tive artists protect their art with sincerity. In art, truth is needed, not sincerity." I like this very very much indeed.) Lewis Carroll was a logician and utilized a number of the formulae of symbolic logic in stories so bleak in their implications we have decided only children are tough enough to take them.

But all excess tends toward abstraction, and the Gothic mode tends to make abstractions from romanticism. It deals directly with the imagery of the unconscious—mirrors, the externalized self, the world under the moon, automata, haunted forests, forbidden sexual objects. Character and events are exaggerated beyond reality, to become symbols, ideas, passions. Its style tends to be ornate, unnatural—and thus operates against the perennial human desire to believe the word as fact. And like psychoanalysis—which projects the Gothic idea of the Primal Crime, parricide and mother-incest (which, curiously enough, always seem to be the *same thing*) as the model of all human experience—it does not draw any moral lessons from the imagery. The moral lessons, perhaps, are implicit in the imagery. But it retains a singular moral function: that of provoking unease.

I think that it is immoral to read simply for pleasure.

And that the greatest crime against the human spirit is to be boring. Though it's true that being boring is a characteristic of some of the very greatest art, Milton and Michelangelo, for example (who, like parricide and mother-incest, are also somehow the *same thing,* anyway). But, she says, with a delicate display of the most arrogant modesty, I do not aspire to the boring-sublime; the "perpetual immoral subversion of the established order" is more like it. This is a statement of intent of all romantic art, I think, and it was made by the last great figure of the Enlightenment, one of the most rational men who ever lived. I am writing a book about Sade at the moment, and the furious paradoxes of his life move me very much; freed from prison by the Revolution, he became a judge under the Terror, then was again imprisoned for refusing to administer the death penalty.

Contradictions are the only things that make any sense.

The Lady of the House of Love

". . . dans le ciel du pays hanté par Nosferatu, le mot amour est inscrit en immense lettres incandescentes."

Amour-Erotisme et Cinéma: Ado Kyrou

Just as they staked him out, the fatal Count cried: "Nosferatu dies; long live Nosferatu!"

At last the revenants became so troublesome the peasants abandoned the village and it fell solely to the possession of subtle and vindictive in-

habitants who manifest their presences by shadows that fall almost imperceptibly awry, too many shadows, even at midday, shadows that have no source in anything visible; by the sound, sometimes, of sobbing in a derelict bedroom where a cracked mirror suspended from a wall does not reflect a presence; by a sense of unease that will afflict the traveller unwise enough to pause to drink from the fountain in the square that still gushes spring water from a faucet stuck in the mouth of a stone lion. A cat prowls in a weedy garden; he grins and spits, arches his back, bounces away from an intangible on four fear-stiffened legs. Now all shun the village below the chateau in which the beautiful queen of the vampires helplessly perpetuates her ancestral crimes.

Disastrous meteors heralded her parturition.

Wearing an antique bridal gown, the beautiful queen of the vampires sits all alone in her dark, high house under the eyes of the portraits of her demented and atrocious ancestors, each one of whom through her, projects a baleful, posthumous existence; she is counting out the Tarot cards, ceaselessly construing a constellation of possibilities as if the random fall of the cards on the red plush tablecloth before her could precipitate her from her chill, shuttered room into a country of perpetual summer and obliterate the perennial sadness of a girl who is both death and the maiden.

Her voice is filled with distant sonorities, like reverberations in a cave. Now you are at the place of annihilation, now you are at the place of annihilation. And she is herself a cave full of echoes; she is a system of repetitions, she is a closed circuit. "Can a bird sing only the song it knows or can it learn a new song?" She draws her long, sharp fingernail across the bars of the cage in which her pet lark sings, rousing in the metal a plangent twang like that of the plucked heartstrings of a woman of metal. Her hair falls down like tears.

The castle is mostly given over to ghostly occupants but she herself has her own suite of drawing room and bedroom. Closely-barred shutters and heavy, velvet curtains keep every leak of natural light out. There is a round table on a single leg covered with a red plush cloth on which she lays out her inevitable Tarot; this room is never more than faintly illuminated by a heavily shaded lamp on the mantelpiece and the dark red figured wallpaper is obscurely, distressingly patterned by the rain that drives in through the neglected roof and leaves behind it random areas of dreadful staining, ominous marks like those left on the sheets of beds of anthropophagous lovers. Depredations of rot and fungus everywhere. The unlit chandelier is so heavy with dust the individual prisms no longer show any shapes; industrious spiders have woven canopies in the corners of this ornate and rotting place, have trapped the porcelain vases on the mantel-

piece in soft, grey nets. But the mistress of all this disintegration notices nothing. She sits in a chair covered in moth-ravaged burgundy velvet at a low, round table and distributes the cards; sometimes the lark sings, but more often remains a sullen mound of drab feathers. Sometimes the Countess will wake it for a brief cadenza by strumming the bars of its cage; she likes to hear it announcing how it cannot escape.

The querent approaches the arcana. She wakes up when the sun sets and goes immediately to her table, where she plays her game of patience until she grows hungry, until she becomes ravenous. She is so beautiful she is unnatural; her beauty is an abnormality, a deformity, for none of her features exhibit any of those touching imperfections that reconcile us to the imperfection of the human condition. Her beauty is a symptom of her disorder, of her soullessness.

The white hands of the tenebrous belle deal the hand of destiny. Her fingernails are longer than those of the mandarins of ancient China and each is pared to a fine point. These and teeth as fine and white as spikes of spun sugar are the visible signs of the destiny she wistfully attempts to evade via the arcana; her claws and teeth have been sharpened on centuries of corpses, she is the last bud of the poison tree that sprang from the loins of Vlad the Impaler who picnicked on corpses in the forests of Transylvania.

The walls of her bedroom are hung with black satin, embroidered with tears of pearl. At the room's four corners are funerary urns and bowls which emit slumbrous, pungent fumes of incense. In the center is an exceedingly elaborate catafalque, in ebony, surrounded by long candles in enormous silver candlesticks. In a white lace negligee stained a little with blood, the Countess climbs upon the catafalque at dawn each morning and lies down to sleep in an open coffin.

A chignonned priest of the Orthodox faith staked out her wicked father at a Carpathian crossroad before her milk teeth grew. Now she possesses all the haunted forests and mysterious habitations of his vast domain; she is the hereditary commandant of the army of shadows who camp in the village below her chateau, who penetrate the woods in the form of owls, bats and foxes, who make the milk curdle and the butter refuse to come, who ride the horses all night on a wild hunt so they are sacks of skin and bone in the morning, who milk the cows dry and, especially, torment pubescent girls with fainting fits, disorders of the blood, diseases of the imagination.

But the Countess herself is indifferent to her own weird authority. She believes that, by ignoring it, she can abnegate it. More than anything, she would like to be human; but she does not know if that is possible. The Tarot always shows the same configuration: always she turns up La Papesse, Le Mort, Le Tour Abolie, wisdom, death, dissolution.

On moonless nights, her keeper lets her out into the garden. This garden,

an exceedingly sombre place, bears a strong resemblance to a burial ground and all the roses her pathetic mother planted have grown up into a huge, spiked wall that incarcerates her in the castle of her inheritance. When the back door creaks open, the Countess will sniff the air and howl. She drops, now, on all fours. Crouching, quivering, she catches the scent of her prey. Delicious crunch of the fragile bones of rabbits and small, furry things she pursues with fleet, four-footed speed; she will creep home, whimpering, with blood smeared on her cheeks. She pours water from the ewer in her bedroom into the bowl, she washes her face with the wincing, fastidious gestures of a cat.

The voracious margin of huntress' nights in the gloomy garden, crouch and pounce, surrounds her habitual tormented somnambulism, her life, or imitation of life. The eyes of this nocturnal creature enlarge and glow. All claws and teeth, she strikes, she gorges; but nothing can console her for the ghastliness of her condition, nothing. She resorts to the magic comfort of the Tarot pack and shuffles the cards, lays them out, reads them, gathers them up with a sigh, shuffles them again, constantly constructing hypotheses about a future which is irreversible.

An old mute looks after her, to make sure she never sees the sun, that all day she sleeps in her coffin, to keep mirrors and all reflective surfaces from her—in short, to perform all the functions of the servants of vampires. Everything about this beautiful and ghastly lady is as it should be, queen of night, queen of terror, except her horrible reluctance for the role.

Nevertheless, if an unwise adventurer pauses in the square of the deserted village to refresh himself at the fountain, a crone in a black dress and white apron presently emerges from a house. She will invite you with smiles and gestures; you will follow her. The Countess wants fresh meat. When she was a little girl, she was like a fox and contented herself entirely with baby rabbits that squeaked piteously as she bit into their necks with a nauseated voluptuousness, with voles and field mice that palpitated for a bare moment between her embroidress' fingers. But now she is a woman, she must have men. If you stop too long at the giggling fountain, you will be led by the hand to the Countess' larder.

All day, she sleeps in her coffin in a negligee of blood-stained lace; when the sun drops behind the mountains, she yawns and stirs and puts on the only dress she has, her mother's wedding dress, to sit and read her cards until she grows hungry. She loathes the food she eats; she would have liked to take the rabbits home with her, feed them on lettuce, pet them and make them a nest in her red-and-black lacquer chinoiserie escritoire but hunger always overcomes her. She can eat nothing else. She sinks her teeth into the neck where an artery throbs with terror; she will drop the deflated skin from which she has extracted all the nourishment with a small cry of both pain and disgust. And it is the same with the shepherd boys and

gypsy lads who, foolhardy or ignorant, come to wash the dust from their feet in the water of the fountain; the Countess' governess brings them into the drawing room where the cards on the table always show the Grim Reaper. She herself will serve them coffee in tiny, cracked cups of precious porcelain and little sugar cakes. The hobbledehoys sit with a spilling cup in one hand and a biscuit in the other, gaping at the beautiful Countess in her satin finery as she pours from a silver pot and chatters distractedly to put them at their fatal ease. A certain desolate stillness of her eyes indicates she is inconsolable. She would like to caress their lean, brown cheeks and stroke their ragged hair. When she takes them by the hand and leads them to her bedroom, they can scarcely believe their luck.

Afterwards, her governess will tidy the remains into a neat pile and wrap it in its own discarded clothes. This mortal parcel she then discreetly buries in the garden. The blood on the Countess' cheeks will be mixed with tears; her keeper probes her fingernails for her with a little silver toothpick, to get rid of the fragments of skin and bone that have lodged there.

Fee fie fo fum
I smell the blood of an Englishman.

One hot, ripe summer in the pubescent years of the present century, a young officer in the British army, blond, blue-eyed, heavy-muscled, after a visit to friends in Vienna, decided to spend the rest of his furlough exploring the little-known uplands of Rumania. When he quixotically decided to travel the rutted cart-tracks by bicycle, he saw all the humor of it: "on two wheels in the land of the vampires." So, laughing, he sets out on his adventure.

He has the special quality of virginity, most and least ambiguous of states; ignorance, yet, at the same time, power in potentia, and, furthermore, unknowingness, which is not the same as ignorance. He is more than he knows—and has about him, besides, the special glamour of that generation for whom history has already prepared a special, exemplary fate in the trenches of France; history, then, is about to collide with the timeless Gothic eternity of the vampiress, for whom all is as it always has been and will be, whose cards always fall in the same pattern.

Although so young, he is also rational. He has chosen the most rational mode of transport in the world for his trip round the Carpathians. To ride a bicycle is in itself some protection against superstitious fears, since the bicycle is the product of pure reason applied to motion. Geometry at the service of man! Give me two spheres and a straight line and I will show you how far I can take them. Voltaire himself might have invented the bicycle, since it contributes so much to man's well-being and nothing at all to his bane. Beneficial to the health, it emits no harmful fumes and per-

mits only the most decorous speeds. A bicycle is not an implement of harm.

A kiss woke the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood.

The waxen fingers of the Countess, fingers of a holy image, turn up the card called L'Amoureux. Never, never before . . . never before has the Countess cast herself a fate involving L'Amoureux. She shakes, she trembles, her great eyes close beneath her finely veined, nervously throbbing eyelids; the lovely cartomancer has, this time, the first time, dealt herself a hand of love and death.

Be he alive or be he dead
I'll grind his bones to make my bread.

At the mauvish beginnings of evening, the English m'sieu toils up the hill to the village he glimpsed from a great way off; he must dismount and push his bicycle before him, the path too steep to ride. He hopes to find a friendly inn to rest the night; he's hot, thirsty, weary, dusty . . . at first, such disappointment to discover the rooves of all the cottages caved in and tall weeds thrusting through the piles of fallen tiles, shutters banging disconsolately from their hinges; an entirely uninhabited place. And the rank vegetation whispers, one could almost imagine twisted faces appearing momentarily beneath the crumbling eaves, if one were sufficiently imaginative . . . but the adventure of it all, and the comfort of the poignant brightness of the hollyhocks still bravely blooming in the shaggy garden, and the beauty of the flaming sunset, all these considerations soon overcome his disappointment, assuage the faint unease he'd felt. And the fountain where the village women used to wash their clothes still gushes out bright, clear water; he gratefully washes his feet and hands, applies his mouth to the faucet, lets the icy stream run over his face.

The phantoms came to meet him.

When he raised his dripping, gratified head from the lion's mouth, he saw, silently arrived beside him in the square, an old woman who smiled eagerly, almost conciliatorily, at him. See wore a black dress and a white apron, with a housekeeper's key-ring at the waist; her grey hair was neatly coiled in a chignon beneath the white linen headdress worn by elderly women of that region. She bobbed a curtsey at the young man and beckoned him to follow her. When he hesitated, she pointed towards the great bulk of the mansion above them, whose façade loured over the village, rubbed her stomach, pointed to her mouth, rubbed her stomach again and sighed, clearly miming an invitation to supper. Then she beckoned him again, this time turning determinedly on her heel as though she would brook no opposition.

Hospitality of the House of Nosferatu.

A great, intoxicated surge of the heavy scent of red roses blew into his face as soon as they left the village, inducing a sensuous vertigo; a blast of rich, faintly corrupt sweetness strong enough, almost, to fell him. Too many roses. Too many roses bloomed on the enormous thickets of roses that lined the path, roses equipped with vicious thorns, and the flowers themselves, were almost too luxuriant, their huge congregations of plush petals somehow obscene in their excess, their whorled, tightly budded cores outrageous in their implications. The façade of the mansion emerged grudgingly from this jungle.

In the subtle and haunting light of the setting sun, that golden light rich with nostalgia for the day that is just past, the sombre visage of the place, part manor house, part fortified farmhouse, immense, rambling, a dilapidated eagle's nest atop the crag down which its attendant village meandered, reminded him of childhood tales on winter evenings, when he and his brothers and sisters scared themselves half out of their wits with ghost stories set in just such places, and then had to have candles to light them up the stairs to bed, so overworked had their imaginations become. He could almost have regretted accepting the crone's unspoken invitation; but now, standing before the great door of time-eroded oak while she selected a huge, iron key from the clanking ringfull at her waist, he knew it was too late to turn back and, besides, he was not a child any more, to be scared of bricks and mortar.

The old lady unlocked the door, which swung back on melodramatically creaking hinges, and fussily took charge of his bicycle, in spite of his vigorous protests; he felt a certain sinking of the heart to see his beautiful two-wheeled symbol of rationality vanishing into the dark entrails of the mansion, to some outhouse where they would not oil it or check the tyres. But, in for a penny, in for a pound—in his youth and strength and blond beauty, in the invisible, even unacknowledged pentacle of his virginity, the young man stepped over the threshold of Nosferatu's castle and did not shiver in the blast of cold air, as from the mouth of a grave, that emanated from the lightless, cavernous interior.

The crone took him to a little chamber where there was a black oak table spread with a clean white cloth and this cloth was carefully laid with heavy silverware, a little tarnished, as if someone with foul breath had breathed on it, but laid with one place only. Curiouser and curiouser; invited to the castle for dinner, now he must dine alone. Still, he sat down as she bade him. Although it was not yet dark outside, the curtains were closely drawn and only the sparing light trickling from a single oil lamp showed him how dismal his surroundings were. The crone bustled about to get him a bottle of wine and a glass from an ancient cabinet of wormy

oak; while he bemusedly drank his wine, she disappeared but soon returned bearing a steaming platter of the local spiced meat stew with dumplings, and a shank of black bread. He was hungry after his long day's ride, he ate heartily and polished his plate with the crust but this coarse food was hardly the entertainment he'd expected at such a mansion and he was puzzled by the assessing glint in the dumb woman's eyes as she watched him eating; but she darted off to get him a second helping as soon as he'd finished the first one and she seemed so friendly and helpful, besides, that he knew he could count on a bed for the night in the castle, as well as his supper, so he sharply reprimanded himself for his own sudden lack of enthusiasm for the eerie silence, the clammy chill of the place.

Then, when he'd put away the second plate, the old woman came and gestured he should leave the table and follow her once again. She made a pantomime of drinking; he deduced he was now invited to take after-dinner coffee in another room with some more elevated member of the household who had not wished to dine with him but, all the same, wanted to make his acquaintance.

He was surprised to find how ruinous the interior of the house was—cobwebs, worm-eaten beams, crumbling plaster; but the mute crone resolutely wound him on the spool of light she'd taken from the dining room down endless corridors, up winding staircases, through the galleries where the painted eyes of family portraits briefly flickered as they passed, eyes that belonged, he noticed, to faces one and all of a quite memorable beastliness. At last she paused and, behind the door where they'd halted, he heard a faint, metallic twang as of, perhaps, a chord struck on a harpsichord and then, wonderfully, the liquid cascade of the song of a lark, bringing to him, in the heart—had he but known it—of Juliet's tomb, all the freshness of morning. The crone rapped with her knuckles on the panels; the most beautiful voice he had ever heard in all his life softly called, in heavily accented French, the adopted language of the Rumanian aristocracy: "Entrez."

First of all, he saw only a moony gleam, a faint luminosity that caught and reflected from its tarnished surfaces what little light there was in the ill-lit room: of all things, a hoop-skirted dress of white satin draped here and there with lace, a dress fifty or sixty years out of fashion but once, no doubt, intended for a wedding; and its wearer a girl with the fragility of the skeleton of a moth, a being of such a famished leanness that the garment seemed to him to hang suspended, untenanted, in the dank air, a fabulous lending, a self-articulated gown. And then, as his eyes grew accustomed to the half-dark, he saw how beautiful and how very young the scarecrow inside the amazing dress was, and he thought of a child dressing up in her mother's clothes, perhaps a child putting on

clothes of a dead mother in order to bring her, however briefly, to life again.

The Countess stood behind a low table, beside a pretty, silly, gilt-and-wire birdcage on a stand, in an attitude, distracted, almost of flight; she looked as startled by their entry as if she had not requested it. Only a low lamp with a greenish shade on a distant mantelpiece illuminated her so that, with her stark white face, her lovely death's head surrounded by long, dark hair that fell down as straight as if it were soaking wet, she looked like a shipwrecked bride. Her enormous, dark eyes almost broke his heart with their waif-like, lost look; yet he was disturbed, almost repelled by her extraordinarily fleshy mouth, a mouth with wide, full, prominent lips of a vibrant, purplish-crimson, a morbid mouth, even—but he put the thought away from him immediately—a whore's mouth. She shivered all the time, a starveling chill, a malarial agitation of the bones. He thought she must be only sixteen or seventeen years old, no more, with the hectic, unhealthy beauty of a consumptive. She was the chatelaine of all this decay.

The crone raised the light she held to show his hostess her guest's face and at that the Countess let out a faint, cawing cry and made a blind, appalled gesture with her hands, as if pushing him away, so that she knocked against the table and a butterfly dazzle of painted cards fell to the floor. Her mouth formed a round "o" of woe, she swayed a little and then sank into her chair, where she lay as if now scarcely capable of moving. A bewildering reception. Tsk'ing under her breath, the crone busily poked about on the table until she found an enormous pair of dark glasses such as blind beggars wear and perched them on the Countess' nose.

He went forward to pick up her cards for her from a carpet that, he saw to his surprise, was part rotted entirely away, partly encroached upon by all kinds of virulent-looking fungi. He retrieved the cards and shuffled them together; strange playthings for a young girl, grisly picture of a skeleton . . . he covered it with a happier one, two young, he supposed, lovers, smiling at one another, and put her toys back in a hand so slender you could almost see the frail net of bone beneath the translucent skin, hands with fingernails as long, as finely pointed as banjo picks. (She had been strumming on the birdcage again.)

At his touch, she seemed to revive a little and almost smiled, raising herself upright.

"Coffee," she said. "You must have coffee." And scooped up her cards in a pile so that the crone could set before her a silver spirit kettle, a silver coffee pot, cups, cream jug, sugar-basin, all on a silver tray, a strange touch of elegance, even if discoloured, in this devastated interior in which she ethereally shone with a blighted, submarine radiance.

The crone found him a chair and, tittering noiselessy, departed.

While the young lady attended to the coffee-making, he had time to contemplate with some distaste a further series of family portraits which decorated the stained and peeling walls of the room; these livid faces all seemed contorted with a febrile madness and the blubber lips, the huge, demented eyes they all held in common bore a disquieting resemblance to those of the hapless victim of inbreeding now patiently filtering her fragrant brew. The lark, its chorus done, had long ago fallen silent; no sound but the chink of silver on china. Soon, she held out to him a tiny cup of rose-painted china.

"Welcome," she said in her voice with the rushing sonorities of the ocean in it. "Welcome to my chateau. I rarely receive visitors and that's a misfortune, nothing animates me half as much as the presence of a stranger . . . This place is so lonely, now the village is deserted, and my one companion, alas, she cannot speak. Often I am so silent I think I, too, will soon forget how to talk."

She offered him a sugar biscuit from a Limoges plate; her fingernails struck carillons from the antique china. Her voice, issuing from those red lips like the obese roses in her garden, lips that do not move, her voice is curiously disembodied; she is like a doll, he thought, a ventriloquist's doll. And the idea she was an automaton, an ingenious construction of white velvet and black fur and crimson plush that could not move of its own accord never quite deserted him. The carnival air of her white dress emphasized her unreality, like a sad Columbine who lost her way in the wood a long time ago and never reached the fair.

"And the light, I must apologize for the lack of light . . . a hereditary affliction of the eyes . . . "

Her blind spectacles gave him his handsome face back to himself twice over; if he presented himself to her naked gaze, he would dazzle her like the sun she is forbidden to look at because it would shrivel her up at once, poor night bird. Night bird, butcher bird.

Vous serez ma proie.

You have such a fine throat, like a column of marble. When you came through the door retaining about you the golden light of the summer's day of which I know nothing, nothing, the card called "L'Amoureux" has just emerged from the tumbling chaos of imagery before me; it seemed to me you had stepped off the card into my darkness and, for a moment, I thought perhaps you might irradiate it.

I do not mean to hurt you. I shall wait for you in my bride's dress in the dark.

The bridegroom is come, he will go into the chamber which has been prepared for him.

I am condemned to solitude and dark; I do not mean to hurt you.

I will be very gentle.

(And could love free me from the shadows? Can a bird sing only the only song it knows, could I not learn a new song?)

See, how I'm ready for you, I've always been ready for you; I've been waiting for you in my wedding dress, why have you delayed so long . . . it will all be over very quickly.

You will feel no pain, my darling.

She herself is a haunted house. She does not possess herself; her ancestors sometimes come and peer out of the windows of her eyes and that is very frightening. She has the mysterious solitude of ambiguous states; she hovers in a no man's land between life and death, sleeping and waking, behind the hedge of spiked flowers, Nosferatu's sanguinary rosebud. The beastly forebears on the walls condemn her to a perpetual repetition of their passions.

(One kiss, however, and only one, woke up the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood.)

Nervously, to conceal her inner voices, she keeps up a front of inconsequential chatter in French while her ancestors leer and grimace on the walls; however hard she tries to think of any other, she only knows of one kind of consummation.

He was struck, once again, by the bird-like, predatory claws which tipped her marvellous hands; the sense of strangeness that had been growing on him since he buried his head under the streaming water in the village, since he entered the dark portals of the fatal castle, now fully overcame him. Had he been a cat, he would have bounced backwards from her hands on four fear-stiffened legs; but he is not a cat, he is a hero.

A fundamental disbelief in what he sees before him sustains him, even in the boudoir of Countess Nosferatu herself; he would have said, perhaps, that there are some things which, even if they are true, we should not believe possible. He might have said, it is foolish to believe one's eyes. Not so much that he does not believe in her; he can see her, she is real. If she takes off her dark glasses, from her eyes will stream all the images that populate this vampire-haunted land, but, since he himself is immune to shadow, due to his virginity—he does not yet know what there is to be afraid of—and due to his heroism, which makes him like the sun, he sees before him, first and foremost, an inbred, highly-strung girl-child, fatherless, motherless, kept in the dark too long and as pale as a plant that never sees the light, half-blinded by some hereditary condition of the eyes. And though he feels unease, he cannot feel terror; so he is like the boy in the

folk-tale, who does not know how to shudder and not spooks, beasties, the Devil himself and all his retinue could do the trick.

This lack of imagination gives his heroism to the hero.

He will learn to shudder in the trenches. But this girl cannot make him shudder.

Now it is dark. Bats swoop and squeak outside the tightly shuttered windows that have not been opened for five hundred years. The coffee is all drunk, the sugar biscuits gone. Her chatter comes trickling and diminishing to a stop; she twists her fingers together, picks at the lace of her dress, shifts nervously in her chair. Owls shriek; the impedimenta of her condition squeak and gibber all around us. Now you are at the place of annihilation, now you are at the place of annihilation. She turns her head away from the blue beams of his eyes; she knows no other consummation than the only one she can offer him. She has not eaten for three days. It is dinner-time. It is bed-time.

Suivez-moi.
Je vous attendais.
Vous serez ma proie.

The raven caws on the accursed roof. "Dinner-time, dinner-time," clang the portraits on the walls. A ghastly hunger gnaws her entrails; she has waited for him all her life without knowing it.

The handsome bicyclist, scarcely believing his luck, will follow her into her bedroom; the candles around her sacrificial altar burn with a low, clear flame, light catches on the silver tears stitched to the wall.

"My clothes have but to fall and you
will see before you a succession of
mysteries."

She has no mouth with which to kiss, no hands with which to caress, only the fangs and talons of a beast of prey. To touch the mineral sheen of the flesh revealed in the cool candle gleam is to invite her fatal embrace; in her low, sweet voice, she will croon the infernal liebestod of the House of Nosferatu.

Embraces, kisses; your golden head, of a lion although I have never seen a lion, only imagined one, of the sun, even if I've only seen the picture of the sun on the Tarot card, your golden head of L'Amoureux whom I dreamed would one day free me, this head will fall back, its eyes roll upward in a spasm you will mistake for that of love and not of death. The bridegroom bleeds on my inverted marriage bed. Stark and dead, poor bicyclist; he has paid the price of a night with the Countess and some think it too high a fee while some do not.

Tomorrow, her keeper will bury his bones under the roses. The food her roses feed on gives them their rich colour, their swooning odour that breathes lasciviously of forbidden pleasures.

Suivez-moi.

The handsome bicyclist, fearful for his hostess' health, her sanity, gingerly follows her into the other room; he would like to take her into his arms and protect her from the ancestors who leer down from the walls.

What a macabre bedroom!

His colonel, an old goat with jaded appetites, had given him the visiting card of a brothel in Paris where, the satyr assured him, ten louis would buy just such a lugubrious bedroom, with a naked girl upon a coffin; offstage, the brothel pianist played the *dies irae* on a harmonium and, amidst all the perfumes of the embalming parlour, the customer took his necrophiliac pleasure of a pretended corpse. He had good-naturedly refused the old man's offer of an initiation; how can he now take criminal advantage of the disordered girl with fever-hot, bone-dry, taloned hands and eyes that denied all the erotic promises of her body with their terror, their sadness, their dreadful, balked tenderness?

So delicate and damned, poor thing. Quite damned.

Yet I do believe she scarcely knows what she is doing.

She is shaking as if her limbs were not efficiently joined together. She raises her hands to unfasten the neck of her dress and her eyes fill with tears, they trickle down beneath the rim of her dark glasses. She can't take off her dress without taking off her glasses; when she takes off the dark glasses, they slip from her fingers and smash to pieces on the tiled floor. This unexpected, mundane noise breaks the wicked spell in the room, it disrupts the fatal ritual of seduction; she gapes blindly down at the splinters and ineffectively smears the tears across her face with her fist. When she kneels to try to gather the fragments of glass together, a shard pierces deeply into the pad of her thumb; she cries out. She kneels among the broken glass and watches the bright bead of blood form a drop. She has never seen her own blood before, not her own blood.

Into this macabre and lascivious room, the handsome bicyclist brings the innocent remedies of the nursery; in himself, by his presence, he is an exorcism. He gently takes her hand away from her and dabs away the blood with his own handkerchief, but still it spurts out; and so he puts his mouth to the wound, he will kiss it better for her.

All the silver tears fall from the wall with a flimsy tinkle. Her painted ancestors turn away their eyes and grind their fangs.

How can she bear the trauma of becoming human?

The end of exile, the end of being.

He was awakened by larksong. The shutters, the curtains, even the long-closed windows of the horrid bedroom were all opened up and light and air streamed into the room; now you could see how tawdry it was, how thin and cheap the satin, the catafalque not ebony at all but black-painted paper stretched on struts of wood, as in the theatre. The wind had blown droves of petals from the roses outside into the room and this ominous crimson residue swirled about the floor. The candles had blown out and the Countess' pet lark perched on the edge of the silly coffin and sang him an ecstatic morning song. His bones were stiff and aching; he'd slept on the floor, with his bundled-up jacket for a pillow, after he'd put her to bed.

But now there was no trace of her to be seen except, lightly tossed across the crumpled black satin bedcover, a lace negligee soiled with blood, as it might be from a woman's menses, and a rose that must have come from the fierce bushes nodding through the window. The air was heavy with incense and roses, it made him cough. The Countess must have got up early to enjoy the sunshine, slipped outside to pull him a rose. He got to his feet, coaxed the lark onto his wrist and took it to the window. At first, it exhibited the reluctance for the sky of a long-caged thing but, when he tossed it up onto the currents of the air, it spread its wings and was up and away into the clear, blue bowl of the heavens; he watched its trajectory with a lift of joy in his heart.

Then he padded into the boudoir, his mind occupied with plans. We shall take her to Zurich, to a clinic; she will be treated for nervous hysteria. Then to an eye specialist for her photophobia, and to a dentist to draw her teeth. A manicurist, to deal with her claws . . . we shall turn her into the lovely girl she is, I shall cure her.

The heavy curtains are pulled back, to let in brilliant fusillades of early morning light; in the desolation of her boudoir, at her round table she sits, in her white wedding dress with the cards laid out before her. She has dropped off to sleep over the cards of destiny, the Lover, the Grim Reaper droop from her dreaming hand. Gently, a kiss upon her sleeping forehead . . .

She is not sleeping.

In death, she looked far older, less beautiful and so, for the first time, fully human.

I will vanish in the morning light, I was only an invention of the darkness.

And I give you as a souvenir the dark fanged rose I plucked from between my thighs, like a flower laid on a grave. On a grave.

My keeper will attend to everything.

Nosferatu always attends
his own obsequies.

After a search in some foul-smelling outhouses, he discovered his bicycle and, abandoning his holiday, rode directly to Bucharest where, at the poste-restante, he found a telegram summoning him to rejoin his regiment at once; history asserted itself. Much later, when he changed back into uniform in his quarters, he discovered he still had the Countess' sad rose, he'd tucked it into the breast pocket of his tweed cycling jacket. Curiously enough, the flower did not seem quite dead and, on impulse, because the girl had been so lovely and her heart-attack so unexpected and pathetic, he decided to try to resurrect the rose; he filled his tooth-glass with water from the carafe on his locker and popped the rose into it, so that its shaggy head floated on the top.

When he returned from the mess that evening, the heavy fragrance of Count Nosferatu's roses drifted down the stone corridor of the barracks to greet him, and his spartan quarters brimmed lasciviously with the reeling odour of a glowing, velvet, monstrous flower whose petals had regained all their former bloom and elasticity, their corrupt and brilliant splendour.

Next day, his regiment embarked for France.

The Named Thing

Though it is picked perfectly clean and bleached
to an austere pallor by the elements the skull
speaks in an emblematic language made up from
the slow accretions of imagery in time; the
voice of the skull, in its noisy silence, sug-
gests the instinctive integrations by which
the named thing remains unknowable or, at least,
only known by name, and earth will always clog
the eyes of this image since the image is syn-
onymous with the named thing,

isn't it?

Reflections

I was walking in a wood one late spring day of skimming cloud and shower-tarnished sunshine, the sky a lucid if intermittent blue—cool, bright, tremulous weather. A *coloratura* blackbird perched on a bough curded with