mountain resort not far from Rio — saw the publication of the 23-year-old Lispector's first novel. "	No	Yes	none	M (brief mention & suicide)
10-Oct-09	A Novelist Whose Fiction Comes From Real Lives	Charles McGrath	about Byatt's book <i>The Children's Book</i> , brief mention that she reads Zweig in German	No	No	none	M (Brief mention of title)
6-Jan-10	Resolved	Gregory Cowles	about what books to read in the new year. One respondent recommends <i>Post Office Girl</i>	No	No	none	M (Brief mention of title)
5-Feb-10	Stray Questions for: Elizabeth Hawes	Gregory Cowles	Mentions reading "Stephan" Zweig's <i>The World of Yesterday</i>	Yes	No	none	M (Brief mention of title)
10-Jun-10	Marina Semyonova, Star of Bolshoi Ballet, Dies at 102	Bruce Weber	obit. "Upon her graduation, Ms. Semyonova spent five years as a soloist in the Leningrad company, where she became a star. The Austrian novelist Stefan Zweig, who saw her dance in those years, wrote: "When she steps onto the stage with her nature-given gait, which her training only polished, and suddenly soars up in a wild leap, the impression is that of a storm suddenly splitting the quiet of a humdrum existence."	No	Brief	none	C (Context reference)
27-Jul-10	A Silent Woman' With a Big Voice	George Loomis	review of opera put on in Munich. About history: four performances, then banned, mentions suicide, calls libretto 'talky'	Yes	Yes	brief	F (discussion of relationship with Strauss)

22-Sep-10	Kafka's Last Trial	Elif Batuman	about Kafka papers and who owns them. MS in Israel; Zweig mentioned only as an example of German Jew whose work is held in an Israeli institution, along with Einstein, Walter Benjamin, Martin Buber	none		none	M (brief mention as a writer)
17-Jun-11	Escaping Hitler, Cracking Up in L.A.	John Simon	Review of <i>House of Exile</i> by Juers. Brief mention of Zweig as mentioned in book.	No	No	none	M (brief mention as a writer)
21-Nov-11	Fresh Look for Author, and for Land He Lauded	Simon Romero	"In a recent televised discussion of Mr. Zweig, Alcino Leite Neto, editor of the publishing house Publifolha, compared his importance in Brazil to that in the United States of Alexis de Tocqueville, the French political thinker who wrote about American concepts of liberty and equality in 'Democracy in America.'" "We had Stefan Zweig," said Mr. Leite Neto, "who left us this book advocating tolerance, comprehension between people, an indictment in favor of peace, written right during World War II."	Brazil book	Yes	suicide, gravesite, visitors to house and grave, why he died so soon after arriving in Brazil to settle.	F (review & feature)
24-Feb-12	This Is the Way a World Ends	Amelia Atlas	review of Hofmann Roth letters. Mentions Zweig "his literary peer and patron"	none	none (only in ref to Roth)	none	M (Review of book that includes Z)
4-Mar-12	A Rootless Writer, Anchored by Woe	Larry Rohter	review of Hofmann Roth letters. Mentions correspondence with Zweig and mentions suicide	No	Yes	brief	M (brief mention as a writer)
2-Jul-12	While Soccer Fans Flipped Out, East Village Book Club Flipped Pages	Melvin Felix	about a book club that meets once a month to read classics. They didn't like <i>World of Yesterday</i> . Found it 'dry and repetitive' and only one member finished it	Yes	No	none	M (Short review of book)
6-Sep-12	Discs Till December	Charles Taylor & Stephanie Zacharek	New DVD releases, including Max Ophuls's 1948 <i>Letter from an Unknown Woman</i> from "the great Viennese writer Stefan Zweig"	No	No	none	M (Brief mention of title)
1-Jan-13	Publishing Without Perishing	David Streitfeld	individual producing out of copyright titles, including a collection of Stefan Zweig, whom he calls "the great Austrian writer and suicide Stefan Zweig."	No	No	see quote	M (Brief mention of title)
3-Jun-13	A Photographic Feast in the South of France	Olivia Snaije	Photomed, photo festival south of Marseille. Town called Sanary, many German intellectuals fled there, including Zweig	No	No	none	C (as context)
3-Aug-13	Writers as Architects	Matteo Pericoli	About 'literary architecture of a text' "The Royal Game" used as a visual example by one of the writer's students at Columbia University. The student, Eloisa Diaz, calls the story "a testament to the endurance and limberness of human nature." Other writers whose works were rendered architecturally: DF Wallace, George Saunders, Ayn Rand, Raymond Carver, JM Coetzee, Woolf, D. Barthelme,	Yes	No	none	M (brief discussion of work)
6-Sep-13	Venice Festival's Highs and Lows	Roderick Conway Morris	About new film adaptation of Zweig's <i>Journey into the Past</i> titled "A Promise." Writer calls it "artfully directed and subtly acted drama"	Yes	No	none	M (brief discussion of work)

29-Jan-14	For a Wife, the Musing Never Stops	Michiko Kakutani	Review of Jenny Offill's <i>Dept of Speculation</i> . Reviewer mentions narrators references, incl. to Stefan Zweig.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
7-Feb-14	64th Berlinale Kicks Off with Premiere of 'The Grand Budapest Hotel'	Rachel Donadio	Mention of several films, incl. <i>Grand Budapest Hotel</i> . "inspired by the Austrian writer Stefan Zweig"	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
9-Feb-14	Europe's Painful Past Colors a Film Festival	Rachel Donadio	Mentions of several films, incl. <i>Grand Budapest Hotel</i> . Anderson discusses influence of Zweig.	Brief	No	none	C (Context reference)
10-Feb-14	A Literary Tour on the Blue Danube	Stephen Heyman	Review of book <i>Danubia</i> by Simon Winder. Winder, in publishing, also commissioned new translations of Bernhard, Zweig and Faludy.	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
20-Feb-14	A Chinese Spy Novelist's World of Dark Secrets	Didi Kirsten Tatlow	Article about Mai Jia. Discussion of his literary loves, incl. Kafka and Zweig.	Brief	No	none	C (Context reference)
28-Feb-14	Casting Shadows on a Fanciful World	Dave Itzkoff	Interview with Wes Anderson. Discussion of Zweig and his work.	Yes	Yes	none	M (mention of life and work)
6-Mar-14	Wes Anderson's 'Grand Budapest Hotel'; is a Complex Caper	A.O. Scott	Review of <i>Grand Budapest Hotel</i> . Mention of Zweig as inspiration. Brief comment about Zweig's work.	Brief	No	none	C (Context reference)
21-Mar-14	Points if Departure	Joshua Cohen	Review of Sebald's <i>A Place in the Country</i> . Reviewer calls Sebald a German writer the way that Broch and Zweig were Jewish writers: "tragically and by accident."	No	Brief	none	C (as context)
17-Apr-14	A Promise' with Alan Rickman and Rebecca Hall	Stephen Holden	Largely negative review of film version of Zweig's novella <i>Journey into the Past</i> (filmed as <i>A Promise</i>)	Brief	No	none	F (film review)
28-May-14	Austrian Novelist Rises Anew	Larry Rohter	Article about Zweig's resurgence. Mentions Prochnik's book, the French novel, suicide, films, etc.	Yes	Yes	Yes	F (feature)
9-Jun-14	Travel Diary: The World According to Renzo	Konstantin Kakania	Travel piece in the voice of a dog. Discusses staying at Vienna's Hotel Imperial: "It was so Stefan Zweig, so me."	No	No	none	C (Context reference)
12-Jun-14	Man without a Country	A.O. Scott	Review of Prochnik's biography. Begins with suicide. Discusses Zweig's life, wives, dislocation, and, briefly, some of his works.	Yes	Yes	Yes	F (Review)
20-Jun-14	Editors' Choice	n/a	Brief mention of Prochnik's biography of Zweig.	Yes	Yes	none	F (brief mention)
6-Jul-14	Corrections	n/a	Correction about order of Zweig's final books (from article on June 15)	Yes	No	none	F (correction of facts)

Appendix E: The Nation Zweig Content							
DATE	ARTICLE	BYLINE	CONTENT	Focus on Work	Focus on Life	SUICIDE	Zweig: Mention/Focus/Contextual
16-Nov-21	The Apostle of Peace	Gregory Zilboorg	review of <i>Romain Rolland</i> by SZ. "...is not merely a book--it is an inspiring message of love and peace written with a remarkable warmth and in a beautiful, sincere style." "SZ was apparently overwhelmed with his own emotions while writing his book. He, too, is a man whose faith is not devoid of passion. But he is not always clear enough, he does not always embrace the whole scope of Rolland's vision."	Yes	No		F (review of work)
26-Dec-23	Correspondence: An Appeal from Stefan Zweig	letter to editor	Letter from SZ asking Americans for financial support of German writer Hans Reisiger, who wrote a book on Whitman for German readers. "If any German writer deserves to be helped by America it is Hans Reisiger."	No	No		A (author of piece)
13-Jan-26	Books In Brief	Unsigned	Brief review of <i>Passion and Pain</i> by SZ. "The ferment of the mind of man rather than his physical agitation forms the theme of these stories, which are, with one exception, detailed records of individual reaction to the dominating forces of contemporary life." "...it fails to achieve complete conviction through the intense subjectivity of the characters who cannot emerge from self-pity to see universal futility."	Yes	No		F (review of work)
11-Jan-28	Wanted -- A Literary Tariff	Alter Brody	Review of <i>Conflicts</i> by SZ. Discusses the artificial constructs of some of the stories in which appear characters "somehow so much more like themselves than the most perfect replicas in our novels." "It is this sense of inner reality that holds one in these tales, which take place somewhere in human nature... they give one a profound feeling of depth and flux instead of mere likeness." "intriguing introduction to America of an international literary personality."	Yes	No		F (review of work)
25-Apr-28	Drama	M.V.D.	Review of SZ's <i>Volpone</i> . Claims it is an improvement over Ben Jonson's version.	Yes	No		F (review of work)
10-Apr-29	Men in Masks	Angus Burrell	Review of SZ's <i>Adepts in Self-Portraiture</i> . "this writer's amazing technique of controlled Freudian attack...and by the mystery of the creative power that a first-rate author shares with Deity." "The portraits are credible and brilliant."	Yes	No		F (review of work)
27-Aug-30	Bloodless Biography	Eugene Lohrke	Review of SZ's <i>Joseph Fouche</i> . Calls Z a "bloodless biographer" and suggests he presents "a neatly stylized essay and a frame arranged in advance so that a portrait may fit into it What does actually emerge from a perusal of this book is the fact that Joseph Fouche, on the human side at least, is worthy of a more full-blooded biographer than the modern monk of the Kapuzinerberg."	Yes	No		F (review of work)

27-Apr-32	Mental Healers	Benjamin Ginzburg	Review of SZ's <i>Mental Healers</i> . "The book as a whole is a fine piece of scientific and biographical exposition, forceful and dramatic in its style, accurate in its subject matter."	Yes	No		F (review of work)
20-Jul-32	Notes on Fiction	not signed	Brief review of 'Letter from an Unknown Woman'. "In this excellent novelette, cast in a mold whose simplicity is deceptive, the author of 'Amok' has told a singularly tender and passionate story."	Yes	No		F (review of work)
26-Apr-33	Portrait of Marie	Catharine Young	Review of SZ's <i>Marie Antoinette</i> . "The book has scholarly breadth and depth; it is rich, racy, and colorful, proving that Herr Zweig knows how to write as well as how to study and evaluate historical documents." "Yet even while feeling that Herr Zweig has, perhaps, overestimated Marie Antoinette's historical significance, one would not wish to detract from his achievement."	Yes	No		F (review of work)
16-May-34	Middle Europe	Florence Codman	Review of SZ's <i>Kaleidoscope</i> . Mixed review. Praises "Burning Secret," but critical about "Moonbeam Alley" and "The Governess." In <i>Burning Secret</i> : "His penetration into motives, acts, and their results goes deeper and rings truer, and he is less burdened by vague and cumbersome literary phrases."	Yes	No		F (review of work)
11-Sep-35	Mary Of Scotland	Clara Gruening Stillman	Long review of SZ's <i>Mary Queen of Scotland and the Isles</i> . "On this and other key problems of Mary Stuart's life, Stefan Zweig appears to have said the last word which contains or disposes of all other words. He has of course reexamined all the evidence with meticulous care, and we find here the acute analysis, the fine balance, the creative insight into human emotions which we have come to expect of him." "This is easily the most impressive of recent biographies."				
24-Oct-36	The Pitiless Christ	Alice Beal Parsons	Review of SZ's <i>Right to Heresy</i> . Mostly plot summary, but ends: "Although Mr. Zweig never expressly defines the modern instance, it is obviously always in his mind, as he traces the rise and course of dictatorship, that we stand today in the same place as Castellio--between two rival theocracies which punish heresy with death."	Yes	No		F (review of work)
2-May-38	Conqueror of the Sea	Alan Villiers	Review of SZ's <i>Magellan</i> . "quiet, well-written...unforgettable, deeply moving portrait of one of the greatest sailors the world has known." critiques Zweig's lack of nautical knowledge. Discusses how Z's own journeys by sea inspired the book.	Yes	Brief		F (review of work)
18-Feb-39	Drama: Woe to Israel	Joseph Wood Krutch	Review of SZ's <i>Jeremiah</i> . "It expresses not only his convictions but, even more importantly I think, the sense which he had of being right yet powerless, a prophet who know that he could not hope to be listened to until it was too late." Mentions that Zweig wrote the piece during the war.	Yes	Brief		F (review of work)

1-Apr-39	Descent into the Go	Maxwell Geismar	Review of SZ's <i>Beware of Pity</i> . "'Beware of Pity' is not after all an interlude from the biographer's burden. Avoiding both the grandiose expectations of the nineteenth-century liberalism and the dogmatism of contemporary extremes, Zweig's novel represents the sharpened humanism of what we may call Europe-in-Exile. Here Zweig reaffirms a faith in civilization technics, and if this faith is harder--the clinical manner of his Condor replacing the organ-grinding effusions of Thomas Mann's Settembrini--it is nevertheless not a fanaticism. 'Beware of Pity' is hardly a flight into the realm of man's good. It is a descent. But, Condor would have you note, we do not crash."	Yes	No		F (review of work)
25-Nov-39	Trilogy of Trilogies	James Orrick	Review of SZ's <i>Master Builders</i> . "inordinate length and inflation"	Yes	No		F (review of work)
27-Sep-41	Published This Wee	not signed	List (no descriptions or reviews) of new books, incl. SZ's <i>Brazil</i>	Yes	No		L (listing only)
21-Feb-42	Dr. Vespucci	Samuel Eliot Morison	Review of SZ's <i>Amerigo</i> . "A writer with the language equipment and literary gifts of Stefan Zweig might have done a better job on Amerigo, even within this modest compass."	Yes	No		F (review of work)
14-Mar-42	Books and the Arts:	Margaret Marshall	About his death. "To those who knew Stefan Zweig only as an author whose fames and success were world wide and who was therefore not subject to the more sordid vicissitudes of exile, the effect of his suicide was a sense of shock mingled with resentment. [...] To those who know him intimately, however, his death has a different context." "To Zweig--the non-political, the humanist, the <i>ecrivain absolu</i> --the collapse of Europe meant the end of a world he has helped to build, to preserve, to enrich, a world of which he had been, moreover, a favorite son."	Yes	Yes	focus	F (death and work)
15-May-43	Citizen of the World	Hermann Kesten	Review of SZ's <i>World of Yesterday</i> . Strange lead: "This was a happy man. After sixty years he killed himself. In his farewell letter he put down all that he thought worth striving for in life." "His fine, unselfish admiration of spiritual greatness in others made him a singular figure in the literary world. He had genius as a collector, merit as a mediator, popularity as a writer, happiness as a master of the art of living--until the century ceased to have room for either individualists or individualities." First two para of the review focus on the suicide note and reads the note as a work of literature: "These are the proper, prescribed formulas. Nor is the measured plaint lacking, at the 'long years of homeless wandering.' It all but rhymes. And twice he crossed out words that did not fit." p 711 (article 711-12)	Yes	Yes	focus	F (death and work)

6-May-44	Fiction in Review	Diana Trilling	Review of SZ's <i>The Royal Game</i> . "...The Royal Game is a serious and adult literary effort--a story that has at least the beginnings of a first-rate idea, for a good part of its way hints at profound meanings, and for all its way has a terrific dramatic tension. [...] one suspects it was intended as a political parable along the lines of Thomas Mann's 'Maio and the Magician.' But despite its dramatic suspense and its classic narrative skill, the story doesn't come off."	Yes	Yes	none	F (review of work)
8-Mar-47	Balzac in Limbo	Jacques Barzun	Review of SZ's <i>Balzac</i> . "it is a straightforward and well-ordered story; it springs from genuine sympathy with its subject; it has dignity and judgment; and its fullness of detail is flawed by very few lapses in accuracy. And yet I feel that the work is a superficial, almost an empty book, which leaves Balzac strangely unknown--a book which, stranger still, leaves one's curiosity unaroused." Mentions at end that the book has been edited "on various advices which I deplore."	Yes	Brief	none	F (review of work)
2-Dec-04	The War That Never	Russell Jacoby	About threat of war in 1930s. Writer quotes SZ from <i>World of Yesterday</i> about excitement of young recruits at the beginning of WWI.	Yes	No	none	C (context reference)
14-May-07	Café Society	William Deresiewicz	About Clive James's <i>Cultural Amnesia</i> . Discusses the figures present in the book, incl. SZ "who fittingly bookends the alphabetical procession."	No	Yes	none	C (context reference)
9-Jun-08	Dead Letters (cover)	William Deresiewicz	Review of SZ's <i>Post-Office Girl</i> , but also article about his life, death and legacy.	Yes	Yes	Several mentions and discussion of it in relation to end of novel	F (review of work & life)
10-Sep-08	Nation Notes	The Editors	About new staff members, incl. William Deresiewicz, who writes about a "range of subjects (from Michael Chabon to Stefan Zweig...)"	No	No	none	C (context reference)
16-Mar-10	The Great White Whale in San Francisco Bay	Lewis Lapham	About the use of art. Mentions SZ (with no explanation of who he is) and quotes him on art: a "collective, eager, competitive curiosity"	No	No	none	C (context reference)
1-Sep-10	Reverse Psychology: On Ernst Weiss	Elias Altman	Review of new translation of <i>Georg Letham</i> by Ernst Weiss. Friend of SZ. Weiss received a monthly stipend from the American Guild for German Cultural Freedom, arranged by T. Mann and SZ. SZ sent his novellas to Weiss in 1936. Weiss killed self the day Nazis entered Paris, June 14, 1940. In 1937 after completing a novella, Weiss wrote to SZ: "What precision and subtlety and inner control this form requires."	Yes	Yes	none	C (context reference)
2-Dec-13	Behind the Storm: Was World War I the Outcome of Elite Machinations	Tara Zahra	Quote from "the Austrian writer Stefan Zweig": "People no more believed in the possibility of barbaric relapses, such as wars between the nations of Europe, than they believed in ghosts or witches."	No	No	none	C (context reference)
31-Mar-14	Missing Pictures	Stuart Klawans	Review of <i>The Grand Budapest Hotel</i> . Mention of Zweig connection.	No	No	none	C (context reference)

Appendix F: The New Yorker Zweig Content							
1925-2014							
DATE	ARTICLE	BYLINE	CONTENT	Focus on Work	Focus on Life	SUICIDE	Zweig: Mention/Focus/Contextual
21-Apr-28	The Theatre: Budding Season	Charles Brackett	Long review of Theatre Guild production of <i>Volpone</i> by SZ, based on Ben Jonson. "with every page I read my respect for Stefan Zweig increased....The result is a gay, swift, vivid play without a trace of dust on it." p 33	Yes	No		F (review)
10-May-30	Recent Books	A.W.S.	Brief (1 para) review of SZ's <i>Three Masters</i> . "some distinguished writing" p 90	Yes	No		F (review)
23-Aug-30	Recent Books	A.W.S.	Two para review of SZ's <i>Fouché</i> . "The book is the best biography that has come along in these stagnant weeks." p 63	Yes	No		F (review)
6-Sep-30	Among the New Books	not signed	Brief (1 sentence) review of SZ's <i>Fouché</i> .	Yes	No		F (review)
13-Sep-30	Among the New Books	not signed	Brief (1 sentence) review of SZ's <i>Fouché</i> .	Yes	No		F (review)
20-Sep-30	Among the New Books	not signed	Brief (1 sentence) review of SZ's <i>Fouché</i> .	Yes	No		F (review)
27-Sep-30	Among the New Books	not signed	Mention of SZ's <i>Fouché</i> . Mention only, no review.	Yes	No		M (brief mention on list)
4-Oct-30	Among the New Books	not signed	Brief (1 sentence) review of SZ's <i>Fouché</i> .	Yes	No		F (review)
11-Oct-30	Among the New Books	not signed	Brief (1 sentence) review of SZ's <i>Fouché</i> .	Yes	No		F (review)
27-Jun-31	Books, Books, Books: More About the Modern Novel	R.M.C.	Brief (1 para) review of SZ's <i>Amok</i> . "...you feel sorry to part with him when, homeward bound, he commits suicide. I think you'd like it." p. 63	Yes	No		F (review)
4-Jul-31	Among the New Books	not signed	Brief (2 sentence) review of SZ's <i>Amok</i> . "Not a long book, but the better for its brevity." p 54	Yes	No		F (review)
5-Sep-31	Among the New Books	not signed	Brief (1 para) review of SZ's <i>Amok</i> . P. 62	Yes	No		F (review)
5-Mar-32	Among the New Books	not signed	Brief (1 para) review of SZ's <i>Mental Healers</i> . "A study of the lives of Mesmer, Mrs. Eddy, and Freud, trying--not with entire success--to find a relation between them." p 79	Yes	No		F (review)
12-Mar-32	Among the New Books	not signed	Brief (1 para) review of SZ's <i>Mental Healers</i> . "A study of the lives of Mesmer, Mrs. Eddy, and Freud, trying--not with entire success--to find a relation between them." p 71	Yes	No		F (review)
19-Mar-32	Among the New Books	not signed	Brief (1 para) review of SZ's <i>Mental Healers</i> . "A study of the lives of Mesmer, Mrs. Eddy, and Freud, trying--not with entire success--to find a relation between them." p 87	Yes	No		F (review)

26-Mar-32	Among the New Books	not signed	Brief (1 para) review of SZ's <i>Mental Healers</i> . "A study of the lives of Mesmer, Mrs. Eddy, and Freud, trying--not with entire success--to find a relation between them." p 71	Yes	No		F (review)
2-Apr-32	Among the New Books	not signed	Brief (1 para) review of SZ's <i>Mental Healers</i> . "A study of the lives of Mesmer, Mrs. Eddy, and Freud, trying--not with entire success--to find a relation between them." p 75	Yes	No		F (review)
8-Apr-33	Books: Victim of Revolution	R.M.C.	5 para review of SZ's <i>Marie Antoinette</i> .	Yes	No		F (review)
8-Apr-33	Among the New Books	not signed	1 sentence review of SZ's <i>Marie Antoinette</i> . "An excellent biography which makes her a somewhat unromantic but very appealing personage." p. 80	Yes	No		F (review)
24-Jun-33	Books: Summer Reading	Clifton Fadiman	Brief mention of SZ's <i>Marie Antoinette</i> as one of the season's top two biographies.	Yes	No		F (review)
7-Oct-33	Shouts & Murmurs: Literary Notes	Alexander Woolcott	Short blurb about Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company buying the film rights to S. Zweig's "superb" <i>Marie Antoinette</i> for \$15,000. "I share their enthusiasm..."	Yes	No		F (royalties)
9-Dec-33	A List of Interesting Books Published During the Last Few Seasons	not signed	Titles worth reading, incl. SZ's <i>Marie Antoinette</i> . Title only. No review.	Yes	No		B (Brief mention)
7-Apr-34	Books: Also Out This Week	not signed	Brief review (1 para) for SZ's <i>Kaleidoscope</i> . Written over 20 years. "All of them deal with the more ponderous emotions and are, in their slightly Teutonic way, effective. A few date, of course." p. 111	Yes	No		F (review)
23-Jun-34	Paris Letter	Genet	About the Saison de Paris. Mention of what is on offer, including Stefan Zweig.	No	No		C (context reference)
3-Nov-34	Also Out This Week	not signed	Brief (1 para) review of SZ's <i>Erasmus of Rotterdam</i> . "Herr Zweig has clearly fastened upon the sixteenth-century opponent of the fanatical Luther as an excuse (a rather good one, though) to preach a sermon, subdued and disguised, against Hitlerite Germany. The excessive moderation of Erasmus often becomes irritating, mad Herr Zweig's idealism, while beautiful, is vague. Otherwise, this is a good book, though it's not 'Marie Antoinette.'" p 98	Yes	Yes		F (review)
1-Dec-34	Shouts & Murmurs: Sea Change	Alexander Woolcott	Article on poor state of French and German translations into English. "For example, the Viking Press should be heaped with reproaches for supinely allowing their cherished Stefan Zweig to transmit his works to us through the same precious pair who rendered the 'Marie Antoinette' into an English text as horrid and as constipated as any with which we have been afflicted in many and many a day." p 40	Yes	No		M (brief mention)

31-Aug-35	Books: Stuarts and Covenanters	Clifton Fadiman	Long review of <i>Mary Queen of Scotland and the Isles</i> . Favorable. "The secret of Zweig's popularity lies not only in his pleasing style, his simplification of political and economic factors, his shrewd eye for the dramatic and 'human,' his comparative lack of bias, and his mental cultivation." "The insight he displays makes one reader, at least, regret that a first-rate literary critic should have decided to turn his abilities to the business of being a first-rate popular biographer."	Yes	No		F (review)
7-Sep-35	Reader's Reminder List	not signed	Brief (1 para) review of SZ's <i>Mary Queen of Scotland and the Isles</i> . "A 'sister book' to 'Marie Antoinette' and pretty much the same sort of thing, readable, dramatic, and not profound enough to be at all disturbing." p 88	Yes	No		F (review)
14-Sep-35	Reader's Reminder List	not signed	Brief (1 para) review of SZ's <i>Mary Queen of Scotland and the Isles</i> . "A 'sister book' to 'Marie Antoinette' and pretty much the same sort of thing, readable, dramatic, and not profound enough to be at all disturbing." p 100	Yes	No		F (review)
21-Sep-35	Also Out This Week	not signed	Brief (1 para) review of SZ's <i>Mary Queen of Scotland and the Isles</i> . "A 'sister book' to 'Marie Antoinette' and pretty much the same sort of thing, readable, dramatic, and not profound enough to be at all disturbing." p 88	Yes	No		F (review)
12-Oct-35	Reader's Reminder List	not signed	Brief (1 para) review of SZ's <i>Mary Queen of Scotland and the Isles</i> . "A 'sister book' to 'Marie Antoinette' and pretty much the same sort of thing, readable, dramatic, and not profound enough to be at all disturbing." p 96	Yes	No		F (review)
14-Dec-35	Books: Gifts Between Covers--Christmas Recapitulation	Clifton Fadiman	Christmas suggestions. SZ's <i>Mary Queen of Scots</i> on list of biographies. "Lots of people seem to like this." p 125	Yes	No		M (brief mention on list)
8-Feb-36	Books: John Gunther's Baedeker	Clifton Fadiman	Includes a review of a biography of Lafayette. "As a job of writing, it is not quite up to the Stefan Zweig level, but is conceived in somewhat the same tradition." p 70	Yes	No		C (context reference)
24-Oct-36	Books: Briefly Noted	not signed	Brief (1 para) review of SZ's <i>The Right to Heresy</i> . "It is clear that Zweig is here recording not merely a dramatic episode of the sixteenth century but his opinions about tyrannies of our own day." p. 86	Yes	No		F (review)
5-Dec-36	Briefly Noted	not signed	Brief review of <i>Portraits and Self-Portraits</i> which includes 40 drawings of "famous writing fellows," incl. SZ.	No	No		C (context reference)
16-Oct-37	Books: Briefly Noted	not signed	Brief (1 para) review of SZ's <i>The Buried Candelabrum</i> . "Told in Biblical prose, with dignity and piety." 102	Yes	No		F (review)
30-Oct-37	Ad	Ad	Ad for SZ's <i>The Buried Candelabrum</i>	Yes	No		Ad
5-Feb-38	Books	Clifton Fadiman	Review of SZ's <i>Magellan</i> (3 para). Calls it an "acceptable job" p. 66	Yes	No		F (review)
12-Feb-38	Ad	Ad	Ad for SZ's <i>The Story of Magellan</i> .	Yes	No		Ad
19-Feb-38	Ad	Ad	Advertisement for SZ's <i>Conqueror of the Seas</i>	Yes	No		Ad
20-Aug-38	Ad	Ad	Ad for film version of <i>Marie Antoinette</i> . "Based in part on the book by SZ.	Yes	No		Ad

27-Aug-38	Ad	Ad	Ad for film version of Marie Antoinette. "Based in part on the book by SZ.	Yes	No		Ad
3-Sep-38	Ad	Ad	Ad for film version of <i>Marie Antoinette</i> . "Based in part on the book by SZ.	Yes	No		Ad
10-Sep-38	Ad	Ad	Ad for film version of <i>Marie Antoinette</i> . "Based in part on the book by SZ.	Yes	No		Ad
17-Sep-38	Ad	Ad	Ad for film version of <i>Marie Antoinette</i> . "Based in part on the book by SZ.	Yes	No		Ad
24-Sep-38	Ad	Ad	Ad for film version of <i>Marie Antoinette</i> . "Based in part on the book by SZ.	Yes	No		Ad
8-Oct-38	Ad	Ad	Ad for film version of <i>Marie Antoinette</i> . "Based in part on the book by SZ.	Yes	No		Ad
15-Oct-38	Ad	Ad	Ad for film version of <i>Marie Antoinette</i> . "Based in part on the book by SZ.	Yes	No		Ad
22-Oct-38	Ad	Ad	Ad for film version of <i>Marie Antoinette</i> . "Based in part on the book by SZ.	Yes	No		Ad
4-Feb-39	Ad	Ad	Ad for Theatre Guild's performance of SZ's <i>Jeremiah</i>	Yes	No		Ad
11-Feb-39	Theatre: The Old and the New		Production of SZ's <i>Jeremiah</i> . "...which Stefan Zweig wrote in what well might have been his life's blood during the Great War, and the message of the play may be as timely as this ringing plea for peace..." 30 "too much talk" 32	Yes	No		F (review)
11-Feb-39	Ad	Ad	Ad for Theatre Guild's performance of SZ's <i>Jeremiah</i>	Yes	No		Ad
18-Feb-39	Ad	Ad	Ad for Theatre Guild's performance of SZ's <i>Jeremiah</i>	Yes	No		Ad
25-Feb-39	Ad	Ad	Ad for Theatre Guild's performance of SZ's <i>Jeremiah</i>	Yes	No		Ad
4-Mar-39	Ad	Ad	Ad for Theatre Guild's performance of SZ's <i>Jeremiah</i>	Yes	No		Ad
18-Mar-39	Books: Briefly Noted	not signed	Brief review of <i>Beware of Pity</i> (1 para). "Herr Zweig is an accomplished writer, but although his characters are drawn at full length, he has not succeeded in giving sufficient importance to s plot which is at best merely pathetic and minor." p. 85	Yes	No		F (review)
13-May-39	Ad	Ad	Large ad from Viking Press. Seven of their authors, incl. Joyce, Steinbeck, Dorothy Parker and SZ. About <i>Beware of Pity</i> : "The master biographer's first full-length novel is nationally acclaimed."	Yes	No		Ad
23-Sep-39	Books: Briefly Noted	not signed	Brief (1 para) review of SZ's <i>Master Builders</i> . "There is a certain vague unity binding these remarkable though somewhat cloudy studies." p. 78	Yes	No		F (review)
7-Oct-39	Briefly Noted	not signed	Brief review of <i>From Another World</i> by Louis Untermeyer, incl. reminiscences about many literary figures, incl. SZ.	No	No		C (context reference)
16-Nov-40	Books: From England--The Garden of Confucius	Clifton Fadiman	Brief review (but not in Briefly Noted) review of SZ's <i>Tide of Fortune</i> . "An easy way to take your history." p. 101	Yes	No		F (review)

4-Oct-41	Books: Briefly Noted	not signed	Brief review (1 para) of SZ's <i>Brazil</i> . "an intelligent summary of its history, economy, culture, prospects...Superior writing, despite a tendency toward rhapsody." p. 88	Yes	No		F (review)
28-Feb-42	Books: Briefly Noted	not signed	Brief review (1 para) of SZ's <i>Amerigo</i> . "A historical mystery story, told with a painless and graceful scholarship." p. 60	Yes	No	none	F (review)
24-Apr-43	Books: Briefly Noted	not signed	Brief review (1 para) of SZ's <i>World of Yesterday</i> . In full: "Autobiography of the refugee German writer who committed suicide in Brazil last year. The author's own experience amid the darkening perspectives of European culture in our time, together with a variety of fresh insights on them. Lucidly written." p. 80. [also on p. 77: large ad for the book by Penguin]	Yes	Yes	brief	F (review)
1-Jan-44	Briefly Noted	not signed	Short review of book <i>Heart of Europe</i> edited by Klaus Mann and Hermann Kesten, incl "nearly all the well-known names...Stefan Zweig..." p 68	No	No	none	C (context reference)
15-Apr-44	Books: Briefly Noted	not signed	Brief review (1 para) of SZ's <i>Royal Game</i> . "All three stories are in the late Herr Zweig's irreproachable, overstuffed manner." p. 83	Yes	No	none	F (review)
25-May-46	Profiles: Playwright	S. N. Behrman	Article about Ferenc Molnar, Hungarian playwright. Includes reference to SZ's <i>World of Yesterday</i> , in which he writes that it was considered vulgar in Vienna to make money from writing. P. 39	Yes	No	none	C (context reference)
28-Sep-46	Books: Briefly Noted	not signed	Brief (1 para) review of SZ by F. Zweig. "The book is lyrical in spots, mystical in others, but it contributes to an understanding of a tragic figure--a man of talent who never quite realized his great promise." p. 102	Yes	Yes	none	F (review)
23-Nov-46	Books: Tolstoy	Hamilton Basso	Brief (1 para) review of SZ's <i>Balzac</i> . "Why any publisher would want to bring out a book that was in so fragmentary a form at its author's death that somebody else, as explained in a afterpiece buried in the back of the book, had to fill in an untold number of minor gaps, as well as to write an equally untold number of passages and even chapters to get the manuscript into publishable shape, is hard for me to understand." "confused, badly written" p. 120 Book of the Month Club.	Yes	Brief	none	F (review)
14-Jun-47	Our Forgetful Authors	not signed	Two quotes from SZ's <i>Balzac</i> . One that claims Balzac wrote every bit of his own work and correspondence. The second claims he had someone answer his love letters.	Yes	No	none	F (brief critique of work)
13-Sep-47	No title	not signed	small section about turns of phrase. Quote from SZ's <i>Balzac</i> : "Balzac the lover, who changed his women more frequently than he changed his shirt." Also similar quote from George Sand. Author asks: "Anybody want to change the figure of speech?" p 97	Yes	No	none	F (brief critique of work)
8-Nov-47	The Current Cinema: Give Us a Waltz, Professor	John McCarten	Review of film version of <i>Beware of Pity</i> . Negative. "I understand that all this is from a novel by Stefan Zweig, but I find that hard to believe." 114	Yes	No	none	F (review)

3-Jan-48	The Current Cinema: Great Fun from France	John McCarten	Positive review of French film <i>Volpone</i> , based on screen adaptation by Jules Romains and SZ.	Yes	No	none	F (review)
17-Jan-48	Goings On About Town	not signed	Listing of French film based on SZ's <i>Volpone</i>	Yes	No	none	L (listing only)
7-Feb-48	Goings On About Town	not signed	Listing of French film based on SZ's <i>Volpone</i> . "done to a hilarious turn by a French cast" p 16	Yes	No	none	L (listing only)
20-Mar-48	Goings On About Town	not signed	Listing of French film based on SZ's <i>Volpone</i>	Yes	No	none	L (listing only)
7-Apr-51	Briefly Noted	not signed	Brief (1 para) review of book called <i>Just As It Happened</i> , about reminiscences about literary figures, incl. SZ	No	No	none	C (context reference)
14-Jun-52	Letter from Dublin	Robert Shaplen	One section about banned books in Ireland, incl. those by Hemingway, Romain Rolland, Shaw, and Stefan Zweig p. 94	No	No	none	C (context reference)
25-Sep-54	Books: Briefly Noted	not signed	Brief (1 para) review of <i>SZ & FZ Correspondence</i> . "This is an almost unbearably painful book, because its tragic climax seems to brood over every page." 142 "He was a rare man, if not a particularly strong one, and a man the world could ill afford to lose. This little book is a reminder of the amount of damage jackbooted anti-intellectualism can do." 143	No	Yes	Suicide not mentioned by name but implied	F (review)
2-Feb-57	Goings On About Town	not signed	Mention of production of SZ's <i>Volpone</i>	Yes	No	None	L (listing only)
18-Oct-58	Musical Events: The Master's Touch	Winthrop Sargeant	Article on Strauss that includes a review of current production of <i>The Silent Woman</i> , with libretto by SZ. "moderately amusing libretto"	Yes	No	none	M (review within article on Strauss)
4-Jun-60	Letter from Vienna	Joseph Wechsberg	Blend of fact and fiction in Vienna. About recovery of Vienna. Decline of University of Vienna. Mentions that only a generation ago such figures as Freud, Schnitzler, Kraus, Stefan Zweig "all of them Jews" lived in Vienna. P 118	No	No	none	C (context reference)
15-Jun-63	Letter From London	Mollie Panter-Downes	Review of Glyndebourne Opera's production of Strauss's last work, "Capriccio." "The idea was suggested to him by Stefan Zweig after Zweig, who had collaborated on one opera with Strauss, fled from the Nazis to Austria and then, when Austria fell, to South America, where finally he committed suicide." p. 107	Yes	Yes	brief	M (Strauss connection)
19-Sep-64	Profiles: Joe Gould's Secret		Includes section about Dial magazine. List of writers who wrote for it, incl. Stefan Zweig	No	No	none	C (context reference)
2-Apr-66	Musical Events	Winthrop Sargeant	Positive review of NY production of Strauss's <i>Capriccio</i> . Also review of new book of Strauss's operas. Recounts relationship with Zweig and letter Strauss wrote to Zweig that ended his tenure as president of State Music Council.	Yes	Yes	none	M (Strauss connection)
12-Nov-66	Profiles: How About a Little Game?	Jeremy Bernstein	Article about Stanley Kubrick. About Harris-Kubrick Pictures Corporation buying rights to stories, incl. SZ's <i>Burning Secret</i>	No	No	none	C (context reference)

22-Apr-67	Musical Events: Fair-Weather Genius	Winthrop Sargeant	Review of new book on Strauss (<i>RS: The Life of a Non-Hero</i>). Mentions relationship with Zweig.	No	Yes	none	M (Strauss connection)
7-Sep-68	Books: A Death of Kings	George Steiner	Article about chess novels, including SZ's "famous" <i>Royal Game</i> .	Yes	No	none	M (part of a review)
12-Oct-68	Profiles: City of the Baroque: III Happy is He who Forgets	Joseph Wechsberg	last in a series of three articles on Vienna. Mentions of Stefan Zweig. One quote from World of Yesterday. One in reference to Schnitzler.	Brief	Brief	none	C (context reference)
11-Apr-70	Goings On about Town	not signed	Listing for film based on SZ's <i>Letter From an Unknown Woman</i> . "handsome version of the Stefan Zweig tearjerker"	Yes	No	none	L (listing only)
8-Aug-70	Books: Briefly Noted	not signed	Brief review of Arnold Zweig letters with Freud. "(not to be confused with Stefan Zweig)"	No	No	none	C (context reference)
10-Dec-73	Letter from Vienna	Joseph Wechsberg	Mention of the illustrious figures of Vienna, including SZ.	No	No	none	C (context reference)
4-Feb-74	Goings On about Town	not signed	Listing for film based on SZ's <i>Letter From an Unknown Woman</i> . "handsome version of the Stefan Zweig tearjerker"	Yes	No	none	L (listing only)
11-Feb-74	Goings On about Town	not signed	Brief (1 para) review of film version on SZ's <i>Letter From An Unknown Woman</i>	Yes	No	none	F (review)
18-Nov-74	Goings On about Town	not signed	Brief (1 para) review of film version on SZ's <i>Letter From An Unknown Woman</i>	Yes	No	none	F (review)
25-Nov-74	Goings On about Town	not signed	Brief (1 para) review of film version on SZ's <i>Letter From An Unknown Woman</i>	Yes	No	none	F (review)
19-Jan-76	Varieties of Exile	Mavis Gallant	The writer's reflections about relationships. She writes: "There is a girl in a Stefan Zweig novel who says to her lover, 'Is that all?' I had pondered this carefully many years before, for I supposed it had something unexpected to do with sex..."	No	No	none	Q (quote from work)
31-Oct-77	Goings On about Town	not signed	Brief (1 para) review of film version on SZ's <i>Letter From An Unknown Woman</i>	Yes	No	none	F (review)
9-Jan-78	Books: Briefly Noted	not signed	Short (1 para) review of letters between Richard Strauss and Stefan Zweig (<i>A Confidential Matter</i>).	Yes	Yes	none	F (review of letters)
28-Aug-78	The Bus	Isaac Bashevis Singer	Article about the writer's bus trip to Spain and interactions with other Jews. Spoke to a man married to a Jewish woman, Said Jewish writers, incl. Stefan Zweig and Schnitzler, disappointed him.	No	No	none	C (context reference)
19-May-80	Goings On about Town	not signed	Listing for film based on SZ's <i>Letter From an Unknown Woman</i> . "handsome version of the Stefan Zweig tearjerker"	Yes	No	none	L (listing only)
13-Oct-80	Onward and Upward with the Arts: The Blockbuster Complex-III	Thomas Whiteside	Article about proposed takeover of Houghton-Mifflin. Writer discussed a previous merger between Penguin and Viking. Mentions Viking's list including writers such as Stefan Zweig.	No	No	none	C (context reference)
19-Jan-81	A Wartime Childhood	Anthony Bailey	Brief mention of SZ. Author remembers his books on the shelf in childhood.	No	No	none	C (context reference)

15-Jun-81	Goings On about Town	not signed	Brief (1 para) review of film version on SZ's <i>Letter From An Unknown Woman</i>	Yes	No	none	F (review)
21-Dec-81	Ad	Ad	Ad for <i>The Royal Game</i>	No	No	none	Ad
29-Nov-82	Grippes and Poche	Mavis Gallant	Article about émigré authors. Brief mention of Stefan Zweig	No	No	none	C (context reference)
10-Jan-83	Ad	Ad	Ad for <i>Beware of Pity</i> .	No	No	none	Ad
14-Nov-83	Talk of the Town	William Maxwell	About Three Lives & Co. Bookshop moving. Thirty thousand volumes moved "Kobo Abe to Stefan Zweig"	No	No	none	C (context reference)
9-Jan-84	Goings On about Town	not signed	Brief (1 para) review of <i>Volpone</i> film version, adapted by Jules Romains and Stefan Zweig.	Yes	No	none	F (review)
16-Jul-84	Goings On about Town	not signed	Brief (1 para) review of film version on SZ's <i>Letter From An Unknown Woman</i>	Yes	No	none	F (review)
24-Feb-86	Goings On about Town	not signed	Brief (1 para) review of film version on SZ's <i>Letter From An Unknown Woman</i>	Yes	No	none	F (review)
21-Sep-87	Goings On about Town	not signed	Brief (1 para) review of film version on SZ's <i>Letter From An Unknown Woman</i>	Yes	No	none	F (review)
10-Oct-88	Musical Events:	Andrew Porter	Article about Sante Fe Opera. Staging of Strauss operas, incl. <i>Friedenstag</i> , which SZ helped write but was not credited. Subject is pacifism.	Yes	Brief	none	M (Strauss connection)
11-Dec-89	Musical Events:	Andrew Porter	Article about Strauss. Mentions an opera written based on an idea of SZ but not credited to him.	Brief	No	none	M (Strauss connection)
3-Dec-90	In Brief	not signed	Brief review of film version of <i>Volpone</i> based on SZ's version of the play.	Yes	No	none	F (review)
13-May-91	Report from Vienna	Amos Elon	Article on Vienna, listing of things sold near tourist attraction, incl. SZ's <i>World of Yesterday</i> .	No	No	none	C (context reference)
28-Oct-91	In Brief	not signed	Brief (1 para) review of film version on SZ's <i>Letter From An Unknown Woman</i>	Yes	No	none	F (review)
2-Mar-92	Personal History: Venture Into Africa	Muriel Spark	Personal history. Author mentions that her relationship with her husband reminded her of SZ's <i>Beware of Pity</i> .	Yes	No	none	M (brief mention)
27-Apr-92	Goings On about Town	not signed	Brief (1 para) review of film version on SZ's <i>Letter From An Unknown Woman</i>	Yes	No	none	F (review)
21-Jul-97	A Critic at Large: The Devil's Disciple	Alex Ross	Article on composers Strauss and Pfitzer. Mention of SZ as Strauss librettist and relationship.	Brief	Brief	none	M (Strauss connection)
3-Nov-97	Dept. of Disputation: Fakes	David Samuels	Article about forged JFK-Marilyn Monroe letters. Author quotes SZ essay "The Meaning and Beauty of Autographs." published in 1935 "two tears before he sold part of his own extensive collection of autographs." "The appeal of handwritten documents, Zweig suggests, rests in the insight they offer into character. 'A picture can change and beautify him, a book and a letter can lie,' he writes. 'But in one thing a man is insolubly bound to the innermost truth of his being--in his handwriting....It is unique like himself and sometimes reveals what he hides.'" p. 64	Brief	Brief	none	C (context reference)

14-Jun-99	Onward and Upward With the Arts: A Kubrick Odyssey	Frederic Raphael	Screenwriter on <i>Eyes Wide Shut</i> . About being sent a novel by Kubrick that he wanted adapted for the screen. "The title and the author's name had been conspicuously excised, but after reading the story I guessed that it must be the work of either Arthur Schnitzler or Stefan Zweig." p 40	Yes	No	none	C (context reference)
4-Oct-99	A Reporter at Large: The Man From the East	Tom Reiss	Article about the identity of author of Ali and Nino. Mention of SZ as writer during certain period in Vienna.	No	Brief	none	C (context reference)
20-Dec-99	A Critic at Large: The Last Emperor	Alex Ross	Article about Richard Strauss. Mention of Strauss's relationship with SZ	No	Brief	none	C (context reference)
7-Aug-00	Books: The Child Queen	Francine Du Plessix Gray	Article about new biography of Marie Antoinette by French historian Evelyne Lever. Mention of SZ's take on Marie Antoinette. No other previous biographers mentioned by name.	Yes	No	none	C (context reference)
4-Jun-01	The Pandolphini Defense	Paul Hoffman	Article about chess eccentrics. Mention of SZ's <i>Royal Game</i> as example of obsession in chess literature.	Yes	No	none	M (brief mention)
18-Feb-02	Film Notes	not signed	Brief (1 para) review of film version on SZ's <i>Letter From An Unknown Woman</i>	Yes	No	none	F (review)
4-Mar-02	Casual: Sing, You Sacher Tortes	Woody Allen	comedic take on a proposed film set in Vienna. Mentions several Viennese figures such as Klimt, Schiele and SZ	No	No	none	C (context reference)
9-Sep-02	A Critic at Large: The Dream Master	Leo Carey	Article on Arthur Schnitzler. Mentions SZ as a friend.	No	No	none	C (context reference)
19-Jan-04	Books: European Dreams	Joan Acocella	Article on Joseph Roth. Claims Roth had many writer friends, incl "the celebrated biographer and memoirist Stefan Zweig..."p 81 later mentions Zweig's suicide.	No	Yes	Brief	C (context reference)
25-Dec-06	Books: Bedside Reading	not signed	Contributors to Winter Fiction Issue recommend books. SZ's <i>Fouche</i> recommended by Julian Barnes. "masterly study of the ultimate political survivor"	Yes	Brief	none	F (review)
3-Dec-07	Critic's Notebook: Play It Again	David Denby	About Ophuls and SZ's "Letter from an Unknown Woman," "magnificent tearjerker"	Yes	No	none	F (review)
6-Oct-08	The Artist of the Portrait	Calvin Tomkins	Article on Elizabeth Peyton. Describes the discovery of her career as a portrait painting that occurred through her reading books including SZ's <i>Marie Antoinette</i> .	No	No	none	C (context reference)
19-Jun-09	Blog: Page-Turner: What Are You Reading, Richard Brody?	Menachem Kaiser	blog about reading SZ's <i>World of Yesterday</i> , with mention of "two of the greatest movies of all time ... based on stories by Zweig."	Yes	Yes	none	F (review)
29-Jun-09	Onward and Upward With the Arts: The Music Mountain	Alex Ross	Article about pianist Mitsuko Uchida. Mentions reading SZ's <i>World of Yesterday</i> in German.	No	No	none	C (context reference)
8-Mar-10	Blog: Page-Turner: In the News: Revisiting 'Brideshead,' Sumeria to Stefan Zweig	Lucy Tang	Notice of a link to "a history of the book from Sumeria to Stefan Zweig."	No	No	none	C (context reference)

26-Mar-10	Blog: The Front Row: Letter from an Unknown Woman	Richard Brody	About Ophuls's <i>Letter from an Unknown Woman</i> , based on SZ's story.	Yes	No	none	F (film based on work)
29-Nov-10	Goings On About Town: Readings and Talks	not signed	Notice for appearance by Andre Aciman and Joan Acocella on <i>SZ's Journey into the Past</i> .	Yes	No	none	F (Ad for reading)
9-Jan-12	Blog: Culture Desk: Book Excerpt: The Letters of Joseph Roth	Willing Davidson	About Roth letters. "At the time that Roth was corresponding with him, Zweig was one of the most famous novelists in the world; his fame has since descended, mirroring Roth's own rise. Zweig mentored and occasionally supported Roth from his own exile in England." Long excerpt of Roth letters to Zweig.	Yes	Yes	none	F (focus alongside Roth)
27-Aug-12	The Escape Artist: The death and life of Stefan Zweig	Leo Carey	Long article on SZ. Begins with suicide. Discussion of life and work. "Biographical readings are perilous, but with Zweig, a master biographer, they seem essential, and it is hard not to see in this story of mental disintegration a self-portrait." "Zweig's stock-in-trade was reading human lives, both historical and fictional, in search of a moral. His life, ending as it did, acquired just such a meaning, becoming a cautionary tale about the fate of the artist in the face of totalitarianism and coloring all subsequent views of his work." p76 Writer describes plots of Z including suicide: "Zweig's demise is a story he has told many times."	Yes	Yes	Yes	F (profile)
24-Sep-12	The Mail: Re: The Escape Artist	Charles S. Berdiansky, LA, Calif.	Letter to the editor in response to Leo Carey's The Escape Artist article on Zweig. Mostly about Herzl and Z's writing about his funeral.	No	Yes	none	F (relationship w/Herzl)
4-Nov-13	Musical Events: Imperious	Alex Ross	Article about Valery Gergiev. Writer makes a connection between the conductor's politics and Strauss's. He quotes Strauss's letter to Zweig: "For me, there are only two categories of people: those who have talent, and those who have none." p. 112	No	No	none	C (context reference)
10-Mar-14	Lost Time	David Denby	Review of <i>Grand Budapest Hotel</i> . Mentions Zweig inspiration and suicide.	Brief	Yes	mention	C (context reference)
14-Mar-14	Stefan Zweig, Wes Anderson, and a Longing for the Past	Richard Brody	About Zweig as inspiration for Wes Anderson. Discussion of <i>World of Yesterday</i> , Zweig's politics, the review by Hannah Arendt, etc.	Yes	Yes	mention	F (work and life)
15-Mar-14	The Radical Power of Classic Comedies	Richard Brody	About comedies set in difficult historical times. Mention of Zweig in connection with <i>Grand Budapest Hotel</i> . And mention of Zweig's play <i>Thersites</i> .	Yes	No	none	C (context reference)
1-May-14	Inspiration Information	George Prochnik	Blog post about writing of author's book about Zweig, <i>The Impossible Exile</i>	Yes	Yes	none	F (life, work, exile)