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Interview with the Vampire

ANNE
RICE



SPHERE

*Interview with the Vampire**An Appreciation*

Imagine a vast house, standing in a neighborhood of others like it, each in its own distinct style. The house has an uncountable number of rooms, some functional, some fantastical. You wander; each room leads somewhere; there are whole suites, hidden passageways, unexpected halls leading to dead ends, leading to enormous ballrooms, leading to sick-rooms, nurseries, rooms that have not been inhabited for years. It is like that dream you have sometimes in which you discover an extra room in your own house. 'Gee,' you marvel. 'This was here all along and I never noticed.'

Anne Rice's masterpiece, *Interview with the Vampire*, is that longed-for, newly discovered room in the vast house of Vampire. When I first read it, back in the early 1980s, I thought, Of course, it was here all along, implicit in the very idea of vampires: the existential despair, the tedium and attractions of immortality, the moral quandaries of the vampire diet. I was amazed that such modernity had been seamlessly retrofitted on to what is essentially a nineteenth-century literary structure. But it is Anne Rice's cleverness to create her own nineteenth-century vampires, to write over Bram Stoker while paying homage to his *Dracula*. She makes explicit many devices and themes he kept sublimated, but these things are there in *Dracula*, and *Interview with the Vampire* feels completely natural and correct even as it is outrageous and daring.

I happened to encounter *Interview with the Vampire* at the height of the AIDS epidemic, and it seems in retrospect to be a prescient

book. Anne Rice could not have known how her creation would resonate with a world in which blood itself was dangerous, in which male homosexuality and death became closely entwined. It is a tribute to the power of *Interview with the Vampire* that so many things that have happened in the 'real' world since its 1976 publication now echo poignantly through the world of the book. Hurricane Katrina hovers over the vampires' New Orleans.

In all of her work Anne Rice is concerned with outsiders, with their search for meaning and their place in the world, and *Interview with the Vampire* has been embraced by many people who feel themselves to be on the margins of society. Her vampires are complex beings; made from humans, they are intensified, more wondrous and monstrous than their human selves. They fulfill the dearest wish of every uncool high school kid: to be transformed, to be powerful; to be more than meets the eye. But these vampires are also philosophical: they wish to discover their true nature – indeed, they wish to understand why they exist, whether they are inherently evil, whether they have a purpose in the grand scheme of things. In *Interview with the Vampire* there is little consolation offered for this existential despair; the story itself is the only reward for the suffering of the vampire and it is given as a warning, not an enticement.

The novel opens with an intriguing proposition: the vampire has consented to an interview. He will tell us his life story. He will not injure us (at least not yet) because he needs us to listen, he wants someone to understand his plight.

The vampire's name is Louis and he is more than two hundred years old. He was made into a vampire by Lestat, of whom he has a rather low opinion; while Louis is pretty conflicted about vampirism, Lestat seems to revel in his own monstrosity. As our narrator and hero, Louis belongs to a venerable literary tradition (David Copperfield, Charles Ryder, Dorothy Gale . . .): he is the least extravagant character in the book, and the other, more dashing characters often tell him so. He is prone to moping and loath to leave behind certain aspects of his humanity, such as compassion.

Lestat, seen through Louis's eyes, is often inscrutable, erratic and crabby. In later books in *The Vampire Chronicles* he will expand into

Lestat the Rock Star Vampire, an unconquerable trickster, but here at his literary birth he is gloriously awful. In a morally questionable act, Lestat attempts to salve Louis's loneliness by turning an orphaned five-year-old girl into a vampire named Claudia. Here I will confess that Claudia is my favourite character in all of Rice's work: the contrast between her childish body and her immortality is intimately tragic.

Together the three of them form a little vampire family. They are a parody of domesticity, a fiesta of blood-soaked ennui. They make even the most dysfunctional human families seem tender and dull. It is somehow comforting to watch the immortals bickering amongst themselves.

As she built onto the house of vampire literature, Rice opened a number of possibilities which other artists have found inspiring. The original vampire folklore stresses the undesirable qualities of vampires: they're the mindless undead that terrorize the villagers; they lack chic and aren't terribly fun at cocktail parties. Count Dracula is more elegant, but we encounter him through the sensibilities of others who are bent on destroying him; he is not a sympathetic character. The closest ancestor of Rice's vampires is probably Barnabas Collins, of the television series *Dark Shadows*, though that often veered into campiness. Rice's vampires are not villains. They have the emotions of humans and seem almost like eternal adolescents in their longings, feuds and mood swings. There is no sex in the conventional sense for the vampires; killing has taken its place. Rice infuses killing and feeding with an eroticism that is utterly frank. There isn't much irony in *Interview with the Vampire*, and so we have a passionate, sincere account of the philosophical and erotic difficulties of modern vampires. And this was new. It's hard to imagine *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* without *Interview with the Vampire*.

Every era creates the monsters it needs. In the last bit of the twentieth century we apparently needed vampires who confide in us, vampires who care; self-aware killers who want God but cannot find any such thing. Perhaps the room Anne Rice added to Vampire House is a confessional, or an analyst's office. Thirty-two years after she published *Interview with the Vampire* Anne Rice is writing

biographical books about Jesus Christ. But back in the small room on Divisadero Street, Louis is still speaking into the tape recorder. Listen closely now, he will tell you his strange and ambivalent history.

Audrey Niffenegger
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PART ONE

I see ...' said the vampire thoughtfully, and slowly he walked across the room towards the window. For a long time he stood there against the dim light from Divisadero Street and the passing beams of traffic. The boy could see the furnishings of the room more clearly now, the round oak table, the chairs. A wash basin hung on one wall with a mirror. He set his brief case on the table and waited.

'But how much tape do you have with you?' asked the vampire, turning now so the boy could see his profile. 'Enough for the story of a life?'

'Sure, if it's a good life. Sometimes I interview as many as three or four people a night if I'm lucky. But it has to be a good story. That's only fair, isn't it?'

'Admirably fair,' the vampire answered. 'I would like to tell you the story of my life, then. I would like to do that very much.'

'Great,' said the boy. And quickly he removed the small tape recorder from his brief case, making a check of the cassette and the batteries. 'I'm really anxious to hear why you believe this, why you ...'

'No,' said the vampire abruptly. 'We can't begin that way. Is your equipment ready?'

'Yes,' said the boy.

'Then sit down. I'm going to turn on the overhead light.'

'But I thought vampires didn't like light,' said the boy. 'If you think the dark adds to the atmosphere ...' But then he stopped. The vampire was watching him with his back to the window. The boy could make out nothing of his face now, and something about the

still figure there distracted him. He started to say something again but he said nothing. And then he sighed with relief when the vampire moved towards the table and reached for the overhead cord.

At once the room was flooded with a harsh yellow light. And the boy, staring up at the vampire, could not repress a gasp. His fingers danced backwards on the table to grasp the edge. 'Dear God!' he whispered, and then he gazed, speechless, at the vampire.

The vampire was utterly white and smooth, as if he were sculpted from bleached bone, and his face was as seemingly inanimate as a statue, except for two brilliant green eyes that looked down at the boy intently like flames in a skull. But then the vampire smiled almost wistfully, and the smooth white substance of his face moved with the infinitely flexible but minimal lines of a cartoon. 'Do you see?' he asked softly.

The boy shuddered, lifting his hand as if to shield himself from a powerful light. His eyes moved slowly over the finely tailored black coat he'd only glimpsed in the bar, the long folds of the cape, the black silk tie knotted at the throat, and the gleam of the white collar that was as white as the vampire's flesh. He stared at the vampire's full black hair, the waves that were combed back over the tips of the ears, the curls that barely touched the edge of the white collar.

'Now, do you still want the interview?' the vampire asked.

The boy's mouth was open before the sound came out. He was nodding. Then he said, 'Yes.'

The vampire sat down slowly opposite him and, leaning forward, said gently, confidentially, 'Don't be afraid. Just start the tape.'

And then he reached out over the length of the table. The boy recoiled, sweat running down the sides of his face. The vampire clamped a hand on the boy's shoulder and said, 'Believe me, I won't hurt you. I want this opportunity. It's more important to me than you can realize now. I want you to begin.' And he withdrew his hand and sat collected, waiting.

It took a moment for the boy to wipe his forehead and his lips with a handkerchief, to stammer that the microphone was in the machine, to press the button, to say that the machine was on.

'You weren't always a vampire, were you?' he began.

'No,' answered the vampire. 'I was a twenty-five-year-old man when I became a vampire, and the year was seventeen ninety-one.'

The boy was startled by the preciseness of the date and he repeated it before he asked, 'How did it come about?'

'There's a simple answer to that. I don't believe I want to give simple answers,' said the vampire. 'I think I want to tell the real story. . . .'

'Yes,' the boy said quickly. He was folding his handkerchief over and over and wiping his lips now with it again.

'There was a tragedy . . . ' the vampire started. 'It was my younger brother. . . . He died.' And then he stopped, so that the boy cleared his throat and wiped at his face again before stuffing the handkerchief almost impatiently into his pocket.

'It's not painful, is it?' he asked timidly.

'Does it seem so?' asked the vampire. 'No.' He shook his head. 'It's simply that I've only told this story to one other person. And that was so long ago. No, it's not painful. . . .'

'We were living in Louisiana then. We'd received a land grant and settled two indigo plantations on the Mississippi very near New Orleans. . . .'

'Ah, that's the accent . . . ' the boy said softly.

For a moment the vampire stared blankly. 'I have an accent?' He began to laugh.

And the boy, flustered, answered quickly. 'I noticed it in the bar when I asked you what you did for a living. It's just a slight sharpness to the consonants, that's all. I never guessed it was French.'

'It's all right,' the vampire assured him. 'I'm not as shocked as I pretend to be. It's only that I forget it from time to time. But let me go on. . . .'

'Please . . . ' said the boy.

'I was talking about the plantations. They had a great deal to do with it, really, my becoming a vampire. But I'll come to that. Our life there was both luxurious and primitive. And we ourselves found it extremely attractive. You see, we lived far better there than we could have ever lived in France. Perhaps the sheer wilderness of Louisiana only made it seem so, but seeming so, it was. I remember the imported furniture that cluttered the house.' The vampire smiled. 'And the harpsichord; that was lovely. My sister used to play it. On summer evenings, she would sit at the keys with her back to the open French windows. And I can still remember that thin, rapid

music and the vision of the swamp rising beyond her, the moss-hung cypresses floating against the sky. And there were the sounds of the swamp, a chorus of creatures, the cry of the birds. I think we loved it. It made the rosewood furniture all the more precious, the music more delicate and desirable. Even when the wisteria tore the shutters off the attic windows and worked its tendrils right into the whitewashed brick in less than a year. . . . Yes, we loved it. All except my brother. I don't think I ever heard him complain of anything, but I knew how he felt. My father was dead then, and I was head of the family and I had to defend him constantly from my mother and sister. They wanted to take him visiting, and to New Orleans for parties, but he hated these things. I think he stopped going altogether before he was twelve. Prayer was what mattered to him, prayer and his leather-bound lives of the saints.

'Finally I built him an oratory removed from the house, and he began to spend most of every day there and often the early evening. It was ironic, really. He was so different from us, so different from everyone, and I was so regular! There was nothing extraordinary about me whatsoever.' The vampire smiled.

'Sometimes in the evening I would go out to him and find him in the garden near the oratory, sitting absolutely composed on a stone bench there, and I'd tell him my troubles, the difficulties I had with the slaves, how I distrusted the overseer or the weather or my brokers . . . all the problems that made up the length and breadth of my existence. And he would listen, making only a few comments, always sympathetic, so that when I left him I had the distinct impression he had solved everything for me. I didn't think I could deny him anything, and I vowed that no matter how it would break my heart to lose him, he could enter the priesthood when the time came. Of course, I was wrong.' The vampire stopped.

For a moment the boy only gazed at him and then he started as if awakened from deep thought, and he floundered, as if he could not find the right words. 'Ah . . . he didn't want to be a priest?' the boy asked. The vampire studied him as if trying to discern the meaning of his expression. Then he said:

'I meant that I was wrong about myself, about my not denying him anything.' His eyes moved over the far wall and fixed on the panes of the window. 'He began to see visions.'

'Real visions?' the boy asked, but again there was hesitation, as if he were thinking of something else.

'I didn't think so,' the vampire answered. 'It happened when he was fifteen. He was very handsome then. He had the smoothest skin and the largest blue eyes. He was robust, not thin as I am now and was then . . . but his eyes . . . it was as if when I looked into his eyes I was standing alone on the edge of the world . . . on a windswept ocean beach. There was nothing but the soft roar of the waves. Well,' he said, his eyes still fixed on the window panes, 'he began to see visions. He only hinted at this at first, and he stopped taking his meals altogether. He lived in the oratory. At any hour of day or night, I could find him on the bare flagstones kneeling before the altar. And the oratory itself was neglected. He stopped tending the candles or changing the altar cloths or even sweeping out the leaves. One night I became really alarmed when I stood in the rose arbor watching him for one solid hour, during which he never moved from his knees and never once lowered his arms, which he held outstretched in the form of a cross. The slaves all thought he was mad.' The vampire raised his eyebrows in wonder. 'I was convinced that he was only . . . overzealous. That in his love for God, he had perhaps gone too far. Then he told me about the visions. Both St. Dominic and the Blessed Virgin Mary had come to him in the oratory. They had told him he was to sell all our property in Louisiana, everything we owned, and use the money to do God's work in France. My brother was to be a great religious leader, to return the country to its former fervor, to turn the tide against atheism and the Revolution. Of course, he had no money of his own. I was to sell the plantations and our town houses in New Orleans and give the money to him.'

Again the vampire stopped. And the boy sat motionless regarding him, astonished. 'Ah . . . excuse me,' he whispered. 'What did you say? Did you sell the plantations?'

'No,' said the vampire, his face calm as it had been from the start. 'I laughed at him. And he . . . he became incensed. He insisted his command came from the Virgin herself. Who was I to disregard it? Who indeed?' he asked softly, as if he were thinking of this again. 'Who indeed? And the more he tried to convince me, the more I laughed. It was nonsense, I told him, the product of an immature and even morbid mind. The oratory was a mistake, I said to him; I would have it torn

down at once. He would go to school in New Orleans and get such insane notions out of his head. I don't remember all that I said. But I remember the feeling. Behind all this contemptuous dismissal on my part was a smoldering anger and a disappointment. I was bitterly disappointed. I didn't believe him at all.'

'But that's understandable,' said the boy quickly when the vampire paused, his expression of astonishment softening. 'I mean, would anyone have believed him?'

'Is it so understandable?' The vampire looked at the boy. 'I think perhaps it was vicious egotism. Let me explain. I loved my brother, as I told you, and at times I believed him to be a living saint. I encouraged him in his prayer and meditations, as I said, and I was willing to give him up to the priesthood. And if someone had told me of a saint in Arles or Lourdes who saw visions, I would have believed it. I was a Catholic; I believed in saints. I lit tapers before their marble statues in churches; I knew their pictures, their symbols, their names. But I didn't, couldn't believe my brother. Not only did I not believe he saw visions, I couldn't entertain the notion for a moment. Now, why? Because he was my brother. Holy he might be, peculiar most definitely; but Francis of Assisi, no. Not *my* brother. No brother of mine could be such. That is egotism. Do you see?'

The boy thought about it before he answered and then he nodded and said that yes, he thought that he did.

'Perhaps he saw the visions,' said the vampire.

'Then you . . . you don't claim to know . . . now . . . whether he did or not?'

'No, but I do know that he never wavered in his conviction for a second. That I know now and knew then the night he left my room crazed and grieved. He never wavered for an instant. And within minutes, he was dead.'

'How?' the boy asked.

'He simply walked out of the French doors onto the gallery and stood for a moment at the head of the brick stairs. And then he fell. He was dead when I reached the bottom, his neck broken.' The vampire shook his head in consternation, but his face was still serene.

'Did you see him fall?' asked the boy. 'Did he lose his footing?'

'No, but two of the servants saw it happen. They said that he had looked up as if he had just seen something in the air. Then his entire

body moved forward as if being swept by a wind. One of them said he was about to say something when he fell. I thought that he was about to say something too, but it was at that moment I turned away from the window. My back was turned when I heard the noise.' He glanced at the tape recorder. 'I could not forgive myself. I felt responsible for his death,' he said. 'And everyone else seemed to think I was responsible also.'

'But how could they? You said they saw him fall.'

'It wasn't a direct accusation. They simply knew that something had passed between us that was unpleasant. That we had argued minutes before the fall. The servants had heard us, my mother had heard us. My mother would not stop asking me what had happened and why my brother, who was so quiet, had been shouting. Then my sister joined in, and of course I refused to say. I was so bitterly shocked and miserable that I had no patience with anyone, only the vague determination they would not know about his "visions." They would not know that he had become, finally, not a saint, but only a . . . fanatic. My sister went to bed rather than face the funeral, and my mother told everyone in the parish that something horrible had happened in my room which I would not reveal; and even the police questioned me, on the word of my own mother. Finally the priest came to see me and demanded to know what had gone on. I told no one. It was only a discussion, I said. I was not on the gallery when he fell, I protested, and they all stared at me as if I'd killed him. And I felt that I'd killed him. I sat in the parlor beside his coffin for two days thinking, I have killed him. I stared at his face until spots appeared before my eyes and I nearly fainted. The back of his skull had been shattered on the pavement, and his head had the wrong shape on the pillow. I forced myself to stare at it, to study it simply because I could hardly endure the pain and the smell of decay, and I was tempted over and over to try to open his eyes. All these were mad thoughts, mad impulses. The main thought was this: I had laughed at him; I had not believed him; I had not been kind to him. He had fallen because of me.'

'This really happened, didn't it?' the boy whispered. 'You're telling me something . . . that's true.'

'Yes,' said the vampire, looking at him without surprise. 'I want to go on telling you.' But as his eyes passed over the boy and returned

to the window, he showed only faint interest in the boy, who seemed engaged in some silent inner struggle.

'But you said you didn't know about the visions, that you, a vampire . . . didn't know for certain whether . . .'

'I want to take things in order,' said the vampire, 'I want to go on telling you things as they happened. No, I don't know about the visions. To this day.' And again he waited until the boy said:

'Yes, please, please go on.'

'Well, I wanted to sell the plantations. I never wanted to see the house or the oratory again. I leased them finally to an agency which would work them for me and manage things so I need never go there, and I moved my mother and sister to one of the town houses in New Orleans. Of course, I did not escape my brother for a moment. I could think of nothing but his body rotting in the ground. He was buried in the St. Louis cemetery in New Orleans, and I did everything to avoid passing those gates; but still I thought of him constantly. Drunk or sober, I saw his body rotting in the coffin, and I couldn't bear it. Over and over I dreamed that he was at the head of the steps and I was holding his arm, talking kindly to him, urging him back into the bedroom, telling him gently that I did believe him, that he must pray for me to have faith. Meantime, the slaves on Pointe du Lac (that was my plantation) had begun to talk of seeing his ghost on the gallery, and the overseer couldn't keep order. People in society asked my sister offensive questions about the whole incident, and she became an hysteric. She wasn't really an hysteric. She simply thought she ought to react that way, so she did. I drank all the time and was at home as little as possible. I lived like a man who wanted to die but who had no courage to do it himself. I walked black streets and alleys alone; I passed out in cabarets. I backed out of two duels more from apathy than cowardice and truly wished to be murdered. And then I was attacked. It might have been anyone – and my invitation was open to sailors, thieves, maniacs, anyone. But it was a vampire. He caught me just a few steps from my door one night and left me for dead, or so I thought.'

'You mean . . . he sucked your blood?' the boy asked.

'Yes,' the vampire laughed. 'He sucked my blood. That is the way it's done.'

'But you lived,' said the young man. 'You said he left you for dead.'

'Well, he drained me almost to the point of death, which was for him sufficient. I was put to bed as soon as I was found, confused and really unaware of what had happened to me. I suppose I thought that drink had finally caused a stroke. I expected to die now and had no interest in eating or drinking or talking to the doctor. My mother sent for the priest. I was feverish by then and I told the priest everything, all about my brother's visions and what I had done. I remember I clung to his arm, making him swear over and over he would tell no one. "I know I didn't kill him," I said to the priest finally. "It's that I cannot live now that he's dead. Not after the way I treated him."

'That's ridiculous,' he answered me. "Of course you can live. There's nothing wrong with you but self-indulgence. Your mother needs you, not to mention your sister. And as for this brother of yours, he was possessed of the devil." I was so stunned when he said this I couldn't protest. The devil made the visions, he went on to explain. The devil was rampant. The entire country of France was under the influence of the devil, and the Revolution had been his greatest triumph. Nothing would have saved my brother but exorcism, prayer, and fasting, men to hold him down while the devil raged in his body and tried to throw him about. "The devil threw him down the steps; it's perfectly obvious," he declared. "You weren't talking to your brother in that room, you were talking to the devil." Well, this enraged me. I believed before that I had been pushed to my limits, but I had not. He went on talking about the devil, about voodoo amongst the slaves and cases of possession in other parts of the world. And I went wild. I wrecked the room in the process of nearly killing him.'

'But your strength . . . the vampire . . .?' asked the boy.

'I was out of my mind,' the vampire explained. 'I did things I could not have done in perfect health. The scene is confused, pale, fantastical now. But I do remember that I drove him out of the back doors of the house, across the courtyard, and against the brick wall of the kitchen, where I pounded his head until I nearly killed him. When I was subdued finally, and exhausted then almost to the point of death, they bled me. The fools. But I was going to say something else. It was then that I conceived of my own egotism. Perhaps I'd seen it reflected in the priest. His contemptuous attitude towards my

brother reflected my own; his immediate and shallow carping about the devil; his refusal to even entertain the idea that sanctity had passed so close.'

'But he did believe in possession by the devil.'

'That is a much more mundane idea,' said the vampire immediately. 'People who cease to believe in God or goodness altogether still believe in the devil. I don't know why. No, I do indeed know why. Evil is always possible. And goodness is eternally difficult. But you must understand, possession is really another way of saying someone is mad. I felt it was, for the priest. I'm sure he'd seen madness. Perhaps he had stood right over raving madness and pronounced it possession. You don't have to see Satan when he is exorcised. But to stand in the presence of a saint . . . To believe that the saint has seen a vision. No, it's egotism, our refusal to believe it could occur in our midst.'

'I never thought of it in that way,' said the boy. 'But what happened to you? You said they bled you to cure you, and that must have nearly killed you.'

The vampire laughed. 'Yes. It certainly did. But the vampire came back that night. You see, he wanted Pointe du Lac, my plantation.'

'It was very late, after my sister had fallen asleep. I can remember it as if it were yesterday. He came in from the courtyard, opening the French doors without a sound, a tall fair-skinned man with a mass of blond hair and a graceful, almost feline quality to his movements. And gently, he draped a shawl over my sister's eyes and lowered the wick of the lamp. She dozed there beside the basin and the cloth with which she'd bathed my forehead, and she never once stirred under that shawl until morning. But by that time I was greatly changed.'

'What *was* this change?' asked the boy.

The vampire sighed. He leaned back against the chair and looked at the walls. 'At first I thought he was another doctor, or someone summoned by the family to try to reason with me. But this suspicion was removed at once. He stepped close to my bed and leaned down so that his face was in the lamplight, and I saw that he was no ordinary man at all. His gray eyes burned with an incandescence, and the long white hands which hung by his sides were not those of a human being. I think I knew everything in that instant, and all

that he told me was only aftermath. What I mean is, the moment I saw him, saw his extraordinary aura and knew him to be no creature I'd ever known, I was reduced to nothing. That ego which could not accept the presence of an extraordinary human being in its midst was crushed. All my conceptions, even my guilt and wish to die, seemed utterly unimportant. I completely forgot *myself!*' he said, now silently touching his breast with his fist. 'I forgot myself totally. And in the same instant knew totally the meaning of possibility. From then on I experienced only increasing wonder. As he talked to me and told me of what I might become, of what his life had been and stood to be, my past shrank to embers. I saw my life as if I stood apart from it, the vanity, the self-serving, the constant fleeing from one petty annoyance after another, the lip service to God and the Virgin and a host of saints whose names filled my prayer books, none of whom made the slightest difference in a narrow, materialistic, and selfish existence. I saw my real gods . . . the gods of most men. Food, drink, and security in conformity. Cinders.'

The boy's face was tense with a mixture of confusion and amazement. 'And so you decided to become a vampire?' he asked. The vampire was silent for a moment.

'Decided. It doesn't seem the right word. Yet I cannot say it was inevitable from the moment that he stepped into that room. No, indeed, it was not inevitable. Yet I can't say I decided. Let me say that when he'd finished speaking, no other decision was possible for me, and I pursued my course without a backward glance. Except for one.'

'Except for one? What?'

'My last sunrise,' said the vampire. 'That morning, I was not yet a vampire. And I saw my last sunrise.'

'I remember it completely; yet I do not think I remember any other sunrise before it. I remember the light came first to the tops of the French windows, a paling behind the lace curtains, and then a gleam growing brighter and brighter in patches among the leaves of the trees. Finally the sun came through the windows themselves and the lace lay in shadows on the stone floor, and all over the form of my sister, who was still sleeping, shadows of lace on the shawl over her shoulders and head. As soon as she was warm, she pushed the shawl away without awakening, and then the sun shone full on