

From the author of A DISTANT PROSPECT

BY VIOLENCE UNAVENGED

In the Hearts of Kings
Volume One

Annette Young

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About the author



Annette Young holds a BA (Honours) degree in History from the University of Sydney, and a Doctorate in English Literature from the University of New South Wales. She currently divides her time between research, piano and violin, raising four gentlemen, and writing Volume Two, *Outside Heaven's Sway*.

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Pre-release praise for *By Violence Unavenged*

'Extremely well researched, historically, musically and linguistically. Every chapter is full to the brim with action. A spectacular read.'

Christine McCarthy

'Tremendous depth... akin to Tolstoy ... the author has the story, the people, the world, entirely in hand.' **Warwick Adeney**

'A truly fine story and an enthralling read. Very much recommended!'

Regina Doman

'Descriptive panache, engaging pace and memorable characters ... clearly written by a musician, a kind of polyphonic saga, with the interweaving themes of war, history, suffering and the search for truth.'

Wanda Skowronska

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UNAVENGED

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This book is a work of fiction set in a world of real places and historical events. It is peopled with characters representing diverse views of the political and social currents of the period. Where actual historical characters appear, including public figures from the political and artistic world, their dialogue, opinions, and actions within this tale are entirely of the author's own invention, inspired by accounts of their lives and writings, and are contrived to serve dramatic purposes and to give readers a believable context for the story. They are to be enjoyed but not to be believed.

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COVER IMAGES

Gustav Klimt (1862-1918): Jurisprudence 1903 (detail), University of Vienna faculty ceiling paintings, oil on canvas 430 cm x 300 cm. Lederer collection. From a photograph. Original destroyed by fire set by retreating German forces in 1945 at Schloss Immendorf, Austria. (CC-PD, Wikimedia Commons.)

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ILLUSTRATIONS

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Dedication

To Charles,
a truly blessed friend,
without whom
this book never would have been written.

*'O duca mio, la vïolenta morte
che non li è vendicata ancor', diss' io,
'per alcun che de l'onta sia consorte,*

*fece lui disdegnoso; ond' el sen gio
sanza parlarmi, sì com' ò estimo:
e in ciò m'ha el fatto a sé più pio'.*

Dante,
*La Divina Commedia,
Inferno, XXIX, 31-36.*

*'My guide, it was his death by violence,
for which he still is not avenged,' I said,
'by anyone who shares his shame, that made*

*him so disdainful now; and—I suppose—
for this he left without a word to me,
and this has made me pity him the more.'*

Dante,
*Divine Comedy,
Inferno, XXIX, 31-36,
Trans., Mandelbaum.*

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Prelude

.

To Master Roderick Edward Raye

Dear Roddy,

Forgive me my earlier refusal to tell you what you so ardently wished to know. That you are brimful with questions is understandable, and you have every right to be informed; but I have good reason to dislike interrogation, even from my half-brother, and require the freedom and privacy of paper and pen to order my thoughts. Furthermore, and despite your protests to the contrary, I doubt you have the patience to listen to your middle-aged sister. Instead, I have written my story.

Most likely, your history books told you that following the Armistice which ended the Great War for Civilisation, the victorious Allied nations (Britain, France, the United States, and Italy) demanded a pound of flesh from the Central Powers, namely Imperial Germany and Imperial Austria. Since Austria, with Germany, was responsible for the hostilities, Austria and Germany should pay.

The Big Four, as the Allies were called, forbade any subsequent Austro-German union or alliance. They punished Germany under the Treaty of Versailles by dismantling her burgeoning empire, stripping her of European territory, limiting her armed forces, and demanding millions in reparation. Imperial Austria they dismembered into either democratic republics or smaller kingdoms, based on language or ethnicity, under the Treaty of Saint-Germain, thereby satisfying nationalist and socialist revolutionaries from those parts.

But they overlooked one remote and deeply loyal southern outpost in Sydney, Australia: a suburban Liechtenstein in Gordon Crescent, Stanmore, which was ruled by one Mr Roderick John Raye - our father.

To a young man in turned-up jeans my historical references must seem extraneous, when in fact they form the canvas of a tale rivalling the Bayeux Tapestry for length. The Empire along with the War and its aftermath, comprise the warp. Traversing the weft, as twisted as crepe, are the concerns of the heart.

Hopefully, Roddy, my tableau will help you make sense of the brave new world that has emerged during these past decades, and of your place in it. So, permit me to embroider my account; and I will leave you to ponder the details.

Phoebé Raye Krizman

Phoebé Raye Krizman,
Vienna, Austria,
Christmas, 1956.

Part One

•

**Fiat iustitia,
et pereat mundus**

•

1921-1936

Let justice be done, though the world perish
Motto of Ferdinand I, House of Habsburg
Holy Roman Emperor 1558-1564

Of Foreign Lands and People

I FIRST BECAME AWARE of Imperial Austria and Dad's curious association with it one pleasant summer afternoon in February 1921, when I was seven. To my fanciful young mind our home in Stanmore was indeed a palace. Italianate in style with its smooth stucco façade and large bay windows, it presided over a lawn court where bordering roses, pansies, and petunias presented a lavish but respectful gathering of botanical lords and ladies in waiting. A central tower and handsome Roman arch guarded the front entrance, and balconies with wrought iron tracery crowned the mezzanine. Inside, the spacious rooms were elegantly appointed with cedar fretwork, gold fittings, and fireplaces whose patterned tiles paid tasteful homage to the paper on the walls. The wallpaper, in turn, deferred to the paintings and pretty china, which abundant ornament enhanced our home's regal but restful charm.

As you know, Roddy, Dad returned from the War without his legs, and crippled in his right arm. He was quite chipper about his injuries (at least, with me he was); but it was his nature to be chipper. He said he was lucky his legs came off below the knee, for he still had use of that joint, and so could walk quite well with wooden limbs. Dad fancied he resembled Felix the Cat when he wore his legs. 'Reckon I'm a bit like old Felix eh, Possum?' he'd smile at me as he stomped about, imitating that favourite feline character, 'Better ask that orthopaedic chap to make me a tail, too.'

Truly, there was something cat-like about him, which impression was not lost on me when I entered his downstairs suite that February afternoon. Sleekly built and smartly groomed, he was perusing a map on the polished oak table. His sharp nose led the way, and seemed aided in its quest by invisible whiskers, for it twitched astutely. Meanwhile, the fingers of his left hand stalked across the printed territories, as if hunting prey. He paused when I entered, welcomed me as he always did, and tossed me his tobacco pouch.

'Neat and tight, Poss,' he instructed. He needn't have, for I knew how he liked his smokes. I took a small handful of tobacco, savoured its rose and clove aroma, and sprinkled a column across the paper which I then rolled and sealed, twisting the ends like lolly wrappers. The finished product I placed in his silver cigarette case. For the two years since his return, I had been Dad's *aide-de-camp*. We learned many things together, like fastening buttons and tying shoelaces; although, since I was much smarter than he (so he said), I usually ended up doing his buttons and laces for him. He reciprocated by teaching me to read; and we spent hours at the parlour table writing letters on slates and comparing our efforts.

Dad explained that the map featured many new countries. In the north, on the edge of the Baltic sea, was Poland and the Free City of Danzig. Below Poland was Czechoslovakia, which I struggled to sound out.

'You pronounce C-Z as "ch", Poss,' advised Dad.

'Like in Czerny?' I asked, referring to one of my favourite pianoforte books.

'That's right. In fact, Mr Czerny was from that part of the world. And see that country to the east? That's Hungary.'

'They've misspelt it, Daddy. It should be H-U-N-G-R-Y.'

'Crikey. They better fix that. Now, this tiny country is German Austria, a very beautiful place indeed. I'll take you there someday. Once upon a time, all these lands were ruled by the oldest family in Europe, a family of emperors and kings: The Habsburgs, they're called. These days, Kaiser Karl's in exile.'

'Here's a kingdom, Daddy.'

'Hmmm, The Kingdom of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes. That's Bitzerland.'

'Bitzerland? Why Bitzerland?'

'Cause it comprises bits o' this, and bits o' that, *meine Prinzessin*. And here's the Crown Jewels!' he nodded in the direction of the doorway. His dark, oriental eyes gleamed, while a smile spread from under his immaculate, pencil thin moustache, which caused the scar on his cheek to smile in consort. Maman, dressed in her loose, creamy linen day-dress, her wavy, honey-blond hair scalloped into a chignon, had returned from giving piano lessons. I ran to her, wrapped my little arms around her cosy figure, and told how I could read 'Czechoslovakia'.

'Roddy, must Phoebe roll the cigarettes?' she kissed Dad hello and brushed aside the black curl which had fallen onto his forehead.

'You can roll the next lot, Jules,' he kissed her.

'We can afford rolled cigarettes. There's no need to scrimp,' she scolded meekly, her soft, doe-like eyes incapable of anger. The word 'scrimp' afforded her some trouble, for she lisped, and she

pronounced her R's in the French way. 'Time for tea, ma petite.'

Such was our Peace after years of wartime separation and carnage: a loving family, a beautiful home, a joyous life.

Two days later, Maman did not come to wake me up. I woke by myself. Rubbing my eyes in dozy puzzlement, I wandered out of my room and trotted down the hall.

'Miss Phoebe!' Dad's nurse ran up the stairs, took my hand, and led me away from Maman's door.

'Is Maman asleep?'

'Yes, miss. She's fast asleep. Let's go to your father.'

2

Nothing Else but Mad

MAMAN WAS DEAD. Like the baby magpie that fell out of our tree. Like a fly shrivelled on the windowsill. Like the worm I found squashed on the pavement.

Dead.

Grappling with the horror of never hugging Maman again, I was in no condition to make sense of the policemen milling around that mid-February morning. I clung to Dad and refused to be parted from him. Since the many discussions I heard that day exceeded the limits of my experience, the details here recorded derive from information I acquired years later through sources far more reliable than my seven-year-old self.

The detective in charge pronounced the death a suicide. On her dressing table, Maman had left a note to Dad stating that she found the burden of looking after him too much to bear. An empty bottle of Veronal at her bedside revealed her chosen means. The detective looked at Dad, forlorn and crippled, and deemed his conclusion logical. Dad was adamant that Maman was not depressed. Only that night she had told him she was expecting another baby, and her news had filled them with joy. How could he be certain the child was his? questioned the detective, dubiously arching an eyebrow at Dad's walking stick and limp right hand. Could it be that Maman, overwhelmed by the guilt of having conceived another man's child, had decided to take her own life?

Furious and upset, Dad insisted the note was a forgery. True, the handwriting was identical; but given the previous night's merriment, the letter made no sense. If Maman was happy, as indeed she was, why would she have killed herself? She may have taken something to help her sleep (she often did); but perhaps her medication had been tampered with? There was morphine in the house. That would have killed her. Dad knew Maman was sensitive to opiates: she once fell dangerously ill from the pain

killers administered to her following an appendectomy at the age of fourteen. Then she would have known exactly what to do, countered the detective. Yes, and no, Dad argued. Maman did not have access to the morphine. It terrified her. Where was the morphine? It was in the charge of the nurse, (Dad took morphine to alleviate the pains he suffered due to his injuries). The nurse was questioned, and the morphine examined. Finding the doses intact, the police dismissed the idea as the flighty notion of a distressed man who could not accept that his wife had taken her own life and that he was the cause of it. Instead, they upheld the barbiturates theory. How else could one explain the empty bottle of Veronal?

Dad persisted. Maman's death was out of character. If she had decided to take her own life, she would have left a trail of evidence. He could always tell how she had spent her day, and often amused himself by strolling through the house to work it out. It made for good tea-time conversation. If Maman had been gardening, she would forget to clean her trowel. If she had been sewing, a spool was sure to have rolled unnoticed under a table. If she had been playing the piano, Dad would know what piece it was because the music would still be on the stand. If she had been reading, she would leave her book, page down, next to her chair. So, if Maman had written a suicide note, her bureau would still be open, her pen unwiped, her ink bottle devoid of its lid, and her waste paper basket overflowing with failed attempts. And if Maman had taken a sleeping potion, a single dose would not have killed her unless it had been substituted.

'By whom?' queried the detective. Who would want to kill Maman?

The person who entered our house that fateful night.

Dad explained that he had slept peacefully but had been roused by the sound of footsteps on the attic stairs, which were above his room. (Due to his ailments, he slept downstairs, apart from Maman, which fact only served to underscore the police assessment of their marriage). Concerned, he rang for the nurse and requested she investigate. No one was there. Dad, meanwhile, was certain he had heard a door. Perhaps he had, for his hearing was sharp despite his years in the trenches. He instructed the nurse to lock the attic and bring him the key, and insisted she check the back door before retiring. The police also checked the back door but found no evidence of anyone entering or leaving. The nurse confirmed Dad's story but attributed his wakefulness and obsession to a nightmare.

The police searched the attic. Certainly, items had been moved; but Maman had been there recently, and, true to form, had left it in a mess. There were no other fingerprints, apart from mine; but I did not factor in the investigation. Since our attic contained all the

usual unwanted or past-loved paraphernalia, there appeared to be nothing out of the ordinary. Instead, the police concluded that the noises Dad heard were induced by shell shock. It was typical: they received hundreds of reports against Fritz and Abdul by diggers who claimed that Kaiser Bill or Johnny Turk had tunnelled their way to Sydney. But Dad did not suffer from shell shock. Admittedly, he had his share of bad dreams; while his attempts to come off the morphine had brought about some strange behaviour. He was sensitive to sudden noises, too. Only the previous Sunday, the ringing of the bell at Mass prompted him to shout in alarm and fling himself, Maman, and me under a pew. Such episodes, however, were rare. The detective thought him hyperactive; but Dad maintained that he had always been excitable. Nevertheless, the police suspected that Dad was nothing else but mad, that there was no intruder, and that Maman took her own life.

The doctor agreed, even though he thought Maman's death odd for she had been in remarkably good spirits – better than he'd ever known her. But Maman had a history of melancholia which, coupled with the evidence to hand, led him to rule that her unfortunate and tragic death was probably self-inflicted.

Inconsolable, Dad refused to accept the official conclusion and clung to his theory that Maman was murdered. He badgered the police, the doctor, and even the priest until he was issued a restraining order. He questioned the neighbours to such an extent that they, too, made formal complaint. And the more they protested, the more he persisted. The more he persisted, the more they attributed his behaviour to shell shock. The more they attributed his behaviour to shell shock, the more paranoid and obsessive he became. The more paranoid and obsessive he became, the more reason they had to declare him socially unfit. The nurse administered morphine to keep him under control.

Then one day I came face to face with a grim old woman who said she was my Aunt Sara. Aunt Sara arranged to have Dad admitted into a home. On parting, Dad passed me a key.

'Keep it safe, Poss,' he whispered, hugging me tight.

I clutched the key in my tiny hands as I stood on the front steps and watched two men escort him to a motor car.

Aunt Sara packed my things, locked our home, and took me to live with her.

3

Into Hemlock

WITH HER GREY HAIR, meagre frame, sombre high-necked blouses, and black skirts that swished as she walked, Aunt Sara Raye McDonald should have been Dad's aunt, not mine. She was, in fact, sixteen years his senior; but to my child's eyes, she seemed thrice that.

Aunt Sara lived far across the harbour on Sydney's North Shore, which to me explained why I had never met her. She had a son, Ian Raye McDonald, who was 'abroad on military service'. Upon studying his photograph which held pride of place on the mantelpiece in the front parlour, I thought him a very kind, adventurous-spirited chap who would have made a fine older playmate. So, I waited with curiosity and impatience for him to come home. Aunt Sara said she expected him any day, and in anticipation made sure his room was dusted and aired. As for Uncle James McDonald, he had passed away before the War. Uncle McDonald had been a successful businessman, a fact attested by the grand house and its many servants.

The house featured a long hallway. Half-way down stood a grandfather clock whose steady tick-tock would stop before the hour and grind into a discordant chime. Convinced that inside its cabinet was imprisoned a genie, I took to tip-toeing down the hall, fearful that the genie might leap out and capture me. Sometimes the clock would strike as I passed, and I would run for my life, and instead be caught by Aunt Sara, who would scold me for running, and for believing in fantastical beings.

There was also an organ which I discovered during a solo expedition to the drawing room. Fascinated by the stops and pedals, I climbed onto the stool and began to play. To my delight, the instrument produced remarkable thunderstorms. For this profanity Aunt Sara sent me to bed without supper and thereafter kept the room locked.

And she forbade me from playing with the toys in Cousin Ian's room. Why not? I asked. They were Ian's toys, not mine, said my aunt.

'But Cousin Ian looks too old to play with them.'

‘They are not to be played with by a child like you,’ she answered, insinuating that I was inferior to her son, who had always been ‘a good boy’ like the child who preferred the verse of a Psalm to a gingerbread-nut.

To prove my biblical knowledge, and thereby my worthiness to play with Cousin Ian’s toys, I decided one evening to tell Aunt Sara all I knew of the lithographs in her sitting room. The lithographs depicted the ten plagues of Egypt; and the tempests, frogs and pestilence so graphically portrayed, I feared as much as the genie in the clock. Nonetheless, I told Aunt Sara of Pharaoh’s repeated refusal to free the Israelites, and of the divine retribution he and his people incurred. Similar punishment, she replied, would befall me because I, too, was sinful.

‘Why am I sinful?’

‘You are the fruit of adultery,’ which explanation held no meaning for me whatsoever.

‘Is that why you don’t love me?’ I asked; but Aunt Sara refused to elaborate.

I chanced to learn more about my origins from Aunt Sara’s maid whom I overheard in conversation with the cook after church the following Sunday:

‘She’s a pretty little thing,’ remarked the cook, referring to me. ‘But how can you be so sure?’

‘It happened in the family home,’ the maid watched cook take the lamb from the oven. ‘The missus saw with her own eyes Mr Roderick sneaking out of the hussy’s room at dawn in nothing more than his dressing-gown. They married within months— you can guess why. And in the Church of Rome to boot. I met him once— handsome devil,’ she added, having respected cook’s hush. ‘A ladies’ man if ever there was. Miss Phoebe was born the following January, nine months to the day.’

‘It’s a wonder she took the little bastard in,’ replied cook, whose derogatory tone confused me. The only time I had heard the word bastard was when Dad spoke of friends who had survived the War, on which occasion it was qualified with ‘lucky’.

Lucky, I was not. From that day forward, the servants treated me like an unwanted house pet – an animal to be fed and sheltered by request of its owner; but because it served little useful purpose, was barely tolerated by those charged with tending it. The kitchen cat fared better, for she kept the mice at bay and was rewarded with bowls of milk and a cosy place on cook’s lap. Whenever I came for a drink or a biscuit, the servants shooed me away. Yet neither was I a lap dog, doted upon by its mistress and fed titbits from her plate. My pedigree was insufficient. Indeed, I was a lesser creature: a child. I was to be

seen and not heard; adequately kept; and disciplined according to my circumstance and station, which latter policy implied that I was much in need of reform. Aunt Sara implemented a regime of nutritious meals, regular exercise, early bedtimes, sermons, and Sunday School, none of which I liked. Not that I was unused to good food, fresh air, rest, and even catechesis for that matter. Simply, the routine and so forth with which I was familiar, Dad (and Maman to a lesser degree) adorned with songs and stories, games and rhymes. Aunt Sara monitored my activities with sterile formality.

My domestic remediation she complemented with an equivalent academic one. She removed me from my parish school in Stanmore and sent me to a nearby private establishment where I was instructed not to aspirate the letter 'H'. I liked the school about as much as I liked Aunt Sara, and frequently absconded. Naturally, my wanderlust only underscored her opinion that I was a law unto myself and in need of stricter surveillance. So, she placed me in the charge of a governess; but the change failed to curb my behaviour.

Little wonder, she concluded. I had Dad's profligate nature, which first I assumed was something good but forbidden, like most things associated with him, such as putting three teaspoons of sugar in tea when one should suffice, making the Sign of the Cross before praying, singing loudly, or reading stories about witches and goblins. The dictionary, however, corrected my understanding, defining profligate as wasteful or extravagant; and I suppose putting three teaspoons of sugar in one's tea was wasteful (Aunt Sara certainly thought so); but when later I questioned her, Aunt Sara said Dad was a profligate because he was reckless and immoral. So was my attempt to catch a ferry across the harbour, penniless and unaccompanied, and committed to avoid a reading lesson. It mattered little that I already knew how to read, and that the literature provided did not interest me. As for my questions, they deemed me impudent.

I stared at Aunt Sara in her black blouse, its high collar fastened by a mourning cameo. She tightened her lips and swallowed. Her eyes, like Dad's, were dark and a little slanted; but they did not twinkle as his did. They were hard and beady, like a snake's. And the venomous righteousness she spouted numbed my every capacity.

Fortunately, memory supplied an antidote. I thought of Dad in his ivory summer suit with its paisley necktie, matching handkerchief, and jaunty boater, leaning on his walking stick, his withered right hand concealed in his trouser pocket as he waited for me to come out of school, eager to hear my news; of his cheery greeting and our leisurely walk home, punctuated by frequent stops to admire a garden or greet a passer-by; of the many

bedtime stories he told me about Gregory Allegri, a magical horse which featured in every historical event imaginable, from Hannibal to Napoleon. How could he be reckless and immoral when he was only ever kind, and when that kindness crowned a determined struggle to overcome enormous injury? For I had also seen him weep, cradled like a child in Maman's arms.

'My father is a very brave man. Maman said he was very brave because he came back from the War,' I retorted, recalling a conversation in which Maman tried to explain his missing legs and crippled arm. Dad's 'coming back' was of the deepest importance to her. 'I will tell you more someday, ma petite,' she used to add.

'There are plenty of brave men who did not come back,' Aunt Sara replied while my eyes welled with tears. Never would I hear what more Maman would say. 'Furthermore, your mother was a trollop whose suicide demonstrated her weak and immoral character. And your father's injuries are just recompense for his godless conduct.'

'Then, if God punishes people for the bad things they do, why has He not punished you? You are evil and cruel. I hate you and I hope you die!'

I wondered at the power of my words. Pallid and quaking, Aunt Sara put her hand to her breast and bade me leave the room. Thereafter, brief greetings at morning and night marked the limit of our contact. For that, I was grateful.



Meanwhile, Dad languished in Graythwaite, a home for severely disabled war veterans. Aunt Sara allowed me to visit him once a week. When I first saw him, he held me close and cried. Aunt Sara attempted conversation, but Dad had words and ears only for me his pride and joy. With every subsequent visit, however, it seemed he had drifted to another time and place. Soon he was unreachable. In fact, he no longer spoke English. Nor did he recognise me. Aunt Sara resorted to her usual verbiage on divine retribution, to which Dad responded by shouting at her and hurling a crucifix which struck me hard on the brow. There was much blood and the blow nearly cost me the sight in my right eye.

An uncanny whimper, animal in nature, broke my sobs. Then followed a wail, the cry of a man more dead than alive: an imploration from the abyss voiced in a language only Heaven understands.

Dad's lament was the last I was to hear of him. My aunt banned me from visiting, and no amount of running away would alter the situation. Aunt Sara then made other arrangements for my welfare.

She put me in an orphanage.

4

A Better World

HAVE YOU READ *Jane Eyre*, Roddy? If so, perchance you might think Aunt Sara like Aunt Reed, which was the conclusion I reached when I read Brontë's novel at age fourteen.

In hindsight, however, Aunt Sara was not a vain and indulgent woman. She was righteous, certainly, but she was not hypocritical. She disciplined herself as harshly as she did me. Falsehood was abhorrent to her, and therein lay the catch: she was convinced of the truth of her observations. Speaking with authority, and using phrases I did not understand, she attributed qualities to my parents which conflicted with my experience of their kindness. And because I knew she did not lie, I worried that she might be right. Baffled, I grew resentful; and I embraced *Jane Eyre's* rebellious and hostile sentiments. Glad to be rid of my aunt, I entered the orphanage as a boat to a harbour.

Nor was the orphanage a Lowood School. True, the institution provided a rudimentary education and trained girls for domestic service; but it was run by Josephite nuns who took a far more benign approach to salvation than the oppressive and sanctimonious Mr Brocklehurst. There were some unpleasant personalities, but overall the Brown Joeys (as they were known) were amiable, no-nonsense characters who fed and clothed us as best they could, and saw that we were pious, literate, and house-trained. Such duties left them little time for deviant or clandestine activity. Besides, their resources were scant. There were no luxuries for anyone.

Compassionate, the nuns sullied not Maman's name and troubled to inquire after Dad who was 'very ill' and 'could not be seen'. Instead, they encouraged me to pray – they themselves prayed rosaries and had Masses offered for his recovery. But what did a Mass, however devoutly offered, mean to me? Mumbled in Latin, with its careful ritual of bows, genuflections, crossing of hands and long silences, it only reminded me of all I had lost.

As for the other girls, many of their situations were far worse than mine, for the War and the Influenza epidemic had wrecked

havoc on families. The nuns endeavoured to find homes for all of us. Meanwhile, we sought solidarity in our misfortune, and in our determination ‘to leave the past behind and make the most of what God’s given you’ as our wimpled mentors liked to say.

Aunt Sara had prepared me well for the orphanage. Her cold-hearted and judgmental treatment taught me not to expect affection. Indeed, to desire love would have been my undoing. But I cannot credit myself for my endurance. I would not have lasted very long at all if it had not been for someone you know very well indeed.



I first met Mrs Epstein shortly after I arrived, in the winter of 1921. It was an encounter I will never forget, one reason being that in all my seven short years (and subsequently for that matter) I had never met a plainer person.

That winter’s afternoon she gave a concert at the orphanage. The nuns welcomed the event as a much-needed treat, since everyone was convalescing from illness. There had even been a couple of cases of polio. Mrs Epstein played the violin for us, accompanied on the piano by Mr Epstein.

Cross-legged, I sat spell-bound, in the front row, watching and listening, and, above all, yearning. I had never heard a violin before, despite there being one in our home. I remembered discovering it during a visit to the attic with Maman:

‘Qu’est-ce que c’est?’ I asked as I pulled it out.

‘C’est un petit violon,’ Maman paused from rummaging through a trunk of clothes. ‘No, no, no, ma petite!’

Her urgent whisper demanded I cease plucking the strings and immediately put the instrument down. ‘Pas maintenant! Peut-être un autre fois.’

But that other time never came. For the music stopped when Maman died, and Aunt Sara locked the organ in the parlour.

Mrs Eptsein then played a tune that Dad used to sing with Maman accompanying him on the Bosendorfer. It was an odd song, I thought, for it was about the sickness of poor Dauphin Duncan of Lieberville, which I assumed was in France; and of Bessy, his lady, who soothed him. Dad sang it with great reverence; which I thought appropriate given his injuries, when on bad days Maman would take him in her arms and comfort him by singing to him. So preoccupied was I with my memories that I must have begun singing myself.

‘Do you know this tune?’ she stopped playing

‘It’s called “Handy Music”,’ I replied once I realised she was looking at me, for her thick glasses distorted her gaze. And I

suppose the music was handy because, like all music, once you knew it by heart, you could take it anywhere and it made you feel better.

‘Would you like to sing it?’

I stood with my legs astride, like Dad, and placed one hand on the side of the piano. My other hand I put in my pinafore pocket, as Dad would his hand in the pocket of his plush plum-coloured smoking jacket. I glanced fondly at the pianist, the way Dad did Maman, and nodded for him to begin, whereupon I awaited my entrance. Then I sang with all my might:

*In olden times 'midst evil groans I stand and
Vomit in Lieberville with cries and screams
A steaming horse, was formerly in something:
A stomach in my best velvet coat,
In my best velvet coat.*

‘I don’t like being sick,’ I told Dad when in commiseration I recounted to him my experience with Influenza when I was five. ‘Do you like being sick?’

‘I’d rather not be.’

‘Then why are you so happy?’

‘I reckon happiness is more to do with being loved than being healthy.’

‘I love you, Daddy,’ I threw my arms around him.

‘I love you too, Poss.’

Mr Epstein at the piano prompted me by singing, ‘Oft hat’. Pleased that he also knew the song, I commenced the second verse even louder than the first, and hoped that in doing so Dad might hear it and be happy again:

*Of that I suffer dinner half unfinished,
Then suffer Hell on Earth accordingly.
An hymn will Bessie sigh and sing so softly,
And hold and kiss her drunk and dear dauphin,
And hold and kiss her Duncan dear.*

Upon finishing, I curtsied. I knew how, because Maman had taught me when I performed a piano solo as part of a concert for returned soldiers. Mrs Epstein asked me my name, and how I came to know the song so well. I recounted my parents’ musical evenings, and, my memory enlivened, told with much enthusiasm how an Irishman with a mighty bass voice used to come to our house to give Dad singing lessons, after which he would stay to tea, and, if Dad was well enough, more music making.

‘And did your father teach you that song?’

‘Oh no,’ I declared, ‘I learnt it all by myself.’

'Do you like music?'

'Very much. But I don't like being sick.'

The following day Mrs Epstein returned with a small violin especially for me. Consumed by the sound and the means involved in achieving it, I devoted myself to the instrument, while Mrs Epstein devoted herself to teaching me. She taught other girls, too, but I sensed that I was special because I made rapid progress. Mrs Epstein responded by teaching me twice a week.

The best lesson took place at her home on Friday afternoons. Over the years that amounted to many, many houses. The Epsteins tended to move every three months or so in response to complaints about their practice from neighbours who could not stand the noise; although what was so unpleasant about it, I don't know. It seemed, also, that landlords objected to the capsicums they cultivated in the gardens of their various rented premises. The underlying reason, though, was that the Epsteins were 'German', and wartime antipathies had by no means faded. But, as you know, although she spoke the language, Mrs Epstein was not German, she was Australian. And Mr Epstein was not German, either. He was Austrian. But most people were oblivious to such distinctions.

On Fridays I had a piano lesson with Mr Epstein. At that time, he resembled Franz Schubert, for he had sideburns and wore small, ovular glasses like the composer's; which resemblance made me feel privileged to study with him.

But best of all was that Mr Epstein baked Challah. He always let me help him with the final kneading and braiding, and while the bread was rising, he would give me my lesson. After the lesson, we put the bread in the oven and Mrs Epstein would teach me violin. It was difficult to concentrate in that lesson because the house would fill with the wonderful sweet smell of the baking bread; and my lesson invariably finished early, so insistent was I upon being present when the golden loaves came out.

At sunset we celebrated Sabbath. Mrs Epstein would place two candles on the table and light them. Then she would wave her hands over the candles before closing her eyes to say the blessing. Mr Epstein let me sip wine. We washed our hands, again with a blessing, and enjoyed our meal, the highlight being (for me, at least) the Challah which fortunately we ate first. The remaining evening, we spent playing games and telling stories. With a bedtime blessing from Mr Epstein, I retired to a room all my own. Saturday, we spent in a very relaxed manner, with a goulash and strudel for the main meal. Finally, on Sunday morning, the Epsteins took me back to the orphanage in time for Mass.

I implored them to adopt me. After all, they had no children of their own, why should they not? Other girls were adopted. But it

was out of the question; and Mrs Epstein told me as much in such a way (gently but with indisputable firmness) that I never dared ask again.

And what did the nuns think of all these lessons and Sabbath rituals? Believe it or not, they encouraged them. Well, they encouraged the lessons. They never knew about any Jewish observances, for I didn't say anything about them, nor did Mrs Epstein. Regarding music, given my proficiency it promised to be a viable livelihood, not to mention a far more desirable form of employment than domestic service. Practice was vital in the deepest sense of the word. On a higher level, musical prowess constituted just use of God-given talents, the nuns instructed. Provided I do my chores, complete my lessons, and fulfil my religious obligations (weekly confession, rosary, and daily Mass), I could practise as much as I pleased.

Like a Byzantine tomb, I presented a plain, unadorned and altogether uninteresting exterior. My peers thought me pretty, but my physical endowments were the result of Nature's benevolence. There was nothing artful in my presentation. I dressed neatly and modestly in whatever well-made clothes came my way. My grooming likewise befitted my age and station: my tresses were braided; my sole ornament a Miraculous Medal. My imagination, however, glittered with tesserae: glorious mosaics of gypsies and fairies, of knights and princesses, dragons and monsters, all expressions of my music, and rippling with colour and adventure, but, unlike the Ravenna mausoleums, devoid of theological symbolism.

I should have had more faith, but nothing came of my petitions to make Dad well again. My outward piety instead served as brickwork to protect me from nuns and teachers. Deeming me a well-behaved child and a model of industry, they let me be; as did the other girls who had their own survival to consider. Thus respected, I kept my musical world intact which, for me, was tantamount since it provided a lifeline to a happier but increasingly remote past and blocked the memory of Dad's cries.

All in all, the orphanage was secure, safe, and sufficient in everything save homeliness. There I stayed until my fourteenth year when the nuns required that I make my own way. Once again, I begged Mr and Mrs Epstein to take me in.

They declined.

A better arrangement had been made:

An aunt was coming from Paris to look after me.

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Diversion

SINCE MR AND MRS SOTHEBY'S enthusiasm for the exotic aligned with my secret need for a toxin, we exchanged the boulevards and officialdom of Alexandria's colonial precincts for stuccoed alleys cluttered with stalls. My chaperones examined trinkets and haggled in English and French, while I studied bowlfuls of spices pungent in the heat. Splayed carcasses made me shudder, as did the bleating lambs awaiting slaughter nearby. Dark-skinned men in robes and tarbooshes squatted around silver hookahs and eyed with suspicion my tee-straps and Spanish heels. Undaunted, I watched cobras of steam rise and twist from their curious apparatus, and inhaled draft upon draft of lemon and crushed herbs.

'Hardly a poison,' I concluded, when I was shoved into a pile of baskets. Relieved to find my handbag not stolen, I recovered my balance and promptly collided with a man in urgent pursuit. But if he called for help, it was not for my sake. Others darted from stalls and side streets. Shutters burst open and bearded onlookers thrust their heads. Arabic cries engulfed my own, while the madding crowd jostled me into a small square where a woman huddled against a wall wailing, pleading. To no avail. Rocks struck, hurled by the men gathered around her. Blood trickled from her temple. A second volley battered her skull. Angry shouts drowned her weakened pleas. Walls caved. Robes blurred. My knees crumbled. I stumbled, was scooped up and borne away.

For how long and how far I was carried I knew not, only that I came to my senses with the help of salts. 'Hush,' soothed a man, 'Je vous promets que vous êtes en sécurité.' From a rosy haze emerged an ivory silk-linen suit with modest lapels, even top-stitching, and hand-crafted buttonholes. The man himself was clean-shaven and olive-skinned; his countenance, with its aquiline nose and high cheekbones, refined; and what remained of his dark hair was closely trimmed and on the verge of silvering. He placed the salts on a low table and signalled in the direction of the open door before leaning into his chair and crossing his legs: a picture

of ease and calm with one hand lounging in his jacket pocket.

Embarrassed and drowsy, I fingered the fringe of the embroidered shawl which covered me. An enormous gilt-edged dressing mirror revealed that I lay propped on a lacquered chaise lounge scattered with pink satin cushions, in an alcove lined with billowing gossamer curtains in soft shell tones, some tied with gold tassels. The walls were a rich terracotta, and the room hinted of fresh coffee and jasmine.

A woman entered, her fulsome figure lavishly swathed. From a silver tray she served me a gold-etched glass of warmed milk. Honey sweet and laced with cinnamon it proved a comforting restorative, as did its companion rose-scented almond cake.

'Where am I? What happened?' I asked, unable to rouse my French to consciousness.

'You fainted,' the man replied in a foreign version of my native tongue, 'And I happened to be behind you when you collapsed.'

'So much blood,' I murmured, 'Why—?'

'The woman had committed adultery, the traditional punishment for which is stoning.'

'But how did they know?'

'She was carrying another man's child.'

'I had no idea such practices still existed.'

'Unfortunately, they do. Even though Islamic law is no longer upheld in Egyptian courts, many cleave to the old customs.'

'Did she die?'

'I hope not. Fortunately, the police intervened. Might I suggest, Mademoiselle, that it is far too hot to wear black in this clime.'

'I am mourning my father.'

'Peace be on you, and the mercy of Allah and His blessings. In this part of the world, however, sobriety suffices for mourning. A simple white dress, for example, would render you more comfortable. You are alone?' he added, much concerned.

'I am in the company of parents of friends of mine. Well, I was. We're due to embark for Istanbul this afternoon. Oh dear! I must find them! Where am I?'

'Hush, you are quite safe; although you are not, shall we say, in the most savoury part of town. But on my honour, you have my most sincere assurance that you have come to no harm. On which ship are you sailing?'

'The *Izmir*.'

'Then we will be travelling companions,' he smiled. 'Would you permit me to escort you to the port? I know the streets well and will guide you along the most discreet route.'

He assisted me to my feet and introduced himself with a bow, sweeping his left hand from his heart to his lips and finally to his forehead, which graceful gesture he finished with his palm and fingers suspended upwards, as if to include heaven in the greeting.

Mr Kerem Solak was his name, and he was a Turk from Istanbul itself.



‘Thank heavens we’ve found you!’ Mrs Sotheby dashed into view only minutes before we were to board. ‘We thought you’d been kidnapped for the white slave trade! What a to-do! But Phoebe, who is this?’

I introduced the gallant Mr Solak and explained the circumstances of our meeting while Mr Solak acknowledged their thanks with a tip of his panama. Might he join us for dinner? I requested of Mr Sotheby, who overcame his initial disconcertment by issuing a formal invitation.

Upon joining us at table that evening, Mr Solak whispered to the waiter; and from the tenor of their exchange, I detected an opportunity to repay his kindness.

‘I will take care of your food,’ I whispered.

He raised an eyebrow in surprise, his eyes betraying gratitude before they blinked, revealing a more cautious expression.

‘I don’t mind. I’m quite used to it. I had to do the same for my late father.’

‘Was it the War?’ inquired Mrs Sotheby as I cut Mr Solak’s lamb.

‘It was my misfortune, Madame, to be mauled by a cur when I was sixteen.’ But while his face remained calm, his affected arm, which had never left his jacket pocket, twitched. ‘I lost my right hand.’

‘Mr Solak, how terrible!’ Mrs Sotheby, like me, must have imagined a rabid dog in frenzied attack.

‘Do not be too concerned, Madame. It was many years ago, and, luckily for me, I am naturally left-handed.’

‘May I inquire what is your line of work, sir?’ asked Mr Sotheby.

Our guest was a merchant who traded in gemstones and estate jewellery, having fallen into that occupation through escorting White Russians to safety after the deposition of the Czar. ‘They paid me well, in Fabergé and Cartier,’ he added with a smile, while his emerald dress ring implied that his jest contained some twenty-two carats of truth. Since his business took him across the Mediterranean, and even as far as South Africa and China, he had much in common with Mr Sotheby who also had travelled extensively. Meanwhile, like Desdemona, I feasted upon their stories as if they had been served me on a platter.

When the band commenced, Mr Solak had the sensibility, not only to discern his hosts’ preferences, but also their concerns regarding himself, and indicated his readiness to take the floor by inviting me to join him.

‘Considering your kind assistance with my meal, I thought you

might make allowances for foxtrots,' he jested as he helped me with my chair. 'I am sorry I have no hand to guide you.'

Of which I am glad, I thought. You have no hand to manipulate me, to press and push me where I do not wish to go, to make me act in a manner at odds with my person.

'My wrist stump will not bother you? Some women would loathe to look at it, let alone touch it.'

'I think we will manage very well.'

For the first time that evening, he freed his right arm with its empty cuff and offered it.

'Do you like dancing, Mr Solak?'

At least he knew how to navigate without embarrassment and had enough sense to step in time; and he improved with every dance. 'This is a pleasure of which I am most unworthy,' he whispered.

What beautiful green eyes he had: jade, with smoky rims and copper sunbursts! Closer I nestled, trusting his gentle embrace and consoled by the simplicity of his every move. Here was no risk of entanglement, no artful seduction.



Istanbul glowed across the shimmering sea. Kerem leant over the deck rail and indicated with his panama the Blue Mosque which bubbled from the shoreline, its minarets like giant spears, its golden cupolas gleaming. Rosy Hagia Sophia crouched nearby; and the domes and spires of the Topkapi Palace were clustered along the leafy promontory. Swift, stately gulets swept about the harbour; more modest single-masted fishing vessels with scarlet sails darted in competition; and broad ferries laden with goods and passengers chugged across the Bosphorus. Rowboats cluttered the coast. Springing from the water's edge, boxlike buildings punctuated here and there by minarets progressed steadily up mosque-crowned hills. A long, low bridge lined with boats and busy with trams and pedestrians linked the two massive headlands: Thracia, the end of Europe; and Anatolia, the beginning of Asia.

'Where do you live, Kerem?' I lolled my head against his shoulder.

'Close your eyes, my houri, and listen to the lapping waves. How free they are! Then listen to my heart and feel it pulse in time. That is where I live.'



'Of all the men you meet these past weeks, you set your heart on one twice your age and a cripple to boot!' Mrs Sotheby complained as we checked in at the Pera Palas.

'I'm not in love with him. And what does it matter if he's missing a hand?'

‘I know another woman who, at a similar age, fell for a man old enough to be her father,’ teased Mr Sotheby.

‘Desmond!’ Mrs Sotheby laughed. ‘At least you were all of a piece. He’s not married, is he, Phoebe?’

‘He’s a bachelor.’

‘Thank heavens! Even if he were married, he would think nothing of having six wives, I’m sure. Goodness! You’ve spent every waking moment with him.’

‘It has been a very pleasant diversion.’

‘Three days at sea! What could you possibly have to say to one another?’

‘Everything and nothing at all. And aside from talking, we danced, and strolled, and played chess.’

‘Well, at least there’s nothing romantic about chess,’ Mrs Sotheby fanned herself and sighed. ‘And he’s coming at what time?’

‘Seven o’clock tomorrow morning. Kerem recommended we sightsee before it grows too hot.’

‘Capital advice!’ enjoined Mr Sotheby, while his wife murmured over my use of Mr Solak’s first name, ‘And what a lucky stroke to have a local for a guide, eh?’



The next morning, a knock interrupted my formulations about how I could implement Kerem’s suggestion and purchase a costume in a lighter colour. Mrs Sotheby, no doubt, who would seize upon a shopping venture to avoid him. Instead, a bell boy handed me a bunch of bright and cheery tulips courtesy of the gentleman himself. Two boxes accompanied the flowers. I removed the lids, carefully loosened the tissue, and lifted out a white organdy dress and matching wide-brimmed hat. With its princess seams and delicate flounce, the dress neither belittled my years nor my youth and seemed too flattering on that account. As I fastened the row of covered buttons and adjusted my new chapeau, I wished that I, and not my reflection, epitomised such purity.

‘Still, it’s consoling he thinks no evil of me, yet disconcerting given my plans. But why should I not permit myself a joyful interlude, a brief pleasure? A little tourism is as much a reality as avenging a murder most foul— perhaps more so, since it pertains to present circumstance; whereas the notions plaguing my thoughts, although rooted in truth, are quite improbable. They will send me mad if I am not careful. I will enjoy my innocence – or the illusion of it – while I can.’

‘How could such beauty inspire severity?’ I wondered as I stared at the domed expanse of the Blue Mosque; for the shouts, the clattering stones, and the desperate, bleeding woman back in

Alexandria disturbed the peace I might have felt in that sacred place. Yet, if ethereal space and intricate tesserae epitomised Divine harmony and splendour, then sin was truly a blight on the cosmos. Perhaps, therein lay the justification for the brutality.

Even so, why should God be so mindful? Here I was, dwarfed by geometry: Numerical Perfection. Still. Simple. Silent. Thus diminished, was I of any worth? And what of my actions? The busy cogs of my thoughts? The ebb and flow of my feelings? The mosque was centuries old. How many generations had trod, trod, trod before me? Given such human insignificance amidst God's grandeur, what did our actions matter?

And yet it is said that moving a mere grain of sand affects every part of the immeasurable whole; that even the hairs on our heads are counted. I studied the massive columns and followed their heavy fluting to a band of lapis lazuli upon which was inscribed an Ottoman message in gold.

'Did you know, Phoebe,' Kerem began, 'that somewhere lies a tile inverted or misplaced: an ancient custom whereby we humbly glorify Allah by not emulating His perfection.'

'The fault is well-concealed.' I scoured the mosaic, but the glorious contest of leafy motifs baffled my efforts. 'You would think the artist might have wished to make his mistake more visible. Or is that what you mean by humble glorification?'

'Our flaws are an intricate part of our nature; also, it is our habit to conceal rather than expose them. My missing hand, for instance.'

'But that is merely a physical limitation, and not of your own doing. Regarding our moral weakness, we engage in all manner of deceit.'

'I doubt you have such flaws to disguise.'

'As likewise I doubt you.'

'Then maybe we are both bedazzled.'

'I cannot find the tile. The decoration is too far away. Can you?'

'I have long since abandoned my search. Whatever defects you might have so beautifully hidden, I believe you are incapable of wrong-doing.'

'I don't know that I have any capacity for crime, if that's what you mean. But I have entertained vile temptations.'

'We are all capable of atrocity, which few of us would commit even if we had opportunity. But such thoughts belong to another realm – one we should avoid. Is it not better to consider virtue, that multi-faceted jewel which requires a setting to enhance its beauty, and a skilled craftsman to cut and polish it to perfection?'

Mrs Sotheby, meanwhile, feared that opportunity had arisen for any number of atrocities and introduced me to Reverend and Mrs Winterbotham. Accompanying them was their son Richard, a

young chap up from Cambridge. Very decent. Very respectable. Very neatly combed hair. And very aware that his parents expected him to converse with me. The Sothebys had accepted the Winterbothams' invitation to join them for a guided tour of the Topkapi Palace.

'You must respect your chaperones, Phoebe,' Kerem curtailed my protest with a fond look.

'After all, Mr Solak must have seen the palace a hundred times,' added Mrs Sotheby.

'In truth, Madame, I have never set foot inside. I have little desire to revisit that era. I am relieved that Turkey is now a secular, democratic nation.'

'My father was wary of the republics created after the War.'

'One look at the rest of Europe, Phoebe, and I suppose he had reason. But I think the democracy experiment has been more a question of leadership and vision. It has been our good fortune to have Mustafa Kemal, the Father of the Turks, as our president. He has overseen our children's education, the mechanisation of our industry, and the reform of our language. We have dignity and rights; our women, freedom and opportunity; our primitive customs and barbaric laws have been quashed. So, I will leave the palace to you and attend to business of my own,' he tipped his hat. 'Perhaps I can show you the bazaar after your tour? You will require refreshment, and no doubt will wish to purchase souvenirs. Some knowledge of Turkish might help.'



Thanks to Kerem, the Sothebys and their new friends did quite well at the bazaar. Thoroughly exhausted, they conceded to his escorting me to the Pera Palas on foot, which involved a leisurely excursion across the Galata Bridge; and my safe deliverance secured their consent to my spending our final evening in his company.

Kerem suggested a favourite meyhane, the Turkish equivalent of a tavern, where conversation was cherished, in Istanbul's 'Little Paris', reasonably close to the station.

'Well, I can honestly say that I am not fond of guided tours,' I informed him. 'Being told what to look at, what I ought to know, to move on when I would prefer to linger, makes me feel a prisoner. Anyway, the palace was like a citadel where the Sultan and his court could live for months at a time. I saw Mohammed's Sword; and the Tower of Justice afforded the most magnificent view of the city and harbour. I liked the Harem most of all, although I would not have liked to live in it. Still, Kerem, I had no idea I would enjoy Istanbul so much!'

'You have certainly taken a liking to our coffee,' he smiled, lifting the candle on the table for me to light my cigarette.

'Not only the coffee,' I inhaled.

'The baklava?'

'Oh yes!'

'And the balik ekmek we shared near the bridge?'

'I never thought a fish sandwich would taste so good.'

'A fresh catch prepared by the fisherman himself. And what of the raki?' He laughed as I winced at the memory of the aperatif's potent anise flavours.

'Kerem, how I will miss you!'

'But it is necessary that you go, Phoebe,' he prompted.

'I must get to know my father's world. And I have a family matter of some importance which requires my attention in Paris. Do you ever visit Vienna?'

'Occasionally. Ordinarily, I would not expect to travel there for some time to come; but I think I will alter my plans. Next week I sail to the Far East. When I return, perhaps we might enjoy an opera together, or a concert, or even a dance?'

'I would like that very much.'

'Meanwhile, we have our memories spread upon the table of our hearts like the platters here before us. This silver dish, for instance, gleams like your beautiful eyes in the candlelight. And here, in these mussels with their lingering flavours, are the joys we shared as we walked across the Bridge. When I bring my cup to my lips, I will remember the caress of your beautiful hands, so gentle and yet so strong. What will you remember, Phoebe?'

'These dolmades are the tulips you sent me which, when I placed them in a vase, grew a meadow in my heart. Whenever I wear this yazma, I will remember when you picked it out from that stall in the bazaar. I couldn't work out how to wear it at first, and you tried to help—'

'I wasn't much use, was I?'

'We managed together. And the colours are so pretty! Cobalt and turquoise, and amethyst, and gold! They are as rich and varied as our conversation. And the sweet sherbet I sip, well, that is the story you told me as we sat on the deck of the *Izmir* and contemplated the stars: the story of Hüsrev and Shirin. Tell it me again, Kerem.'

'I will tell you the fragment I remember best, when Hüsrev sees his beautiful princess for the first time: Softly he moved through the garden, when of a sudden he gleamed Shirin, bright as a moonbeam, bathing in a pool, her long dark curls spread across the water. Filled with Love, King Hüsrev became as a fiery sun. And yet tears rolled from his eyes, so taken was he with her beauty. Unaware of his presence amidst the jasmine, Shirin continued to bathe, the water lapping her fair frame. Then she fell asleep on a bed of hyacinths; and upon waking the following day, she beheld him. Ah, Phoebe, when next you behold me, as you did

that day in Alexandria, what will have passed?’

‘Who can tell?’

‘And how will I contact you?’

I scribbled my Vienna address. He kissed the paper and tucked it inside his top waistcoat pocket. Then he placed before me a tiny velvet box. Inside was a pair of earrings: sapphire pendants set in platinum filigree.

‘Kerem! Thank you! How beautiful they are!’

‘*You* are beautiful. Put them on, Phoebe, and feast me with another memory.’



On board the Orient Express, I sought to spend the hour before bed curled up with a cigarette and a book when I discovered my cigarette case was missing. I assumed it was in my handbag and blurted as much to the Sothebys. And no, I had not smoked since leaving the meyhane in Istanbul. Kerem’s company, his final kiss soft as a cushion; his hand stroking my cheek; his beautiful green eyes with their mysterious dark rims; the prospect of a letter; these delights had filled my every minute. And I remembered my tears when he took a red rose from its vase and presented it to me as we left, knowing it would be months before I would see him again; and how, like Lot’s wife, I took one last, longing look at our table still scattered with bowls and napery; save that what I was leaving was no Sodom, but a place of loving friendship.

‘Perhaps I left it in the meyhane,’ I murmured.

‘Was it valuable, Phoebe?’ asked Mrs Sotheby.

‘It was sterling silver! Furthermore, it belonged to Dad! It was engraved with his initials, R.J.R.; although they could have been mine, for their curlicues intertwined so that the first R could be mistaken for a P.’

‘I have a feeling, my dear,’ remarked Mr Sotheby to his wife, ‘that our charge has entertained the company of a very charming and very accomplished thief.’

‘Kerem would never do such a thing! Besides, I always put my cigarettes in my handbag, and hours have passed since we dined. What with organising our tickets and luggage, making the train, and saying good-bye, I have been thoroughly distracted!’

‘Is there any way we can find out, Desmond?’

‘I doubt it. If he took it, by the time we notify police and they track him down, he would have disposed of it. A sly old fox if ever I met one.’

‘Shame on you for thinking evil of him!’

‘You are too compassionate, Phoebe,’ observed Mrs Sotheby. ‘Heavens! A theft! I suppose the next thing will be a murder!’

‘Don’t be ridiculous!’



He lied to you, he lied to you, he lied to you, he lied to you... the train clacked through the night.

I don't believe that for a moment!

You lied to him, you lied to him, you lied to him, you lied to him...

You let him think you were better than you are. Never did you tell him your sinister plans.

'A family matter? Is that what you call it?' Dad raised an eyebrow.

'You're very coy, dear,' observed Aunt Rachel.

'How did he describe you? A *houri*, eh?' questioned Dad. 'Peri more like. Wouldn't see the likes of you this side of Paradise.'

'I have committed no crime.'

'You've considered it.'

'It's your fault! You wouldn't take any action!'

'Imagine if there was a murder!' exclaimed Mrs Sotheby.

Only in fiction could one conceive an elaborate conspiracy against a murderer acquitted by a corrupt court. I wouldn't have stabbed Cassetti while he slept. I would have confronted him, and then stabbed him, if I could stab at all. A letter opener would suffice. Plunge it hard. Under the ribs and into the heart.

'They caught him!' Mr Sotheby tapped his egg with a silver spoon.

Furious men in robes and turbans hurried down the street with Kerem in tow.

'What are you going to do?' asked Della in her broderie night-gown, propped with pillows on her sickbed.

What are you going to do? What are you going to do?

'Take up that axe and chop off his hand!' called a man from a balcony high in the square.

'Don't make me do it! He doesn't deserve it! It was only a silver case! I cannot do it! I love him! I love him!'

'I love him!' I cried.

'He must be punished!'

'But I forgive him! Let it be someone else! Anyone but him!'

'Pick up the axe!'

I raised the axe and brought it down hard. Blood gushed. Ailine's head rolled to the ground, and Maman began to sing:

*Sleep then my princess, oh sleep
Slowly the grey shadows creep
Forest and meadow are still
Peace falls on valley and hill
Luna appears in the sky
Holding her lantern on high
Stars now their night watches keep
Sleep then my princess, oh sleep
Goodnight, goodnight*

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entrance.

‘See what you can find out, Phoebe,’ whispered Frau Schütze.

Hundreds of young men, dressed in brown and carrying flares, paraded through the darkness. All wore the swastika armbands of the Third Reich; and as they marched, the crooked black crosses swung like pendulums.

‘Ein Volk! Ein Reich! Ein Volk! Ein Reich!’ they chanted.

‘German troops have crossed the border!’ a gentleman returned in haste from the Opernhaus square.

‘Are you sure of that?’ queried another.

‘Has the army been deployed?’ questioned a third.

‘There will be no war!’ declared a fourth, who had followed the first newsbearer. ‘Not a drop of blood will be spilled! The Chancellor has resigned!’

A hush descended, as if the hearers had attuned to seismic tremors deep below. Some began to sob. Others stood stunned, wondering when the earth would open to swallow them.

‘Gott schütze Österreich!’ muttered the gentleman beside me, heeding not the tears in his eyes, and joined in the singing:

*Land of liberty, land of light
God with thee, my Austria!*

Couples gathered their furs and coats and hurried away; and when we re-entered the theatre for the second act, we found many of the boxes and stall seats vacant (and quickly reoccupied by students).

I came out of the opera much subdued by the frozen wasteland that epitomised the soul of the bitter Onegin:

*This is the will of Heaven: you are mine!
All your life has been a pledge of our union!
And be assured, I was sent to you by God,
I am your protector to the grave!*

‘Three cheers for noble Tatyana,’ Frau Schütze interrupted my melancholy, ‘for resisting the advances of the selfish blackguard.’

‘I hope I never make such a mistake as either one. I couldn’t bear to commit myself to a loveless marriage, nor be undermined by passion— be it my own, or another’s.’

‘God willing, you will succumb to neither fate, Phoebe. But for now, we are going to have to leave romance aside and work out to get home! What a tumult! Ah, there is Professor Schütze! Quick! Down the stairs!’

Swastika banners and fiery torches bobbed like a thousand

bell-less Inchcape rocks on a treacherous sea as the swollen crowd thrashed past the theatre. ‘Sieg Heil, Adolf Hitler! Sieg Heil!’ it chanted in jubilation, its flame-flickered faces resembling the redeemed in Tintoretto’s *Descent into Hell*.

‘Kurti, take off your Fatherland rosette!’ pleaded Frau Schütze.

‘I will do no such thing!’ answered the Professor as he clutched his oboe case to his chest and drew a protective arm around his wife. ‘Come, Klara! Phoebe, stay close!’

Three trams passed before we were finally able to board. With fellow opera patrons wrapped in mink and astrakhan, we clutched hold of what poles and handles we could, crammed as we were against Swastika youths lustily singing, with harmonies supplied courtesy of Austrian reservists in feldgrau who looked as if they had been booted out of a beisl:

*For the last time, the call to arms is sounded!
For the fight, we all stand prepared!
Already Hitler’s banners fly over all streets.
The time of bondage will last but a little while now!
Already Hitler’s banners fly over all streets.*



It so happened that no troops were deployed, for no invasion had occurred. Seyss-Inquart, the newly appointed Minister of Security, merely ordered the withdrawal of the Austrian forces for the sake of ‘peace and order’, so we were informed by a much-relieved Franz when he arrived home the next day. Instead of drawing arms, all Franzl had ended up drawing was the cigarette he smoked courtesy of a fellow soldier from Munich.

The truth was, that to prevent a full-scale German invasion, Dr Schuschnigg had indeed resigned, and, after considerable deliberation and with great reluctance, President Miklas had appointed Seyss-Inquart in his place.

‘Well, isn’t that a coincidence? An Austrian National Socialist Chancellor,’ Emil observed as together with Albrecht as we listened to the wireless broadcast in his apartment that afternoon. Full political rights had been granted to National Socialists in Austria, and the exile of Austrian Nazis abroad had been revoked.

The other news was that Sunday’s plebiscite had been cancelled.

And when I awoke that Sunday morn, it was as if the scenery had changed between acts. The red and white banners had been bundled somewhere backstage, and the flags of the Third Reich unfurled.

‘We are German now, Fräulein Raye,’ Frau Geplapper beamed as we walked to Mass, and I spotted a Swastika pin on the lapel of her Sunday coat. Andreas Geplapper wore a Swastika band on his arm and was dressed in mis-matched browns. Church bells pealed

in celebration, and during the Mass the priest gave thanks for an unbloody resolution to the crisis.

Upon arriving home, Emil beckoned me into his apartment where he had his wireless tuned to Berlin. A mild and clinical voice made the following formal declaration on Hitler's behalf. It was the Reich Minister of Propaganda, Joseph Goebbels:

The German Reich will not tolerate persecution of Germans in this region because they belong to our country or because they hold certain opinions. There must be peace and order. I have therefore decided to help the millions of Germans in Austria with the resources of the Reich.

Since this morning, soldiers of the German Wehrmacht have marched over the German-Austrian borders. The new National Socialist government in Vienna has itself summoned panzer troops, infantry divisions, and SS legions on the ground and the German Luftwaffe in the blue sky. Our soldiers guarantee that the Austrian Volk will shortly be given the opportunity to determine their future themselves and thereby their fate with a plebiscite.

Behind the legions stand the will and decisiveness of the entire German nation. I myself, as Führer and Chancellor of the German people, will be pleased to enter Austria, my homeland, once again as a German and a free citizen. But the world must convince itself that the German people in Austria have been seized by a soulful joy and see that their rescuing brothers have come to their aid in their hour of great need. Long live the National Socialist German Reich! Long live National Socialist German Austria!

'Zur Hölle, zur Hölle, zur Hölle,' sneered Emil as he switched off the wireless.

'It doesn't make sense!' I blurted. 'Germans being persecuted? What a load of rot! As for peace and order, well, without the Nazi-led rioting and vandalism, I cannot imagine a place more devoted to harmony, with all the order and discipline that harmony requires, than Austria. And if the army has been recalled, why is it necessary for German troops to be summoned? Besides, it's ridiculous to label the fiasco a rescue operation. If anything, Austria needs rescuing from Germany! Well, at least there will be an opportunity to vote.'

'An opportunity to vote? Ha!'

'It reminds me of the Balkan situation before the War,' Albrecht observed. 'But that Germany should treat us as if we were recalcitrant Serbs, what an insult! There'll be trouble from this, Fräulein Phoebe,' he nudged me.



As you know by now, Roddy, Central Vienna is not large; and from customarily greeting Herr und Frau von Adabei³¹ you come to know faces, even though you might not know names. Later that day, I found myself nodding at all manner of strangers, and my usual 'Grüß Gott' was invariably answered with 'Heil Hitler'. By Sunday evening, the hotels, inns, and guest-houses were full; the cafés were bursting with customers; while the Prater, the parks and the picture palaces were filled with rustic tourists. Organ grinders churned out 'Heute gehört uns Deutschland und morgen die ganze Welt'. And there were men in every conceivable combination of brown: plus fours, trousers, not quite matching brown shirts, and Sam Brown belts, armed with rifles and marching. What was going on?

'Herr Hitler is coming!' smiled a woman, her braided hair in scrolls, and dressed to the nines in trachten, 'And Herr Göring has already arrived!'



Come nightfall, a tiny knock sounded at my door. It was Hubie's friend Ziggy Kowalski and his wife. Would I mind if they stayed overnight? 'Of course not,' I replied, and in they came, carrying suitcases.

'I'm sorry to trouble you,' Ziggy apologised. 'We are catching a train early tomorrow morning and Marina is so tired these days—she is expecting! It would help if we spent the night closer to the station.' Never had I witnessed such concern for a pregnant woman and public transport. I proposed a game of cards to bide the time. Emil obliged by making a foursome. The Kowalskis departed at dawn, thanking me profusely but in great haste.

And when I later visited the Schützes, I found out why.

'Duke Max and Prince Ernst have been arrested!' Frau Schütze tearfully exclaimed. 'And Herr Bundeskanzler is imprisoned in his own home!' Phone call after phone call brought further news of arrests, escape attempts, shootings, and suicides. Prominent jurists, doctors, journalists, artists, businessmen and entertainers had been singled out by the National Socialist incumbents.

Immediately, I thought of Professor Rosé and hurried to Döbling. A fearful Alma opened the door. The family was safe (for the moment), but they worried over the welfare of friends. Bruno Walter was in Holland. How would he return to his Vienna home? Alma Mahler-Werfel and her husband had fled, having smuggled their riches to Switzerland.

'What will you do?' I asked.

'What can we do?' Alma replied. 'Mutti is too ill to travel.'

³¹ *Adabei*: an image-conscious person who dresses to be seen and admired.

Emil cleared away his flags; his favourite volumes he relegated to their former dusty haunts; and instead he stacked multiple copies of *Mein Kampf* which he topped with swastika pennants and portraits of Hitler.

‘What on earth are you doing that for?’ I asked.

‘Have you read it?’

‘No.’

‘Feh! The more people read “Mein Krampf”, the more they’ll realise what a crackpot Hitler is, the more likely they’ll revolt. And since you’re mishpucha,³² this one’s on me.’ He passed me a copy and staggered down the street in his odd crooked way. When I next saw him, he sported a haircut and shave that rivalled the spiffy grooming of the boys in brown. He even wore a Swastika pin on his jacket. ‘To show I’m not a Jew,’ he explained.



But Vienna had to wait till Monday for the German Führer. Late that afternoon, Linke Wienzeile was lined with crowds six deep. Fighter planes roared and church bells clanged. And in the distance, rumbling towards the city, I spotted armoured tanks.

My only prior experience of a military parade was accompanying Dad on Anzac Day. Year after year, in dwindling ranks, the solemn parade commemorated heart-wrenching loss as ageing men, like Dad, marched for their mates, living and dead. Since the Anzacs were for the most part easy-going volunteers, not professional soldiers, the parade was by no means an exercise in precision. And the pubs afterwards were full of stories, memories, and choked back emotions which hopefully found release over a pint.

‘There’s something terribly wrong in all this,’ I remarked to the Portrait while from my balcony I watched the police restrain the folk who jostled to see the files of German soldiers. ‘I almost wish there had been a war, a fight, some show of resistance, a Judas Maccabeus to rise and attack by surprise. Just as well Hubie isn’t here. Imagine what he would say!’

In the past, Imperial Austria had always resisted: had held out against the Turks; had taken on the might of Frederick the Great despite the odds; had battled against Napoleon; had struggled to withstand Wilhelm I and Bismarck. Now, the tiny nation was no match for German might. Her identity had been stripped away over the course of a century and a half. With the disbandment of the Holy Roman Empire, she had been forced to take her place as an imperial domain in an increasingly secular world whose modern empires were built on military strength and trade; only to be destroyed once more by war and reconfigured as a democratic nation, a concept utterly foreign to her given her centuries-old

³² *Mishpucha*: (lit.) family; often means extended family and ring-ins.

monarchy and diverse culture. The Anschluss with Germany was a union with ancient roots, certainly, and one much desired by post-war idealists. But there was something quite vulgar about the display of tanks and troops parading down Linke Wienzeile, and I expressed as much in a letter to Hubie:

You could hardly call it a victory march. I mean, no battle has been fought; and yet the Germans parade like conquering heroes. It's awfully ostentatious. Men, women, and children alike hold their arms in the National Socialist salute and cry 'Heil!' and I wonder if they really know what they are doing or saying; for only days ago the very same people were behind Chancellor Schuschnigg. Can they really be that fickle? It is as if Dr Schuschnigg's resignation was an invitation to acknowledge the Anschluss without even a protest. Certainly, that is what the new Chancellor, Seyss-Inquart, advised. Anyone not in favour, I guess, is hiding away at home. There's nowhere else to go, since most of the shops are closed either in celebration or commiseration. Hubie, I tell you it is a most peculiar affair.

'Are you coming, Phoebe?' An excited Franzl, dressed in trachten and sporting a Tyrol hat, interrupted my epistle the following morning. 'Hitler is speaking at the Heldenplatz! It's an historic occasion! Quick! We're meeting Rudi at Prince Eugene's statue!'

Poor Prince Eugene, who had protected Austria during the Turkish Wars, was swamped by National Socialist enthusiasts. Rudi, also attired in traditional dress, helped Zita and me mountaineer our way up, where we enjoyed a most advantageous position beneath the prince's rampant horse whose rump was covered with a Nazi flag. Opposite stood the Hofburg, the former palace of the Habsburgs, its façade flanked with red bannered swastikas, its solid brick wings lending liberal protection to the thousands that filled the square.

'Lieber Führer sei so nett, zeige dich am Fensterbrett!' clamoured the madding crowd. But it seemed an eternity before the entourage finally appeared as dark specks on the palace balcony and Hitler came forward to speak:

Within a few short days, a radical change has taken place in the German Volksgemeinschaft, whose dimensions we might see today, yet whose significance can only be fully appreciated by coming generations

'Volksgemeinschaft? What's that?' I shouted amidst the cheering.

'Being the community of people linked by common heritage,

irrespective of class or wealth, Volksgemeinschaft is the foundation of nationhood,' Rudi explained at the top of his voice. 'It is what identifies us as German, as opposed to Poles or Slavs, for instance.'

'It seems rather parochial, if you ask me,' I called back.

'Parochial? Is that how you would describe the union of a great people?'

'Pardon?' I shouted, for Rudi's remaining response had been drowned in the din.

I said, "You have a lot to learn".'

Boos and catcalls resounded through the square when Hitler mentioned the hated treaty. I knew well that Versailles' punitive humiliation of Austria-Hungary; its devaluation of her transcendent identity; its reduction of Austria to a miniscule country in a fragmented Europe; and its rejection of her desire to join with Germany, was much resented. But Hitler turned the matter to quite a different purpose. Against the will of the people, he claimed, Versailles, in preventing Austria's post-war union with Germany, had thwarted the creation of 'a genuinely great German Reich', and had blocked the path of the German people to the future.

Adolf Hitler then proposed a new mission for Austria. As the eastern outpost of the German Volk, Austria (or Östmark as he called her) was now to protect German freedom from oriental influence – rather a different role from her age-old imperial function of providing military protection to diverse peoples, regardless of their language or culture.

And how the crowd cheered! Austria now fully belonged to the German Reich! The reunification of Greater Germany had begun! Martial shouts of 'Sieg Heil! Sieg Heil! Sieg Heil!' rang out as thousands stretched out their arms in fervent and unanimous support.

But Franz remained silent.

'Did Hitler say Reichsstatthalter Seyss-Inquart?' he asked of Zita.

'I think so,' she shouted back. 'I didn't catch it all. What a din! It's like a football match!'

'Does this mean what I think it does?' he called, looking at Rudi, who was hanging out from Prince Eugene's horse like a monkey from a tree trunk, his other arm extended in salute.

'What's that, Franzl?' Rudi managed to reply and shout a 'Sieg Heil' in the one breath.

'Austria! Austria! Is she really gone?'

'I think so! Hallo! Steady, my friend!'

And had Rudi not grabbed him as quickly as he did, Franzl would have fallen a long, long way.

Rejoice and be Glad

EASTER THAT YEAR acquired an especial significance: A miracle had been wrought; an unbloody sacrifice had taken place. The Austrian people, lying dead in a democratic wasteland, in three days had risen to new life without recourse to war. Providence had appointed Adolf Hitler to deliver his people and bring them to their true Home. Spring sunshine and nourishing rain caused every branch in park and wood to sprout throughout Vienna; and fruits of black, red, and white began to form as Austria was grafted to the German Reich.

‘It’s a disgrace!’ Professor Schütze declared in implacable rage when he returned from his Monday rehearsal, having abruptly announced that Professor Rosé had been dismissed from his post as Concertmaster. ‘Fifty-seven years he has held that position! Fifty-seven years! I admit we have not always seen eye to eye; but to inform an old man that his services henceforth are no longer required, is a crime. And one of your mob,’ he pointed at Franz, ‘One of your mob had the gall to say to him, “Your days are numbered, Herr Hofrat,”. Nor is Rosé alone. Seven violinists have been sacked! And there will be more before the season’s finished. All because they are Jews!’

And without further ado, he resigned from the Philharmoniker. That evening, his friend Seyss-Inquart dropped by for schnapps, whereupon the two men had a lengthy discussion behind closed doors. Days later, Furtwängler came to dinner, and further discussion took place. Richard Strauss also paid a call. The Professor capitulated and resumed his post as Principal Oboe.

‘I am not obliged to become a party member,’ he explained to his wife and children. ‘I do not have to swear an oath to stay in the orchestra. It is important that music remain independent of politics. We must show that music, family, and culture are above the Third Reich by continuing to play and live as we have always done. If we do not, our beloved orchestra will be dissolved.’

But the decision cost him dearly. I had never seen the Professor look as grave and sad as on that day.

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Glossary of

German Words and Phrases

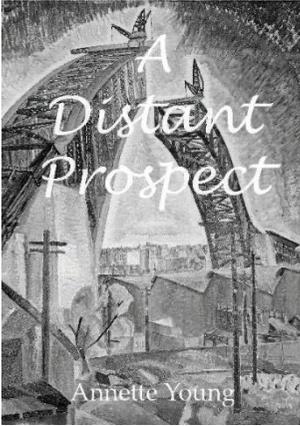
- CH. 1 *Meine Prinzessin*: my princess
- CH. 12 *Schwammi*: little mushroom
 Maler: painter
- CH. 18 *Phoebe, mit wem sprichst du?*: Phoebe, to whom are you speaking?
 Er ist nur der Postbote, Vati: It's only the postman, Dad.
 Grüß Gott: (lit.) God's greeting (traditional Austrian greeting)
 Du hast für... Phoebe?: Have you signed for it, Phoebe?
 Ah, gut!... in letzter Sekunde!: Ah, good! The Austrian consul at the eleventh hour!
 Danke schön, mein guter Herr: Thank you, my good man
- CH. 20 *Prosit!*: Cheers!
 meine kleine Prinzessin: my little princess
- CH. 23 *Herr Bundeskanzler*: Chancellor
 Mein Beileid: my condolences
 Schreibpapier: writing paper
- CH. 24 *Auf Wiedersehen*: Good-bye
 k.u.k.: Kaiserliche und Königliche, meaning Imperial and Royal
 Hofmusiker: court musician
 Geiger: violinist
 Herzlich Willkommen: a hearty welcome
- CH. 25 *Trauerkleidung*: mourning clothes
 Der Prälat ohne Milde: the prelate without mercy
- CH. 26 *Groschen*: penny
 Judenschwein: Jew-pig (extremely derogatory)
 Mittag: lunch
- CH. 27 *Lebensraum*: living space
 gnädiges Fräulein: dear lady
- CH. 28 *Mutti*: mummy
 Mein Beethoven: my Beethoven
 Herr Hofrat: an official honorary title for persons in the highest echelons of federal, state, or academic service.
 Es ist ein Mädchen: It's a girl
 Ich bin ein Vater: I'm a father
 Lederhosen: short leather trousers worn as part of men's alpine costumes

- CH. 29 *Abschiedslied*: song of farewell
Verzeihen Sie mir... verursacht: Pardon me, dear lady, I hope my dog has not caused you trouble
- CH. 30 *Hast du... gelassen*: did you leave the window open
Danke: thank you
Bitte: please
- CH. 31 *Taten sagen mehr als Worte*: Actions speak louder than words
bitte nennen Sie mich: please address me as
Bitte seien Sie: please be
Oberstabsarzt: staff surgeon in the Austro-Hungarian army with the rank of colonel.
Zusammenschluss: sweet union
Schwätzer: windbag, talker of nonsense
- CH. 34 *Beisl*: public house
Handküss: a traditional respectful bow, performed out of service and humility, in which the gentleman takes the lady's offered hand but does not kiss it (unless he wishes to declare his love).
- CH. 35 *Zigeunermusik*: gypsy music
Skandal: intrigue, affair
- CH. 36 *So eine schöne Leiche!*: Such a beautiful corpse!
- CH. 37 *Meister*: master
Servus: hello
mein kleine Sängerknabe: my little choirboy
Glücklich! Glücklich! Dich hab ich gefunden: Happy! How happy I have found thee (from Schiller, 'On Friendship')
Andenken: memento
- CH. 38 *Das Kleine Känguru*: the little kangaroo
Was uns Rose heißt, Wie es auch heiße, würde lieblich duften: A rose by any other name would smell as sweet (Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, I, ii, 43-44, transl. Goethe)
Kinder, Küche, Kirche: children, kitchen, church
- CH. 40 *Fiaker*: a double espresso, mixed with kirsch and sugar, topped with whipped cream and served in a glass.
 Named after the coachmen, or fiakern, renowned for drinking it while driving their horse and carriage.
- CH. 41 *Ein wahrer Jägersmann*: a true hunter
Hier sind wir!: We're here!
Sollen wir gehen... truer Hund: Shall we hunt the deer, my good dog
Wie schön sie ist: How beautiful she is
- CH. 42 *Er schaut ins Narrenkastl wie üblich*: he's staring into space (lit. looking into the fool's box)
- CH. 43 *Kriminalkommissar*: detective superintendent
Trottel: fool
Kirsch: cherry brandy

- CH. 48 *Frohe Weihnachten:* Merry Christmas
Gott mit dir: God be with you
Freiheit: Freedom (traditional Communist greeting)
- CH. 49 *Ein Volk! Ein Reich!:* One people! One realm!
Gott schütze Österreich: God protect Austria
Sieg Heil!: Hail victory!
Mein Krampf: my convulsion (a pun on Hitler's *Mein Kampf*, My Struggle)
Zur Hölle: To Hell!
Lieber Führer sei so nett, zeige dich am Fensterbrett!:
 Dearest leader if you will, do please come to the
 windowsill!
Reichsstatthalter: Reich Governor charged with
 implementing Hitler's policies.
- CH. 50 *Jud:* Jew
Hüpfen!: Hop!
Großdeutschland Ja!: Greater Germany, yes!
Das ganze Volk sagt am 10 April Ja!: All the [German]
 people say yes on 10 April!
Mein lieblich: my darling
- CH. 51 *Mein sehr lieber Franzl:* My dear Franzl
- CH. 52 *Untersturmführer:* second lieutenant
Obersturmführer: first lieutenant
- CH. 53 *Achtung!:* Attention!
- CH. 55 *Hauptsturmführer:* captain
Kleiner Anmeldenachweis: minor proof of registration
Bezirkshauptmannschaft: district commission
- CH. 59 *Auf, Auf zum Fröhlichen Jägen!:* Off, off to the jolly hunt!
- CH. 60 *Lieber Bischof sei so nett, zeige dich am Fensterbrett!:*
 Dearest Bishop if you will, do please come to the
 windowsill!
- CH. 61 *Judenscheiss:* Jewshit (offensive)
- CH. 62 *Mach Schnell!:* Hurry!
Untermensch: underling
Mischling: half-breed
- CH. 64 *Winterhilfswerk:* National Socialist annual winter charity
 fund
Jungmädelbund: League of German Maidens
- CH. 66 *Mein Gott!:* My God!

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