

## PROUST, AFTER HIS MOTHER'S DEATH

He went to  
Versailles,  
never left his  
room for 5 months,  
slept until  
sun went down.  
"I know nothing  
about the season's  
change," he wrote  
in a diary, "am I  
really in Versailles  
or elsewhere?"  
Then, one morning  
he drank 17 cups of  
coffee, hired  
someone to  
take him riding  
in a car. "It  
was," he said,  
"like being shot  
from a canon."

## PROUST

with the money  
he inherited he  
sound-proofed  
his bedroom to  
keep the outside  
world out,  
paid the maid  
in the flat  
over him to  
work in slippers,  
paid her double  
if she did  
not work

## BEATRICE TURNER

In a garbage pail  
in rain, 20 paintings.  
But it took years to  
piece her life together,  
how she grew up in a huge  
old house, chose  
Victorian clothing.  
When her father  
died, she propped him  
up in a chair for two  
weeks and painted  
him then she painted  
the house black,  
began staying inside,  
resented her mother.  
3,000 paintings  
found after her  
death. Until then,  
she painted herself,  
always as a young  
beauty, was afraid to  
become a pauper and  
turned off the gas  
and electricity,  
ate little. I am, she  
said, leading a life  
I did not choose as she  
drew nudes of her  
self, more lush and  
open as she got  
closer to death

## AFTER TEN WEEKS OF CHAOS, TERROR

what clutched  
gives a little  
relaxes a claw  
becoming a  
hand again