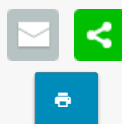


Winter Journal.

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Reviews

Booklist Reviews 2012 July #1

Starred Review Austerphiles love the novelist-of-chance's vivid memoirs for the keys they provide to the mysteries, moods, and metaphysics of his haunting fiction. Here the Brooklyn-based author of the famed New York Trilogy and *Sunset Park* (2010) takes measure of his life over the course of a winter as he looks ahead to his sixty-fourth birthday. Auster tells himself to "put aside your stories for now and try to examine what it has felt like to live inside this body from the first day you can remember being alive to this one." The result is an intensely sensuous account of strange and dramatic events punctuated by jazzy lists of everything from the places he's called home to his favorite foods. Auster's most piercing recollections are anchored to injury and illness, close calls and bad habits, age and "the ghoulish trigonometry of fate." He remembers his mother with poignant precision; pays gallant tribute to his wife of 30 years, writer Siri Hustvedt; and writes ardently of his passion for baseball and books. Omitting his literary success, he portrays himself trapped in all but surreal sieges of rage, panic, and helplessness. Auster is startlingly forthright, mischievously funny, and unfailingly enrapturing as he transforms intimate memories into a zestful inquiry into the mind-body connection and the haphazard forging of a self. Copyright 2012 Booklist Reviews.

LJ Reviews 2012 March #2

As might be expected of the brilliantly offbeat award-winning author of *The New York Trilogy*, this is not a standard retelling of life events. Instead, as he approaches his mid-sixties, Auster considers bodily pain and pleasure, the passage of time, and the weight of memory. High-minded readers will want.

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LJ Reviews 2012 April #2

Auster's prose has always seemed cold, treating life as if it were something that takes no hostages. His memories here, presented as a kind of journal after the fact, humanize him. The obsessions are still present: the feelings of inadequacy, the panic attacks that have sidelined his life occasionally. But he writes also of the joy of physicality, remembers places he lived, waxes lyrical about his second wife. His mother is a presence in this book, much as his father was in *The Invention of Solitude* (1982). Her later years were desperately unhappy, but Auster can't forget the time she played softball with his Cub Scout den: belting the ball over the fielder's head and rounding the bases, she was triumphant for one moment. If Auster still sees life as a series of close calls, he seems to have settled into living it, whereas in his earlier books, he sometimes seemed a stranger to the planet. Auster opined once, "I believe the world is filled with strange events." He applies that judgment to his own life as well, as this slim book of memories makes clear. VERDICT Auster has many readers across his fiction and nonfiction. This book makes him a flesh-and-blood person and thus should prove appealing to his fans. [See Prepub Alert, 2/12/12.]—David Keymer, Modesto, CA

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PW Reviews 2012 April #4

"You think," begins Auster in this quietly moving meditation on death and life, "it will never happen to you." But because this is not fiction and Auster (*Sunset Park*) is as human as the rest of us, "one by one, they all begin to happen to you, in the same way they happen to everyone else." The things that happen and which he chronicles are both momentous and mundane, the stuff of everyday life—the childhood baseball games, the succession of New York and Paris apartments (21 in total), even the women longed for, two of whom became wives—and the events that shook and shaped him. From the vantage point of the winter preceding his 64th birthday, Auster lets his body and its sensations guide his memories. There is no set chronology; time and place bleed from one year to another, between childhood and adulthood. His mother's death in May 2002 is one of the most deeply resonant sections, drawing on childhood memories of her as a Cub Scout den mother—though she'd entered the "Land of Work"—along with her slow decline after the death of her second husband, made all the more painful as Auster relays it in retrospect, after the reader knows his mother is dead. This is the exquisitely wrought catalogue of a man's history through his body, a body that has felt pain and pleasure because "body always knows what the mind doesn't know." Agent: Carol Mann.(Aug.)

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Winter journal, p.1. Winter Journal, p.1. Paul Auster. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19. Library and Archives Canada Cataloguing in Publication. Auster, Paul, 1947-. Winter journal / Paul Auster. eISBN: 978-0-7710-0906-8. 1. Auster, Paul, 1947 Get inspired for your winter bullet journal. Find January bullet journal themes, December bullet journal, winter collections for your bujo & winter doodles. Get organized and into the spirit of the season with these gorgeous Winter Bullet Journal theme ideas! Although winter may have its downsides, you have to admit it is such a pretty season, which means there are lots of inspiration for a winter themed spread. Think

gorgeous twinkling lights, warm mugs of hot cocoa and pretty snowflakes. "Winter Journal" is being published some 30 years after "The Invention of Solitude," the indelible memoir (inspired by his father's death) that launched his career. It can be read as a kind of bookend to that text. Strange, you may think, that a novelist so devoted to themes of anonymity and disappearance should have written not one but multiple memoirs. And yet in these memoirs you see clearly the biographical sources of these fictive fascinations.