

the clearing to worry the clothing of the corpse with her teeth. But soon she grew bored and bounded away.

Then only the flies crawling on his body were alive and he was far from home.

Liede

It is a conversation between a woman and a piano, a
conversation about silence

—that is, about the inter-
stices in a conversation conducted in a language
neither participant understands in which, nevertheless,
an integration has been effected

—an integration which
permits the development of a new language to express
both voices of the speaking yet uncomprehending locu-
tors and the tension imposed upon them by the silence
preceding and succeeding their twinned trajectory

through

the interstices of the silence

they discuss.

Notes on the Gothic Mode

For some reason, possibly because my first novel (*Shadow Dance* in England, *Honeybuzzard* in the United States) had a lot of clap and sweat and pustules and necrophily in it, the British reviewers likened it to Tennessee Williams and Truman Capote, and labeled it “Gothic,” because of Southern Gothic and the steamy atmosphere we were supposed to generate (I was twenty-five when I wrote it and most of the characters were based on my friends and I myself had genuinely thought of it as a naturalistic novel). Then I wrote a baleful fairytale called *The Magic Toyshop*, and from then on there was no holding them: I could be conveniently categorized as “Gothic” and thus outside the mainstream, which at that time in Britain seemed to concern itself entirely with the marital adventures of television producers.

So I thought that I would indeed write a Gothic novel, a truly Gothic novel, full of dread and glamour and passion. About this time I began to read the surrealists and felt an increasing sense of justification, and what I wrote was a kind of pastiche Gothic novel called *Heroes and Villains*