COLONEL SODOM GOES TO GOMORRAH

Jonathan Bowden

TSTC
Albert Louden (1942-)

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Obese women  
Matriarchs most rare  
Across the mantle  
Of an orange sky  
Float between Leyton’s Sky-scrapers  
Wearing green aprons.
Dedicated to Dorothy Bowden (1931-1978)
Jonathan Bowden
Photo by Daniel Smalley

Studio
Sade, or Colonel Sodom Goes To Gomorrah
SADE, or COLONEL SODOM GOES TO GOMORRAH

A non-fiction novel

ONE

A face haunts modern psychiatry or sexology, *per se*, and it places an ebon hand upon a mustard screen. Could it be a photogravure’s negative or a mezzotint (?)… the hint of which gives itself up to rare oils. These examine themselves in the light of Charenton’s *Oeuvre*; where a ‘progressive’ asylum allows the inmates to enact their own plays. Immediately our shadow or silhouette becomes clearer, and Man Ray’s dissimulation waxes large. Do you remember his painting or sketch? It’s not a photograph (exactly) rather a memorial to the Marquis de Sade, the Charenton asylum’s most notorious inmate. The ‘divine’ Marquis appears bloated, heavy, morbidly obese, dense, and also scorbutic – the effect of an absent sun in Vincennes’ cells. His mother-in-law was disappointed in him, (you see). Nonetheless, Donatien Alphonse Francois gave off the whiff of a pantomime dame… albeit in a sinister mien. For the density, glabrous sincerity, ponderousness, and minor effeminacy were let loose upon a clown’s visage. Can he best be summed up as a polymorphous Glock? In any event, the French *literati* known as Leonard de Saint-Yves once declared that Sade wrote the science fiction, *l’anticipation*, of anthropology. Is this true? Certainly, an explicator called Maurice Heine was on firmer ground in declaring him to be one of the least read but most discussed authors. Perhaps our last affidavit should be left to Samuel Beckett, the Noble laureate. He made some moves – ultimately unrealised – to provide the literary pornographer, Girodias, with a translation of *The One-Hundred-and-Twenty Days of Sodom*. In memoriam, Beckett opined that much of de Sade’s output proved to be mindless obscenity, but that some of his descriptions of love and ecstasy were as extraordinary as Dante. Shall we examine this assertion?
Deep within a citadel of pain the shadows mount, and each glyph announces its punishment over these wraiths. A cast of thousands can take part, as in *Justine*, but the colours which congregate in our circus were red and black. Some kind of large-scale massacre was taking place, and priapic nudes, Boschian breast-plates, zebras, walking foot-things (as well as an entire Mediaeval Bestiary) flits afore us. They dish out a plague of ‘injustice’ in vaults or rooms, as cylindrical tendrils which were made from flesh teeter upwards. This mural – by itself – comes to embody Wyndham Lewis’ *Inferno*; whereby a cascade of human brillos boil prior to a red eruption, a tower of flame. It had to make itself out to be Dante’s *Inferno* come round again; or alternatively, it’s one cyclotron or pin-ball machine on a cosmic scale. In this Globe’s reaches a taxonomy vents its chill, and it displays the chapter headings of Krafft-Ebing’s *Psychopathia Sexualis*. It does so with a faded glamour… whereby a cacophony of screams raise themselves up against pinkish chalk. (Note: won’t such a scenario muster Cain or beat the Devil? In any event, a mind casts its neurons back to Bosch’s *Garden of Earthly Delights*. Yet this time there is a fateful twist, in that the Four Horsemen have invaded a prelapsarian host. They bring violent mayhem, destruction or brigandage – albeit staged via a graphic novel called *War is Hell*). Most assertively, manikins are held up, twisted, skewered or deboned… and these puppets adopt nakedness, less out of *Eros*, than to swim against a tide of personality. De-personalisation is the watchword here; and it catches the lisp of the Capek brothers, twin playwrights, who spawned robotic lore. Yet Isaac Asimov’s ‘Three Laws of these cybermen’ falls sheer or still, and such molluscs grapple insanely in a pit. You see, razor-heads, half-opened corsés (themselves split like fish), globular intrigues *avec* dildos, Mummers’ Bessys in those English plays, Siamese twins collected by von Stroheim and mountebanks, in eighteenth century wigs, all strut their stuff. Even though they are suddenly killed or put to death by swinging
blades, axes, prongs or Head-things. These prove to be Big Heads, in British folk drama, and they wear conical hats or triangular gear like a Padworth hobby-horse. A west country ritual (this) which celebrates the battle of Cressey yet ultimately originates, via trick-or-treating, in the Ku Klux Klan. At their head rides the Marquis de Sade. He possesses an enormous base about which to dance, and a rocket’s tube leaves off leewards. How to describe its evil best amid the screams?

THREE

Now then, Donatien Alphonse Francois de Sade’s rig surpasses aught else, and it surrenders to a joke or Horror mask. It betrays about it the lintel of Jules Michelet’s Satanism and Witchcraft in the Middle-Ages. Wherein – by way of a book’s poster – a naked starlet lies on a white coverlet, and this altar’s festooned with black wax-candles. A votary in a darkened hood or coif mumbles via a corner, and may this be de Sade himself? Or, quite possibly, the author of A Dialogue between a Priest and a Dying Man has found alternatives; within which Dominican traces figure. Touché, any limitations on breeding wax entropic in eighteenth century France. Nonetheless, our Marquis besports a lintel-cum-rosebud, even a mask which draws on spare tonsils. It can never be destroyed owing to a pyramidal lurch, and it moves or splays towards the ceiling by way of a floor. Moreover, the Marquis’ eyes were sullen, blood-shot, vaguely exhausted, limpid or perennially sad. The lower grill on this trapeze, or Masque of Comus, shows a row of teeth that are serrated in their glee. Yet this cover-all predates his commission in the Royal cavalry in 1754, and, if we’re honest, it delineates a werewolf’s absence… even a side-show Barker’s cry. Similarly, in terms of Professor Gunter von Hagens’ corpse art, our aristocrat finds himself kitted out in silk pyjamas. He also wears a bright red cravat under his throat. “Kill them all!” he gestures to his minions, “for the link between eroticism and violence derives from reptilianism. It accords a saurian stem behind various three-brain theories –
whether or not Koestler’s *mid-wife toad* gestures wisely.” (Note: when severed at the knee, though, frogs taste just like chicken in a Gallic delicacy… and such a breeding-ground croaks its last). Further, the French word for toad is *crapaud* – and that’s something else to consider!

FOUR

By the by, a new figurine is introduced into the drama, and this happens to be a Mantegna manikin. It proves to be perfect in its Grecian simulation, at least in terms of statuary, and He stands there with his arms folded. A cast-off helmet – to be sure – seems to be grasped within his palms, and its formula adopts a conical basis. Does it remind us, *en passant*, of that cruel story by H.G. Wells known as *The Cone*? Forthwith, de Sade’s fingers rub together like rival twigs or briars, and they salivate after the form of rich robes… these adopt the mannerisms of severed limbs. Yet not really, since the prosthetic armatures that Brian Aldiss spoke of, in *Doctor Moreau’s Other Island*, are upon us. Such poles speak to us of a Scarecrow’s image, even though any element of farce has long been removed. In the foreground, a male torso rests on bloodied ground; and over it looms a cowled or robed votary. This judgement – as always in de Sade’s work – lends a transgressive or irreligious filter to the piece. (What with the orange slit-eyes sweltering amid some haze… despite those Roman Catholic touches that are obvious. It responds, in contravention, to Montague Summers’ image of Romanism; at once baroque, tremulous, scented, hieratic, Latinate, bleating and Pink Triangle tinged). De Sade continues to speak in a disembodied voice. It grates in a mildly bisexual way, albeit filtered through a metallic device… rather like a Dalek’s unction. Such vocal cords were taut with a suppressed excitement – even an erotic glottalstop. May de Sade’s newest text, *Colonel Sodom Goes to Gomorrah*, begin here? It has to be an exercise in the most spicy *Grand Guignol*. 
The *divine* Marquis: “I summoned you, the most powerful of my orgy mongers, *quod* extreme sex knows no limit outside a pericarp. It transgresses or proceeds against the skin, in terms of a disabused envelope. Cast it aside, why don’t you? For – like in a mathematical equation – the real point is to ascertain Faculty X by balancing both sides of such a formula. Likewise, if we were to transform an equation into a diagram then X lies at the farthest point of a line when it transgresses a circle. The truth is extreme, in other words.”

First Hierophant or Slave-Master: “But what do you require of my matter in such an Anti-life equation?”

Donatien Alphonse: “It strikes our anvil with the freezing uncertainty of lightning. *You must die*…”

FIVE

Thus, the divine Marquis looks across at a new victim – at least within the register of Outsider art. For, in such a conspectus, de Sade’s image transposes upon the saurian; and it definitely rides the tiger *a la* Evola or one other lively resource. Who knows? Above our aristocrat’s head a sovran grill can be seen; it dis-establishes those barriers in the Bastille which imprisoned both him and Mirabeau. (Note: the latter was one of the early or liberal Revolutionary leaders – i.e., at the time of the ‘Tennis Court Oath’, the Legislative Assembly, et cetera. He proved too soft or tentative, however, and was replaced by the war faction known as the *Gironde*). Eventually though, one dwells on Donatien’s head and it consists of an amphibian’s clutches; at once toothsome, imprecise, raptor-like, elongated, longitudinal or liable to a deep-freeze. You see, his two sets of jaws – whether above or below – were out of kilter with each other. And one filter or wrack seems small, tiny, precise and Joker-like (in accord with a pack of Waddington’s playing cards). While a discontinuous range of molars touch the sky; in that they’re
sabre-rapt, carnivorous, chainsaw ready or redolent of David Carradine in *Alien X*. Similarly, his Dominican’s head-gear waxes triangular or dorsal; and it signifies a piece of fried skate… at least dimensionally. Again, any pyramid or cynosure goes ahead; it is a sting-ray that platforms its desire to burst above the waves. Aren’t these watery rather than amniotic, perchance? Furthermore, each eye slopes out of position o’er these gnashers; and the left dot veers to the shuttered or half-closed. Haven’t the steel-shutters on an estate’s shop closed upon it? Whereupon the rightist orb (through which one confronting the world) gazes in a beady manner that seizes upon Augustus John’s portrait of George Bernard Shaw. Such an Odin’s eye needs no patch… and it's a pale azure or translucent sky colour. What of the Marquis’ mittens, though? Why, these wax lyrical in terms of claws or sabres that are steely – even when they drip with green ichor.

“You must die!” reconfirms the author of *Philosophy in the Bedroom*. Surely he has to be the precursor – by reverse sainthood – of those flagellation bars chronicled by Wyndham Lewis in *Hitler* (1931).

SIX

Most sincerely, now that the Marquis’ disembodied spectre floats above his prey. Again, it limns an inconstant passivity… primarily so as to wriggle like a tapeworm in a mild solution. Doesn’t this involve a xylophanous nit (?); the latter an insect or termite which feeds upon wood. In any event, the lower extremities of de Sade seem to writhe or be covered over by tarpaulin. Might they encode a Circus’ wrap or sacking (?), at least by way of an out-of-the-body experience. Similarly, Donatien Alphonse’s rib-cage shows through its film or chest, and this skeleton embraces one of von Hagens’ *Plastinates*. By the way, his bony arms rear up cadaverously on either side of a torso, and they trail like severed stumps which have been
reconnected. Still, and above this drama, the visor of a grand inquisitor lingers on so as to complete a Vivienne Westwood rig. Now and then, we notice that a triangular hood looks out with white slits as eyes, and these appear to be cut out. “Excellent, a thousand times so…”, murmurs the Marquis de Sade. For, in this grounding or imagination of our libertine’s life, he adopts a bat’s form (so to say) since a previous atomisation. At one level the divine Marquis is dead [sic] and he can only live or become real once more if a host body’s provided. (Note: all of this proves apparent in our repagination of The Misfortunes of Virtue… in that the way into de Sade’s Oeuvre is to imagine it again). To one side of this ‘action’ stands one of the Marquis’ assistants, a member of the Friends of Crime or a roué who sits around in order to recite a Decameron, erotically, after 120 days. He adopts a pose of veneration and both of his hands are clasped together under a Dominican’s hood. “Everything proceeds avec a clockwork orange, your Excellency, and our machine stands ready. Like the film Matrix, this exo-skeleton will bring about a regeneration… even a reincarnation. It adopts the formula of an autogyro without wings.” “Proceed—” , hisses de Sade’s reptilianism.

SEVEN

To be sure, a panjandrum or an example of a Strange Tale trundles on… and it takes a sinister fair-ground’s form a la Burroughs. First of all, an iron maiden treats a Greek statue to destruction, one life is sacrificed, and the divine Marquis reconstitutes (thereby). What does this device remind one of? Well, to be precise, this sarcophagus bears a skull which gibbers or leers… and it represents a howling monkey (otherwise seen via electronic sticks). Likewise, one finds a silk lining – of the deepest red – inside this coffer every time, as well as tubes or pipes that hint at galvanism. These betoken an early twentieth century mechanism – does it indicate John Adams’ Brief Ride in a Fast Machine? Again, a background tracery or hurdy-gurdy
sweeps upwards – almost to the ceiling. And it represents, *en passant*, the world of mirrors, prisms, rays or beams of light, (plus high optics) in Robert E. Howard’s *Rogues in the House*. This delves into the inner world of a master magician… while here, we encounter a substitution or after-glow. It has little relation to H.T. Flint’s manual, *Physical Optics*. But nonetheless, the saurian carapace of de Sade enters into his willing victim via an iron maiden, and it looks like an elongated skeleton. This merest *Popple*, a lost Joe Harkin novel, suggests the dilated skull in Holbein’s *The Ambassadors*… by way of a calling-card. Nor can we deny its salience or gleam; as de Sade, kitted out in conical head-gear, merges into this mute sacrifice. As he does so his exo-skeleton (once internalised) recomposes itself as an *Icaryonycteris* – that is to say, a flying lizard or bat held in stone. Could it be the cheap concrete of a malting yellow? Needless to say, the *divine* Marquis flails around now… and his torpedo percussion, flashing molars, bone lore, gestural habit or ossuary come together. It all takes place in one bite which has nothing to do with Swedenborg’s *Earths in the Universe*. No sir, since in the background a votary, crowned by a hood, cranks on a ladle to start the rite. Whereas other members of the Marquis’ circle, the Friends of Crime, look on askance – many of them shield their eyes or wear cranial masks. “You do me a great service in allowing my penitence… even sacrifice”, states his offerant. The Marquis de Sade does not respond verbally in this instance… surely he must be awaiting its outcome?

**EIGHT**

Furthermore, and once this rite is completed, the Marquis examines his perfect torso in the light of a swinging lamp. It happens to be a tapered metal shoe (made from silver) and with a willowing wick at one end. Moreover, it casts down an orange luminance that delineates his limbs or thews, and these wax neo-classical in their deportment *a la* Flaxman or Thorak. (Note: in the wake of the Turkish revolution, a national or secular event,
Thorak helped develop their sculpture. This had been non-Mohammedan and without existence before 1923. He helped to provide the Republic with a sculptural language – in three-dimensions – and obtained political asylum there after the Axis’ defeat in ’45). Nonetheless, Donatien Alphonse Francois stares into an imaginary mirror – if only to worship a Titan’s body, at once unconstrained by small-talk. Two elderly and rather bowed votaries stand on either side of him – one adopts a transverse pole and the other its reverse. A mirror which consists of magnetic green is folded under his arm; whereas one’s fellow acolyte holds out a cloak and hood for the Master.

Again, Gilbert Lely’s early biography of the Marquis de Sade comes to mind… and it consisted of a cover in some sort of hieratic emerald. Nor did this deny an ecological matrix; since de Sade rears up with a towering wig, aristocratic scorn, a monocle or a Queen of Hearts’ maleness. Given this: his aristocratic robes billow about his lower extremities, such as hands and feet, and they embroider vulvic O’s or statements of vice. These belabour the theories of Wilhelm Reich concerning a unit of Eros, the orgone, and are best seen in a nymph. She lies bound or turning over at his feet, coloured blue, and was more reminiscent of Mike Ploog than Arthur Rackham. In conclusion, the countryside roundabout was vaguely reminiscent of a dream… in that it obeyed Japanese art’s warp. Certainly, it seems etheric, thrown together, overly fond of Rothko or Steve Ditko’s Doctor Strange, and insubstantial. It doesn’t pretend over Nature’s transposition or alignment, in other words.

“I must away so as to consult a new ‘Eroticon’ or Yellow Book”, mused the Marquis de Sade. “It will serve as a belated birthday present for the Marquise”. 
Adrift of this, Donatien Alphonse Francois de Sade strides towards a library or Scriptorium, and a mauve cloak flows behind-hand. What now? Well, some granite or basalt steps lead up to the Master’s boot... and his cloak casts a penumbra on alabaster ladders which were veined with Ribena. De Sade himself wears some pyramidal head-gear, sports one of Donatello’s torsos, and exhibits a broadsword in a sabretache. (Note: it proves to be highly ornamental with a skull made from jade at one end). Again, all around our sexual Count there rises wall after wall of books – much of which recalls the old British library reading room. Tome succeeds forgotten volume (you see); and many of them involve the marbling in Smith’s Dictionary of Mythology. The latter deals with the ancient world... but casement after casement in this Aedificium looks to Sexology. Might not its inter-textuality, per se, involve manuscripts talking to each other... as in Umberto Eco’s The Name of the Rose? Nonetheless, these exhibits from Gutenberg’s galaxy may be foxed, but they certainly out-wit or ‘fox’ a semiotician. In substance, they’re case-bound, leather retained, advocate scant trophies, come clasped, apprised of end-papers, carry illustrations or use tinted borders. Whilst within their gold-blocked spines one sees the full remit of Krafft-Ebing’s Psychopathia Sexualis... in that they chronicle, like a reverse Encyclopaedia, every perversity. Indeed, some of them are science-fictional (virtually so). To be frank, a wizened old man – by way of a votary – kneels in the entrance to a block of bookshelves. Momentarily, the divine Marquis forborne from having him skinned alive, and decided to listen. He announced: “My Master, the Bestiary or Bestiality index you ordered is ready. Radclyffe Hall couldn’t have imagined it better!”
Now then, we proceed to a bay where the divine Marquis stands inside the Scriptorium. He is accompanied by several guards from the Friends of Crime; and these Myrmidons look on with a grim fixity. Yessss… since this scene was superintended by an old man, a veritable Tiresius in his own wasteland, and he holds court over a cob-web. Roundabout, and in every permitted space, books were piled to the ceiling. Each of these volumes dealt (without exception) with erotomania or sexology… after the pattern of Krafft-Ebing. Like his extended tome, but unlike Macaulay’s *Lays of Ancient Rome*, many of them were in Latin. They accompanied the inner gymnastics of a carnival or its Ferris wheel (*a la* Bret Easton Ellis’ *Imperial Bed-rooms*). Needless to say: this denoted an Edwardian playlet where manikins balance on top of each other, somewhat precariously, and in their best bib & tucker. Similarly, the authors concerned are a medley of various names: Krafft-Ebing (the founder of Sexology), together with Stekel, Havelock Ellis, Maslow, Ollendorff, Rechy, Kinsey and Dr. Stephen Green. Against it all, and even within the corners of this set, a budding scribe worked away at a manuscript which was a tad Mediaeval… maybe in its illumination. An ornate pen that is manufactured from a heron’s wing scrapes over the parchment *avec* black ink – no matter how calligraphically. While the individual concerned seems to be calcified, mildly mummified, stretched taut, ribbed or otherwise coffered. The Marquis de Sade’s guide opens out his hand and speaks thus: “You see before us one of your oldest scribes, Monsieur Roulhac de Maupas. He was in another existence the last director of the Charenton asylum prior to your death on December the 2nd, 1814. But – here and now – he has been driven half out of his wits by taxonomy, pertaining to Pasolini’s *Salo*. It deliberated upon Julius Evola’s *The Metaphysics of Sex* without the up-lift… if you pardon the phrase. Listen in, Excellency---.”
Monsieur Roulhac de Maupas (scribe): “Licentiousness, inept filth, coprophilia, a Comus Rout without music by Henry Lawes, and much else besides… this is what I devise. I am trapped into a lozenge of Unbeing – or find myself otherwise fixed like a Man-thing amid vegetoid slime. Can I be nought other than an egestion in Life’s crock? Oh my yes, mumble – stumble – inarticulate yawn – belch or wheeze, et cetera…”

ELEVEN

To deliver it properly, the divine Marquis delves into the volume in question. It happens to be a large Quarto Ms. of double the normal size; (even when compared to a glossy art-book like those sold in Zwemmers). And – if we rest secure – then de Sade holds it spine uppermost or indent, so as to examine its contents. Whilst the tome’s outer pelt or binding is made from human skin, and a padlock exists on the front cover as a security device. Moreover – when looked at closely – this pericarp undulates under the impress of a good read, even if spirals, folds, tattoos or severed eyes let rip. They fail to suit this Adult or X-rated version of Anne of the Green Gables! But what is Donatien Alphonse de Sade doing in his malevolence? Why, he is absorbed by this bestiary and its cataloguing of every perversion – whether Onanism, coprophagy, fetishism, transvestism, transexuality, enoism, inversion, paederasty, gerontophilia, et al… “Whatever the ghastliness of an object one seizes the excellence of a prize… Yes indeed, one no longer requires the Beat hotel in ‘fifties Paris to hint at Narcissism or decay, since it flourishes around one. As Maurice Blanchot once quoted me: ‘a man of extravagant tastes is a sick individual’. But nonetheless, the torment of forms – all of whom writhe in dark-red light – enlivens one’s days or nights, and yet even this Turkish delight cannot stave off apathy. In Jorge Luis Borges’ terms, the imponderable nature of Lovecraft’s prose is its bardic quality for the blind.”
Then and there, he turns his attention to Monsieur Roulhac de Maupas. Surely his guide in this dark labyrinth (a library devoted to perversions) was right? His name was Abbe Jacques-Francois Amblet and he proved to be the absent tutor whom de Sade esteemed in *Aline et Valcour*. The old scribe had outlived his usefulness or writ, and he seemed senile, coiled, bereft, cast adrift & witless. Donatien Alphonse raised his gauntlet (just so) and a blood-axe, swung by one of his *apaches*, cloved the dullard’s skull in. His scalp became matted *avec* gore and the eyes popped out like billiard balls (right on cue). “Excellent!” murmured the *divine* Marquis without undue passion. A few papers which the dotard had been working on scattered in the air, and they illustrated Gray’s *Anatomy* crossed with a jet-engine. Couldn’t each one be a tracing or drawing from *Vision On*, albeit superimposed on a von Hagens’ Plastinate? (Note: the latter were examples of Corpse Art – that is, artistic sculptures made from cadavers). Just so!

**TWELVE**

Further, the Marquis de Sade thinks of travelling home for the night with his prize. He does so by making use of a gondola or a gun-ship, and this device is a combination of a dirigible & a destroyer. Let it remain dormant: since the craft concerned was sleek and *Sting-ray* like; nor can its curves be discounted in such tunnels. Other vehicles gave it a wide berth as it charges past them – all to no avail, *quod* its silver edges are razor-sharp. Similarly, this charger veers through these passageways (or labyrinths) after a pneumatic tube in an early City design. Don’t you remember Lewis Mumford’s shadings or Frank Bellamy’s plans in *2001*? Anyway, its nozzle or nose-cone proved vaguely shark-like; and its blunderbuss took after a diamond-drill. Or, quite possibly, it looks reminiscent of a boring machine in a mine… especially one that has Shostokovich’s *Tenth Symphony* in the background. At the vertices of his ship, however, de Sade has positioned various scouts, gun-towers, redoubts and
machine-gun nests. Don’t these contribute to a feeling of power or menace (?) on this world known as Desadia. (Note: in our affidavit, in relation to Hans Prinzhorn’s *The Art of the Insane*, we have imagined a cosmos. For, in Jean Baudrillard’s postmodern *America*, he refers to the continent as a dream… whereas we have re-imagined Donatien Alphonse via a lucid nightmare. In such a war-like ardour, however, we eschew the analyses of Jean Paulhan, Pierre Klossowski, Maurice Blanchot, Simone de Beauvoir, Andrea Dworkin, Angela Carter, Georges Bataille, etc… in order to look inside. After all, we know that Art achieves itself by trumping philistinism’s Ace – even by eating it alive. Didn’t Machiavelli hint (in the *Discourses*) that revenge is a dish best eaten cold? But really, what matters to us was turning dark erotic phantasm, *a la* Bosch, into even more of a Dream).

THIRTEEN

To whit: our attention is seized by one of de Sade’s eyes or orbs, and it glints on maniacally. Moreover, it exists within a nosecone’s sound – no matter how abstracted. By any like or ken, a leather prosthesis or skin surrounds the Marquis’ hidden features … But perchance, what memories do they stir? For an early line-drawing or engraving (as collected in many an Encyclopaedia) set him in a cell inside the Vincennes fortress. It showed the burnished alabaster of so much granite – at once fallen or misused. And it celebrated the ochre of so many ducts… all of which disabused the temperature o’ such an enclosure. Its grains were finely wrought, acidic, louvered, manufactured from iron or granulated in tone, flexion and bark. Perhaps the philosophical doctor, James Hinton, had scraped them with pumice or sandpaper? (Note: the anti-Situational laggard, Stewart Home, once bound one of his pamphlets in sanding card. This took after an old Modernist conceit which was rebarbative. It – somewhat remedially – advocated an Art Strike that was bound to fail). Nonetheless, de Sade’s retinas seem to be ebon, nervous, highly charged, limpid and *avec* a pupil that extends (limitlessly) so as
to fill the eye-ball. Whereas – with the sole exception of those bars above his head – the entire effect is effeminate. Doesn’t it partake of a dowager who’s suffering from elephantiasis? Possibly… but another image comes to mind: and this is Miss Haversham from Dickens’ *Bleak House*. When we consider her broken-backed or corsetless wedding-dress – the latter preserved in aspic like a Tracey Emin ready-made. Similarly, the wedding-cake proved too unctuous, sweet, broken, congealed in its boxes or layers of ice-cream, fondant, cuffs and sickly. Yet, in the Marquis’ case, his whole *Dasein* seems to be Queen(y), mock-aggressive, bisexual, *tres* sinister, un-rouged, masculine-to-feminine, and rather ‘Hermaphroditic’. It suggests a Weimar republican or Brechtian touch – via Liza Minelli’s *Cabaret*. Whereupon the clear distinctions between Draconian male and Angela Carter’s *The Sadeian Woman* began to fade. Might it indicate a distorting mirror in a Circus or freak-show (?) – i.e., one that splits faces, adds to them, circumvents the dice or puts on face-paint. Herein (you see) one illustrates a polymorphous perversity which fills the sky --- it’s gone cosmic.

**FOURTEEN**

Meanwhile, Donatien Alphonse Francois has arrived at his destination deep under the earth’s crust. For, within this dream, the globe has been hollowed out so as to create a new citizenry. (Since these denizens, rather like radiation-sickened humans in *Planet of the Apes*, live underground). They exist in submerged cities or mega-scapes, albeit reminiscent of Andy Warhol’s ‘Factory’ on stilts. To be sure: one slope under the earth leads to a ramp… possibly of unknowing. And down this walk-way stand a few sentinels or guards, carrying weapons, who were dressed in white sheets. Several sheer walls, tiers or cantilevered terraces (made from borax) sweep away towards this reverse horizon. Could it be some meridian or mean? Nonetheless, at the heart of this underground citadel – reminiscent of Mervyn Peake’s *Gormenghast* – stands a gargantuan idol. It appears to be about
the size of one of Ayn Rand’s skyscrapers *a la* Roark, and it consists of a flayed skeleton on an accompanying horse. (Note: the mammal or Anne Sewell’s *Black Beauty* is also skinned – and the idea came to me, *inter alia*, from Gunter von Hagens’ *Plastinates*). Atop our cranium lies a conical tube, replete with a skull-and-cross-bones, which rises perpendicularly o’er the bone. Again, such a death’s-head was elongated, tubular, ribbed, falsely calcified, riven, sleek, fleshless and superintended. Regardless of which… its long, bony arms held two tapering fire-sticks above ‘its’ head. Both of them were reminiscent of large twinklers or fire-works, and they lit up a dark chasm inside the earth’s silt. Further, the nostrils flared, the eye-sockets showed darksome pits, while the mouth (shark-like) displays rows of molars. Do you remember Ted Hughes’ poem, *Pike*? Again, an image on the front of today’s *Guardian* shows a dragon-fish in deep ocean… perhaps it’s instructive. Anyway, the fossil bears about it the monumentalism of Anthony Gormley’s ‘Angel of the North’… although a crepuscular iota creeps in. Despite all of this – Donatien Alphonse Francois de Sade strides towards his dwelling at an orb’s kernel *a la* Jules Verne. Yet may a science-fictional equivalent of Mario Praz’s *The Romantic Agony* lend a hand? Let’s see…

FIFTEEN

By any reckoning, this skeletal figure betrays insouciance in terms of its quiet. While a velvet cloak – of either purple or green – swept behind its bare ribs or their enclosure. The haunches were up (for their part) and the fleshless legs extend on either side of a mare’s flanks. Might it embolden a thorough-bred after Robinson Jeffers’ poesy in *Roan Stallion*? To take it out for a trot… the inner eye (if bloodshot) was screwed into its socket like a light-fitting (no matter how abstractly). And it stared out at you with an expectant mania; whilst the horse’s remainder looks metallic or Mechano-esque. It certainly saw such smooth shanks heaving or patted down… after one of Dick Francis’ racing
thrillers. Again, the Great Beast’s muzzle or snout proves modernist, armour clad, steely and reminiscent of Wyndham Lewis’ *Tyro*. This Trojan edifice panted (in imagination) and it let out a snort which no-one else can hear. Underneath our creature’s belly – and by reason of one of de Chirico’s pads – a splendid rib-cage pokes out. Does it seek to trespass against identity – even in its transformation? Whereas this majestic gunner (*a la* Aleister Maclean’s trope) has shiny hooves… the like of which circle in space elliptically. (Yet they’re stock-still or motionless). Further on in this Sadeian mansion one notes Mediaeval turrets, windows, hose – but not horse – as well as elements of Church architecture: such as stained-glass windows. Given this: a portcullis leers at a guard-rail across a chasm or dip, by means of which the Marquis seeks egress.

Whereupon we note that this palace or Conde mansion was lit by magma (once molten) and filled with plundered *objects d’art*. Do we remember another de Sade’s positioning in the Liberty tower at the Bastille? This forbidding structure consists of two dungeons, six spacious cells atop each other, and a hemicycle of smaller cubes. Weren’t these isolation blocks from Judge Dredd? The *divine* Marquis was incarcerated on the second tier in Liberty; its dimensions were fifteen feet across and eighteen feet high.

SIXTEEN

By dint of a second impulse, *mon ami*, one remembers Dungeness and its environs… in terms of de Sade’s citadel. Could this be an imaginary mansion (like La Coste) and what of the “Village”? These were a higgledy-piggledy collection of dwellings, many made out of old railway sleepers, and fishermen inhabited some of them. They’re a ramshackle collection of sheds, chalets, wooden dormitories, units, driftwood hammocks and mobile homes. Again, any bohemian frontage – made famous by Derek Jarman – falls into disrepair o’er twin factors.
The first is England’s only natural desert; the second happens to be an enormous Nuclear plant (Dungeness B) nearby. Yet the Marquis’ underground bunker remains undisturbed…

SEVENTEEN

Evidently, the author of *Justine* enters through a portcullis at the side, and it has a fluted entrance or relief. Once again… in its size the lower tiers comport themselves thus: are they a rendezvous with a warehouse space? Might it conduct itself like a Mediaeval variant on Battersea power-station (now Tate Modern)? Up above there grimaces a gargoyle or griffin; and it takes the form of a reptilian or dragon’s-head poking from the stone. Two blazing torches limber away or spit, and rising just above them one sees a conical tower. It is made of greyish jade or jet-black stone, and above it stands a busty woman in a dark dress. She wears an ornate head-dress and happens to be de Sade’s mother-in-law, Lady de Montreuil.

Lady de Montreuil (Marie-Madeleine Masson de Plissyay): “Harken to thee, my child! Your wife lies abed, not asleep, and yet alone. The girl waxes incommunicative to the point of surliness. It is nigh time to a pardon (if we turn over the Tarot card depicting the Tower) that she adapted to things. Let her take a rightful place in the Garden as your consort…”

The Marquis de Sade does not reply audibly… save to say under his breath: “How goes it, Mother?”

EIGHTEEN

After a brief interval, the Marquis strides into a bed-chamber with a four-poster in its gloomy recesses. What colours or tints are depicted herein? Why, these were a scarlet blazonry or enablement made from fine linen; at once contrasted with the black recesses of a Sense-u-Round. Moreover, the vague
amphitheatre of a church broke out aplenty; together with those windows that embody an asp. A thin effulgence broke through their ribbing or mesh – if only to provide a skeletal endorsement. On either side of this divan (no matter how massive) stood one or two Sadeian guards. Superficially, they denote figurines or Toys after Wise’s *Introduction to Battle Gaming*… even Britons manufacturing. (Note: this was irrespective of any French regimentation… since, at an early age, the Marquis served as a sub-lieutenant without pay in the King’s own infantry in 1755. He also took on the post of standard-bearer in the carbine regiment, Saint Andre brigade, during the Seven Years War. After skirmishes against Prussian arms he transferred – with the same rank – to the Malvoisin brigade in April 1757).

The Marquis de Sade: “My lady, I trust that you are well and ready to receive me? By any stretch – those who are about to die must be flayed alive prior to their presentation at Court! I shall let you into a secret, my dear. In the text *Aline et Valcour* I waxed lyrical about my military successes… yet this was due to a natural impetuosity. I command you to remember (now) that courage is nought other than a savage endowment. By any recommendation, Veale’s two-volume *descent towards barbarism* should be reversed. *Quod* war stimulates a reptilian progeny which leaps from its backward skull. Let us go further… in that we can sip coffee from a thermos (for all we’re worth) next to a Volkswagen wagon in a jungle clearing. Aren’t we out Louisiana way, *chérie*, and don’t we glance up quickly to see a ballet-dancer rush by? She comes dressed in blue-to-black mesh, tights, leotard or leggings. May she communicate with one of my amourettes like the *demi-monde* and actress, Mlle. Beauvoisin? Simultaneously, a Blue-dyed zombie or living corpse stands next to us in such a break. It doesn’t really refer to a cerulean Frankenstein, as limned by Canning’s review of a play drawn from Mary Shelley. He adduced it to refer to Negroid slavery or a reversal of C.L.R. James’ *The Black Jacobins*. I assert the following: slavery is life’s expectation, but first we must make
leave to torture its peons. Mark it: the shredding of B. Traven’s piety lends substance to Lear’s ramblings on the heath. They both justify the Bard’s musings on Egdon as well as condemning Edward Bond’s \textit{afflatus}. Any Marxist playwright must walk onto two spear-points so as to blast their eyes!”

The Marquise de Sade makes no audible reply.

\textbf{NINETEEN}

To achieve one’s goal, my man, you need to have eyes in your head’s rear. Never mind: since the bridal porch opened up into an iron space, box, lung or aperture. Similarly, a light or bouquet seems to be riven with nothingness… albeit in the form of a piercing yellow-beam. Let it be: in that the Marquis de Sade strides forwards, naked to the waist, and with a convoluted stack upon his head. This helped to mark his features (you see); and – in sado-masochistic sex – a mask is often worn so as to conceal a silhouette. Why so (?)\textsuperscript{?}; well, it basically relates to the nervous disorder or neurasthenia which underlies S&M. Yet it also supervises an absent identity; a dissolution or defenestration in terms of \textit{Ulysses’} prose. What do we mean by this? Effectively, it refers to the non-narrative element in modernist prosody – that is, its ability to scan or riff word-bubbles. These are connexions within connections. By any reckoning, though, one of the Marquis’ assistants relieves him of his cloak… and this serves to reveal a large Atlas in his mitt. This consists of a grotesque volume devoted to sexology, bound in mortal skins, and locked by a thick clasp. It weighs upon his left-hand and recalls to mind the giant edition of Spengler’s \textit{Decline of the West} (in one volume) published by George, Allen & Unwin in the early ‘thirties. Again, one’s gaze strays towards the Marquise de Sade as she lay abed. At one level, she seems rather immature and yet at another her talent rides alongside Kate Bush’s. Likewise, and in a contrary dimension, we need to recognise that the Bourbons gave their consent to the marriage on May the 1\textsuperscript{st} 1763. She was
born in Paris on December the 3rd, 1741 under the full title of Renee-Pelagie Cordier de Launay de Montreuil. Their union was solemnised at the house of her father, Claude-Rene de Montreuil, in the rue Neuve-du-Luxembourg. A church – Saint Roch – later celebrates that fact.

TWENTY

To be fair, de Sade lies next to his cowering wife, and he unlocks the clasp on a resplendent volume. It happens to be a large Quarto folio of the finest wove – with undulating covers – and an intrinsic roughness or contrast. Can that be marbling which we see and that makes an appearance (?) … it splutters like a flame. What stories may unfold via its glare? To add insult to injury, the divine Marquis wears his triangular mask … and it seems to cross a threshold. It also speaks to us of folk art featuring Hobby-horses and their kindred. These delineate Andrew King’s paintings or daubs; wherein human horses prance around to celebrate Cressey. (This was a victory over the French – as Alexander Howard makes clear in his British Cavalcade). Don’t these conic masks, often black in colour, compute the sinister … as they trill? Also, their bulk adds a fierce delineation to a danse macabre; one that indicates war, savagery and blood din. It must shake a stick at Llewelyn Powy’s paganism! Nonetheless, a votary removes the Marquis’ calf boots – of the finest patent leather – and places them beside this water-bed. Might a scarlet recliner hint at those guilty passions swirling around it?

Donatien Alphonse Francois de Sade: “Greetings, maternal one! I trust that the off-spring of our loins are safe and well? (Note: this refers to their children; Louis-Marie, Count de Sade, Donatien-Claude-Armand, Chevalier de Sade, and Madeleine-Laure, their daughter). I have brought a birthday present with me. It seeks to indicate a lunatic whirl of Eros. Let it feed upon itself, my lovelies! Since a dragnet or halting rasp sees to this kingdom;
where some have wings and other’s claws. Above all, a trapeze or circus grid-iron flashes overhead; and a naked torso floats amid balloons. These are suffused with sulphur or yellow chalk, despite being made from blue latex. Again, amid the alchemical symbolism of so much doubt, a parallel sweep of tall or classic windows glows on. These were ribbed avec teak bars, criss-crossed or latticed, as well as deeply mullioned. They quickly exhibit lead-lining and bottled extras. A glowing spheroid or silvery moon, as Sappho once described it, peeps through this refract.”

TWENTY-ONE

The Marquis de Sade: “Listen to my witness or command, drear one---. If I’m honest, a festival of fools twists and turns aplenty. Doesn’t one recall a photograph from the Paris Interviews with authors? It features William S. Burroughs (a pervert like myself) and he stands next to a Parisian fair. A spinning wheel, jenny, full-stop or rodomontade moves afar, and it revolves next to a Circus tent or a Barker’s cry. Isn’t it splendid, my lovelies? Since various forms wrestle ambidextrously; at once disembodied, headless, a fake body (like), winged, truncated or wrapped in cloth. A strange effusion lilts or soars, and it speaks of Hieronymous Bosch crossed with Graham Sutherland. One old’un roils; another proves headless or bound to devour a cup; as a third balances a flat-iron on his pillow. Touch it again, why don’t you? Because these Edwardian specimens totter on stilts so as to bring off a séance. They tip, turn, slide, cozen, frequent, drip, splay, trim and exorcise – after Peter Blatty’s pilot-light. Again, our troubadours utter no defence; as each physiology barbecues – Kokei-like – and these grey torsos swim in a baleful wash. By any reckoning, one’s vaudeville turns or artistes leap about on trampolines (themselves fake), and the Reaper is observed in a corner. He stands skeletally – staff in hand – and with a cowl or monk’s habit around his bones. Might this skeleton be painted onto a jump-suit which is dark in colour? If
so, it resembles the Voodoo hexer known as Dramabu, lord of
the Dead.”

Donatien Alphonse Francois lay next to the Marquise in bed and
they examined the ‘Bestiary’ together. It can be best described as
an example of Count Richard von Krafft-Ebing’s Psychopathia
Sexualis. (Note: this was the first great or modern ‘Eroticon’. It
transcended Boccacio’s Decameron and moves towards a
taxonomy, an Encyclopaedia. Indeed, as the American poet
Robert Lowell has pointed out, de Sade’s Oeuvre casts a
revealing spot-light on the underbelly of the French Revolution.
May we stop to consider it as an anti-Encyclopaedia a la Diderot
or Buffon? Does it compute an un-‘enlightenment’, even an
endarkenment (sic)? This volume was composed in Latin).

TWENTY-TWO

By the by, page after page of this tome was turned so as to reveal
its awe. And won’t they interpret, physiologically, a ‘museum of
amusements’ where we can scan vintage curiosities from the
Victorian age? First up, sailors or Jolly ‘Jack’ Tars engage in
frolics or rock with unholy laughter; while real old pennies work
their magic. Up front we observe jurisprudence via Dr.
Guillotine, as well as the weirdness of a spiritualist’s room…
when taken together with a haunted house afore M.R. James.
Whilst a working fairground (in miniature), a Gypsy fortune-
teller and a crane machine all take centre stage. Forsooth, Jerzy
Kosinski’s Pin-ball (together with its predecessor flick ball circa.
1900-1950) jostle avec tricky contraptions… as well as ‘what the
butler saw’ from the early 1900s. These find themselves in
competition, as the vellum folds, with one or other haunches of
venison… i.e., it undoes an erotic carnivore. May it refuse
vegetarianism and have no salad on the plate? By the way, these
freeze-frames or Watch-towers – as in Doctor Stekel’s almanac –
reveal a cornucopia or Marvel annual by Fleetway. Needless to
say, these dungeons or dockets show up the following vices:
urinology, Onanism, fetishisms galore (and not just the ones Karl Marx spoke of), autophagy, necrology, thaumaturgic spasms, ‘the visitation of a doll’ *a la* some closing scenes in Rosamund Lehmann’s *The Ballad and the Source*, and pederasty. Speaking of which – Anthony Burgess slated William S. Burroughs’ *Cities of the Red Night* for engaging in an *Animal Auschwitz*. (Note: this refers to an animal liberation film which dealt with an abattoir. Whereupon Lehmann’s novel, *en passant*, shows us a mad woman who feels herself encased in stone if confronted by sculpture… It’s a sort of Medusean compost or an example of Elisabeth Frink in reverse). Nonetheless, some torsos or valves of electric meat leap up and down, spasmodically, in the first part of Burroughs’ trilogy. It bespeaks those limbless trunks which adorn the cover of a Robert Pinget novella. Nor need we sever all such connexions: since the plangent reds of Rothko’s dance must feed upon themselves. They are flies above a swamp. Yet Burgess’ knife in the lemon, or its clockwork orange *manqué*, plumbs some deeper rifts… in that he accuses Doctor Junk of bad faith. He has no teleology or future perfect, no game-plan or rarefied purpose. This was not Herman Hesse’s *Glass Bead Game*. Truly, a metaphysic absents itself which cannot be applied to our *divine* Marquis.

**TWENTY-THREE**

Let it ride: since the image which this couple spy composes a reptile. It adopts a saurian’s map or discharge, and Madame de Sade notices its warp on so much uneven wove. Moreover, the pages of this *Encyclopaedia noir* were tinted, gold-blocked, foxed, four-colour separated and often uncut. One needs a poniard in a sheath – drawn from de Sade’s Burgundian horse – so as to prise them open. But at their heart a personification stands forth… and it represents a mortal brain or its stem. (For, if we accept evolutionary theory or physiology, then the root is pre-mammalian. It rises from a lizard or a pre-amphibian, you see). Nonetheless, the identikit picture shows us an example of Arthur
Koestler’s *Case of the Mid-Wife Toad*… wherein a German biologist is pursued for a heresy or blasphemy. He has dared to utter – in Adenauer’s republic – the notion that the odd characteristic might be inherited. This is to wish upon oneself a *public burning* after Robert Coover’s spray, yet it leaves the reader with a defeated feeling. Certainly, a Lamarckian *doxa* has been spread abroad (almost reluctantly), in that it only relates to the patrimony of a *crapaud*, a toad.

By compression, *mon ami*, a reptile moves in circles within our gait – nor can we complain at this entrapment. *Quod* this container gambols in a blur, if only to face off against a centipede’s liveliness. Leastways, a large crocodile walks on its hind legs, as if to find a perfect mismatch with its own breeze. Its eyes are bulbous, deeply set in the head, rounded, spectral and red. They also take after balloons… even bulbous intoxicants or pages in a mismatched bureau. All of a sudden, a great arm rushes out in a reign of silver and it looks agog, possibly even scarlet smote. Do we detect here the ‘particularism’ of William Nicholson… or more pertinently the bright tints of Hockney or Whistler? A pair of spindly legs are seen beneath such a ballet dancer, and these cause him to pirouette amid the substance or impress of his blows. In its way (thus) it accords with the deepest feelings in Thomas Pynchon’s *Gravity’s Rainbow*. Yet again, our *Spiderman* villain known as the Lizard passes muster – albeit by dint of bubble-wrap skin, coloured green, and a gaping maw or jaw. It contains a mastodon’s range of teeth, piranha-like, as well as the needle-points of so many pike. Do errant schoolboys confirm learning Ted Hughes’ poem off by heart? Truly, the complexity of this leads to a forgotten draw – one that circles the radius of its punch, at least on a blue floor. Yet how may one obtrude a reptilian blow or challenge, if delivered on parchment in an eighteenth century MS? Most definitely, the *medium is the massage* as Marshall McLuhan attested. Never mind all else: since David Icke’s reptilianism, no matter how insisted upon, is Eros’ function. It ripples with Reich’s orgones… it exists to point
out a conspectus from *Naked Lunch*, it poisons one’s ground. There are *No Orchids for Miss Blandish* here!

TWENTY-FOUR

*Avaunt thee!* For the image of the *divine* Marquis undergoes many formulations… or might we call them gasses? They lurk here and there… they pass underground. Against it, Donatien Alphonse François de Sade rises ‘agin a spray – i.e., one which accords with Supra-realist painting. At least by one measure… and his upper torso or body dwarfs some spindly legs lurking below. In this respect, it takes after primitive artworks which lack perspective (in L. Adam’s algebra) and these often slew towards the base. Athwart this cue, there rises an absent gesticulation or dot, and it imbibes a massive asymmetry. By such a codex, the body’s rippling surd or depilation gestures like Leger, Breker or Thorak – not to mention Epstein. Again, its musculature waxes absurd or over-done… in terms of a torso, made from wire-mesh, outside a restaurant called *Briganzi’s* in Soho. (It lies adjacent to Foyle’s back, aside from an alley way, and well away from the vegetable market, Italian eateries or Sin City). By happenstance, the Marquis’ fingers taper off like claws or talons, and his entire physiology is bathed in sweat. He appears to be glistening after a WWF bout – or alternately, he’s in a rapid state of decay due to an inner corruption. What might this entail? Well, it probably indicates the ganglia, lost tremor, quake, hobby-horse (at once absent), pulsating riff-raff or “nerves” within. It definitely encodes neurasthenia – a case of which typifies the Marquis in John Cowper Powys’ *Morwyn*. (Note: in this novel Donatien Alphonse appears in restless vogue… or in relation to vivisection as an issue). Up above our Big Daddy, however, a triangular mask dons our rounds or cusp, and it dives back to Andrew King’s *Appeasement of Spirits*. This was an alchemical painting (of sorts) which cozens the occultistic from English culture. What do we infer, *mon ami*? Look at it thus: since a Big Head or Mummers’ Bessy (male) lies to the right of our mage’s crucible.
It proves clownish, marbled — speckled like a rose (possibly) — and covered in circular or oval runes. These were vulvic in character. Whilst, to the left side, there stood a gigantic Hobby-horse or ‘hose’, even a Padworth extra, and it celebrated a victory over the French at Cressey. The dimensions of this West Country volk or festival, mayhap, when transferred to the New World (sic) morphs into a trick-or-treat. It forms a gim-crack or practical joke society. Yet this decants into a Klavern, a unit of the Ku Klux Klan, if the Deep South needs an army after its defeat.

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Momentarily, de Sade clears his throat of any ‘frog’ or glottalstop… in that he hears the crowd’s roar outside. He goes out to meet it.

**TWENTY-FIVE**

A constellation or crowd has gathered, and it proves to be enormous in its pell-mell quality. May it decode a ballet of wasps? In any event, massive or undulating hills o’ ants gesture from afar, and they are de Sade’s supporters. Up hill and down dale they exist… in order to worship by telegram or the merest star. In the centre of such a stage stands the divine Marquis — and he is supported by a massive air-ship or bomber. Its abiding hulk was grizzled, mature, irreconcilable and made from a platinum sheen like a pulsar. One could describe it as a cross betwixt Concorde – an Anglo-French contraption – and a vintage Flying Fortress. Maybe it had about it (also) a hint of the wooden Mosquito, a British plane, that the air ministry later replaced avec the Lancaster? (Note: this was an immensely destructive craft from the nineteen ‘forties. The Avro machine plant in Miles Platting, Manchester, ushered it forth). An astute observer notes two thermo-nuclear weapons attached to its side… and these were ‘basilisk-eyed’, rampant or salamander(ish). May they embody a conflagration for which the Rosenbergs were burnt?
Again, Donatien Alphonse Francois stands in triumph at a dome’s apex… while dry ice spreads its tentacles around him.

The Marquis de Sade: “My fellow slaves, doyens of wonder or feather-dusters. Lend me your ears--. Now then, my disappearance was brief and my reconstitution immediate. It obviates any indignity of Self, do you see? Now then, the text written jointly by William S. Burroughs and Jack Kerouac, and called The Hippos Boil in their Tanks, comes undone. What it indicates to us is a soft cell, ‘a ticket that exploded’ or one desiderata too many… leastwise in a flea market of this sort. Mark it! For, in this ready conclave, those iron nails of crucifixion lie in wait for our passion play. Won’t they be carried forward to a waiting sea (?) – you minions who seek only a sign. Examine it here: since such ferrous tongues belt forwards without a lie. And they roughen the passage of our bark or its trip-wire… particularly in terms of its riven entity. These find themselves to be rufous, percussive, squashed-in, bereft or misplaced as regards a tree’s wings. Let the Welsh fantasist Arthur Machen express it further: quod the white outline of an asylum, set out in stripped lacquer, rests easy. It stains (using a lost intrigue of dye) a Panopticon’s design. While Jeremy Bentham’s idealised prison lacks a prior unity. Won’t it refuse to speak of Oscar Wilde’s Reading gaol? Not least – my citizens of plague – if the Charenton bughouse enters over the horizon.”

(Note: the latter institution repeats its mistakes. Whereupon the divine Marquis was sent there, escorted by a policeman, on April 27th 1803. His family subsidises his bed-and-board at 3,000 Francs per annum. He had been transferred to it ten days afore the Bastille is stormed. The revolutionary Directory closed it in 1795, only to refurbish or re-open it two years later. It then came under the Interior Ministry per se).
Pursuant to its closure, de Sade gestures wildly at the surrounding crowds... and these consist of some familiar *canaille*. By dint of wisdom, great arabesques mark the future or its indent; and such statues are immense, without caution, grotesque and classic. They adhere to a Donatello which drifts into Leger via Frink – even though this trajectory takes cognisance of Giger. Could it encompass a horror Art as yet unknown? Still, the Marquis gesticulates at our mobs and their moon-faces... all of which are looking up at him in unison. Yet Donatien (if viewed from the back) seems to be in a state of decay – what with pock-marked skin, stretched arteries, blank canvases or a cadaverous look. Might we reminisce about Sir Henry Irving’s experimental *Macbeth* in 1888 with a hysterical Ellen Terry? Never again, my lovelies --- as we won’t be returning here for many a long summer...

The Marquis de Sade: “I want you to dwell upon an oneiric vista, peons of the *pleasure dome*. Let’s see: in that a coven is reaching its climax during the English nineteen ‘forties. I am speaking about the veritable occultism of Aleister Crowley, the Great Beast. He was dressed in a ram’s skull over his scalp... and its teeth or horns blinded the eyes. Notwithstanding this, he wore a loose limbed garment and his lips were curled back in a snarl. Crowley hissed thus in the recesses of Boleskin house, an aristocratic pile later bought by a rock musician. ‘I am gratitude’s beastdom. The waters of Acheron or Lethe pass via my veins. A night of depravity is worth five thousand aeons in hell. Are you unaware of my personalised Tarot (?) … they are a trifle artistic. Listen to my ready summons – since I alone am the master or bearer of the Tetragrammaton. A name of power [this is]; it proves itself to be a Kabalistic sigil for God’. At this very instant or high-point of a sacrifice, the wooden door to a dank basement flies open and the police burst in.”
(The Marquis de Sade was well used to such interventions by the authorities – especially during the ancien régime two centuries back. For example, on January the 6th 1774 Inspector Goupil of the Parisian police breaks into the family castle at La Coste. He finds only Madame de Sade, not an example of Angela Carter’s The Sadeian Woman. No. This official is accompanied by four bowmen and a group of mounted constables from Marseilles. Goupil is attempting to enforce a court order from December the 6th 1773 which recommits de Sade to Pierre-Encise prison. The Marquis’ study is sealed or searched, and its contents seized or burnt. May these include Aleister Crowley’s obscene work, Snowdrops in a Curate’s Garden?)

TWENTY-SEVEN

But to track a trifle, Donatien raises his palm in subdued triumph… yet the skin seems palsied or ruined. For inside his toga or loose-fitting garment – kitted out, as it is, in purple – the skin was liverish. It betokened the palsy of a pike’s stomach, if left in shallow water, and irrespective of savage molars. While throngs grasped and kissed to right or left, so as to exemplify Gustav le Bon’s The Psychology of Crowds. They were massed up to the horizons like insects; whereas the Marquis de Sade, inter alia, glared out from a conic helmet. His eyes bulged or appeared to be utterly mad…

The Marquis de Sade: “Behold, my serfs, the rapine of millennia! Quod, if we return to a rural English idyll in the ‘fifties, then Dixon of Dock Green has burst in on Aleister Crowley. They find a stone entrance o’er an arc and it winds to a grey cylinder… these form megaliths on either side. The Great Beast is startled momentarily, so much so that the ram’s skull slips on his forehead slowly. All around him other votaries are less startled… and they take up their posts as wardens, watchmen, subtractions of fact, even scarecrows. In the centre of this circle, on a dais, lies an enormous or wound centipede, or on another astral it takes
after a Mithraic bull. It has been split open at the side or shanks, if only to deliberate on Kipling’s gnosis or faith. Crowley, the major English occultist of the twentieth century, stands there meat-hook or poniard in hand. Whereas the detective who bursts in is dressed stylishly – albeit with a silk waist-coat, Saville Row jacket (striped), and a green bow-tie. May he dislocate the presence of Bulldog Drummond from earlier in this era? Again, he makes his presence felt: ‘You’ve made a Mephistophelian pact, Aleister! Now feed upon the Golem of your own post-expressionist blight… Take this, that, and the other which meets itself coming back’. With such words, the CID man fires repeatedly into the Magus’ belly and he’s using steel-shaven 9 millimetre slugs, themselves perforated at their tips, or parabellum. You drill into their heads so as to create dum-dums which explode on impact… hence the notion of a seismic ballet. They were banned in the Hague convention of 1902 for wars between White men – but were still seen as applicable in Third World conflicts. Almost immediately, an aristocratic woman in a loose-fitting top enjoins: ‘What ails thee, Mage or master of grievance?’ She is a dead-ringer for a blonde icon like Lady Diana Spenser.”

TWENTY-EIGHT

Now then, the Marquis de Sade leans to the side in order to spy a line of flagellants… & these march underneath his tray. They take off to one side of him, near a balustrade, and they are reminiscent of a Mediaeval coeval. One masochist strides ahead of the others, sporting a staff with a diamond tip, and issuing a cry. ‘Save us! Declare our pomp or circumstance afore a life of same… even if one likely aperture falls over. We are doomed without your love which masquerades as hate. My master, the misery of a reptilian entity floats in front, and we are rendered mutual slayers of our UnPeace. I beseech you! I fear the worse! Do you wonder at our fear & loathing in Las Vegas? Nonetheless, the human-reptile inside us walks on clay – despite
our fear of ‘it’. (Note: isn’t there a Stephen King novel called *IT*?) Far removed from this, a creature of musculature or grains sweeps on, and it subsists in blue light. For, impinging on Aeschylus’ *Oresteia*, this was a male substitute for a Fury. Could he be called anything other than Saint-Fond?’ (The latter is a Sadeian dandy or decadent from *Juliette*, a work of Gargantuan obscenity. It mocks us with its logorrhea). Anyway, the column of flagellants moves off *avec* shaven-headed beaters marking time behind… these cry out ‘Repent! Repent!’ as they shift off. The *divine* Marquis views them from afar and he scratches a nose-piece using a talon. His cranium seems to be encased in one pith helmet of a triangular wove.

To his very witness, the Grand Marquis thinks aloud: “But what of Aleister Crowley – a slave to his passions of yesteryear? Ho hum! Well, the detective’s bullets have entered his frame and he lies slumped upon the ground. Never mind, since in his death agony he has flown to the wall – therein to leave a palm print on its flags. What does this potato shape really indicate, especially when it uses haemoglobin rather than ink? Crowley faces the mural, a ram’s skull o’er his pate, and once his baldness embraces the stone we are free to see Kabalistic marks on his head. These were sigils in either Aramaic, Hebrew or Enochian – do you see? They also evince the boundaries of his ‘Godhood’ (sic), *a la* Thelema or Crowleyanity. It doubtless relates to a left-hand use of the divine naming, the Tetragrammaton! This was contrary to all Judaic lore. Let it go, my fellows: *quod* Crowley’s crown lies to the side, *avec* his eyes occluded or shadowed, and a trickle of scarlet runs from a mouth’s corner. Isn’t it an exercise in divination, drawn from Colin Wilson’s *The Occult*, where wisdom can be gleaned by sticking a pin in the text? Yes, it has to be made from solid silver. The policemen stand over or next to the body, somewhat menacingly. Aren’t they rather like their Gallic counterparts, Inspector Goupil and the constables from Marseilles? Still, an exercise in Palmistry, sealed in ichor, lies closer to us – it depicts a monstrance or anti-Revision, and even
the Shoah memorial in Miami stood agape. This Agon was turned base-about-apex, as in Lewis Carroll’s Alice in Wonderland, and yet one is left with a modernist hand-print. It delineates a secular mythology after Michelangelo, Breker or Gormley… and we must speak of William F. Harvey’s The Beast with Five Fingers. The proof of this pudding lies in the hand, you see. It is the hand of truth which limits slaughter.”

TWENTY-NINE

Begone from my sight, dotard! For the divine Marquis has forgotten to consult his ‘Collins Contemporary French-English’ dictionary. Hereinafter, he turns away from the masses without… all of whom were collected under liberty bonnets. These had to be red Phrygian masquerades – the like of which recall those sweaty night-caps thrown into the air by a mob in Julius Caesar. Their favour (or its lack) is likewise fickle. Now de Sade turns his attention to two ‘traitors’ who happen to be bound-and-gagged afore him. What nomenclature attracts them? Why, it must be President Claude Rene de Montreuil and Charles de Rougemont, respectively. (Note: the former turns out to be the Marquis’ father-in-law; while the latter proves to be the warden of Vincennes, a prison-cum-fortress D.A.F. was imprisoned in during 1780). The first of them seems to be a stout man, rather a token or a bullock, with a head contained in a steaming cage. A painted sigil in bright red or crimson lies above the wretch; it reads simply MONTREUIL. By no contrast whatsoever, his hands and feet were fixed in steel gloves, mittens, oven-pads or embrasures. They betoken (most assuredly) the iron-maidens or faucets of a mixed origin, and even Germaine Greer’s The Female Eunuch might have aught to declare. Let’s look at this evaluation… why don’t you? Since both of their bodies come attached to an enormous spinning-jenny… and its ‘vibration’ turned into pumice. It takes the form of a great wheel in a fair ground or – quite possibly – one of the turbines within a reactor’s core. Their physiologies seem to be trapped or encaged by this
device... and doesn’t such a contraption recognise Enigma or Venona? Surely now, these shot forth into the ether as de-crypts, as cryptoanalytical mazes? Efficaciously, such an edit from the Clink Museum which is dedicated to torture, spoils its pitch. (Note: this institution in Soho, central London, was founded by a kinky bishop in order to make money. He embodied a previous Diocese in Winchester). Nonetheless, up above our great ‘London Eye’ – so to say – ran the word or coinage TRAITORS. Whereupon de Rougemont lay next to his companion on a wagon-wheel (minus the chocolate) or a discus o’ fortune. Both specimens waxed naked save for a loin clout and a ferrous mask, or clamp, patterning their features. It laboured so as to achieve an iron grey. Yet what was this, mes amis? Quod a vivid skull-head or cranium (distaff) attaches itself to our machine – never mind its rages! And it leaves off where the aesthetics of Grunewald, Paolozzi, Ralph Steadman or Redon take over. One dial on the apparatus’ far side delineates crippling; whilst the other speaks of execution. But don’t forget that these out-takes from Dumas’ The Man in the Iron Mask are inundated by steam. It fills the quandary of an autophagous sock – rather like Thomas Harris’ ‘facial’ o’er Hannibal Lector. Yet, even in their suffering, yonder victims sense de Sade’s approach on velvet feet. He wears an azure monocle, his robe billows avec orgones or vulvic holes, while his lips were green. Similarly, the aristocratic wig sprouts a verdant mismatch, even the topiary of a risen briar. Let it be Byzantine and emerald in hue...(!) Respectfully, and at a distance, the Marquis’ man-servant known as Gaufidy follows on. He is awaiting the pleasure of his master’s disdain.

THIRTY

To presume a nullity... well, that is the question! For Claude Rene de Montreuil turns over against the provisions of his Last Will & Testament. (Note: didn’t de Sade put down one of these on vellum and by use of a quill pen? It requested that his body be not opened or experimented on après decease). Now then,
Claude Rene’s dome is contained by a grill, but it’s more of a cover-all or boiler-plate job. One somehow knows – without being unseemly – that President Montreuil’s number is up vis-à-vis a dice’s throw. *(Nota Bene: he was doubtlessly the president of a parlement in the provinces, such as Echauffor where he owns a manor. De Sade was sent there by the King in November 1763 after a brief incarceration in Vincennes. His charge: gross indecency in brothels). Moreover, a vizor or clip is closed over his lips; while several spikes stick out, laterally, from such an obelisk. All eyes are drawn, naturally, to the funnel of steam which pours into our helmet’s top. It must be an added punishment – in Sadeian terms – that is only relieved by a tiny aperture which allows the vapour to exit. A helpful label marked STEAM draws the viewer’s attention to this trial run. Surely, it reminds one of the behaviourist experiments by Dr Alexander Kennedy in Egypt during the Second War? These were torture or de-sensitisation sessions run at SIME (Secret Intelligence Middle East) by SIS/MI6. They are remarkably akin to the amoral ‘scientism’ of Doctor Benway in William S. Burroughs’ *Naked Lunch*. Nonetheless, the naked and partly shaven torso of Montreuil peeps out… in contrast to the sheen or silver plate above. Out back (perchance) and from whence a steam-pipe originates – one sees a dim mural which is pock-marked in places. It besports a bright yellow or lemon nimbus. The Marquis de Sade stands a few feet away, surveying the scene, and relishing his victims’ humiliation.

President Claude Rene de Montreuil: “I am a prisoner of woe-begotten fate! Fix me within the grasp of negative energy and Wyndham Lewis’ vortex. I went along with my wife’s demands out of passivity, for instance, over her desire to have you imprisoned anew in Pierre-Encise in December 1773.”

The Marquis de Sade: “Enough, wretched one! No scoffing at the aforementioned facts shall save your hide. As to your good mistress, Lady de Montreuil, I see her walking down some stone
steps towards the basement. This lay enclosed (or occluded) past a heavy wooden door which is set in a rounded hemi-cycle of brick. She wears some silk pyjamas, sports dishevelled hair, and heads towards a pulsating luminance. SLAM(!), the barrier closes abruptly after her departure. Don’t you realise it subsists in a crypt ‘neath Aleister Crowley’s manse?’

President Claude Rene de Montreuil: “No, no, mercy de Sade! Let us not enact a fit of mania. MERCY!”

The Marquis de Sade (in a subdued voice): “Nonsense, civilisation is just an exercise in cruelty that’s been tempered by disquiet. Make way for my lusts and their distemper!”

THIRTY-ONE

All of a sudden, a dramatic moment ensues… in that a gigantic wheel begins a new revolution. Might the American poet Robert Lowell be correct (?) when he said that de Sade’s oeuvre cast a perverse spotlight on the Revolutionary phase. It lasted from at least 1789 to 1799 and the categorisation of the Consulate. This was prior to Napoleon Bonaparte’s Empire. Again, the great wheelie – at once blinding in its indent – races via a rat-run’s criterion. May it recall (to the uninitiated) the phrase ‘rats in mazes’ in C.P. Snow’s novel, The Sleep of Reason? A psychopathic imp or Bedlamite kept repeating it, you see… Regardless of which: a thick balustrade, graven image, ramp or turn-table swivels round – and it proceeds on like Jerzy Kosinski’s Pin-Ball. Or mayhap, it’s delineated by a frisbee or discus gone AWOL? Can such a running board crush its victims without a word? You bet, since a terrible scream issues from underneath this tarmac roller – so to say. ‘AAAGGGGHHHHH!’ , they caterwaul… as both President Claude Rene de Montreuil and Charles de Rougemont cease to exist. They are flattened by a thick welter of stone (cast after pewter weight & Dobermans) and a sluice of blood bubbles forth. It strews out from underneath the
device. In the background, however, the Marquis de Sade gestures with glee and various acolytes pull levers at his command. Also, the granite roundabout seems solid yet flaky, as it pits and puffs with an unrecognisable air. It smacks of Le Corbusier.

The Marquis de Sade: “Excellent! The suffering of miscreants has to be an endless source of pleasure. Yet, by several degrees, one remembers a dramaturgy in Aleister Crowley’s basement. Forget me not… since Marie-Madeleine Masson de Plissay (Lady Montreuil) has come of age. She stands in her pyjamas amidst an occult scene. Above all, at the centre of a circle she adopts a taut pose – if only to gain a purchase on the magic oval that surrounds her. It consists of various personages in early last century dress – with even the odd Edwardian or Victorian jacket intruding. Whilst lines of communication, lightning or *etheriae* – even electroplasmic matter – holds this coven together. We are dealing with the vatic or such linkages. They gaze down upon her from above and *avec* a profound stillness, or a séance mongering tilt. Be aware now: since this hemi-cycle of dolls resembles Angela Carter’s proems when crossed by Sarban’s *The Sound of his Horn*. Moreover, and at the nucleus of this radial, stands the bloated figure of Aleister Crowley… albeit on the spiritist or astral plane. We are denoting a screaming of stones! He exists solely as a sprite or ghost, together with pink tissue, folds of fat or lard, semi-androgynous nipples, a protruding or reptilian tongue, claws instead of nails, as well as a disembodied eye. It denotes the third or Pineal orb (doubtlessly so); and it flows free of its socket like Odin’s rover or silver-disc. Such a reflector must adapt to lunacy in order to observe the world from the face’s Left-side. The sigil or numbering 666 [the sign of the Beast] comes stamped on his forehead. Isn’t the target of John Symond’s biography about to speak?”
By the by, the divine Marquis stood on an open balustrade and watched the events below. He gestured to the crowds beneath in a hieratic way, and his visage comes across as stately, congealed, smouldering, fully costed or replete. One notices his leanness or thinness to the task – contrary to a later obesity at the Charenton asylum. Quite clearly, the play Marat/Sade by Peter Weiss had no effect on him… irrespective of his own efforts such as Le Boudoir ou le Mari Credule. (Note: this was given a read through at the Comedie-Francaise on August 17 1790. It passed the first winnowing, but the author was advised to make changes. No text escaped unscathed during workshops. The Comedie-Francais has the Royal Shakespeare Company’s status in France). Yet again, a pillar of alabaster rises behind his head and soars into space – it happens to be mottled, pock-marked or stained in places. Whilst, beneath his basilisk gaze, a mob pursues various victims with weapons; and these were axes, swords, staves, knives, poles, spears, staffs, maces or halberds. Most definitely, since these denizens of Apollyon are drawn from the Women’s march (which dragged the King from Versailles); together with Royalist coteries and sheer riff-raff. Apaches or members of the criminal set (ruffians) seem to be in evidence. Yes sir, and any monarchists prove to be jeunesse doree who agitated for a restoration under the Directory. Look at this – for many of these scarecrows are the divine Marquis’ enemies. They are personal troubadours of fortune, (you see). Also, an attribution of Crowds and Power in Elias Canetti’s esprit, must lead to ‘necklacing’… albeit in an ancien regime style. Further to the point: the individuals concerned were a Jacobin cabal who interrupt his play, Le Suborneur, at the Italian theatre; Major de Losme-Salbry, his governor at the Bastille; Monsieur de Valage, the captain of the guard at Vincennes; Inspector Marais who escorts de Sade to trial at Aix; the 200 who gather at his hearing over the Marseilles affair in 1772; Monsieur Trillet who tries to kill Sade
in January 1777 over his daughter’s honour; Monsieur Beranger, *charge d’affaires* at Naples, who mistakes him for a thief, *et al.*

The Marquis de Sade: “Yes, indeed, my memory sees Lady de Montreuil standing afore Aleister Crowley’s *Ka* in her pyjamas. Do you see? *Quod* she looks up like a character in an early Leni Riefenstahl picture – one that dealt with mountaineering. It was an antidote to *Touching the Void*, after all. Whilst Crowley hovers over her, etherically, and his tongue lolls from distended lips. The head bobs up and down, the folds of blubber wrap up, the triple sixes stand out on his brow (most prominently), and his nails close in. What does he utter? Why, it has to be gravel thrown upon a reflective floor – maybe its sheen’s been made from black marble? Nonetheless, the Magus is speaking to her outside of a rebus set by John Fowles. He says: ‘Do not fear a rage of Ages. I invited you down here not due to second sight, but because you persecuted de Sade in sundry ways. These involved the following: Lady Montreuil makes parsimonious use of money via Gaufridy; she obtains a court order for his gaoling in Pierre-Encise (December 1773); her husband joins his daughter at La Coste after de Sade’s flight (August 1772); and she celebrates his military induction or call-up in April 1767. You said that it inferred a short period of peace. What reply dare you make?’ At first, there was no volume but silence.”

**THIRTY-THREE**

Behind it all, *mon ami*, we sense a desire to break out. This involves looking closely at two figures to the *divine* Marquis’ left. One of them wore a skull-shaped mask with extra teeth… and this was accompanied by a shawl or delicate gauze, even light silk. A definite blue sprung up at the eye! Whereas his companion comported a wig-wam about the head – almost after Elmore Leonard’s *Collected Westerns*. Most understandably, in that it strove to illustrate a circus tent or Big Top… *vis-à-vis* Punch and Judy’s swazzle. Superficially, our nameless ones feed
off insanity’s edge, if only to release a strategy of tension. Might it go some way to off-setting shock and awe? Abundantly so: since de Sade hovers in the background (one that’s sapphire lite) as a clown gestures impatiently. His companion wore a balaclava over a ski-mask – just to conceal a notional Id. An unkind critic may well call it auto-erotic asphyxiation. One of them happens to be his man-servant Latour; the other must be the recollect monk, Father Durand, who assisted de Sade in 1777.

Latour: “Tally-ho! The exhilaration of the chase is exorbitant over its witnesses. Truly, as Machiavelli intimated in the Discourses, revenge is a dish best eaten cold.”

Father Durand: “You have my fondest regard, my son. Since no one can resist the idea of putting one’s enemies to torment. It thickens the blood in one’s veins. ‘Up pig(!)’, after Pozzo’s diction in Waiting for Godot, must be our motto and credo.”

Latour: “I do so agree, Father. The skinning alive of a helpless victim merely allows the pulse to race. It has a special piquancy, nay salience, if they’ve done you wrong.”

Father Durand: “Mais oui, I find nothing with which to disagree. Moreover, an early play by the communist Howard Brenton comes to mind. I forget the exact title, to be sure. Yet it is unimportant. What we have is the serial killer Christie, a quack and reserve projectionist from Notting Hill Gate, and a thespian tourney. Slowly – and in the presence of witnesses – he rises from underneath a funnel of rubbish, detritus, cardboard, old tin boxes and yesterday’s newspapers. Christie wears a rubber or black mask that glistens in the heat, and it glows with a sterile sheen.”

Father Durand: “Bravo! Cut him to pieces, why don’t you? Fall upon him with our skewering blades! It’s so unutterably pleasurable, by Gad! For starters, let us lop off his limbs after the
fashion of a Procrustean bed. It’s the ultimate egalitarianism – what? No wonder Dalton Trumbo majored in such slop après Senator McCarthy’s deluge. Indeed, given this folly, Howard Brenton followed on like a puppy-dog bleeding from every pore. Doesn’t he embody the flayed mooch who escaped from Moreau’s laboratory; thereby leading to his exile from England? To my mind, it all comes back to the cover of Brenton’s *Collected Plays (Volume 1)*. This depicts a black or desecrated box, replete with dirty sacking, and smeared with green dye. It’s a sort of Rothko in reverse or an exercise in Metzger’s auto-destructive art. It may well scream ‘don’t buy this’, but one presumes the author’s against such outcomes. Isn’t it dialectical? Michel Foucault suggested the writer’s demise afore AIDS took its toll; Brenton negates his prospect of a sale… yet Michael Oakeshott was right. Once we have put the expressionist novel *Michael* to one side, as well as the multi-volume *Diaries*, then we require a Human Torch. (Note: this was a Golden Age comic character in the ‘twenties, revived by Marvel in the ‘sixties, yet borne aloft by Atlas and Hurricane originally).”

Latour: “What do you suppose, Master?”

The Marquis de Sade: “I have been concentrating on an encounter between my nemesis, Lady Montreuil, and Aleister Crowley. It subsists through realism’s declension. Why don’t we subscribe to it, again & all?”

THIRTY FOUR

The Marquis de Sade: “It continues afore a solemn witness. Mark it and follow: for Crowley’s head hovers around Lady Montreuil’s crown. Isn’t it an exercise in a sandman’s listlessness (?) … since she has her back to us, dressed in tatterdemalion, and is facing galvanism’s itch. Could we – by dint of a ‘blasphemy’ against Gill Seidel – call them Kolyma pyjamas? By any luck, the cranium of a Great Beast obviates all & sundry, and it shifts,
riffs, glides, eddies, susurrates or peep-shows. Let it be: *quod* Crowley’s visage is never still – given its undulation or movement (glue-like). This can be described as its mesmerism, fluidity, absence of fixity, and its rejection of H.T. Flint’s *Physical Optics*. (Note: the stories or novels of Andrea Newman come to mind. These are a female version of Jim Thompson, the dime story Dostoyevsky. They also import the idea that Jackie magazine will mate with de Sade’s *Philosophy in the Bedroom*... even gymnastically. It may even be considered as a motif where Sophocles’ *The Theban Plays*, Greek tragedy *per se*, delivers awe. Namely, it refuses normalcy and engenders threnody. Female pornography is emotional, [you see], and Newman embodies its sadistic version). Nonetheless, this variant on Julius Evola’s discussion of the left-hand path (Satanism) becomes unstuck… due to the Cosmicism of *The Book of the Law*. Also, Aleister Crowley’s face surges betwixt dimensions like one of Shaun Hutson’s idiolects.

What goes on here, Father Durand and Latour? For, in our early version of Eddison’s *Frankenstein* (1910), we note Crowley’s shape-shifting. One eyelet is shut, the other open – whilst jug-like ears tug at one; and a tongue protrudes from an onion-shaped head. Still, the numerology which captures 666 remains on his scalp… and doesn’t it add up to nine, a number that indicates spirituality? Likewise, a page of *art brut* comes to mind here: such a one as adorned Wolfli’s or Louden’s murals. Rest assured – they may even add up to Crowley’s own paintings on Thelema’s walls, an abandoned abbey in Sicily. (It happens to be up for sale to the tune of 1.2 million Euros). Perhaps their only admirer was Kenneth Anger who never got over them…

Again, Crowley moves ever closer in a porcine clinch, and he adopts a flayed baby’s shimmer on the astral. One orb, in particular, detaches itself and floats freely in an Op art geometric, and the Beast’s nails were long. They might betoken those fangs which Nosferatu cultivated in 1924. Each one of them reaches for
Lady Montreuil’s hair or coiffure. ‘It will only rend tissue for an instant, cherie’, hummed Aleister Crowley with a brief nod to the Golden Dawn. Yet we still observe those children of damnation – or a mock-Apocalypse – that gather around his flabby underside. They are his necroplasmic coven a la Adolphe Constant’s *Theory and Ritual of High Magic*. Moreover – if we examine them under a microscope – then we gaze more and more into a nineteenth century photogravure. It depicts grey-suited dons, dun-coloured clergymen (like Cowper Powys’ father), matrons, unhappy spinsters and those who weren’t Miss Jean Brodie’s prime. Such a Comus Rout refuses to riot; it looks on avec keen disdain… even as their sepia-tintedness goes away. It slowly dissipates. Yet suddenly, a da(e)monic laugh eructates – it rears up from either Sammael’s mouth or Hell’s jaws. ‘HA! HA! HA! HA!’, rumbles Lady Montreuil like a bellow-head. All of a moment, Aleister Crowley’s wraith begins to retreat, and it reappraises one’s desire to be elsewhere. Yes indeed, Brother Purdurabo lists to the side, gnomically, so as to free himself from unwelcome guests. Didn’t Jean Baudrillard say that America was a dream? ‘For what subsists on these Antarctic beaches? Quod this is a scenario where the new zoological creatures, or anthropoids, of H.P. Lovecraft’s *At The Mountains of Madness* mix and match. They embody an ice crystallisation of one of J.G. Ballard’s unfathomed worlds. Whatever renews itself here?’, murmurs Crowley. He’s non-plussed by Lady Renee-Pelagie Montreuil, who, despite her striped pyjamas, has developed a demonic hand. Might she be morphing into Lady Michele Renouf… instead? Still, a surrounding circus darkens, adopts a darksome aspect, and becomes a silhouette. They no longer seem to care about this stand-off. But what does Nature intend by my mother-in-law’s transformation?"

“Maybe it piles up the spasms or driftwood of our bowels?”, replied Latour and Father Durand in unison. “I don’t blame them”, opined de Sade.
THIRTY-FIVE

At this juncture, the *divine* Marquis and his two assistants stalk from the stage. He passes via a balustrade and casts a penumbra (thereby), if only to leave a scene of carnage beneath his gaze. Again, it appears that a wide number of Donatien Alphonse’s enemies come to grief, and they are done in by French Revolutionary mobs. (At least they give a good account of themselves – if we are to compare them, *Noises Off*, with the surging crowds in Thomas Carlyle’s *The French Revolution*. This is an impressionist work… in contrast to Norman Hampson’s *Robespierre* (an interactive piece) and Nesta H. Webster’s conspiratorial tone). At any rate, Jacobins or members of the Cordeliers Club pursue reprobates and skewer them on pikes. Whereas some of these indents are dwarfed by the guillotine’s shadow. It moves up and down on a liquorice pole. Also, and by dint of narrative grace, de Sade’s name comes eleventh out of twenty-eight prisoners due for trial. All of which took place on July the 27th 1794 or the 9th of Thermidor year II … in concert with a revolutionary calendar. Likewise, the late Marquis found himself imprisoned in Coignart House, a former convent of the Canoness of Saint Augustine. A hospice, known as Picpus and linked to the prison nearby, was raised on its foundations. It allowed wealthy citizens to escape Doctor Guillotine’s invention – but there was no refuge (really). For, as the *divine* Marquis relates in a letter on November 19th 1794, a guillotine was erected in the hospice’s boughs. You see, the inhabitants of the Place de Concorde became sick of a bloody stench, and their iron maiden was moved aft. It arrived at the Place du Trone Reverse next to the Picpus rest-home. Over eighteen hundred victims were then executed and buried amid such copses. It took about thirty five days to complete our abattoir’s abstinence – even if Labisse hadn’t gone there to paint! Moreover, perhaps some of the victims ‘neath de Sade’s rodomontade, happen to be the President de Montreuil and his wife who languished in prison during the Terror.
The Marquis de Sade: “I am still dreaming lucidly and such thoughts cross the dimensions. They pertain to Lady Montreuil’s ordeal at the hands of Aleister Crowley’s esprit. This was especially so now that Crowley’s spectre or rising anima recoils suddenly. Basically, it’s embarrassed by virtue of an iron hesitation. Don’t you sense a refutation of Tony Blair’s A Journey here? By any compass, Aleister Crowley’s astral project backs away – what with those tendrils snaking forth that link him to his flock. These are static bursts of electricity… the kindred o’ which attaches itself to his coven. Nobody could really be gauged in the light now; and this circle, gaggle or Comus Rout comes of age. They are silhouettes – beloved of H. P. Lovecraft – and their certainty indicates a nuance: given that such a Moonchild has no robustness. It turns out cold – whether or not the occult artist Beresford Egan designs its repast. ‘NNNOOO(!), I refuse to countenance its advent’, worries Crowley without conviction. For the Devil has risen to confront its master as in a Punch & Judy booth.

THIRTY SIX

Behold! The divine Marquis left this previous scene and moves ahead atop an Imperial launcher. This denotes an intrusion on Thunderbirds’ mash… and it spectacularly gives birth to an aerial Gormenghast. Do you reminisce about Mervyn Peake’s fantasy? To be sure: the craft’s sides or balustrades creep along, and they curl back upon themselves like fondant icing. In truth, many of its outlying tubes, caskets, funnels, wraiths, stoves, compression chambers or blue rings [fly killers] adapt to nullity… rather like a slide-rule in an ‘O’-level Physics lesson. We also detect an inner anchorage, space apparel, sheen, sheer reflectiveness and extravagant pipe-work… all of it placing a truss on one’s prostheses, no matter any rust. The absence of ware-and-tear (moreover) calls into question one Airfix model-kit too far. Also, the baroque quality of these devices has to be
borne in mind, in that many gleaming appurtenances are clearly un-fit. They lack a utilitarian codex or bias, (you see), and this is despite some grimacing skulls lurking about the hull. These were graven images, masks, _auto-da-fe_, effigies, drift-wood from Ensor, or those screaming skulls in a ‘twenties Congo. Perhaps Joseph Conrad first penned them, in _Heart of Darkness_, afore Marlon Brando took it up in _Apocalypse Now_. By any stretch of the imagination, an s.f. imagery drawn from John Carter’s Mars – care of Edgar Rice Burroughs – and ‘fifties pulps comes to mind. Altogether, it’s redolent of Kingsley Amis’ _History of Science Fiction_ – what with metallic torpedoes, air bubbles, green men, machines that breed, and a proliferation of lab equipment. (Note: this happens to be what maleness calls _stuff_ – i.e., a profusion of weird science).

+ There was a famous Ralph Steadman cartoon, all swirls and aggressive inks _a la_ Gilray, in which Greta Garbo wished to be alone. It mocked Margaret Thatcher at the time. Yet the Marquis de Sade has chosen isolation at his vessel’s hub. He looks out and muses: “I can readily appreciate Lady de Montreuil’s transformation now. Since she stands in her pyjamas with an ebon tongue and the aspect of a daemon. What has happened to my mother-in-law? Who can tell, effectively? Nonetheless, the teeth steam _avec_ a thousand braziers, her claws were elongated (even blood-shot) and the hair circles via such fire. It is literally aflame in its orange or tungsten blast – way beyond those tresses that enliven Kitty Liddell’s depictions by Rossetti. To be certain: various Renaissance beauties or _demi-mondes_ have red hair due to urine… with which they douse it, only to bleach it in the sun. Irrespective of this, Marie-Madeleine Masson de Plissay has begun to speak. Let’s listen agog---.

Lady de Montreuil: “Really, Aleister! Did you seek to escape from us down here? None may venture forth or outside the kernel of Wyndham Lewis’ _Malign Fiesta_. As the Irish critic Hugh Kenner made clear, this was an exercise in radical courage on
Lewis’ part. For the ‘Enemy’ happened to be aged, poor, blind and without many resources. A neighbour in Notting Hill Gate once saw him passing down a rail, completely sightless, towards his flat. He existed only to finish The Human Age trilogy… yet his version of Barbusse’s L’Enfer is an extraordinary achievement. It’s the nearest twentieth century take on Dante or Milton imaginable. Most particularly – if we appreciate that Sammael is Lewis’ alter ego.

But to return to our closing gate… None can scurry away amidst rats in the walls a la Exham priory, Aleister. You are lost. The Order of the Silver Star has spent its sparkle. Listen to me: one of the great works of English literature is Christopher Marlowe’s Doctor Faustus. What say you? It masquerades in an elderly edition with gilt inlay, foiled end-papers and an embossed cover. It shows us a gargoyle-like design which indicates an Anglo-Saxon mosaic. Don’t you realise that it indicates your future (?); since once a pact has been entered into… well, there’s no way out. No Mithraic compact (Viz. Kipling) leads to release. He pulled out his thumb – and lifted a plum – no happier boy was I.

Do you remember this nursery rhyme, Aleister? Such a ditty or childhood doggerel spells out one’s deliverance. For, once a left-hand Hex has been entered into, no-one can put their hope in jam tomorrow…”

All that’s left of George Speaight’s toy-theatre is the Marquis de Sade on a juggernaut’s brig. His eyes wax dreamy, cruel and blue.

THIRTY SEVEN

One of the Marquis’ concerns was Lady Sade or the Marquise – about whom Yukio Mishima, the Japanese writer, once scripted a play. Why can’t she share his inter-continental triumphs? He must visit her asylum at once in order to assess the fastenings on a padded jacket. It doesn’t take long until he is stood in front of
the head-warder or director of Charenton, Monsieur de Coulmier. (Note: in another dimension which pertains to de Sade’s real life in the eighteenth century, he is well acquainted with this Broadmoor. Hadn’t the Marquis been transferred there on July 4th 1789? It was closed in 1795 in the wake of the Thermidorean reaction, but the Directory re-opened it in 1797 as a ‘progressive’ madhouse. His transfer to this booby hatch from Bicetre prison, under police guard, took place on April 27th 1803 [7 Floreal, Year XI according to the revolutionary calendar]. It cost his extended family 3,000 francs a year for bed and board, & this carceral hub came under the Interior Ministry).

Nonetheless, the divine Marquis offers a shrill finger that points out, and it stills the air with a nervy pip. His masque is turned to the side (in diagonal vein like a villain in chess) and its craggy peninsula indicates Arms and Armour. (A tome which was available from the British Museum by Ashdown). Again, his chimney facilitates a tunnel that feeds on gore… the like of which deliberately approaches a Dialogue between a Priest and a Dying Man. By way of apology, his robes flow away ‘neath the head-piece, so as to off-set its angularity or turrets. For aren’t these embrasures a measurement of steel, even envy? And this was never mind a perverse vellum by Terence Sellers called Degeneration. What did it owe to its namesake from the nineteenth century by Max Nordau? Any road up; the asylum’s director, Monsieur de Coulmier, stands afore the Marquis in his full pomp. He is immensely wide in girth or a mortal X-axis (that’s across) and wears a conical hat o’er his monkish robes. Couldn’t it break up the habit of a life-time? By and large, his face was quite clearly revealed ‘mid this Dominican cover-all, and it proves to be swarthy, tight, non-plussed, & ever interested in administration. Both he and his assistant carry large key-rings so as to lock each inmate into their private Hell. Can it really be a matter of Herman Hesse’s Steppenwolf? Never mind: since in one furry hand he carries a circular hoop avec many a jug, plug, wire, spatula or chisel fading away from it. Slightly to one side of
the asylum’s sage stands his successor, Monsieur Roulhac de Maupas, who commands the Marquis’ last years in the nineteenth century. (This was prior to his death on December 2nd 1814). The aide-de-camp wears a dust-sheet that’s blanched… plus a death-mask which was strangely reminiscent of Keats’. He wore some arrested shoulder-pads, purple in colour, that slightly concealed a lesser number of Chubbs or Yales. These were strategically placed about his person. Yet for Madame de Sade there was no easy egress whatsoever.

The Marquis de Sade: “Fielder of loons, Monsieur de Coulmier, surely there must an alteration in my wife’s condition?”

Charenton’s minder: “Sadly no, Count. [Note: in his own life de Sade was often referred to by this title]. There remains little sign of aught save a pleasure in deterioration. This is why – if you were wondering – we’re carrying banners or posters that display the following: ‘sedatives are a millimetre’s cure; ring-worm for Adler; Let go! Let go! We want to whip you cleanly; Sympathy multiplies misery a la Nietzsche: and finally, Doctor Benway’s beano or glee club. Are you barking mad, or what?’ All of these relate to the dramaturgy of Yuri Lybuimov whose Devils convulsed London years ago… wasn’t it post-expressionist in form?”

Still, the subdued atmosphere in the asylum works wonders on one’s nerves. It showed the possibility of persons who gesture, plus a moon behind mullioned windows, in blue; and each mad-cap keeps to his own world. Some play Solitaire; others stare into space; whilst a third set smooth down a Hobby Horse… against this a clock-face comes reflected. It reprises a garden’s sun-dial with Roman numerals for the hours… and who can change its pendulum aright?
THIRTY EIGHT

Listen to this: de Sade is already playing over in his mind a phantasy that’s alight. Do you imperil its glory?

The Marquis de Sade: “Oui, the impact upon our Great Beast is substantial. It more than makes up for an oil-portrait of Hermes in the occult bookshop, Atlantis, near the old British Library. He is shown reaching out across the sea, under a rollicking or atmospheric sky, with a trident in a massive hand. For her part, the daemon inside Lady Montreuil hurled invective at the foe, and it cascaded out of her. Rather like a brilliant glow – a rush of Etna’s enthusiasm streams from her orifices… via both eyes and mouth. Madame de Montreuil’s flesh is now a deep purple – laced with steel – and an Ellen Terry’s hair sweeps behind her. It takes up a cloak’s form; even the crackling foam of some living flame. Might it be orange, red and lemon yellow combined? By any estimation, the Great Beast – in John Symond’s standard biography – seems to disintegrate under her glare. A basilisk or Medusean odalisque (this doubtless was) which causes such spirits to dissipate. They are revenant spells that cannot take the heat of Hades or its Greek Fire… especially if it’s redolent of sulphur. The very reek, ooze or outermost froth of Acheron lurks about Lady de Montreuil – and this cannot outbid aught more brackish. It approaches our ken with a blackened artichoke, even if various members of Crowley’s coven beg to disintegrate. In truth, it takes after Wyndham Lewis’ articulate freeze (a la Toronto) in Self-Condemned. By any distinction, Aleister Crowley’s pineal eye stands out of his body by way of a dart… even a circular or Op art device like a target. Can it swirl after a residuum of hard water about to descend? Given this: the faces of Crowley’s cohorts elongate or distend. They come to embody the elasticity of Mister Fantastic in a graphic novel of yesteryear. Nor can we judge the Giacometti-ish look, or its nether surplice, as seen in Bernard Buffet’s clown faces. Suffice it to say, my mother-in-law’s vampirism feeds on this necroplasmic tear. And
(if we’re honest about it) the Sabbat collapses into Gilman’s brown studies… do you remember his Liverpudlian land-lady’s face? Nonetheless, each stretch, Hindoo rick, moral blasphemy, extension, band aid or plasticene comes unstuck. It was a delinquent version of Vision On – itself much like the latter stages of Dennis Wheatley’s The Devil Rides Out. Don’t you rush to embrace a conclusion when it’s set in the Fourth Dimension?

THIRTY NINE

Yet if we return to the divine Marquis, then a certain sadness must intrude when he meets his wife. He gestures in a rather hopeful way – what with an outstretched mitten that’s extended to a claw. Various concrete balustrades – of a chilling aspect – surround their wit, or is it wherewithal? “Darling, it’s me!”, proves to be all that Donatien Alphonse Francois can utter. He cannot help but notice the state which Marie-Madeleine Masson de Plissay is in. For her hair was frazzled or electrocuted, and it almost stood on end as if in receipt of ECT (electro-convulsive therapy). One can quite clearly imagine the asylum’s principal, Monsieur de Coulmier, slumped in an unergonomic chair. It happens to be made from a plastic or resinous design. To one side of him, however, stands de Sade in an enormous clown-suit… one which takes after Lon Chaney in He Who Gets Slapped (1926). Don’t forget that the divine Marquis performed his own plays at Charenton. Indeed, this very stage seems to be inundated avec dry-ice… even as an unclear or hazy figure approaches from afar. Might it be the young intern or junior doctor, L.-J. Ramon, of de Sade’s final hours? (Note: one also notices, apropos of nothing else, that the Situationists of May ’68 were not unacquainted. For instance, Guy Debord directed an avant-garde film about the Marquis without images – in reality, it was a soundtrack. It was too ‘advanced’ to stoop towards the creation of signs). Still, one should remember that before the Interior Minister, Count de Montalivet, banned their performance
at this mad-house… a large number of plays were produced there. These would include *Oxtern*, (a drama in three acts), *Jeanne Laisne*, (an unpublished tragedy), comedies such as *Le Misanthrope par amour ou Sophie et Desfrancs*, and *Les Fêtes de l’Amitie*, an exercise in vaudeville. Similar thespian shouts adduce alexandrines, prose, free verse, *Opera-comique* or *Henriette et Saint-Clair*. The final ministerial order banning all such turns at Charenton took place on May 6th 1813.

FORTY

Assess this miracle, why don’t you? *Quod* Heine’s Marquis feels awkward about his predicament… By any luck, he gestures to his wife with abandonment, and both of his arms were flung out like an *artiste*. Above all, there seems to be a ‘zero tolerance’ approach – albeit one that moves within its own devilment. At first, a dark silhouette embraces de Sade… even though his eyes remain whitened throughout. Whereas his wife, Marie Madeleine Masson de Plissay de Montreuil, was trussed up in an asylum’s gear – what with a clothing of manumission. It hinted at prior restraint. For a start, she wore oven-gloves in order to prevent self-harm; as well as a sort of spinal ribbing or corduroy. It consisted of various dumb-bells or Brillo pads; the latter moving longitudinally… possibly by dint of a back-line. And this was just like a rugby three-quarter or a Bishop in chess! Are you aware of the Norse version of this game – where you enfilade an encampment, or stockade, at the board’s heart? Similarly, a plasma screen exists to one side – it can doubtless be used to look *via* as well as to reflect. Whilst a ‘brutalist’ concrete splurge, patterned on a sun’s absence, takes up the burden. His appearance does startle Lady Montreuil, however, and we reflect on her peacock’s hair… it seems to stream forwards, electro-statically, after Kate Bush’s mops.

“My lady?”, trills a reluctant Marquis. Yet the inner fastness of his mind dwells on quite a distinction. It can be influenced by
various new novels or anti-novels – as the French call them. These were accustomed to the pull of Alain Robbe-Grillet’s _Jealousy_, for example, where several pages were devoted to a centipede’s death... as it crawld over uneven boards. Such wooden-chips provide a perfect foil for one’s metaphors. Nonetheless, the Marquis de Sade tends to be an abstract literalist... albeit within the provender of many ghouls. Most of which originated from his Stirnite or nihilist temperament. For, as Prefect Dubois once suggested, the Marquis was a hot-tempered or undisciplined individual who proves capable of any ‘armed action’. Look at it anew... why don’t you?

The Marquis de Sade: “In my dream’s eye, the blasting of Aleister Crowley’s coven by Lady Montreuil continues. It spurts, fizzes, dyes, becomes remaindered and then surges once more. For a steaming hiss – of molten cobalt – issues from her chops, and this has to do with serrated gnashers. They move across from left-to-right like a ‘rap’ on the table in dominoes. All of a sudden, streams of radioactive or nuclear energy pour from her mouth – while both orbs, the soul’s windows, were inundated by magic lanterns. These float upwards so as to transmogrify reality after an Oriental taper. For his part, the Magus known as Aleister Crowley is cast into oblivion... and his _anima_ or revenant spills out of a fiery duct. Maybe the Great Beast’s dissolution takes place between Professor R.V. Jones’ beams? To be sure: Crowley’s face enlarges in its final crack-up... as a spindly tongue branches out of its enclosure. It forms a brachial trespass against an oval – nor can we hinder such cauliflower ears, let alone two eyes which drop out over some nostrils. The sigil or numerology of 666 recurs... as a pink-scalp slopes forwards _a la_ Camden town, and a pineal dial circles its retina. By any certainty, and in accord with a Cronenberg plot, Aleister Crowley’s astral head explodes into a thousand pieces. There is a snarling silence or a drumming quiet, and this particular screen was wiped clean. Also, when viewed from outside Duncan’s chamber, a muffled roar trills on some alternative wood. It occurs
inside a boundary that numbers mahogany planks, arranged under an arch, amongst its friends. What can be going on in one of Ann Radclyffe’s castles (?); and doesn’t de Sade praise her efforts in his essay on the novel? It restricts itself to the nineteenth century (pretty much); yet a striking resemblance to H. P. Lovecraft’s *Supernatural Horror in Literature* waxes cool.

FORTY+

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**FORTY ONE**

Let us grant ourselves one favour… since a jamboree now occurs betwixt the Marquis and his estranged wife. He opens his arms wide to embrace her; yet such a demand for bread only countenances a stone. Nonetheless, his wife appears to be poorly – what with a head on one side, hay-rick hair, and bulging eyes. These were vacant, glassy, Tarot-esque, suborned and yet far-seeing. She also wears the remnant of a straight-jacket, such as those remaindered clothes in a Hammer House of Horror. Shall we reimburse Elisabeth Lutyens, the composer, over her score for *The Skull* (?)… it made use of Viennese serialism. One fears not---.

The Marquis de Sade: “Indeed, I understand the nature of our difficulties, and that Roulhac de Maupas will not belabour the cells with an axe. He was de Coulmier’s replacement, don’t you know? Further, no bloodied halberd can be thrown down – cheap of all offerings – and cast at my feet with nary a by your leave. It rested there on disabused ground… and one glances south so as to give it a second thought. A moment of recognition passes through the brain so as to trigger it (mark you). Still, after a fragmentary pause, my mask looks especially white against this gloomy backdrop, and I wear a rain-coat. It is the colour of disillusioned sapphire. Let me announce it to you: I can protect you from all other anxieties. You have no need to fear those reptilian stem-cells at the brain’s root – all such responsiveness to Benway’s experiments falls sheer. Don’t you realise that it’s behind our needs, fair one? Certainly, a saurian beastie shambles along these corridors; at once cold, glistening, unapologetic, and
not altogether there. It will doubtless happen ‘mid the furnishings of so much dark – irrespective of William F. Harvey’s tales. Yet the whisperings of your mother, Lady Montreuil, prove false… let alone if we were to bring in a veritable Rasputin. This amounts to your Father confessor while you resided at the convent of Saint-Aure. Do you comprehend my words?”

FORTY TWO

Yet, despite these mishaps, de Sade’s imagination continues to dwell on the destruction of Aleister Crowley’s coven. It subsists in secret, and after a coup de théâtre, all of our actors take on their accustomed roles. A distracted Lady Montreuil (for a start) kneels at the centre of an explosion… the charred outlines of which coruscate or limn the floor. This can be seen in various spasms or undulations of energy – and the kindred of our drama betokens Op art. It allocates a free-thinking cover – when, in actuality, all that we observe are pits or markings. In turn, they take the form of grills or grooves with de Sade’s mother-in-law at their heart. She seems to be folded over, in her pyjamas, and just stares on into space avec a vacant look. Could she have been broken by the experience? In any event, the rocky walls of this basement sweep away, so as to reveal a cellar that would have been worthy of a twilight grotto. But who would’ve been able to take on the Swineherd’s role? By the by, four other figurines enter this circular theatre which is fit for a Greek tragedy – perhaps in a translation by Richard Lattimore. All of them wear belts-and-braces, robes, pjs (sic), fluffy raps or dressing-gowns. Mayhap, if we were to put names to these four then they’d be the divine Marquis, his son Donatien-Claude-Armand, the Abbe Geoffrey and the doctor who attended the last rites, Ramon. All of a sudden, the Marquis de Sade notices an object on the floor and he bends down in order to pick it up. ‘What in Heaven’s name is that?’, expostulates the Abbe. Yet Donatien Alphonse Francois remains unruffled. For, on further investigation, it’s the last mortal remains of Aleister Crowley, the Great Beast, who
was otherwise known as the *wickedest man in the world*. In this case, he took the form of a rubber doll or (quite possibly) a punctured sex-manikin. It appears to be pink in colouration; even though the limbs wax imploded, distrait, stunted or thalidomide-like. Above all else; its texture embodies a rubbery skin, matting, pericarp or hold-all. And its dunce’s cap was definitely on autopilot. Furthermore, the entire devil-doll looks after an abortant or foeticide – one that has been reduced to this after a living death. Let’s say it again: the numerology of 666 stands out on this de Chirico’s scalp – it adds up to eighteen, which in an Occult science of number reduces to nine, a code for spiritual leadership. The Abbe leads Lady de Montreuils up the oubliette’s steps, but de Sade ruminates on what he’s observed.

FORTY THREE

Lest we forget, the divine Marquis stands with both of his arms exposed. He may be asking for forgiveness afore these Fates, but not necessarily. By any token, his wife – Madame de Sade – stares blankly into space; and her gaze seems to alter Hecate’s moon. It looks abstractly on alternate universes, the nature of which tears down a veil of illusion. Doesn’t Richard Cavendish’s *The Black Arts* attempt to do this for us? Still, the Marquis adopts a vaguely suppliant posture, and he has brought with him a box of chocolates. The outer design of this square caters to the baroque; at once full of filigree, numbness, an empty plenitude or wrath. May these brown cubes of sugar go some way to alleviating their plight, or relationship?

The Marquis de Sade: “Hail to thee, dear wife! I quite understand our difficulties of late. I am well apprised of them. Let me tell you a story or tale – rather than dwell on recriminations. Some slop was thrown by an aged vixen from a ledge, maybe a veranda, and it landed just before my feet. They were buckled and shiny – or of a sort which drew attention to themselves. I walked on with a plain stick made from teak and the ferrule at its
end trespasses on the light. But what of the environment? A great range of houses loomed up on either side, but one took my fancy in particular. It distils a Gormenghast by the way – what with its dark etching, via compost, under a deep-blue palette. Wasn’t Wyndham Lewis’ unfinished autobiography named after a paint-mixer? Any road, the building lay laterally at its summit, and it over-taxed the imagination in terms of an eldritch line... Or by one ‘lee’ of the cross. What came into one’s imagination was a darksome horror, in lieu of an architectural drawing that relies on a slide-rule. It belongs to Hawksmoor, Wren’s rival, and the Gothic master of unadornment, rectilinear precision and a geometric codex of the sinister. (Note: much of this has been explored prior to our notice – by writers like Peter Ackroyd and Iain Sinclair). These exist as grey-slates or trampolines; themselves redolent of so many dark inks and ebon slurries. For a black dye or calligraphic liquid (in small glass bottles) will defy those lines crafted by Cruikshank, Gillray, Rowlandson or Hogarth. Look upon it! Since a cart gradually approaches my aristocratic frame from afar. It was drawn by two men in caps and bibs, even as I moved to pass them in the dankness of these lanes. What filled up the nature of their barrow, driven up-hill by these sturdy fellows, so as to reckon on deliverance? Why, I immediately realised the reason for its weight – in that it carried aloft a mound of meat, mortal flesh, corsages, cadavers, and the remains of men and women. I would estimate that such a tray spirits seven corpses, still tepid or warm, and covered in pox. They spray-paint the nature of sexually transmitted diseases. These were afflictions such as HIV/AIDS, syphilis, gonorrhoea, hepatitis C, herpes, glandular fever, clymedia, crabs, plus similar taints. The dead bodies lay in a heap or compound; at once filleted, ‘blue-ray’, riven, glaucous, grey-to-green-to-yellow-to-puce; and they adopted the texture of ol’ Brillo pads. In truth – not even Andy Warhol would have been able to commercialise them. Still, one Plastinate took my eye, wife, and it shook me about the brows. It even gave off a hint of recognition. There he was – I knew it immediately, t’was my old steward Gaufridy...
damn his eyes! Like Tom o’Bedlam and my itinerant Fool, they haunted Lear’s heath out of misplaced loyalty. In any event, none of them could register (on their patched mouths) a hint of solace – never mind James Hinton’s analysis o’ pain. He particularly majored in vulvic travail, trauma, gynaecological outreach, and even mummification. It doubtless emboldens a Baconian work… whereby a heart pants on, screaming in a roseate glow, developing an ear, and leaping anent Poussin’s *Massacre of the Innocents*. Wasn’t the latter a shaman to be reckoned with? Nevertheless, his features are open-mouthed, sallow, bereft, deep orbed, toothsome, alone, skeletal, ribbed & covered in mould. He waxes bald or without hair, an elbow abuts his cheek-bone, and another orifice (plus canines) lurk at our trug’s rear. What of this one (?) I ask the lead expert in haulage. He happens to be our old reprobate, Charles Le Noir (1732-1807), the former Parisian police chief. I stand there unapologetically.”

FORTY FOUR

Listen to me: the *divine* Marquis offered his wife a box of candy, but at first her senses appear to be numbed. She stares at him in a non-plussed way – afore she suddenly breaks out into a rictus grin. Her hair is still on end (whether electrocuted or no) and a sign exists on her ample breasts. This was contained within a straight-jacket’s fold – it read: ‘DANGER DEMENTED; mad-cap of all purpose, do not spare the knife!’ “AAAGGGHH!” she tweeted (sic), “I’ve been brought chocolates, whipped cream, Cypriot delights, sugar loaf, *et al*, by my sweet-heart…” And she begins to laugh. May Donatien Alphonse Francois de Sade be caught out by such a guffaw (?), given its kinship to Gaius Cibber’s *Raving Melancholy*… (Note: the latter happened to be a statue outside the Imperial War Museum, in south London, where Bedlam once stood).

Yet de Sade’s mind was already distracted, in that he dwelt on a previous scenario without resource. Given this: what can we
make of the sage advice of Charles Le Noir, a former police chief. “Look at this one, my fine young sir, it amounts to one Gaufridy – a sinner (he waxed and waned), a drunkard, gambler, blasphemer, sodomite (alleged) and mountebank. He seems to have been a steward to a lord, Magister.” “By what rights do you compute this?” “Well, if the plague had not borne him off, then surely liquor or the gallows would have done so.” “Excellent, my man! He fulfils all the requirements that I’ve been seeking… assuredly so. For any meat’s that ready for von Hagens’ scalpel waxes worthy, or it must know the meaning of preservation anew.” Again, he looked down at a frothing or transparent cauldron. It seemed to find a magnification, a la Edward Muybridge’s roving eye, in the black-and-white imagery afore us. Doesn’t it register those unknown frames of Metropolis, discovered in Argentina, and adding 30 minutes overall? “Here is a mere pouch of gold, my herring. It is heavy with those sovereigns that lurk in the palm. They might leave a green stain at the heart of any Palmistry (no matter how indiscrete), and you shall find a heavier variant if you deliver this body.” “Where to, my liege?” “I will instruct you in this chartership”, rumbled the Marquis. “Let your feet number the tiles of an august parsonage, to name it… Nor need we feel excluded from this warren of Shaun Hutson’s breeding. To speak of it: the dwelling is of an ornate brick, tending to a slate grey, and off-set by aspen windows. These reflect back a golden or autumnal light at the numbing of the sign, and a neo-classic portico rivets our attention. It sort of masquerades akin to a turret or opera… and as regards the vicarage which houses Dennis Wheatley’s The Satanist. Maybe also, this entire or stony trajectory comes across as one of A.J. Cronin’s friezes. But with any hindsight, and next to its entrance, a figurine rests on a classic column… albeit one that’s cut off on a pediment. The entity is ‘angelic’, vaguely troubling, fully breasted, kneeling, horned and in possession of two bat-wings. Don’t they scream abroad in order to see, even in Gaza? Possibly… The manse itself was known as La Coste.” “Who shall I name thee by, Master, so as to collect some golden
pebbles… themselves cast afar?” “I will instruct you”, voiced the nobleman in Stentorian tones, “The Fates have done well to call me the Marquis de Sade.”

FORTY FIVE

Away from this, the divine Marquis offers some After Eights to a distracted bride. Yet, if we were to deconstruct the gesture, then such sweet-meats were not really the point… since Madame de Sade, plus her electrocuted hair, faces a mute wall. And let’s not entertain any extra-mural jokes here… quod Marie Madeleine Masson trespasses upon an indented sheen, occasioned by such plastering, and indifferent to its lumps. She stares on and on – while refusing to compute an NCP car-park’s reality. Again, this set chooses or computes its ‘brutalism’… yet it’s more an absent sculpture than Thorak or Quinn (never mind late Michelangelo). “Go on, take a wafer or a present Toblerone”, urged Donatien with some energy. Might it indicate raw emotion? But still, these minty fondues remained in their crinkly wraps. One of the most notorious men in the world held out some chocs – only to find no takers whatsoever.

FORTY SIX

By definition, a tragedy has entered into his nine lives… even within the redoubt of dream. The Marquis – irrespective of any present tension – shuts a cold door which borders on exclusion. In fact, it leads to a laboratory. A fragile crate of tensile wood lies to one side, while a trestle table fills the room… what appears to be the remnants of some chemical apparatus stands on’t. Behind him, and down one axis of this Boyle locker, strews a bench… it sports test-tubes, a diabolical figurine clutching some grapes and a cup, as well as a shrunken head. It floats (unforgivingly) inside a thick-leaded bottle that’s stoppered by a cork. Immediately behind the divine Marquis is a large book-case. It consists of a mixture of Occult and sexological tomes –
although the latter probably outnumber the former. The works in question include Count Richard von Krafft-Ebing’s *Psychopathia Sexualis*, Otto Weininger’s *Sex and Character*, Cesare Lombroso’s *Criminal Man*, treatises on Ollendorff’s complaint, as well as jottings by James Hinton, Havelock Ellis and Edward Carpenter. *Touché!* At this cube’s front a man sits doubled up, spluttering over a cigarette, and with a beret askew on his head. It happens to be Gaufridy… the Marquis’ rather louche steward from the eighteenth century. Do you detect the vagaries of destiny, or what mystics call the weird?

Gaufridy: “When will you let me go, Master? You promised me a finiteness to this pain – an end. *C’est fini.* I have been of service to you, but every voluntarism keens to its imagination. It keels over and gestures roundabout. I beg you to release me… some time under a new millennium. Are ya finally going to let me die, eh?”

The Marquis de Sade: “One must have patience, my servant, if you wish to travel through the vortex of lust. Granted: I brought your body back – across the template of death – so as to assist me in my Great Work.” [Rather disconcertingly, de Sade looks straight through his polymorphous steward as if he isn’t there. He had written to Gaufridy on many occasions in the eighteenth century – particularly when imprisoned in the Bastille. Maurice Heine and Gilbert Lely later collected such missives. For example, Madame de Sade wrote to Gaufridy that her husband was getting ‘very fat’ in his cell. This was on May the 25th 1787.]

“I sincerely hope that you can die after a completion of ecstasy. It seems to be the confirmation of a Tantric prophecy, you see. I might be able to release you once I’ve discovered what I’m researching, and such a revelation’ll explode quickly… if at all. Once I possess a codicil, a desideratum, even a hermeneutic bite – then your destruction facilitates Sisyphus’ myth. Unlike Albert Camus’ version of an eighteenth century *philosophe*, the rock must hurtle down an incline and crush you. Bravo! Hurrah! I
celebrate Gaston Bachelard’s mix of belletrism and Orpheus. Do you ken it? No pestilence shall haunt Oran (in Algeria) without my permission. After all, the swatting of a mortal coil is little more than breaking a fly’s epidermis. Perhaps the prisoners of the future can be fed on a quartered blue-bottle, divided up on plastic plates, o’er many a year?”

By the by, the *divine* Marquis squints down at an ornate watch in his possession. It happens to be an bevelled time-piece, of great antiquity, and with a chain which can link it to an inner waistcoat pocket. The grey casing or outermost rim was Swiss in manufacture, but it otherwise hails from tungsten, pewter, a coffin’s silver handles, or Sheffield’s finest. It bristles with the rough magnificence of Khitian brass. The inner part of this device, however, comes divided into sections; together with a sun-dial’s pointer. It slides across its open relief. For this clock registers the tides of Hell running north to south, and it depicts the mephitic currents of Lethe, Acheron or the Styx. They prove to be gaseous, infernal, and much corrupted. De Sade closes a lid on this period-piece with a vicious snap.

**FORTY SEVEN**

Against it all: the Marquis casts a long and abrupt shadow, as he walks abroad. While, way behind him in the vestibule, one detects his wife, Madame de Sade, who slips down a stone balustrade during his exit. Her female straight-jacket contains an amplitude; the like of which ripples with her percussive dye… as she moves diagonally. (Note: the woman’s self-possessiveness, or its absence, re-visits a film poster for a *diva* in a silent film. This would have canalised the ‘twenties on a silver dish). Yet, in answer to the above, one notices that her arms and chest were ribbed, padded, exteriorised, undulating, duvet-like or cast against type. She laughs dementedly as her lord and master stalks from this sensory deprivation chamber. Furthermore, a mild halo in an adjacent blue (almost of idiocy) impacts around *madame’s*
head, and it only soars in order to deprive. Likewise, a spatial boundary between husband and wife comes into existence… and this involves the very dimensions of an urban space. You see, the wife subsists in a dark or sepulchral pitch – where the amplitude of mental illness does its worst. For, long before a programme such as MK-Ultra, early psychiatry dove-tailed with lobotomy, followed by ECT (electro-convulsive therapy). All forms of counselling, whether Freudian or behavioural, came a poor second at this juncture. All of which means that some printed slogans occur on a sloping tier – the divine Marquis refuses to countenance them. Yet, in their insistence or bombast, they embody false breaths, advertising slogans, pop-ups or Situationisms. (And this is irrespective of Jean Barrot’s materialist critique). Nonetheless, the dissonances which appear were PAVLOV WAS RIGHT, SUCTION-CUP, MAD AS A HATTER, ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE, UP YOURS(!), SIGMUND & OTHER DOGS, BOOBY HATCH, STIR CRAZY… Whereas the Marquis de Sade gets closer and closer to an exit square at this amphitheatre’s end. It takes the form of a lozenge, ecstatic in its light, and rectilinear in its cuboid rim. Might it be an in-betweener of some sort (?); or a door that suffices to lead to SANITY outside the circle. Moreover, as Donatien Alphonse Francois peers out, one notices two pilots or items in this rock-garden by le Corbusier. The first happens to be pipes or innards, glistening in some mental rain, and reminiscent of the Pompidou centre… where the building’s guts are on the outside. The second is a scenario wherein a roving eye (a false equation or optical illusion) gazes from the ceiling. Perhaps it’s an advanced form of CCTV for a flat-headed generation? Never mind: since it harkens back to Arthur Seaton’s Aunt, a Gothic story by Walter de la Mere, in which a disembodied eye stares at you in every room. It can be construed as Odin’s eye-let, whether withered at the root or not, and too harsh to witness.
May we proceed? *Quod*, in Donatien’s inner mind, he is beginning to quiz Gaufridy about his gift known as second sight – or, in certain lodges of men, the *shining*.

The Marquis de Sade: “Shall I put you to the ‘question’, Gaufridy, as the French authorities in sixteenth century mode once described a rarefied torture? My desires pertain to future developments at Charenton’s asylum prior to 1814. Oh yes!”

Gaufridy: “It proves to be murky and untransparent, Master. May it relate to chained-up entities within a theatre of damnation? Let’s wait and see, eh! Still, I want to notice the aperture of these complaints. For two humanoid collisions – a veritable tweedle-dee or tweedle-dum – exist in over-sized egg-cups. They wax improvident or are grey in colour, and these dualities or Siamese twins seem connected… albeit by electrical cables slung between their heads. Doesn’t this attempt to answer Stephen Fry’s query about a brain-in-a-box, a possible futurama, or even a Doctor Who villain… never mind Marvel comics’ Dr Sun? It rests easy when fossilised in its cube – if green around the gills (after Thomas Ligotti). Surely we are talking about Monsieur de Coulmier and his successor, M. Roulhac de Maupas?”

The Marquis de Sade: “Maybe…”

Forsooth, a transformation takes place in our drama… and the *divine* Marquis moves out to a precipice. In truth, it exists right at the margin of this Royal Court (whether in Sloane Square or no). And this proves to be separate from any grievance – as to Jim Allen’s *Perdition* under Stafford-Clark. (Note: this refers to the banning of a Trotskyist and anti-Zionist play. It was suppressed by the theatre’s director due to its ‘soft’ revisionist content).
Nonetheless, de Sade may be weeping under his triangular hood, at the edge of a concrete drop which is punctuated by griffins. These were gargoyles in stone – reminiscent of those on the walls of Chartres cathedral – and yet toying with the idea of corbels. Weren’t such rock-prisms an exercise in a Horror Circus (?); at once graven, severe, ‘populist’, lurid and a revelation of Carl Orff in granite. Again, one can’t avoid a modern element; where electronic teeth, ducts, grills, harbingers, eddying circuits or filaments close in. Above Donatien (almost immediately) there’s a machine-pump or daemon. In fact, it’s an exercise in Giger’s art, the film *Alien*, a voltaic pulley, Paolozzi and Grunewald. Similarly, various forms of therapy continue around him – most of which would horrify the anti-psychiatric movement of R.D. Laing. You see, in this Circus Flavius, fear of heights is dealt with by mumification and exposure; while other victims of ‘torture’ wrestle with guards on a ramp. It signifies nothing, if you register it clearly… and yet the example of William S. Burroughs’ negative *Oeuvre* rises up. For the psychedelia and decadence of *Wild Boys, The Ticket that Exploded* and *Cities of the Red Night* are writ large (here). Since no-one can deny that arachnophobia is best cured by immersing a ‘victim’ in a Plexiglas dome. It consists of nothing but spiders who crawl, living, out of his mouth, ears and toes. Meanwhile, in the foreground, one detects two nurses and a drugs-trolley which they push along on castors – or via a truckle-bed. These doubtless disburse those chemical coshes that medicine relies on. For aren’t such figurines really apothecaries who mix up henbane and garlic in a mortar-and-pestle? Maybe it’s some sort of a smelter, perchance? Anyway, our pharmacists exist under dust-sheets… let alone the netting or inverse crocodile of a herbalist. Do you recall the description of such a cabal, in a sixteenth century version of Irvine Welsh, in Aldous Huxley’s *The Devils of Louden*? (Ken Russell would later film it using a Day-Glow, diamantine or poster-paint touch). Whereas, in a far corner of our amphitheatre, another refractory pin goes under the crusher! It partakes of a sensory deprivation ‘torture’ *a la* Dr Alexander
Kennedy – in which a man bites on an apple, albeit under a mechanical plunger. These are the reversals of *The Incredible Desire Machines of Dr Hoffmann* by Angela Carter; & they partake much more of infernal chastisers in Bram Stoker’s *Lair of the White Worm*. Leastways, and under a cover of darkness, the asylum’s director approaches our Marquis. He is rather diffident and stand-offish.

Monsieur de Coulmier: “Hail to thee, *divine* Marquis! If I may enjoin, Master, can I beg a moment for a colloquy? It would be best to deal with it discretely… if I might have a word.”

**FIFTY**

Yet our Marquis operated at different levels within his own mind, in that, by one reckoning, he senses a small figure. He or ‘it’ merges in with a “brutalist” surround; even though the sheer concrete around him refuses any respect to le Corbusier. But, in truth, who is this lost communist (?) – to adapt the phraseology of Robinson Jeffers. Let us listen awhile: since our figurine comes across as a match-work box; at once slain, asked, rhapsodic, foxed or mottled like an old book, and abidingly fey. All in all, this palsied imp stretches out the answer of his own reek – and he wrecks a wicker-man by virtue of his ease. Don’t you know? Again, our jobbing sprite attracts naught by dint of his leprosy – nay mendicancy. Could it amount to a masculine example of Germaine Greer’s *The Female Eunuch*, perhaps? Not really, *quod* this dwarf or circus performer (who feeds on a forbidden spore) represents de Sade’s masochistic side. It delivers up a veritable *Justine, or the Misfortunes of Virtue*… as Jean Paulhan explicated at the time.
FIFTY ONE

Likewise, another spotlight can be trained on the Marquis’ mind or its lunar conspectus. It confronts the reality of two identities who remain alone in a room together.

The Marquis de Sade: “Truly, mon ami, I expected a greater bequest than this. By any token, it’s hardly worth keeping you alive for such misery. I asked you for a three-volume set of Alexander Solzhenitsyn’s *Gulag Archipelago*… and all I receive is a plate of sugar in response. Nor will it prove sweet enough to subsidise Tate Britain. [Note: in the analogs of Time, a capitalist fortune from Tate & Lyle lay behind the Tate gallery in Pimlico]. Still, it’s very disappointing to stretch out a gauntleted hand, desirous of a fish, only to receive a stone. Maybe an unraked garden of them…”

Gaufridy (mildly riled): “Yet a further relapse is possible. It out-maneuvers its own toast, if only to bathe in a tub of red-wine or blood. But this creatoid I mocked afore, the Siamese twins in rival egg-cups, knows I’m there. Oh no! It recognises my facticity. For these casualties sway on rival trapezes or ropes, even given a quarry of flayed skins. In recompense, their upper halves were a lighter grey or fawn; whereas any lower complex darkens. Doesn’t it affix itself to the plagiarism of Jerzy Kosinski’s *Painted Bird*? Anyway, these two repositories of a negative circus – such as Catalonia’s *La Furas des Baus* – react suggestively. Must it be redolent of a meaty crucifixion in subdued light…? THEY KNOW I’M THERE ETHERICALLY; (Rembrandt’s *Ox Carcass* not withstanding).”

The Marquis de Sade: “I hold up a hand which consists of iron filings that are magnetised before the dawn. I’m bored already!”

Gaufridy: “And it’s not all, my Master’s cod-piece… I sensed its temperature (or kick against the pricks) prior to my arrival.
Listen to this: there happens to be mortality or death in these surrounds. Someone will die here – and on my behalf – I hope it’s you… an armour-plated nihilist, a polymorphous pervert, a bully or tug of an inner circus. Do you hear? Mark my words: the author of *La Marquise de Gange* must burn like a scarecrow at the fete.”

As he gestures in this way, he casts out a spindly or skeletal hand – almost like an imprecation, a curse. Confound it all: some chemical apparatus bubbles away on a plane wooden-desk between them. It consists of two conical jars which are conjoined by pipettes, if not unction, and they also possess corks/valves. Any solution which rises in such depths is Turneresque, multivalent, cadenced or exists amid a kaleidoscope of hues. They are tangerine, <planed to a plum>, a pox yellow, Spanish orange and an oat’s relish: all subsumed. Yet, amid the hazy maelstrom of such a sky, a form looms up; at once dispersed, effusive, hidden and menacing. It betokens Choronzon; a Beast with only one eye. Watch out, my lovely--.”

The Marquis de Sade: “Really, Gaufridy? How long have we been associated with each other? Do you really imagine that I can die (?) – given my endless permutations of the mind. A presence which haunts a Species’ dreams can never be banished from Arthur Machen’s *The Terror:”*

**FIFTY TWO**

Monsieur de Coulmier (uncertainly… yet with an aggressive touch underneath it): “My Lord, a tricky or knotty problem outfaces us. I beg that you turn your attention to it, so as to alleviate a trap-door which was rigged for a dummy. Won’t it plunge down into a yardage characterised by spikes? Still, we must prevail upon you for an answer: yes or no. Since the following conundrum subsists prior to our gaze, do you see? It involves Aleister Crowley, the Great Beast, who’s already
appeared in our narration. He sits chained on t’other side of yonder grill – at a time of deliverance from rival selves. Shall we continue his treatment, my Lord?”

At this, the director of the Charenton asylum, Monsieur de Coulmier, gestured in his wake or towards a cell. It filled any such space with a light-green tinge and bore upon it the sigil DANGER: misdirected loon. Let’s consider this anew… for de Sade re-arranged a toga or Imperial gown which he was wearing.

“Yes”, he murmured, “my wife’s condition owes much to Crowley’s *Book of the Law*. *Quod* Exham Priory’s wings stretch out on either side of a central tower. It dominates the Beast’s retreat in Sussex, in such a way that leads to a stained-glass window on a northern asp. In truth, we find a resemblance to William Golding’s *The Spire* here… where Bishop Joceyln seeks to raise a folly, a vertical ossuary, on Hawksmoor’s grave. Truly, a giant portrait of Crowley exists in the entrance hall. It covers an entire wall (almost) and like a Pablo Neruda mural it exists amid a whirligig o’ parts. Also, a tincture of his own rather raw paintings enter in – irrespective of Kenneth Anger’s support or filmic lustre later on. Indeed, the pictures were a mix of naïveté, Art Brut, child art *a la* L. Adam’s prognosis, as well as Mathew Smith’s passion fruit. All they really needed was time – a deportment in order to mature. Yet, on closer inspection, Aleister Crowley’s face stares out from a wash of light blue admixed with gold…. And the eyes glare out at you by way of cold treacle. Further, the head in question seems to be heavy, glabrous, rounded, hairless, smooth, lugubrious and billiard-ball like. Some occult signs – from Colin Wilson’s lair – top his forehead or crown, and they could be in Ancient Greek, Hebrew, Assyrian, Enochian or Aramaic. While his clothing proved to be smart casual or close to NEXT; and it passes off as the next best thing, effortless, Covent Garden extracted, or cast out. I must see him anew… lead on, Coulmier, master of Charenton’s mad-house.”
FIFTY THREE

As if by magic, a peep-hole slides away so as to reveal a prism’s contents, and at their heart lies Aleister Crowley. He comes across as tied to a bright yellow-chair (made of some plastic resin) and various electrodes were attached to his limbs. These wound away upwards towards the darkness of an unkempt ceiling, even an oubliette. Whereas the Great Beast wore a triangular hood or helmet around his face; the like of which led to a gnashing of teeth. This caused de Sade to grimace from his slit – whereupon he examined proceedings. Moreover, his eyes glowed madly inside their sockets, afore take-off within the mask, and while spying on Crowley. It virtually reprises a scene from Michael Powell’s last film Peeping Tom. For don’t we remember the following quote from Ecclesiasticus, in the Old Testament Apocrypha, when it says: some sprites exist for vengeance and lay about ‘em violently?

FIFTY FOUR

Dare one notice its puissance? For the divine Marquis strides in lieu of Algernon Blackwood’s spiritist, John Silence, and a roseate mist descends. Likewise, de Sade moves abreast of a walkway at Charenton’s edge, and, as he does so, our aristocrat becomes apprised of two mutes. (Neither of them seems to be figuring in one of Neill Hamilton’s sculptures, irrespective of their use of a gammadion). By dint of a fast lane, two unconjoined twins flash forwards in the dark. How to describe them? Well, they are mummified specimens who exist in oven-pads (overall). To be certain of it: these were body-suits which condemn their wearers to a carapace – even of steel. Again, both of these Tyros (a la Wyndham Lewis) writhe within an envelope; and it is akin to being buried alive… the great nightmare of the nineteenth century. (Hence those bell-and-pulley systems that caretakers rigged up, so as to alarm parishioners about a call from the deep). Further, such shell-suits wax like copper
sarcophagi in M.R. James’ story *Count Magnus* – nor can we forget the feeling of a pencil-case, alive/alive-o, in the distance. In any event, both of these individuals in their body-armour prove to be enemies of the Marquis – perhaps one was Inspector Marais and the other Mirabeau. The first of them is tied to a stanchion by steel-wire; while the second one is hurled off a plinth into a sheer bin. This proves to be a wanton and malignant act by Donatien Alphonse Francois… nor is it the only one we can point out. Whilst, adjacent to this defeat, de Sade strides from a podium which exists on the moon’s other side. It also bears a striking resemblance to the cover of Patrick White’s *The Vivisector* – given its stark or sterile purity. Wherein we configure one Gateshead ‘blinking eye’, a rounded stage (minus a proscenium), as well as raised promontories, ‘scarps, drifts and sheer planes. All of it testifies to the minimalism of Mies van der Rohe, even his fictional alter ego Roark in *The Fountainhead*. From a distance, though, the director of Charenton makes leave to speak…

Monsieur de Coulmier: “My Master, have you decided upon the fate of the accused?”

The Marquis de Sade: “Most definitely, I demand an intensification of his ‘treatment’ – contrary to those who would cry ‘desist’. It cannot be in our interest to intercede on Aston’s demands… as they occur at the end of *The Caretaker’s* second act. To close it off, Monsieur director, all I wish to see is a masked or limbless freak, a gimp, who was otherwise covered in herbal tattoos. These body-parts are limned in Red – under a saturnine disclosure – and the victim’s head comes encased in a tribal helmet. Might it be Hugh Walpole’s take on Wagner’s divinatory mask? Still, this imagery first appeared in a Luciferian magazine that an undergraduate peruses… and may it reveal a combination of Beardsley, Egan, Steadman, Wragg, Rackham & Austin Osman Spare? All in all, the voltage should be increased so as to facilitate a ‘total disintegration of the persona’.”
But what of a different ether? For the Marquis de Sade dreams like no-one else – not least in terms of a ten-volume work, Les Journees de Florbelle, ou la Nature devoilee, suivies des Memoires de l’abbe de Modose et des Aventures d’Emilie de Volnange. This monumental work – a veritable logorrhoea – was seized from de Sade’s room at Charenton on June 5th 1807. It will be destroyed after his death by the police. Yet, on inspection, he exists even in the present tense… since a mansion down on Kent’s coast harbours many a secret. It happens to be called Buda and is a harbinger of many presentiments. Didn’t an Anglo-French family once own it? Still, the divine Marquis enters via a side-door of Maurice Heine’s study; thence to confront his explicator. (Note: wasn’t his role adjacent to that of Louis Wilkinson, in Welsh Ambassadors, who tested the Powys’ brothers? It testified to Krapp’s Last Tape in reverse). Nonetheless, a range of the Professor’s publications litters a book-case behind him. These were bound in green-cloth, gold stamped, tinted as to their end-papers and embossed on vellum. They trailed away or grew out of his cranium backwards. The principal works in question, though, are The Misfortunes of Virtue [Justine], Edition Fourcade, and The 120 Days of Sodom, S&C, paid for by private subscription.

Professor Maurice Heine: “What is the meaning of this? Good Lord! It’s you….”

Meanwhile, and in a world he created, the divine Marquis walks towards oblivion over a foot-bridge. It looks like the spiral of a new architrave – i.e., one that’s born to overcome its serrated edges. Likewise, Donatien Alphonse Francois wears a cape or wrap that floats after him; and on his head he sports the traditional diamond… or perhaps some form of conical hood. It
might denote a lamp of Alhazred which casts Wyrd light through a trapezohedron lens. Yet, on closer inspection, various instants of Gormenghast haunt one’s waking moments – as if to penetrate the grief of so many favourites. Then again, we note several structures which loom over a receding dot (de Sade) and these wax massive in their deportment. What do they affirm? Well, it’s quite clear that they outline the symmetry of Arno Breker and Josef Thorak. Nor do we detect any hostility to Frink, Gormley, Paolozzi, Quinn or Moore herein. Further, these reliefs are gigantic or Colossus-like; and they exemplify a wickerman who hails from Rhodes. Listen again: a figurine as tall as a light-house leans back; at once shaven-headed, screaming, orb-like, toothsome and with a tongue that stretches out. It dreams of a ‘blinking eye’ at Gateshead in the north east. Nonetheless, the maquette’s ear signals a curlicue or a crater on a moon’s globe – of the sort that Sir Patrick Moore invented. Do you see? Quod the musculature of this green giant proves awesome, ebon-flexed, titanic, blood imbibed, and reminiscent of Turkish sculpture. (Note: this didn’t exist afore the national revolution of 1912; and, in truth, Thorak provided them with a post-classical rhetoric. For a Mohammedan polis wouldn’t carve from the human body). Providentially, many of its internal organs were on display like the Pompidou Centre in Paris – wherein the building’s entrails are external. Don’t Professor von Hagen’s examples of corpse art come to mind? Also, a label marked SICK (most prominently) exists on the mid-riff, so as to play off one pipe or boiler-plate against another. It doubtless conjures up that scene in Brazil with Robert de Niro. Similarly, an enormous pyramid or V-shaped apex slices via an arm. (In its very crudity or gesture of Arms, it recalls the ‘secret weapons’ David Irving deals with in The Mare’s Nest). Likewise, one notion survives above all: and this is a tincture of balance or equivalence. Given this: a concrete version of a flaming torch, Soviet-style, exists in one hand – a true Cyclopean fist, (this). Whilst at the other extremity we find two sprongs, sprockets, filaments or twinges of steel. Might they be the correlations of a yet to occur amputation?
By any stretch of the imagination, an *aperçu* or witticism intrudes. It relates to our previous scene with Professor Maurice Heine and the Marquis de Sade... but they are no longer alone. Since a woman of some beauty has joined them – and she cuts quite a vampiric indent under the chandelier. Her hair’s adopted a Vivienne Westwood formula or jump-cut; and might it be something of the Angry Young Men’s *Declarations?* Yes indeed, *quod* her top was simple (decidedly so); as well as being Brylcreem’d, Tom Boy-ish, spliced and tinted in two positive directions. What could her name be? Why, it perhaps spoke of Lady Anne, his sister-in-law, who had uncertain relations with de Sade. For instance, according to Gilbert Lely’s *Life of the Marquis de Sade* (Gallimard, 1952), she left La Coste in mid-October 1772 so as to re-join him. Nonetheless, the other items in this tasteful and understated room were an Art Deco lamp, a wall of eighteenth century wash or décor, as well as a mirror. It reflected back from an empty escarpment.

Professor Maurice Heine: “Why have you hunted down my formulations?”

The Marquis de Sade: “I only wish to converse for a moment, Monsieur.”

Meanwhile, the *divine* Marquis clambered over some gates... even his own indifference. Still and all, a few more gigantic figurines exist in the distance, and one of them projects a tongue as a walkway. It delivers the possibility of several individuals who walk out onto its silvern wire. Could they all be wearing masks (as understood)? Anyway, another massive constellation peeps out, and it bears the drift of a submerged Antarctic. Does anyone wish to rescue H.P. Lovecraft’s *At the Mountains of*
Madness? Further, the neighbouring dummy or fool-scap goes to blazes; and it measures its status as a wicker-man. Nor is this an amateur designation care of Christopher Lee... since its essential swab is down-trodden. Such a Hellenism (you see) counts the bars of its respite – if only to mix-and-match pictures in a German almanac. Look again: since this Cyclops out of Homer’s *Odyssey* (maybe in T.E. Lawrence’s translation) signals aft. And it gestures towards an absent mistake, a laughing torso or rictus, even a blind-folded wreck. Never mind: *quod* our neo-Classic symbol lumps in pessimism, myopia, Tiresias in his own wasteland, and the unifying ardour of a matrix. It brings together only to destroy, in other words. Yet, if we might quantify the detail, a towering Hood objects to our fate; and it proves to be ranked, cast aloft, riven, de Chirico-like and reminiscent of von Hagens. Again, this goliath or giant (*a la* Rodin) doubtless suffers in reddish light – and by means of this stroboscope one measures a new crucifixion. Perspectively, can’t it look to Dail’s passion when seen from above? Whereas the likelihood of this Constructivism seeps into Steve Ditko’s art, as, innocent of the occult, it delineates *Doctor Strange*. You were aware of this Acid Trip without Leary? For this Czech graphic artist drew impishly or counter-intuitively, so as to rip down the veil of illusion. Why so? Well, it must primarily have to do with identifying *avec* dream-imagery, the oneiric or phantasy. Such a dexterity of line curves upwards via the monumental – even when restricted to two dimensions. Whilst this particular sculpture goes outside a studio, and it cooked up a potent brew which was well-rounded, stolid, re-dedicated or spotted *a la* an early Frink head. Given this: the statue that de Sade passes seems to be sideways-on, straining, limned in tape, possibly bound by tendrils of zirconium, or alabaster. (One probably didn’t think of either concrete or marble). Yet, by any token, this icon or colossal maquette strives to be Grecian, muscular, growth-hormone’d (not), as well as Mussolinian. By the latter remark, it listened to some of Marinetti’s blandishments. Despite this, the Mount Rushmore ghoul trims to an atonement – let alone baldness.
While the label LOON strikes a necessary target ‘agin Vance Packard’s hidden persuaders. For, in truth, a 3-D variant on Ernst Fuch’s Austrian school will not hide its cry; it merely accentuates primitivism, power, resplendence, a Strong Man’s *alter ego* or tilt. Let it go – as de Sade strides off.

FIFTY NINE

Back in his imagination, a three-pronged play subsists in an eighteenth century room. Whereupon the Marquis de Sade exists to one side of his interlocutor, Professor Maurice Heine. All of a moment he’s to the side, spliced, sat upon and divided by a screen. Yet – soon enough – he’s above him or towering aslant; what with a Portobello Road lamp lying between them. Might it be to the left, instead? Further, let us examine de Sade’s mannerism in a way that’s beyond *debouche*. Yes, what we find here is a gargoyle, a Circus, an affidavit of the criminal or damned, and a bloated tension. It speaks to Angela Carter’s *Nights at the Circus* or Tom Reamy’s *Silent Voices*. Why not imagine more? Since the divine Marquis has a roly-poly face; a hieratic wig – redolent of the Grand Dame – as well as green lips and an accompanying monocle. All of the historical images which speak of de Sade indicate this ‘feminine’ side; at once a congealed treacle, a Pantomime dame and a bi-sexuality (possibly as the root of a cruel *Eros*).

The Marquis de Sade: “No one can bury me alive under Poe’s leavings or provender. Listen to me, Homunculus! *Quod* I’m able to pass through the flame in a way which reconsiders a human torch, never mind its brush-strokes. But I have returned to you for a reason, Professor. I understand that you wished to free my perverse master-piece, *The 120 Days of Sodom*, from its oblivion in the Bastille. Again, your academicism rescued it from so much dust. You also leap-frogged an edition from 1904, by Doctor Eugen Duhren, that was more riddled with mistakes than bookworms. Suffice it to say: your three-volume edition with
uninterrupted pagination leapt towards the fire. Like Pasolini’s *Salo*, it chronicles a polymorphous perversity *tout court*.

I give you the following cartography – if it fits in. Why don’t you phantasise about this distant vista? For, within my luminance, a psychopath sits in a chair inside a grey atmosphere. It exists far into the distance – by which I mean such an unexalted fugg as this. This diorama looks out upon a leaden sky near an English coastal resort… such as Sheppey on the north Kent coast. Or mayhap, and more accurately, Dungeness on Kent’s most southern proximity. Isn’t it the only naturally occurring desert in England? Truly, the bonsai bushes, dwarf trees and hardy perennials of Derek Jarman’s garden come to mind. Never again: since at the heart of this salt remit or Caucasian circle, *a la* Brecht, sits Jacques Roux, St. Just, Couthon, Marat or Hebert. Two of these near-psychopaths, Marat and Hebert, ran letterpress or eighteenth century newspapers, *L’Ami de Peuple* and *Le Pere Duchesne*. Both of them wished to commit massacres, kill aristocrats and non-Refractory priests, as well as legions of their opponents. Hebert’s publication made use of scatology – much like Ian Bone’s *Class War* or *The Heavy Stuff*. Moreover, this maniac’s face showed off the pallor of puce skin – itself reminiscent of pumice or a Bittern’s leathery hide. He has a scar down his face’s left-side… possibly it was self-inflicted. Can I not enter into my own dream or its fastness…?”

Professor Maurice Heine: “Whysoever not?”

The Marquis de Sade: “Name your price – given your actualisation of my message in print. To re-adapt Norman Hampson, but never Thomas Carlyle… why do you wish to paint your idealism in blood? Isn’t this shameless exhibitionism? Answer me: or else yonder political criminals shall burn in the fire. Do you hear me, barbarian, you shall broil like a Guy on November the 5th?”
Marat or Hebert: “You chastise us unnecessarily, Aristocrat! Weren’t you repeatedly put on lists of traitors and émigrés in the Rhineland? Anyway, our murderousness realised your fantasies – as an extension or rebuff. You thought of them merely as fancies, exercises in piquancy, upper-class tastes, perversions, and ‘peculiarities’. To us Leninists afore our time, maybe reminiscent of Babeuf’s ‘conspiracy of the equals’, the use of violence to achieve an end is a tincture, a periodicity. Truly, it’s an ordeal or ideal. If we might paraphrase Gottfried Benn, it begins with poetry and ends in bloodshed. Wasn’t this what you meant by that trajectory which began with Dialogue between a Priest and a Dying Man?”

Yet de Sade refuses to answer effectively, and this prompts an exasperated Professor Maurice Heine to declare “Well, mon ami, what say you?”

SIXTY

Whilst, back in a forbidding city, de Sade moves across a footbridge. He scarcely looks back, but we must examine the signals on display. These consist of signs that say ‘Forbidden zone’, ‘Vestibular 13’, ‘Interregnum’, as well as ‘Exit-ville’ and a ‘Companion without Disgrace’. Might this not harken to the Strugatsky brothers book Interzone – the basis of Tarkovsky’s film Stalker? By any chalk, the divine Marquis could not conceal certain dungeons (even oubliettes) from his gaze. Such notions refused to over-awe him… he would have to marry again, more children were required to extend his fiefdom, and a divorce might be needed. (Note: Given the society’s Roman Catholicism, it must take an Annulment’s form). Yet, despite these practicalities, one mood took hold. It seems to be abiding, crystalline and all-pervasive. At one level nothing can make up for it – since the sole woman who’d really loved him, Renee-Pelagie Cordier de Launay de Montreuil, has ceased to be. In
short, he’d destroyed the single person to give selfless devotion.
It doubtless nettled over a super-abundance of Blue.

SIXTY ONE

If we return to *chez* Professor Heine, however, then one notes a
contretemps between two denizens. Listen to me: *quod* these
intellectual variants on a theme are playing mental chess… and
one looms above another on life’s dash-board. How may we
describe the Professor, de Sade’s first major twentieth century
explicator, if we exclude Surrealism? For Andre Breton’s cult
has lionised him, but this academic had done the preparatory
spade work. Granted: Maurice Heine was of modest height, with
slicked back grey-hair (fading to mauve or mild pink), as well as
a flouncy bow-tie. He wore a pair of NHS spectacles from the
‘fifties, plus a yellow-and-red waistcoat, striped, and a Kipling
moustache.

The Marquis de Sade: “I wouldn’t get too smug in your
questioning, Professor. I occlude many possibilities of Skulldom;
I know where most of the bodies are buried. Don’t think I don’t!
Since, in my kingdom or future realm, I possess a research
institute known as Vertical Defile or Abraxas (alternately). The
latter has occult sign-posts or sigils, such as a reptilian or
humanoid entity with fluted limbs. These might be the prostheses
of a new deliverance; or, by re-configuration, it refers to those
entities in H.P. Lovecraft’s *The Shadow Over Innesmouth*. They
were miscegenated examples of men spliced with fish – half-
breeds all. Again, the notion of *Abraxas* also relates to a Cornish
literary magazine devoted to Colin Wilson’s work… especially
when he fell under Bill Hopkins’ influence.

Professor Heine: “The anti-humanist thinker?”

The Marquis de Sade: “You are correct, Monsieur…”

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Still and all, the Marquis’ eye was drawn to a woman who worked in the acid baths or pits on his new world. This existed in a perfumed gazetteer (most regularly), and the proceeds of such a d(a)emon must be ranked. It pertains to her job as a behavioural psychologist who was vaguely influenced by Jung – that’s analytical psychology rather than psycho-analysis. (Most evidently, Gentiles prefer an imaginative tour de force that’s aesthetic rather than lubricious). Nonetheless, the girl in question was Mademoiselle Laure de Lauris whom de Sade had almost married in April-May 1763. So persuasive was he that the late Count de Sade consented to their union, irrespective of the financial imperative which drove him. A letter was discovered by the researcher Gilbert Lely in 1949 amongst a sheaf of Sade family correspondence. It had been bequeathed to the Bibliotheque National in Paris by Maurice Heine, who acted as Lely’s tutor in these matters. The missive cozens Laure-Victoire-Adeline de Lauris in affairs of the heart, and it was written a mere six weeks before his marriage to Mademoiselle de Montreuil on May the 17th. Again, the divine Marquis’ amorousness is revealed in a letter to Monsieur Lauris (the femme fatale’s father) over his refusal to invite the Sades to a ball. Such a masque or Comus Rout would take place at Vacqueyras, the seigneury of the Lauris clan, a mere twenty miles from the Sades’ mansion at La Coste. Lady de Lauris never married throughout the eighteenth century – while her aristocratic line can be traced back to Provence in the thirteenth century. But what did she look like, you ask?

Well now(!), the fact of super-abundance must never cause us misery. Since an imaginary Marquis de Sade looks down on Professor Maurice Heine in an egregious way. And his ancien regime sensibility waxes Clown-like, blubbery, human-filleted,
mock-Plastinate or delirious. Surely the critic and poet Eric Mottram did not weigh the facts correctly, in *The Algebra of Need*, when he speaks of a hermaphrodite? Might this be a blasphemous dot or Beast-god? Never mind: *quod* Donatien Alphonse shares a strange moment of intimacy with the Professor’s female companion. They stare at one another knowingly, by the by, and the ice-maiden in question happens to be the Marquis’ sister-in-law, Lady Anne de Launay. This Canoness (sic) had written to the Abbe Sade, the Marquis’ uncle, on July the 14th 1774 to inform him about the departure of both herself and the Marquise for Paris. But now, she adopts a saturnine and despondent grin… the way some melancholics smile with the corners of the mouth turned down. (Revilo P. Oliver often did this). It reveals two vampiric teeth which lie over plump and fleshy lips – all of which contrasts *avec* the Jeanette Winterton or Siouxie Sioux look. Can this be redolent of stories by Anne Rice or Sheridan le Fanu?

SIXTY FOUR

Never mind, *mon ami*, since an appraisal of Lady de Lauris lies afore us… and it stretches masculinity’s guile to do so. In appearance, the woman in question was something of a vamp – if not an example, *a la* Caravaggio, of Judith beheading Holofernes. This took place between 1597 and 1600, but our events impinge on a later berth. To be sure: her hair existed in a blonde redoubt o’ envy, and it rusted prior to unction or its misprisionment. Do you see? Yet one notion imprisons her beneath a coif, and this relates to sockets without pupils… although a lightning flash subsists. It passes across the cheek on both sides. Further, she is unnaturally thin *avec* a dark (or clinging top) together with tight jeans of a similar hue. While the amber wig uncoils towards her waist-band; and her eye-brows look black like Laure’s lip-stick. One further factor must be an inverse quality to de Lauris’ prose; as if it occurred within a
speech-bubble, turned darksome, yet reversed out in white. Might it be the Tipp-(ex) of yesteryear?

SIXTY FIVE

Meantime, in de Sade’s imagination, one notices his arrogant stare into Professor Heine’s features. These were bushy and establishmentarian in tone; as well as being startled by the turn of events. For, in a way reminiscent of Wyndham Lewis’ *Timon of Athens* portfolio, a Herculean force or tumult ensued. It marched upon the Professor’s sub-conscious (you see); nor do we need to freeze its energy, fever, resolution or halcyon buzz. Again, a casement or cabinet lay aslant our academic’s crop, and it consists of books on the extreme Right, politically speaking. These were tomes such as William Gayley Simpson’s *Which Way Western Man?*, Lawrence R. Brown’s *The Might of the West*, Revilo P. Oliver’s *The Education of a Conservative*, and Richard Griffin’s *The Glory of a Dead Man’s Deeds*.

The Marquis de Sade: “My dear Professor, do you recall my examination of your misnomers? I mentioned, *en passant*, that my future life has a scientific institute in it known as Abraxas. This was a Gnostic word or term for God, albeit with diabolical intimations hidden amid the Greek. Whilst the projects purpose is to capture demons, enchain them, and then wrap or bind ‘em into mortal forms – such as myself, you may say. Consider the above: a diabolical entity exists in a pre-fabricated unit or space… and it proves to be a big-shed. Surely the naturalistic and deep Green poetry of Robinson Jeffers would struggle o’er it? *Quod*, all things considered, a crab-like insect or crustacean, albeit covered by an emerald film, adorns these pipes. Doubtlessly so: since one takes into account Wyndham Lewis’ diary of their visit to the Magnetic City; as contained in his Purgatory known as *Monstre Gai*. Still, this thaumaturge or negation lay upside-down in an NCP car-park, ‘Brutalist’ den, and Fritz Lang cuboid. While
other competitors refuse to acknowledge this, don’t they, Professor?”

Professor Maurice Heine: “One supposes on your fitful correctness, de Sade.”

The Marquis de Sade: “But wait! Haven’t you forgotten a salient factor, my explicator…? Since, in Lewis’ The Childermass or The Human Age’s first slide, the Bailiff turns round in his Punch and Judy booth. It runs off as a re-fit afore those grinning punters or devils. And remember, the other side of his physiology was what Father Coughlin called a Bolshevik stump; a Siamese twinlet; an artificial device or trunk: an imperilled d(a)emon. Aren’t they those whom Robert Conquest, in his slim treatise Lenin, described as Bolshevism’s financiers?”

Professor Maurice Heine: “Do we really need to dwell on unpleasant memories when confronted by Jean Cocteau’s Les Enfants Terrible?”

SIXTY SIX

Suffice it to say, the bay or amphitheatre in which Lady de Lauris works is choc-a-bloc. To her rear lay a range of de Sade’s minions… and these were Myrmidons or satraps under blanched hoods. Each one adopts Byron’s configuration of the cultured thug; never mind the weapons which they employ. These could be axes, knives, swords, halberts, machine-guns or throw-bombs. By the same token, and above her, one spies a picture of the divine Marquis; at once exultant, forgetful, worthy, unforgiven and due. And why not malevolent tout court? It speaks to the green-hair of a hieratic wig; a coiffure which crosses over from Liza Minelli’s Cabaret towards pantomime. Why not mention Ligeti’s dance macabre while one’s about? Still, the mad swirl of a Reichian oval follows on – and will it be vulvic or orgone-related, perchance? To admit to it: an interesting point arises, and
this has to do with a similarity betwixt the Marquis de Sade and Bill Finger’s creation, the Joker. Just consider – the one is commensurate with a great loss, a rival path, and even a design by Beresford Egan. Can you imagine? While the other’s aught of a picture in a jester’s motley; or maybe the Tarot card number 1? Given this, there is a cross-over with a homicidalist who has blanched skin, red lips, emerald rinse, a purple suit and waistcoat, stringy-tie or pointy shoes. It more than makes up for an Alan Sillitoe title called *Raw Material*. Indeed, an ecstasy of escape covers both *jokers*… even though Lady de Lauris waxes oblivious.

SIXTY SEVEN

Back in the Marquis de Sade’s delirium, one impinges upon a wrath or nemesis. This underscores a previous experience involving Aleister Crowley, the Great Beast. For, prior to the interrupted coven where he was shot, a range of limousines or luxury cars gather dust. They refuse to move outside a manor house which looks decisively like Boleskin manse to an untutored eye. Certainly, a great or integrated scenario o’ brick leeks out, and it pertains to some grey slate so adopted. Momentarily, the Police gather for their swoop, and they are to be led in by a Bulldog Drummond… a man who isn’t a career diplomat. He wears a silk waist-coat and a supporting bow-tie in green. Whilst, down in the recesses of the hive, one detects the hum of a Left-leaning coven. May it have a connexion with Count Maurice de Maeterlinck’s *The Life of Bees* (?) – a contribution to both art and science. Beneath this, the whooping and hollering of a Breed continues; as, behind a wooden door in its lock, a sacrifice awaits.

Yet de Sade’s work of the imagination exists in its own travail.
To one side of Lady de Lauris, though, there gathers a rag-tag and bob-tail of those about to depart. These are Outsider artists, mugwumps, reptilian nerds, proboscis feeders and others... all of whom are destined to be sent back to different stars. They trail their alienage about their feet; being russet, coloured in Hooker’s green, or redundant about their fate. A few of them have bursting bags, ruck-sacks, colanders or sports equipment from Milletts. While one of their pets looks like a living Bowl (from the game played on pristine lawns) crossed with aught from *The Flintstones*. Yes, such strangeness transcends Steve Ditko’s graphics... and these anti-heroes are elongated in their life-thrust. Why don’t you assess this magic camera? Since the creatures have heads like a strange, imaginative Minotaur; it’s elongated and moves in concord with the wind. So – for argument’s sake – just sympathise *avec* a prehensile cranium; at once rocky, dribbled to pumice, calcified or pruned. It avoids catastrophe through ugliness (you see) and it’s marooned... if only on the shores of its consciousness. All in all, a creatoid’s eyes prove deep-set in red sockets; the kindred of which seem mesmeric or pellucid. Might they be a living or saurian version of stained glass (?) *a la* Gilbert & George rather than Worcester cathedral. Let it be: given our knowledge of their world, contrary to de Sade’s dungeons in *Justine*, from whence they come. For, if we passed via a trans-dimensional barrier, then we perceive a rare sight. It relates to an avid sin-bin or adventure playground – of the sort which the cultural communist Howard Brenton once praised. Truly, it takes after the pagan, inhumanist poet Robinson Jeffers... when he spoke about *a marxian people of dust* (a.k.a. the worthless). Such a cosmos as their own spoils to open a sun, and it fits as a sensuousness within a tundra of dead trees. These consist of skin and it absorbs a rubbery context, as if to cauterise a cancer or growth. In this affidavit, any fibrous membrane has broken free and circles the body so as to live. It spans the surface of a Ballardian moon or wake, primarily to issue a rubbery
warning. May it gush out beyond compare? Likewise, various images rush into one’s mind, and these consist of H.P. Lovecraft’s geography in *Dagon* or maybe a Vorticist texture. Note: the latter sets alight imagery from the Great War (1914-18), as delineated by Nash, Lewis, Roberts *et al*… yet a falsity creeps in. Most pertinently, this involves the animate nature of what faces us – particularly the quality that makes it alive. Again, and further on, one detects a dust-bowl where such Belials were cut-up in order to seal a graveyard. This exists out in a desert of ochre and sand, by way of a spent peace, or its tented muck. Such a precipice provides scree or slurry down its slopes, prior to arriving at an uneven carrion. We ride out now, you understand? And this was to comprehend a multitude of bodies which had been sliced in two, many moons ago, and at an instant where their innards are displayed. A hemi-cycle of these pumice-extras lie in heaps; and the notion of their deaths, amid slicing, beggars belief. Above all, it conjoins with a small menhir, mound or stone at the centre of our abattoir. At one level – most certainly – it delineates an ab-human variant, a distillate, on Savitri Devi’s *Impeachment of Man*. Where were we? Oh yes, the rock can talk to us on a very low frequency (rather like short-wave radio) and it exists as a communication o’er a solitary tower yonder. Might all of this be the scrapings of the Reptilian part of the brain mentioned earlier? It bespeaks several components; the chief ones of which are *Eros* and violence. It takes place against a blood-red sky that’s twisted to orange.

**SIXTY NINE**

Anyway, O Reader, two of our denizens are bound to meet on an ascending staircase or mezzanine. These were the Marquis de Sade (all dressed up and nowhere to go) and one of his persecutors, Inspector Marais. [Note: on February the 13th 1777, at the request of the King’s *lettre de cachet*, Marais arrests the nobleman and escorts him to Vincennes fortress. He is inducted in as a prisoner at nine-thirty p.m.].
Inspector Marais: “I am concerned, Monsieur, at the rate of your expenditure. Money isn’t water to be swum in like a fish. Have a care – the sun-dial in your private garden may be hovering closer to John Tyndall’s *Eleventh Hour* than you think.”

The Marquis de Sade: “Begone, oaf of my consciousness! What you don’t realise is that my destiny floats way ahead of the eighteenth century. It moves out (caught like an *anima*) and circling aslant a scarlet sea. Justifiably so: since a minute spacecraft lands on my future world and amid a red filter… a few spectral cranes line up in the background. They reflect the open-ended nature of my transportation… no expense spared.”

Inspector Marais: “That’s what I’ve been saying – the unnecessary expense!”

But the *divine* Marquis has no intention of listening, and, captured at the stairwell’s epicentre, he walks out… if only to traverse higher up John Fowles’ ebon tower. Marais gazes on albeit rather forlornly or file in hand. De Sade reaches the stairs’ top and slams shut the teak door to his laboratory.

SEVENTY

Listen to me: *quod* we are now free to traverse between worlds. Yesss, and as she touches the button, a burst of reptiles ceases to exist. They pullulate, crepitate, eviscerate or bear down on *Nean*. A nothingness exalts them as a basic proposition – above all else. And Lady de Lauris screws up her eyes to fix ‘em. May it bear upon an entomologist who skewers *Lepidoptera* to a cork board? They habitually use a pin. Further, de Lauris’ face stretches out across a piece, as it adorns a joke or trick-mirror in a circus. It extends out, by metamorphosis, to around eight times its width… naturally speaking. Again, mechanical toads – blinded by heat and light – reflect back darkness in their eyes. It leads to adoration or a skull-like rhapsody, as they fall into their mouths.
How can this occur, you ask? Well, amid expiration, each negative form doubles round – primarily so as to reflect in a dismal eye. Alternately, the blinded frog devours its innards, albeit with a thick tongue wound around such corses. After which – one version of the Self is drawn down a gullet – Glug (!), Glug (!), Glug! Can it be aught save absence’s retrieval? Listen to this! A half-sighted Toad of Toad Hall, in Kenneth Graeme’s *Wind in the Willows*, eats its soul… and it does so without hesitation or deviation. It’s all very solemn. Lady de Lauris wondered (briefly) how all systems of Alienage or xylophilia might fare. Yes, indeed… For, in Wyndham Lewis’ *The Demon of Progress in the Arts*, the author refutes the idea of an hour-glass or prism. It picked up these refractions by dint of a melange, a cascade, possibly an habituation to frenzy. We note those brittle skulls sliding about, painted in light-green, and silhouetted against an oval or disc. Most observably, it moved forward as an ochre dish. Even so, the usage of these stones mixed in *avec* bones, crepuscularly, and they hover within a hemisphere. An expansive soap-bubble fits its description; as it caroms like a glistening sud. Moreover, this filmic plethora founders on several javelins as they pass through. These are d(a)emonic pins, topped by grinning skulls, as such medical-heads laugh. They cachinnate at Lady de Lauris’ stipend. Didn’t the star of *Boys From Brazil* (Peck) once declare that it was a war betwixt the many and the few? Soon all of those Outsider artists have disappeared into vapour… as Marie de Lauris stands there alone.

SEVENTY+

Listen to my witness: *quod* we are free to traverse between different worlds. Yesss, and as she touches the button a burst of reptiles cease to exist; and they pullulate, crepitate, eviscerate or bear down on *Neant*. A nothingness exalts them as a basic proposition – above all else, Lady de Lauris screws up her eyes to fix ‘em. May it bear upon an entomologist who skewers
Lepidoptera to a cork board with a pin? Further to this, de Lauris’ face stretches out across the piece, as it adorns a joke or trick-mirror on a play-ground. It extends out, by metamorphosis, to around eight times its width… naturally speaking. Again, these mechanical toads – blinded by heat and light – reflect back darkness in their eyes. It leads to dissimulation or a skull-like rhapsody, as they fall into their mouths. How can this occur, you ask? Well, amid such expiration, each negative form doubles back – primarily so as to find a reflection in a dismal eye. Alternately, the blinded frog or amphibian devours its innards, a thick tongue wrapped around such corses. After which trauma, my friends, one version of the Self is drawn down a gullet – Glug, Glug, Glug! Can it be aught save absence’s retrieval? Listen to this! A half-sighted Toad of Toad Hall, in Kenneth Graeme’s *Wind in the Willows*, solemnly eats its soul… and it does so without hesitation or deviation. Lady de Lauris wondered (briefly and for an instant) how all systems of Alienage or xylophilia might fare. Yes, indeed – for, in Wyndham Lewis’ *The Demon of Progress in the Arts*, the author refutes the notion of an hour-glass or prism. It picked up such refractions by dint of a melange, a cascade, possibly an habituation to frenzy. We note those brittle skulls sliding about, painted in a light-green acrylic, and silhouetted against an immense oval or disc. Most observably, it moved forward so as to cater to a dish. Even so, the crepuscular usage of these stones mix in *avec* bones, and they hover about within a hemisphere. An expansive soap-bubble was how we might describe it (to be sure); as it caromed like a glistening sud. Moreover, this filmic or osmotic plethora founders on several javelins passing through it. These are d(a)emonic pins, topped by grinning skulls and their simulacra, as medical-heads laugh. It has to be at de Lauris’ stipend. Didn’t the star of *Boys From Brazil* (Peck) once declare that it was a war betwixt the many and the few? Soon all of those Outsider artists have disappeared into vapour… as Lady de Lauris stands there alone.
Also, under de Sade’s Third orb or pineal gland, a vista of forgetting opens up. Such a reckoning or apprisement, *per se*, speaks to a *cosmological eye* which Goethe, Spengler and Henry Miller coveted. In this indiscipline, one notices a father-and-son relationship for the first time. It speaks of one stitch in time – primarily against mayhem. For, as his *Pere* struts forth, the man’s off-spring runs to meet him. He is pasty-faced, lugubrious, rather resembles a clown, and has a tiny skull-cap on a shaven pate. (Note: in terms of family relations, we’re dealing with Marais and his off-spring Antoine, who, after the verdict of the high court in Aix in 1778, return de Sade to the Vincennes fortress. This was due to the Monarch’s outstanding *lettre de cachet* of February the 13th 1777. As a point of fact, the *divine* Marquis was leniently dealt with by the court, ably defended by his brief Joseph-Jerome Simeon, and treated to an exemplary caution plus a fine. The latter added up to fifty *livres* on a charge of debauch and libertinage. After a brief escape at Valence on July the 16th, he’s returned to custody on September the 7th. A coach ride in a stage or post chaise then ensues for two weeks until, like in Patrick McGoohan’s *The Prisoner*, the Marquis de Sade is locked in cell number six at Vincennes. The dissident Aristo(.) remains there until his move to the Bastille via royal order on January the 31st 1784. This instruction had been counter-signed by the Minister, Breteuil). By comparison, the elder Marais proves to be rather grizzled, thick-set, compact, possessed of a number 1 hair-do, and a blustering manner.

Inspector Marais: “I’m extraordinarily busy, Antoine. What do you want?”

Antoine Marais: “I have doubts and misgivings, Father.”

Inspector Marais: “About what in particular?”
Antoine Marais: “Everything involved in Eros’ persecution.”

Inspector Marais: “Wash your mouth out with carbolic, boy! The divine Marquis has had men burnt at the stake for less. Why don’t you spend time consulting our taxonomy, Psychopathia Sexualis by Count Richard von Krafft-Ebing?”

Antoine Marais: “I’ve done so and remain unconvinced, Father. If we analyse this volume we note how well-bound it is on vellum, with gold-blocking, tapered leaves, coloured end-papers and a silk strip to mark your place. But why do we persecute the reptilian in man’s consciousness?”

Inspector Marais: “Silence! I’ll hear no more of this blasphemous pox on its truckle-bed. Do you hear me, garcon?”

Antoine Marais: “Yet take foot-fetishism, for instance---.”

Inspector Marais: “I’d rather not.”

Antoine Marais: “Why do we track down and destroy this alien element of the self, eh? It’s genetic in origin to begin with. Further, if we come across a hopping alienage that’s possessed of one enormous foot (like Grimaldi’s foot-wear) why bother to eviscerate it. What’s the point of heroic cruelty a la de Sade’s if it’s all based on repression?”

Inspector Marais: “Now you listen to me, Antoine. I’m your father and this entitles me to some respect. How unpleasant life can be when doubt (contumaciousness) goes unpunished. I have many responsibilities and duties, only to have your lead-pipe land on my head at intervals. When we torture a helpless pervert with our bloodied knives, Antoine, there must be no twitching of our loins… otherwise we’d have to castrate ourselves. Don’t you recall Abelard’s moral exemplum? In any case, I can’t bear the responsibility of your turning into a liberal without killing you!
At least I’ve got a single consolation: nothing can turn out any worse.”

SEVENTY TWO

By the by, one notices that more naif artists are heading for a departure lounge; the latter headed by Marie de Lauris. Her instructions cackle from a microphone in the wall which is deft, red-in-colour, and cantilevered. All in all, such devices speak to the classic imagery of Kingsley Amis’ *History of Science Fiction*. Whilst – ahead of time – these saurians reminisce about the world from which they come; and it’s dank, volcanic, murderous or raw. For a start, a massive or Gormenghastian castle blocks the way – if only to embrace a skull-like tissue, even an absence of envy. Do you see? By any stretch, the brickwork is tessellated, rinsed, orange to rubber, filled-in, and poisoned. It answers to a template over a forgotten grave; nor do we exempt the power of H.P. Lovecraft’s *The Loved Dead*. Deliberate on this: since the centre-of-gravity is a crenellation, a feast from Gray’s *Anatomy*, or a séance. May it run ahead of its kin (?); albeit to snap at the heels of a blood-red sun. This was accompanied by mephitic vapours of an unremitting character; all of which streak across the sky. They are broken up by turquoise’s haze, at once transparent and mulcted to ochre, as pterodactyls float. But, by way of its entrance, a ruthlessness of stone (no matter how compacted) fills an unspoken mask… and it festoons a grave, mausoleum, or a thousand heats. Let it be: *quod* a thin pathway of lintel or modern ash wends its way to a portcullis – from which a skull-head projects. Yet none can forget the intonation of a bell… it reverberates with the purity of copper or brass. It has to be a pair of Khitian trebles or campanology’s elixir; and it portends sacrifice.

+ Nonetheless, when she considers it, Lady de Lauris knows that down here in Tartarus one deals *avec* slime-pits, alienage, blasted-out entities, disaster and awe. Certainly, may it shock the
system somewhat – after those old Battle and War comics of yore? Still, our Ladyship understood a salient detail; in that this reptilianism indicates the Third Brain at the cortex’s base. Won’t it incarnate, thereafter, Eros and Thanatos, reproduction and demise… although not necessarily Norman O. Brown’s Life Against Death?

SEVENTY THREE

Alternately, or in de Sade’s mental ducts, the following drama unfolds. Herein, and as a Feast of Fools, we enter the chamber of Inspector Marais. He tosses and turns on a bare wooden bed, albeit covered with a fur robe or wrap, and above him a convoluted design hugs the wall. It must be the whorls or helixes of a new indifference; the latter consisting of the flayed skin of many victims… like in Pasolini’s left-wing tract of cruelty and debauch, Salo. Also, and next to his recliner on its right, one sees an altar of sorts – or, patently, a type of en suite bathroom devoted to the Marquis. A stoppered bottle of ice-water, contained in rare crystal, lies on a lower rung; while up above one sees a heavily bound volume. From a distance, although one can’t be sure, it seems to be the One Hundred Days of Sodom in a single text… perhaps with an introduction by Georges Bataille. Anyway, the tome appears to be bound in a suicide’s pelt, rather akin to Thomas Harris’ cannibalism. A combination of ormolu, rolled gold, parchment, white vellum (nice and crisp), as well as marbled end-papers stretches out. Whilst a thick chain, cabinet or lock holds the manuscript together amid the dark recesses of an Aedificium. Behold: a polar bear-rug lay on the loam or stones of the dwelling; and one of its eyes, severed by a stalk, stares upwards via open teeth. In the room’s middle some coal or shale lumps burnt merrily in a brazier; it was red-hot… after Thomas Hardy’s earthen idiolect.

+ But, by Milady’s Lauris’ insight, what sinister shade is this which flits across Inspector Marais’ mosquito net? For aren’t we
near Marseilles in the deep south of France – the zone that banned de Sade from its precincts on July the 14th 1778? This relates to the trial at Aix’s high court where he was prosecuted by the Royal attorney, General d’Eymar de Montmeyan.

SEVENTY FOUR

Listen to the following, after her job at the pits or vats was over, Lady de Lauris strides home. She goes through the pipes, viaducts or inner pneumatic tubes of de Sade’s world. (Do you care to remember those siphons, linked to mysterious accounts, which activated department stores like ‘Bobby’s’ in Folkestone? This involves casting a line back into one’s childhood). Various wolf-whistles accompany this spawn, as a glamour-puss marches out to reach her destiny. Marie de Lauris has adopted an all-over wrap; at once billowing, Romantic, marsh-mallow, unsevere and impish. It’s altogether redolent of a Duvet’s torque. Likewise, those Myrmidons who give her a masculine salute were dressed in armour, bees-wax, conical helmets, shutters, weaponry and an abiding wrath. Comprenez vous?

Meanwhile, and deep inside the Marquis’ mind, one re-lives the memories of artistes who were exterminated… hitherto. No mention of the lotus insecticide ever occurred given its odourlessness. Touché. It’s probably best to explain it as telekinesis, even a transmigration of souls (devilry). Nevertheless, one recalls a generation of stick-creatures, albeit avec protuberant or hanging eyes. These look like arched or distended melons… and their corneas were milky, rinsed, pellucid or otherwise Californian in their light. Do you sense it? By any crutch, a high or congealed armour (covered in serpentine designs) covers their upper parts. Whilst – down below – a broadsword extends over half their mass or body-weight. Hurrah! It’s almost enough to cause them to topple over… wit by wit. Again, a detachment of some score o’ ‘em make their way from a cranial castle, established in brick, and liable to fill up forty per
cent of an available sky. Whereupon mounds of pumice, irregular stone, fastened alabaster, (even one’s fusillade), and distinct grey boulders festoon the way. They gather about a snake’s pass which winds its way from this pile. Didn’t Bram Stoker write a first novel set in Ireland called *The Snake’s Pass*? By dint of this: five conic poles exist to the left of its runway or dirt, and they hold up gargoyles, corbels, groins (sic), spent fuel rods & taxidermies. Listen: the memories of this encounter stir the plate… especially if a range of fat men were tied to posts outside the citadel. Some factotum, maybe Gaufridy from La Coste, addresses this fort’s keep in an unsentimental way.

Gaufridy: “Great Sade, keeper of a skull-time’s vigour! We beseech you, ebon lord, slake your thirsts upon an abundance of blubber. Divine Marquis, hear my cry, and make sure that yonder lusts (O so cruel) do not steal upon us in the night. Take instead these fragments of obesity – feed upon them like bountiful cream-cakes or sundries. Autophagy is a way to clean one’s plate for the mercilessly inclined. May you be a swarm of locusts feeding upon a carcass… announce the peel of those bells once more. All hail—.

SEVENTY FIVE

Now then, in de Sade’s more regular oneiric pall, a mist descends. And it has to do with the bed-chamber which we described afore… it belonged to Inspector Marais. Next to the recliner and one step down from a side-altar lay a rug; it was once a creature *avec* a granular pelt. This gave it a semi-roughness in a darksome cell… nor can one forget the hybrid’s giant jaws, beady eyes or flared nostrils. Be that as it may: a string-bean or vestment covered its ‘asp’; and it gazed upwards via a steel mantle. Further south from the spread, a chicken’s remains exist in a brass pot… together with a collection of weapons. What might these be? Well, a mace, halbert, axe, flail, broadsword and machine-gun all figure prominently. Also,
several large chests or trunks cohere, and they tend to be covered by flayed skins, pelts or off-cuts. It very much happens to be the terrain of Brian Aldiss’ *Doctor Moreau’s Other Island*. By and large, this dwelling packs a punch – rather like a set on a Hammer film or a three-dimensional game of *Cluedo*. Again, another bestial strain of carpet or tufty adorns the pallet’s farther side… may it be an bogle that’s unseen (otherwise)? Perhaps the whole caboodle is capped, however, by a percolator or distillation apparatus. Might it encode one of those titration devices from physical chemistry – one which smacks of either haemoglobin or coffee? Who knows? Since an adornment of Sadeian charm surrounds it; at once made up from stray bone, the rigmarole of musculature, and pericarps. Above it one notices a clothes-horse, hanging donkey or peg-mount which exists for garments. But – in this case – one detects two helmets for a general-in-waiting. They look as though zoological specimens have provided some pith, but, in actuality, each one is cranial, dented, toothsome or hollow.

Oh so slowly, a reptilian beastie approaches on its hooves – in a way that reflects on the mind’s well-springs. These are hidden, splendid, crepuscular and evidence Jules Michelet’s *Satanism and Witch-craft*. This was a classic from the nineteenth century and it illustrates two points: one, the saurian basis of *Eros* at the brain-stem. Two, what we must call de Sade’s identification with and repudiation of Diabolus, a living tad-pole. Bit by bit, our presence nimbly trips towards Inspector Marais abed. It needs to be described as an emanation, a *concretisation*.

SEVENTY SIX

Lo! Madame de Lauris moves upwards via skyscrapers on Donatien’s world. A veritable Air-Strip One feel, from either Orwell’s *1984* or Rex Warner’s *The Aerodrome*, subsists on her rise. While all around her towering buildings steer in a helter-skelter way… and without an intervention from either Jerzy
Kosinski or Charles Manson. In no way: since such structures are pylons, cuboids, ramps, J.G. Ballard extravaganzas, pill boxes, arabesques, out-houses and Assyrian nix. Do you reckon on’t? Still, our Sadeian world – way beyond Justine or Juliette – looms around her; albeit in its stream-lined quality, permissibility, outer-reckoning or squares. Moreover, some of this architecture was reversed or inverse (like in a Baselitz painting) and they winnowed away to naught. A trapeze or triangle (avaunt a hood) ripped up the ground – even if it exists in mid-air. And much of this city-scape scores deep under the earth… almost as a parody of those human burgs, afflicted avec radiation, in Return to Planet of the Apes. Similarly, and after many post-modern buildings such as the Pompidou centre in Paris, its guts, plumbing or innards have been placed ‘outside’. Lady de Lauris will also step out of the pneumatic tube or lift which carries her upwards… as her apartment beckoned. It is situated in the death bloc(k) or silo known as #2; the Eternal Feminine… although some Sadeians call it La Marquise de Gange. (Note: this doubtless relates to the Marquis’ last anonymous publication in 1813). 

Suffice it to say, the memories of de-loused reptiles survive in the divine Marquis’ synapses… despite Lady de Lauris’ forgetfulness. Again, their recall is stirred by a collection of obese men who are tied to stanchions – and they have obviously been left as a sacrifice. In a flash, betimes, these blobs are carried off by those stick-creatures avec protuberant eyes. Might they be watery over cruelty’s dew? Look again, as one of this corpulent throng cries out: “Nnnnnnnnnnnnooooooooooooo!” Yet no ‘political correctness’ obtrudes here – the fat must suffer and die! It is a law of life. Even so, and awaiting the arrival of his prey, the Marquis de Sade sits on a toad-throne inside our citadel. His appearance seems to be little altered from before, although the clownish elements of his charade are subdued. A thick or blubbery pair of lips (coloured green) suffices… as well as a suppurating or sulphuric pool. This lies afore him and he adjusts
his monocle in order to spy it more clearly. Whereupon, and
ahead of him, a pile of mens’ skulls exist in a higgledy-piggledy
way – either held up by negative gravity or a saurian’s corse. It
limns the future as a taxidermic thrall or certainty, as well as a
containing barrier for Professor Gunter von Hagens’ favourites.
Let it ride out along the shore at Dungeness; *quod* to one side
veers a Giger-esque statue. It looks grotesque, eaten into,
insufferably alien, purblind, toothy, nasally arched or redolent of
Evola’s hermetic reading of *The Grail*.

SEVENTY SEVEN

Back in de Sade’s other phantasm, a forgotten British film from
the ‘fifties presses in or on… and it was called *Night of the
Demon*. Listen to this – for a reptile approaches Inspector Marais
as he lies in slumber. Don’t you hear those hooves clatter on the
stone floors?

Inspector Marais: “Go; leave the chamber of my draught! I will
not tolerate an intervention by the saurian – even a Third Brainer.
Let it be: no diabolical helper, replete with horns, shall scratch an
ear or its flap. Why have I been summoned?”

Reptile/de Sade: “No reason chalks out a clarion that rings over
your grave. Maybe my Master (who walks in darkness) wants to
ease the plight of the crucified. *Quod*, using Cimabue’s dexterity,
yonder coffin raises its lid by dint of a bell. Do you remember
those Victorian devices to prevent a live burial? It’s a solitary’s
immersion.”

Inspector Marais: “Vaguely---.”

Reptile/de Sade: “The passion of Edgar Allan Poe’s tales lay
abreast of this. When, like sketches by Thomas Lawrence in the
eighteenth century, they made use of pink, sky blue and black
chalks. These elements were worked up to produce a face. Surely
you recall how Wyndham Lewis made his sitters suffer in *Blasting and Bombadeering*? He refracted light, prismically, into their eyes in order to make them see more clearly…”

Inspector Marais: “With what?”

Reptile/de Sade: “Why, it’s obvious, my sleeping policeman, he wanted them to use the Pineal eye in the western Occult. That’s the third or concealed orb in the forehead – as in Hinduism.”

Inspector Marais: “But when I look at you I sense nothing other than a drag-act; a condominium. For one tincture (no matter how undivine) is bound to reveal itself in a circus mirror. Look again: since pinned to your front lies a Devil’s wood-cut from the thirteenth century. Might it be one of those effigies, carvern in granite, from the very side of Chartres cathedral? One of these appeared – almost by accident – in a book which brought back national socialist ideas of a Green complexion. It sports a Mephistopheles on its cover *a la* Christopher Marlowe. Yet, in your aspect, what I see up front’s a runtish dinosaur; while behind there’s a floppy clown or Grimaldi pastiche.”

Reptile/de Sade: “Describe it to me…”

Inspector Marais: “Well, for a start, one’s background operates like an *alter ego* or fish-cake. It denotes a doll’s version of the Marquis de Sade – albeit after the novelist Sarban’s intervention in *A House of Dolls*. Likewise, this Quango, double-header or Siamese twin suits S&M… or a kindred proposition. You must see this? It decidedly re-interprets the Bailiff in Wyndham Lewis’ *Childermass* who’s glued to a rival entity… all of which occurs in Punch’s booth. It’s made from yellow-and-red cloth that stretches down in stripes… how keenly it reaches the sand below. Whereas his D’Oyle Carte or *cadre* (even biscuit) tends to embody the wandering or eternal Jew.”
Reptile/de Sade: “Is it akin to a conspiratorial vintage?”

Inspector Marais: “Assuredly, although given the Scriptures, there’s no need for that. Organic wholeness begins with philo-semitism’s nadir. It escapes from the rushes of a cage, even though the Dolly evinces some lost crowns. These are reddened lips, lost eyes, a pork-pie hat (plus bells), as well as green hair (a dyed wig), baggy pantaloons and the robes of an escape artiste. Each outlet contextualises its O’s or tubular co-evals: never mind vulvic zeroes. Might they be based on Jim Steranko in *Mister Miracle*?”

SEVENTY EIGHT

Back in our regular narrative, Lady de Lauris has reached her destination. It rears up as an approximation in stone, even though her flat denotes Art Deco… and it takes after Tamara de Lempicka’s posters. She swivels to open the door with a key-ring, no matter how ornate, and such a cuboid was strewn by fluorescent light. Several items become discernible (amid the hubbub) and these were (1) an ornate patterning, of reptilian skin, above the door’s arch; as well as (2) an Op Art globe. This glides about its spectre or disc, and one eventually finds a translucent orb. It exists in the hall-way or Delphic tilt, irrespective of a blood-orange carpet… isn’t it disfigured by a taxidermic dog? Nor was this a Damien Hirst effort; instead it thinks of a pet which’s been stuffed retrospectively. Heed me! This consists of Sylvia Plath’s bell-jar… what with a doggy underneath its synthetic seal. Remember that, in our forgetfulness, we’ve obscured a table along from an abstract expressionist print. Moreover, its fluted legs were neo-Classical; at once reminiscent of Riefenstahl’s *Olympia* or body-builder magazines. Again, on top of our contraption lay a pink vase full of barbed-wire; the latter a mute tribute to Andrea Newman.

+
Play it again: since one must recall those Artistes who’ve been reduced to a scorched earth. These exist in either Lady de Lauris’ or the Marquis de Sade’s primary colours. To be sure: those fattened men were led up to a victim’s stake out of the blue – or in unbounded innocence. Further, the creatures who prepared the way had to be grey, over- lorded, slightly disembodied or plastic. Similarly, their fists have to be clenched o’er a final drive – do you best comprehend its stillness? Whilst the cranium which peeps out atop such armour has to be emerald or deep green, and its ears look pointed. The retinal orbs are without pupils, however, and the whites of these eyes bedizen a blanched canvas. They denote naught save a waiting game or its solemnity. Whereas, beneath these squirming lardies, a large or stone amphitheatre sweeps away. Its dimensions are quite vast and a variant on the Munich Olympics in 1936 comes to mind. The divine Marquis stands in rapture atop his echoing mausoleum.

The Marquis de Sade: “Minions of lust and emptiness, why don’t you gaze upon my Assyrian bath-house? For here, a variant on surrealist cruelty achieves its prefix… at least in terms of Felix Labisse’s painting. He happened to be a member of the revolutionary group in Belgium who broke away from Breton. Yet by what guile did they reject such tutelage? Anyway, and folded away ‘neath us, lies a gigantic toad. It must be way beyond the dimensions of several vehicles piled atop each other… in the form of a car-henge. This was an equivalent to Stonehenge built out of automobiles – or parts and assemblages of same. Surely one of these Jim Dine sculptures exist in the United States? Undoubtedly – yet the amphibian sags to a russet belly; at once ripe, alternately so, as well as wet, slovenly, big, oozing and dire. Its eyes flick back and forth like volcanic pools whose depths wax unseen. Doesn’t the fantasy writer Robert E. Howard, in his pomp, talk about the sadism of the serpent folk? Why, it’s almost enough to dissuade one from Savitri Devi’s Impeachment of Man… without effort or by dint of surplus. Gaze upon it, my obese clouts; you shall contribute to the dirt in a
sagging belly… can’t you tell? Since dialecticism switches channels when *The Champions* come on. Above all, I punish the saurian, strip the reptilian, deny Koestler’s mid-wife, but, betimes and all, I celebrate what’s otherwise crushed in order to remain its master. Won’t George Orwell’s inner party in *1984* create its own opposition so as to control it more keenly? Ukase knows no other grounds, (you see). Feed, feed autophagously on flesh, Obscene one! My rise to power sends you to the salt-mines’ oblivion. There is no use in resisting it: *schadenfreude* at humans baked in Thyestes’ pie knows no bounds. Enjoy!”

SEVENTY NINE

Deep in de Sade’s brain, withal, a conversation ensues between Inspector Marais and a reptilianism… an entity from the shadows. Perhaps it occurs in a Royal pavilion made from saffron or light fabric, and it belongs to one of de Sade’s old regiments (mark it). [Note: the divine Marquis served in a range of military orders in Bourbon France. These were the horse detachment of the Guards, the King’s own infantry, the Carbine’s standard bearer (Cornet) and the Burgundian or Malvoisin brigades]. Similarly, the tent within which they’re situated veers to the right, and it resiles to a forest of flags, pendants, architraves, skulls-on-sticks or *papier-mâché* masks. A deep blue sky – together with an emblazoned forest – fills a panorama behind. Whilst a retinue of soldiers or myrmidons clogs the entrance, even like a clot or coagulation of blood. Yet none of them can hear a hoarse shout by their Master within.

Reptile/de Sade: “Listen to my doubtful witness, Inspector. Nor are we entirely free to make our way in this life. *Avaunt thee*, as I sit on this throne or dais in your chamber, my mind wanders to notions of freedom. Against this, the future is uncertain and those prosthetic limbs won’t protect you from a tournament – the latter borne aloft in Brian Aldiss’ *Doctor Moreau’s Other Island*.”
Inspector Marais: “I cannot possibly agree, Monsieur. For, abreast of these developments, a reddish face glimmers or flares in the mind’s eye. It spits and dies like oxidising magnesium or phosphorous. What can it tell me?”

Reptile/de Sade: “Let me be your source of luminance, Inspector. It involves a transliteration or anima, whereby dreams move from mind to mind. May this facilitate those day-glow colours in a graphic novel by Steve Ditko? Yes indeed, quod vaporised saurians have a tale to tell instead of this… and it glides osmotically (or multi-dimensionally) by view of my multiple status: part noble; part amphibian. Now then, a giant toad exists in a pit beneath me or equidistant to a kiln… between-times. And one fat man or morsel (at once stewing in its obesity) is plunged down… so as to be devoured by this malignant Toad of Toad Hall. Almost immediately a thin, green or fibrous tongue reaches out and envelops the mortal. Then, with a gulping scream of ‘Nnnnnnnnnnnnnoooooooool!’ this Guy Fawkes was devoured. Don’t forsake the moment, I beg you. Since a diabolical Kermit or Muppet wears a frown; albeit indicative of a fervid quality amid stillness. Again and all, a roly-poly had a serpentine umbilical cord or matrix around him, as he’s consumed. He then finds himself dragged south into the spawn’s gullet – as this creatoid (sic) closes its lids in pleasure’s parody. Can it at all embody the eighteenth century fun of the fair… such as prevailed over at Vauxhall on the south bank? The onomatopoeia which accompanies this sport involves the following sounds: shlumpt; shlicht; schlacht. Let it all ride up---.”

Inspector Marais: “But what does my fate construe?”

Reptile/de Sade: “Future passages of your constriction must embody the moment…”
Back in her apartment, the Lady de Lauris examines her Sade memorabilia. It involves a couch which is situated at the room’s heart, and one descries a reptile’s touch… given its skinning. For this recliner originates less from ‘World of Leather’ than the abattoir – a sluice-gate where Labisse went to paint. Wasn’t this mentioned in *The Morning of the Magicians*? See to it: since a crocodile mat or hearth-rug lies across the floor. It besports three eyes (most effectively) and looks up via a pitcher of teeth. Similarly, a lamp of some tallow (albeit plugged in) lies on a small brown-table next to the settee. Milady moves gracefully aslant an egress at the cube’s back – if only to change her dress. Again, at the oblong’s further side, one detects a bed-time apparatus which tips o’er into a rubber-mask. As such, a straining or *instrument of yearning*’s revealed… all of which enjoins a memory. Don’t you remember a plastinate hand or mitten which rises up on a *Strangler*’s album? To cut itself adrift: this hammock poses an iron maiden’s problem – namely, how to prevent a pallet becoming one’s grave-yard.

To further these arrears, a radio play drones on in the background. Might it originate from a lap-top which lies astride a nut’s table (so described)? It must be possible for this audio (no matter how submerged) to cull a piece from Henry Green in the ‘forties. But, in actuality, the Marquis’ fancy reappears or lilts, and it does so as a loss: a relentless onslaught. As we stare into the glass, we recognise a prior sign that shows a toad’s feeding. All of a flash (now) the giant amphibian limns a rare turn of speed, as one of his obese *hors d’oeuvres* runs to and fro. Hither and yon he positions himself, but all to no avail. Since this negative frog leaps after him (irregularly) with a hop-scotch. Take it away – and this refuge from H.P. Lovecraft’s *The Shadow Over Innsmouth* atops him prior to crashing down. The fat stripling was momentarily stunned or put out of action, as the toad’s belly outstrips him. It undulates, sadically, like a
punching-bag or sack, and the goitre wavers via a sickening spree. Won’t it come back to haunt him like the introduction to Savitri Devi’s *The Lightning and the Sun* by Ernst Zundel? Notice this: the hopping ogre or squid-bag stomps floorwards; if only to reduce a fatty to a pancake. A squelching sound intrudes and it goes something like this: tttthhhuunk! Whilst this enabled croc – who articulates the erotic and violent mind – gives out a cry which tapers off to a gurgle. Up above, or roundabout this bestiary, one observes de Sade, Inspector Marais, and various minions *avec* long or hanging eyes. They stand abreast of these battlements and look down on a gladiatorial vista. Surely it embodies a version of the ballet *Spartacus* without Khatchaturian’s music? Yes indeed, since any slave-dance must feed on its viscera, cannibalistically. And the sound of the *divine* Marquis’ laughter was borne to us on the wind.

**EIGHTY ONE**

Yet one dialectic of imagination or an *Oxtern* traverses its boards. Whereby, and at our speculative Globe, two characters enter the lists. They were Inspector Marais and the Marquis de Sade/a Reptile, (respectively).

Inspector Marais: “I don’t doubt any immediate prospects as regards Will. But, as I say, one half of a glamorous woman’s face can have a skull – what lies beneath it – reflected on’t. Won’t it recognise a beam, an x-ray or Roentgen ray (so to say) which speaks of H.T. Flint’s analysis over *Geometrical Optics*? By any turn, more fat men are decanted into the toad’s lair… so as to be consumed. They must be refugees from gelatine’s absence – even as regards some sautéed potatoes in the pan. Each one sizzles and pops.”

Reptile/de Sade: “Above it all, I stand in a magnificent and lonely wood-cut, partly of my own derivation. My arms found themselves thrown out – as if to counsel a pregnant awe. You
see, a saurian diatribe lies beneath Herbert Marcuse’s *Eros and Civilisation*… nor need we to be disturbed. Since your intervention on a super-charged Harley-Davidson, or some other make of bike, lingers uncleanly. This occurred as you ramped my minions – all of whom were carrying the obese to a welcome demise.”

Inspector Marais: “Once a policeman always a law officer, de Sade, even though I sped here on a distant mission. It relates to my service in the year 1778 where I escorted you to Aix on June the 20th. A mere ten days later a throng of around two hundred gather at a Jacobin monastery that holds the high court. For security reasons, I make sure you arrive in a sedan chair with the curtains firmly shut. The crowd disperses and lets out a wail, rather like in Gustav le Bon’s treasury. You were cross-examined by the Royal attorney named General d’Eymar de Montmeyan and defended by Joseph-Jerome Simeon. After a brief attestation, you’re condemned o’er excessive libertinage or vice, and costs are awarded against your side. I return you to imprisonment in the Vincennes fortress (thereafter) by dint of the Monarch’s *lettres du cachet* issued on February 13th, 1777. I’m accompanied by my younger brother, Antoine, as well as two junior guards.”

Reptile/de Sade: “Yes, like Howard Brenton’s *The Romans in Britain*, I escaped at Valence and wrote up the entire episode as ‘The Story of my Visitation’. Can’t one describe it as a Mozartian version of Jack Henry Abbott’s in *The Belly of the Beast*? Most assuredly… but here, on the world which I’ve created called de Sadia or Tyrannus, everything turns out distinctly. It all works out less as Doctor Seuss’ *Green Eggs and Ham* (sic) and more as Thrasyambachus’ ore, Ragnar Redbeard’s palindrome, and Carl Schmitt’s affidavit. Face it---.”
Listen to this: in the depths of her apartment Lady de Lauris settles down. Yet she has chosen to go to sleep in a coffin in order to do so. The upturned lid of the coffer indicates this as it slips away, and one catches sight of the velvet under its screw-top. Suffice it to leap out sideways-on, in that the colour involved was red. Nor can you watch the laughter cease, quod a bright green-cushion lies behind Lauris’ back as she clambers in. Moreover, the sarcophagus itself is not without various appurtenances… all of which relate to machinery. This metal-work (so to say) regulates humidity or pressure (barometer-like), as well as temperature. A variety of gauges also make their appearance plain. Lady Marie de Laurie was dressed in some clinging under-garments or bed-clotthes, and she also had a book with her. Maybe it relates to what BBC Radio 4 calls a tome at sun-down? The volume waxes dangerous, indiscrete, wild, etheric and utterly ‘other’. Possibly it nominates seven gothic stories by Isak Dinesen by way of MS’s. about Witchcraft, when this, in turn, by-passes vellums labelled Satanism and Hexcraft by Michelet, together with Inside the Third Reich by Joachim Fest. You get the idea…?

By now, the Marquis de Sade’s imagination has been cast adrift or adopted a course. It exists in its own right as a free-floating gas… no matter how silvern. For the mounted and swaying creatures, all of whom were carrying the obese to disaster, stop as they hear a motorcycle. It revs in the background and speeds towards them – and dust motes are successfully thrown up (thereby). These stick-insects, that embody much of Frank Herbert’s Dune, decide to confront their pursuer. Nonetheless, they’re completely oblivious to the fact which says it’s Inspector Marais… albeit modernised. He charges across a desert like David Carradine in Mad Max, but without any prospect of auto-
erotic asphyxiation. All of an instant, and by way of defending themselves, these aliens let out bursts of flame from their mouths; and it shoots forth like geysers. Again, muscular arms hang limply by their side – if only to contrast pre-fabricated belts, American football armour, symbols, clasps, and sundry weapons, that hang around their persons. It refuses to breathe without any target to point to. Likewise, a pitch recalls Greek fire from the Middle Ages; the latter a toxic conundrum: whether made from phosphorous or not. It recurs in Mediaeval prints, often purple in colour, while embodying a scintilla of tar. Marais, then and there, makes the decision to burst through it on his Harley-Davidson. To their surprise he rushes the fire-wall, ramps and leaps aslant it on his souped-up or Easy-Rider machine. Doesn’t it embody a runaway express from ZZ Top? By any criterion, Marais rears out of harms way, ducks down, and is then beyond this Valley of Hinnom. He immediately breaks out with a burst of machine-gun fire in the direction of his assailants… and they start to go down as if pole-axed. The high-tech Sten gun gets hotter and hotter in the militia man’s hands – as he deals out spluttering lead. The Inspector entertains no mercy whatsoever, rather like a vigilante such as The Shadow from yesteryear. Surely Orson Welles played the part on the radio during the dirty ‘thirties?

EIGHTY FOUR

Meanwhile, our two interlocutors, Inspector Marais and the Marquis de Sade, continue to talk. Might it be a play or some sort of Platonic dialogue?

Inspector Marais: “Spare me the details, my aristocratic friend! Since the Marquis de Sade gazes into a limpid pool – one which squares itself with dulcet mottoes. This registers upon those brooks or flowing fountain-heads in Spenser’s verse. They churn afore an absent green ichor; the latter liable to predict the future. And it steams evidently; what with balustrades, made from brick,
towering around. Give it up: *quod* such Vesuvian exploits, *a la* Bulwer Lytton, were liable to be teleological or forward bent.”

Reptile/de Sade: “Agreed, delinquent tyke, I steer upon black waters with overwhelming pride. For appearances sake, I sit upon a toad-throne which divests itself of steps… these are made from chalk that’s red veined. Yet, behind and around me, an amphibian gains ground; it takes the form of a giant Kermit. But this one’s malevolent – when taken together *avec* beady-eyes, ribbed green-skin, claws, hooked feet and an ebon interior. This takes the livery of a grinning drain mounted by two teeth… within which I sat. One also notices a corn dolly in my left hand; and it’s based on country-crafts as well as being Marais, in miniature.”

Inspector Marais: “Your visage took on as awful a Cyclopean look as possible. May it compound those errors from Heathcote Williams’ *The Speakers* – if contrasted by a two-volume biography by Gilbert Lely? Perhaps it was the one that Gallimard produced in the ‘fifties? Nonetheless, your face fused the nods of a clown, a mountebank, jiver, mugwump and circus *artiste*. There seems to be aught ‘transgressive’ about your idiolect: maybe something transsexual. To indicate which: the partiality of an illustrator like Beresford Egan grasps some contemporary notes. This relates to green lips, an absence of space, even a voided God. Whilst the wig was shaped after a wheat sheaf, in eighteenth century vogue, a monocle intruded (by the by) and flowing robes clung to our Marquis in green. Didn’t a naked female figure roil over in its folds (?) – her colour happened to be Blue. It embodied, most definitely, the tone of Wilhelm Reich’s unit of *eros*: the orgone.”

Reptile/de Sade: “I follow your example all too clearly.”
Now then, our Lady de Lauris reclined on a charger or yesterday’s coffer. It shook the spring of so many awakenings (you see). Never mind, since she lay like a Senator’s wife (such as Catallus’ Livia) on a couch... and velvet hangings stood aboard. They masqueraded as blood-red curtains, even idiolects, whose nature recalls a story. This was a heavy piece; at once atonal, gifted, mesmeric and redolent of Aeschylus’ music – Viz(,), an accompaniment to Greek tragedy. Perhaps Robert E. Howard’s Rogues in the House comes to mind (?) … what with a harvest, delicately broken, as well as draperies which hung from stone walls. These proved to be heavy, thick-set, adorned avec metallic shields, and over all a pall of mystery supervenes. It speaks of dread --- animalism. Pertinent to this, a shadow looms up on a neighbouring wall and it betokens an axe-man. Notice this: a halbert or broad-headed ax (an American spelling) stuck to his hand. Whilst behind it one notices a late eighteenth or early nineteenth century silhouette. Do you feel the pressure? Quod it reveals a hominid in a hood, heavily clad or armoured in asbestos fittings, and sifting Philip Guston via a sieve. May it accord with the anti-liberal blasphemy (and good bounty) of D.W. Griffith’s Birth of a Nation? It exists as a multiplicity – that is: parts one and two.

“Hello, Cherie, I’m home”, said this spiralling figure.

Inspector Marais: “What else do you expect? Well, I’ll tell you, young master! It has to do with the following – for, at the base of de Sade’s throne, there lies a symmetry of skulls. These wax like the acorns of a giant’s privy… whilst serving an aberrant indent. Namely, this was to convince us of life’s futility; at least in terms of a hecatomb of Pol Pot’s victims when measured man to man. Again, one is reminded of those sketches that originate from
Gray’s Anatomy – particularly as they relate to Multiplicity. Wouldn’t Thomas Carlyle have the good grace to offer (or sketch) a capital letter here? Give it a rest: since crocodiles, certain saurians, and sinuous asps provide a circumference to these death’s-heads… no matter how brittle!”

Reptile/de Sade: “Leave off, Ducdame, since no appurtenances carry the day. Hurrah! And in a corner of your grief-stricken den, one observes a statue. It is mock-ugly, in Francis Bacon’s diction, and therefore shades over into beauty… if we bother to recall, as Picasso did, that modern art was about power. How to describe it? Well, the form dwells on one cranial bone-arch, under a skull-cap, plus tight-fitting horns ramifying with a base. A leering grin provides a counter-pane or punch! But still, its lower epidermis reaches away into some twilight and curls up at the end. Suffice it to say; I (or my namesake in this dimension) releases some bouncing balls. These are transparent, unrelieved, vaguely threatening, as well as heading out towards your double, Marais. The Inspector speeds towards us on a Harley-Davidson chopper or bike. See to it, my jocular pal!”

EIGHTY SEVEN

Sure enough, the slightly shambolic aspect of Lady Lauris’ husband enters the fray. He bears upon his witness a frightened aspect – even a deluded skull. To speak of it afresh: a minor colossus wanders in and what should he be holding but a halbert… a double-headed axe. It rests stiffly or uneasily in his hand, although its heavy, truculent vein gives a murderousness to wood-work. What do you think? Since the man’s wrists were corded, preternaturally strong, enabled, serpentine and let go (undoubtedly so). Furthermore, he wears a cloak or surplice over much of his body, and it comes to be associated with the Grey Eminence of Aldous Huxley’s spin. Without doubt – something of the imperially Roman lingers around his hood or garb. It bears witness to the heroic cruelty of Shakespeare’s Titus Andronicus –
if spliced *avec* Revenge tragedy, never mind Syme’s *Roman Revolution*. (Note: this was a New Zealand academic’s account of Julius Caesar’s rise to supreme power. It’s strongly influenced by prosopography, genealogical politics, and the Fascist ‘thirties). Again, one of his arms wore a thick bracelet around the wrist; and it came embossed by a tribal or arcane design. The other hand’s connector (so to say) proves to be rougher, graver, security conscious, and surrounded by spikes. Whilst his headgear embodies an over-all mask; an octagon or tetrahedron rearing out of a pyramid. One eye is larger than t’other; representing, in its way, a parody of primitive art *a la* L. Adam. It succumbs to a Polynesian cover-all (for example); nor need it shirk from the chain down the Masque’s side… let alone some teeth. These were a shark’s minstrels – the like of which prevents us from coining phrases like a ‘caring society’ (thankfully). A sort of ruff or dyed Mohican crowns the back of this concealment, rigidity, Son of Sam progeny and rise. We all know what it amounts to… and maybe it’s turquoise in colour. Lastly, a string of revolvers, badges, chains, key-rings, hand-cuffs, sabretaches, holsters, sheaths and lesser gewgaws bring up the rear. The man in question – why, it has to be Antoine Marais, the Inspector’s younger brother from a rival dimension. To set the scene, Lady de Lauris reclines in her bed-coffin, rather gracefully, as she reads about the obligatory ‘sadism’ in John Cowper Powys’ *Porius*. It delegated a tale of the Dark Ages, you understand. Whereupon a line from Isaiah 34 descends upon us – *ibi cubavit lamia* – a blood-sucker falls out of the sky. “I’m bushed or exhausted”, declares her spouse.

**EIGHTY EIGHT**

Reptile/de Sade: [who continues to lisp in a serpentine manner. This recognises Arthur Koestler’s *The Case of the Mid-Wife Toad* (full on). Let it pass as a latent anxiety---.] “For these spheres – cast out by de Sade’s darkness – cascade down a hill, or they pass out of a building’s crevices. Look again: since it
casts the runes from a mute passage or causeway, and it fillets two murals. While these barricades were finely sought, graven, pumice-laden, pink scrubbed and hewn. Despite this, the spheroids in question are soap suds, collected beakers of wrath (even) and plastic blobs. May many a short-story by the Strugatsky brothers feature them? Needless to say, they cover the tracks between my palace and Inspector Marais – a lone police biker on his machine.”

Inspector Marais: “Suffice it to declare, these sheaths, droplets, liver-worts or moments of quagmire (sic) prove insufferable. They refuse to manufacture the truth via an instant o’ living death. Face it: such moon drops (having fallen from a god’s eye) weep o’er Absalom’s closure. Nor need the Imagism of Ezra Pound give us pause – since they carom over bodies that litter the turf. These were the remains of those long-eyes, or tendril-seekers, whom Marais had machine-gunned to death. Their corses lay in abandonment on the loam – and, by recollection, it takes many matches to light those candles inside Jack o’ Lantern. A creature, (this is), whom others would call a Halloween pumpkin, lit up, or unsteady on its base, at least vis-à-vis Stephen King’s Tommy Knockers.

+ Again, as regards a judgement, these Aliens lie sprawled, dead, bloodied or spend-thrift. It speaks to us of Thomas Hood’s Eugene Aram which reduced Bram Stoker to tears. On closer inspection, the puppets dangled from a severed string… and they came across as dead-heads, nerds, extras in Tobe Hooper’s Texas Chain-Saw Massacre, or wipe-outs. Mightn’t their ingratitude tend to an iron maiden in the dawn? Whilst such forms (what Pound would call desiderata) stretch a retina across bespattered wastes, chopped down sun-flowers, broken reeds and dum-dums. Truly, James Hadley Chase was right in saying that they’d be No Orchids for Miss Blandish!”
If we return to Lady de Lauris’ apartment, then, our drama takes on a domestic hue. For the Lady of the House is propped up in her coffin against all eventualities. Betimes and all, the coffer’s lid waxes open behind her back… and it sports a lacquered finish or the smooth lamination o’ leather. No tungsten puts in an appearance. Marie de Lauris stares intently at a volume afore her; and maybe its morphed into Algernon Blackwood’s *Selected Stories*? Her husband, Antoine Marais, stands in the foreground under a glaring bulb or strip-light. He appears to be cleaning his teeth with a tooth-brush – an instrument that’s as long as a poniard or short lance. Some de-fluoridated toothpaste attaches to its bristles and splurges down his arm into the sink. An enamelled cuckoo-clock (this was) which factored in no *After Eights*… and a tap has been left running. Its fluid cascades (in the manner of Jerzy Kosinski’s *Pin-Ball*) into our basin, if only to splash up against the tiles of a necessary polish. The format’s livery or porcelain reflects onto mirrors, ducts, ampoules, screw-top devices and male cosmetics. Whilst a trail of watery spume, blue ‘Rembrandt’ and rheum impacts on a grill. It has occasion to transform his face-mask, which he still wears, and this spray floats down from Antoine’s molars. *Quod*, post-Halloween, it’s necessary to understand a face’s lay-out, unconstrained, as it is, by subterfuge. Forsooth, one eye or orb kindles to a larger oval than t’other; whether we’re dealing *avec* marbles or Op art. Likewise, a trellis-like or Art Deco filament covers the conical, if only to slip down the reverse side of a conch. All of which can be contrasted, *ceteris paribus*, with one’s slip-shod or porcine chain; a wire mesh (this was) that incited silence from vaudeville. In terms of such disillusion… the masque or Comus Rout bobbed and weaved, came to nought, struck gold & then lost. Do you rely on music hall to save us (?) ; while Antoine Marais’ mohican, at the shield’s back, oscillates slowly. A penumbra had been cast on the wall – but one mustn’t mark it. Perhaps John Milton’s words are redolent here:
And Moloch made his grave  
Hinnom’s balmy valley  
which Tophet and ebon Gehenna called:  
a ‘Tartarus’ very seat.

NINETY

Inspector Marais: “Do such bouncing cylinders snuff out Jack o’ Lantern? We shall see… since cuboids or unrivalled balls dance along. They knock me from my bike – somewhat abrasively – and I’m dragged along cobbles or latticed stone-work. Soon the entire sheath or glove surrounds my livery; and it proves to be imprescriptable. No shot can break out, either.”

Reptile/de Sade: “Whilst inside the castle I do not take refuge in Macbeth’s soliloquies. Granted: I have before me a spheroid or illumination (of my own manufacture) and inside it subsists a corn-dolly. What might this be? Well, it takes a Voodoo doll’s form – if you ask something of its maintenance. And now, the object of a sabbat must take cognisance of Pennethorne Hughes’ *Witchcraft*. Whereupon an unsympathetic effigy suffers its fate, and it stands in for a loaded tar, a ginger-bread man. Do you remember the fairy tale where we eat one head first? It’s deliriously ‘politically incorrect’. By any account, my needle pushes through the soap-bubble so as to spike a manikin, a pseudo-satanic gnome, an offerant. See how it’s bound by my occultism, although without the temerity of Blavatsky’s *Secret Doctrine*”.

Inspector Marais: “Meanwhile, and in licit time, one of those eye-lobed creatures approaches. They are probably emanations of the Marquis de Sade. A borax centipede [in humanoid guise] seems to crystallise here… after the example of J.G. Ballard’s *The Crystal World*. This tessellates our own abstract – and it showers everything with a recognition of iced fruits. Do we really need this? For the creature wears a gold bracelet, entertains
swivelling muscles or hips, betrays iron gloves, and vouchsafes a massive blade. Such a tulwar answers to the flash of Mosley’s union in its molten forge or sweep. The Alien hovers over me… while I remain trapped in a Fairy Liquid’s reject. A gigantic skull on a rocky outcrop exists to the rear.”

NINETY ONE

To whit: the apartment of Lady de Lauris and her husband, Antoine, remains becalmed. It suggests insignificance or its diameter; in terms that Ma Grisson, the matriarch in No Orchids for Miss Blandish, would relish. The light was about to go out and both spouses were nestled in their respective coffins. For sure, these coffers rest next to one another in an unlit studio, and both of them are raised on trestles or breakers. We can spy the stanchions ‘neath their wooden finish or shellac. Whereas solid copper-pipes – the like of which carry oxygen – snake around either sarcophagus. They allow each inmate to survive a night under the lid… at least as regards the Victorian fear of live burial. Do you wish to re-visit Poe’s story? By dint of its rage, a filter of electronics can be observed, and this technology helps to keep the right temperature. Between these two wooden bulwarks comes a connexion, even a balustrade of sorts. It moves laterally between these two corpse-heads (so to say) and it’s decorated with skulls. Truly, no ossuary can learn a penny from this burlesque or arcade. Likewise, a rather nifty Swiss clock lies astride them… and both of ‘em have scrolls or copper-plate avec their names on the lid. Surely you can understand that there’s no anonymity here – it’s a matter of him and hers. Again, a thin curtain or drapery encircles their caucasian chalk circle… won’t it rise up to bite you in the way that Brecht’s play has been forgotten?

Antoine de Lauris: “I tell you, dearest, there’s no rest for the wicked – as the popular saying evinces. It’s a hard life in the Marquis’ security organs… no respite at all. Given that, unlike
Orwell’s the Anti-Sex League in *1984*, we can be called the pro-death caucus. Didn’t Henry Miller pronounce on a kindred bite in *Tropic of Cancer*? Yet, suffice it to say, the holy tortures which we have to inflict are exhaustive in their issue.”

Marie de Lauris: “How so?” Her husband paused by way of reply.

**NINETY TWO**

By contrast, the debate between two distracted entities, Inspector Marais and a Reptile/de Sade, continues on.

Reptile/de Sade: “Behold, unclean ones! This redoubt of the damned befits our shattered pelts. Certainly, the Marquis de Sade scores a bubble with a pin or dart, and yet he exists in effigy. May he be a Guy, poppet, fake figurine, sculptor’s macquette, squat, manikin or daub? Truthfully, this deathly signature pinions one – it leads to oblivion. Very nakedly, friends, our lance must penetrate a spheroid that gleams, albeit at the bottom of some stone-steps. These chalk off any limitation in granite, as a pre-Adamic snake crawls up their extent under a moon’s silence. Leave it be… for, as great vampire-bats circle, one notices a demise in the Garden. It’s prelapsarian as well as a reversal of McGill’s postcards. Didn’t George Orwell admit them to cultural studies?”

Inspector Marais: “Let us gaze upon a spectacle: in which the Marquis de Sade, multi-dimensionally, surveys a victim. As already noted, the *divine* Marquis’ features were saurian, toad-like, non-plussed, effervescent, fervid, discombobulated, hit upon and without *angst*. Do you see? Moreover, my form has been shrunken to an Action Man in a glass bowl… even a puppet controlled by wires from above in Eric Brammall’s theatre. One feature has changed, however, under these dripping arches or groins, and it’s got to do with pins and needles. Might they be a
diabolical re-presentation of snakes & ladders? To realise this:
each javelin presents a skull’s-head or cranium at its close… and
they glow in the dark, stroboscopically, like disco lights.”

NINETY THREE

A version of Anna Kavan’s novel Ice has fallen upon our twin
appellants, Marie de Lauris and her husband, Antoine. To follow
it more closely: the lids of their respective coffins were closing
prior to the midnight hour, and yet Antoine de Lauris had already
begun to speak.

Antoine de Lauris: “I tell you, wife, it’s the devil’s own business
in the secret police or instrument of yearning. Of course,
perfidious Albion over the channel resists such measures – it
luxuriates in a Special branch inside its constabulary.
Nonetheless, if we entertain a victim of our wiles, then every
plug notates a blue charge… rather like those French tortures
against the FLN in Algeria. They are documented in
Pontecorvo’s film Battle for Algiers. Yet here, a creature sways
inside our voltaic amplitude, and it fashions a cranial lurch. One
visitation (this is) which causes a Baconian falsetto to shrill, and
it smells a rat. Won’t this cast forth – from a bowl of plenty – a
plentitude, an electric blue, the reactions to so many ohms and
amps? Face it: an effulgence of rays limits the teeth – whilst it
renders each simulation a caper, a wistful poltergeist, an ethereal
charge. Now and then, every talk bubble in a Dan Dare cartoon
causes one to re-kindle Op art, in that it breaks open the light. It
sends out a scintillation of wonder, a slim stream, and an
installation to cover Reich’s minimalism without the tedium.
Avaunt thee, a disintegration into motes or spots (themselves
silver-backed or sapphire) flashes pass, and these throb after
concrete poetry, white noise, even Situationist anti-art. Do you
cast your mind back to Guy Debord’s film about the Marquis de
Sade? It was an avant-garde soundtrack, at once lacking visual
grace, and doubling back on itself... like a looping circuit that crackles or buzzes. It’s static; it’s on fire!”

NINETY FOUR

Reptile/de Sade: “The spheroid jumps up and down on some tasty gravel... do you see? Yet, in contravention to this, various bats or mammals of the air circle without respite... and they’re avaricious. Might they encode the vampirism of the Pampas... in a way which goes beyond Dion Fortune? Still, Inspector Marais remains doubled up, even unceremoniously seated, in this balloon. It takes to the air minus a few show-bizz effects... although children aren’t catered for. Also, a notation of Heathcote Williams’ *The Speakers* travels abroad... and it fillets the ether *avec* cries, as yet unspecified. To close off: the Alien, abreast of his wondrous eyes, stabs Marais through the heart... what with a sword of Hercules. It definitely abandons itself to beauty’s succulence... whilst the creatoid possesses a tail-stub, slip-shod boots, a mighty scabbard, green limbs and gauntlets. Marais screams at an instant of finish, delivery, pain or adjustment. Perhaps the correct response is the ‘AAAAAAARRRRRGGH!’ of one of Frank Miller’s captions in a graphic novel.”

NINETY FIVE

In the bed-room of their apartm ent, perchance, the de Lauris couple are settling into their coffins. If you recall, Antoine has been telling his wife about life in the secret police... i.e., this world’s version of MI5 or Special Branch. Again, the lid on the husband’s coffer is clicking into place – as he’s been saying. This takes us back to Alan Sillitoe’s *The General* or a provincial Satyricon, and anti-socialist blast, in Peter Morris’ *The Suppliant*. Nonetheless---.
Antoine de Lauris: “I don’t mind telling you, dearest, that it’s a mangy eaglet in the werewolf division. Yes sirree, and, exhausted though I be, I’m more than capable of ghost-writing one of H.P. Lovecraft’s efforts, *The Black Bottles*. I must impart to you; I’m more than content to get the lid down. Good day!”

Lady Marie de Lauris: “Good day!”

[Note: in this inverse or perverse cosmos, superintended by the Marquis de Sade, night and day can be reversed out. This was rather after a photograph and its negative. So, if one sleeps in a coffin during the day (night), then one lives at night-time, vampirically, as the new dawn].

NINETY SIX

Moreover, in a rival dimension, another version of de Sade decides to resuscitate Marais. He returns from the dead. For, in the *divine* Marquis’ lair, a sword with a lightning blade is removed from Inspector Maigret. Various mortar-board enclosures, or stone work, surrounds this resurrection and Christology. While the watching sprites – affixed *avec* hanging eyelets – look on in order to see such a revival. What will become of it? How can he be re-ordered? Simultaneously, some dark or barren patches silhouette the drama... as if to exhibit a framing, a showing-off. Marais (by any account) remains slumped over in a keel-yard, or under the jaws of Narcissus and a rival’s envy. Suffice it to say, there was a stiffness about the corse or its manikin, and this recognises various textures... not least the *belles lettres* of Sarban’s *House of Dolls*. Above him (however) there rose the icy tower of Donatien Alphonse Francois de Sade... and how did he carry himself? At this juncture, the Marquis’ skeleton became elongated, toad-like, spectral, (if human), and liable to make dimensional leaps. He wore a long, greenish cape that flowed down to his pixie-feet – what with the oval tints of Reich’s orgones (so displayed). And,
if we don’t want to be fatal about it, the scrawny forearms on either side bore about them an emerald tincture... after the fashion of alkyd paint. Still, the Marquis’ features were unfinished or never clandestine, and they stood out using Grimaldi’s awe. Let us intrude on the following facts: in that his mug-shots prove to be Clown(ish), spent, palsied, smeared over via grease-paint, heavily made-up, and even transsexual. Definitively, a stacked wig piles itself up in a grassy resin, and the latter contrasts with a blanched face. This diminishes a mime artiste’s originality, if only to fix one’s attention upon a red spot on the cheek, plus a monocle under one brow. (Note: the absence of a black spot, so indicated, is no reversal of Robert Louis Stevenson’s whimsy. By no means, since this pointillism illustrates eighteenth century beauty – it defines a Duchess in a Handel opera). Slowly and painfully, though, Inspector Marais begins to revive.

NINETY SEVEN

By the by, and in the Marquis’ cosmodrium, Lady de Lauris’ husband, Antoine, is summoned to a meeting. It may be with Donatien. This happens a full twenty-four hours after the night before. “Ah, my boy, do come in! Accord whatever graciousness you can to the flags ‘neath your feet. Such tessellated stone are made to have eagles soar above them. What?” De Sade’s voice has a grating tone if you’re not used to it. Yet, in all honesty, the place for their rendezvous was unusual or fey, given its status as a sauna. An enormous burst of hot water cascaded onto the Marquis’ back; and it came to be characterised by a geyser, lava flow, burst, Icelandic explosion or fillip. Might such a tonic relieve the tension all round? By your leave, a revolving pallet or dish carries the Marquis round this Turkish bath, and he is glistening with moisture. An attendant stands behind him, and his face was a blank, while he directed hot gusts of steam in his Master’s direction. Further afield, a collection of pipes, rivets, glossaries, notations, and Hydra-headed taps, all come together
in one spout. Likewise, the surrounding décor indicates a

dramatic mount – after the dark romanticism of Baudelaire’s

*Flowers of Evil*. The carpets and wall colouring in question, for

example, denotes a black-and-red combination. Whilst – a trifle

further back – a bright green stained-glass window emerges.

Doesn’t it have the dimensions of a church’s prism (?);

irrespective of a sullenness that clings to the piece. Could this

infer a Unitarian bias, perchance? Again, a few guards or soldiers

stood about holding spears, and high-calibre revolvers nestled

again their hips. Furthermore, and roundabout both Marais & the

Marquis, there stood some architecture; at once a threshing or

monster-mash. It merged (effectively) the machinery of Paolozzi

and Donatello’s mastery of line. Also, any artistic synthesis like

this brings together Arno Breker and Giger – namely, neo-

classicism when placed on top of horror art *a la* *Alien*. Let it ride

off, now and again---.

NINETY EIGHT

To be certain of our ground, Inspector Marais begins to revive.

For the Marquis’ mitten has twitched, albeit above his head, so as

to prompt vigour or awe. A painful shrug which amounts to

‘Uuuggghhh!’ breaks out from a returning brain. Does one recall

an episode in the New Avengers, a TV series, where a character

unscrews his face so as to reveal some machinery? It subsists

beneath – believe it or not! And the cyborg’s existence – this

medley of man and machine – combines the Tofflers’ *Future

Shock* with cybernetics. Weren’t those ‘villains’ in *The Avengers*

known as the cybertoasts? Together again, they mounted a

challenge to the cowboy robot in *West World*… a combination of

the Western and science fiction. By any consternation, our

backdrop plays a vivid echo on such stones, even if they’re made

from bone. Think again…

+ Perhaps the Marquis de Sade wonders, momentarily, what it

would be like to be dead. To be sure, could Inspector Marais
have joined a kaleidoscope; a medley or vortex? Further, may this magic camera have aught to do with Hieronymous Bosch’s *The Last Judgement* – at least as regards a detail? Herein, the ochre of a subdued brown – the language of depression – covers this environment. And it disposes of a boat, floating on a Sargasso sea of mud, and alive-o to human-animal mergers. These meld into the reality of lambent pools, under arches and sporting hybrids on the moan. Strange mutations are also available; the latter abreast of captured items or machines. By one moment, a fluted canopy waxes sheer and it turns the wind-mill of a beckoning valve. Let it out! Since a gaggle of mortals in barrels (coopers all) together with weevils, bogles, animist shades, antlers without bodies, walking skeletons, living-insects plus mens’ heads, strange metallic bells, Prussian army helmets and up-turned jugs (bearing white flags) all move unsteadily in a brown-out, a fugg. Do you spot those tortoises, rodents and simians on the horizon? They are playing in stick-trees that know nothing of Theil’s, Walendy’s, Hoggan’s, Bird’s, Heddesheimer’s, Devi’s and Simpson’s revision. For those who have ears to hear – let them hear!

**NINETY NINE**

In comparison to Marie de Lauris’ husband, Antoine, the divine Marquis waxed gigantic. His naked physiology (uncovered even by a towel) towered over her consort without a rhythm or its thought. Indeed, such a sculpture imbibes a message from ancient Greece, and Praxiteles refuses to show itself afore a bunch of flowers. May Mathew Smith’s painting of oranges in a bowl prove insufficient? Again, the Marquis’ muscles rippled with an unquiet carnage – a desire (this was) to rend, tear, bare, blunt, pinion, pass as a carrion to/embrace, as well as disinter. Leave it be: no axioms can really embrace this properly, save as a Thorak manicure. Atop all of it (betimes) there glowers an enormous hood, stopped vertice, bicycle shed and pyramid. It takes the point, most effectively, of a Concorde’s nose-cone and
such a mask excites, congeals, withdraws or subverts. Donatien Alphonse has no self-consciousness vis-à-vis nudity; while Antoine Marais proves less so. He stands there, unconstrained, with a white flannel around his loins… and this isn’t to mention his hands clasped together. They exist in front of him as agitated grape-fruit (so to say). Nor can we escape from de Lauris’ No mask or its screen, never mind an oracular disadvantage. One has to concentrate on its size – at least for now. And a distemper of the orbs – one large and luminous; the other small or beady – must pall. A chain-like salvo exists on a distaff’s side; when connected to the fringe or cox-comb that trails behind. What really excites our wrath, however, is the discrepancy between the two – namely, one’s gargantuan or colossal; the other a midget. By which we mean, in all honesty, that Inspector Marais’ assistant was median in his height and build. “Come in, my boy!”, were the first words he heard uttered. The steam continued to rise from the machine-vats behind their vapour trails.

ONE HUNDRED

Reptile/the Marquis de Sade: “Behold! A doomed one liveth after a plenitude of goo. Let us detect a rising apercu, my children. Since no Aristophanic laughter can chill the blood at this juncture. Doesn’t our version of Inspector Marais scramble under a moon made from a blood orange? Again, its slide or innermost slope fills the sky, attendant on one cataract too far. Its lightness of touch bears witness to von Hagens’ plastinates (or a field of same) and these create a contemporary Golgotha. What do we mean by this? Well, a hebetude of bone surrounds our feast; and this makes up a diorama that’s grey-to-green. It’s glaucous in some forbidding light. While, amid a smoky drop, some of those creatures with hanging or elongated eyes run closer. They turn in, like Harry Harrison macquettes, and their bodies wax silversn under a glazed lunar dish.”
Inspector Marais: “Yet I am still alive! Even if I rise with difficulty from the sedentary – and I realise that any wound has disappeared. It’s a disambiguation… if you ask me. Whilst the stone-pallet of some rough-and-tumble lies abed. It contrives to surround me (with wrought stonework) on every side. Let it alone – yet those guardians, with their elongated retinas, stand around. Almost imperceptibly, I have to say, the image of those hybrids in H.P. Lovecraft’s *The Shadow over Innesmouth* arise. And they emerge from in-breeding, cross-hatching, splicing, miscegenation and mongrelism. In Spenglerian terms, witness his massive *Decline of the West*, they are examples of decay. Nor can we compare them to those twin studies; wherein an egg is halved, in terms of its yoke, into separate cups.”

Reptile/the Marquis de Sade: “You remain alive – but only because I want you for another purpose. I must stand behind you, instinctually, in order to bend your will to my bat-and-ball. Suffice it to say, you’ll have to traverse these corridors as fuel or food. Nothing more… and don’t think that I’m unaware of Hieronymous Bosch’s terrains. They wax purple over your inner landscape, by dint of forcing the pace. A house exists, abandoned in the mud, and with animals astride its curving timbers. For no particular reason Sheridan le Fanu’s *Uncle Silas* comes to mind… and on the outside a rotund devil, reddish in hue, holds up a branding fork. It’s utilised for torture, even though the da(e)mon’s upper parts bear the surplice and hood of one in holy orders, such as G.K. Chesterton’s Father Brown. Face its empty lunge, why don’t you?”

ONE HUNDRED-AND-ONE

By this time or token, the Marquis de Sade is well submerged in a relaxing tub. Could it have anything to do with Jonathan Swift’s *Tale of a Tub*? Suffice it to say, the grand Marquis floated in a quell, thrall or enabling burst; and it shadowed from a pipe. Didn’t this encode a shuddering applause – by way of one
of “Banksy’s” Darth Vader suits on the Parthenon? Again, a watery grave swirled around Donatien Alphonse’s torso, and might it level off Acheron or a narrow Styx? In colour, perchance, such liquids were green, light blue, pellucid (almost) and yet gusting… so as to conceal. Further, the Marquis’ upper body strength becomes obvious; at once redolent of Breker, Frazetta, Leger, Thorak, a Briganzi’s steel-ribbing, Gormley, Rodin and Frink (later on). A giant tap resides above one’s glistening pool – if only to cascade a torrent into a boiling defile. A black or ebon shape mulcts to a wall; while, amid a plumber’s bric-a-brac and loops, our young guest looks on. For Antoine Marais (de Lauris) evinces a wide-eyed air; and his fingers grip the bath’s edge with a well-worn abandonment. Still, one of his mask’s eyes is enormous; whereas a rival orb tenders to the minute… and, if taken together, they denote Op art. Yet they don’t illustrate its kinetic variant…

The Marquis de Sade: “My boy, I have decided to send you on a quest or dangerous ‘mission statement’. It will be many leagues away, you can entertain no doubts about that. Go home and pack a valise immediately. It’s a marvellous opportunity to prove your mettle, Garçon. After all, any crusade such as this heads for the crater’s edge – it cascades through, primarily so as to target reptilianism.”

Antoine de Lauris: “You mean the presence of a lizard in Man?”

The Marquis de Sade: “Exactly… have you ever read an underground or conspiratorial magazine, On Target?”

ONE HUNDRED-AND-TWO

Inspector Marais: “Ecoutez moi, mon ami! You must allow me to fulfil my mission by a compact, and this involves a serenade or lather. It takes place under a gibbous moon… do you understand? Needless to say, I came here to extract some spore;
itself what’s secreted from your toad… especially after it’s fed on the fat men yonder. They were sacrifices to a ‘disabilist’ frenzy…”

Reptile/Marquis de Sade: “Indeed, it remains a gesture of faith to sacrifice the obese to science. I re-order a tribute to Hieronymous Bosch, at least in my own way. For on one particular set, Marais, a naked torso limits a mouth’s apparition… and it does so via mastication. A gigantic religious head, owned by a nun, chomps at the vitals of the damned; even though her lower extremities were akin to a bird. This has to be considered a heretical motif, in accordance with the Mediaeval imagination. Whereas a multitude of mankind, a veritable plethora, are defecated from a rear… and these, in turn, accord with the naturism of Kolyma. Doesn’t Professor George Steiner illustrate this concordat? When he foresees, in texts like Language and Silence, that Hieronymous Bosch’s mythos is a harbinger of Treblinka, Chelmno, Sorbibor, et al. Yet, not even the Fabius-Gayssot law from 1990 in France, can prevent our examination of this heresy. It is also sobering to point out that a daemon, replete with a King Stag’s antlers, leads our stick-men into a variant of T.S. Eliot’s Wasteland. Suffice it to say, they access a raised promontory next to the Seine in the capital, and this jetty lies above dirty-brown water. Might a couple of saurians be semi-submerged or floating on top of it?”

Inspector Marais: “I demand access to a toad’s magical stool (consequentially); and I refuse to take no for an answer.”


ONE HUNDRED-AND-THREE

By this time, it appears that the divine Marquis and Antoine de Lauris, Marie’s spouse, are on first name terms. The Marquis has already vacated a steaming tub which can be observed aft; while
he scratches his back with a loofah. What does such a living sponge look like? Why, it reconsiders one prospect; and that’s a flail or rodomontade. It sub-contracts from a whip’s urges; yet still reaches those ticklish places. The younger de Lauris, who’s a fraction of his Master’s size, gazes upwards in awe. Nor need we devote much time to expectancy; given Antoine’s revolving orb, spot-check, moment of delicious irony, even ghouliness. By way of contrast, some machinery – replete with glistening bath-taps – supplants their exit.

The Marquis de Sade: “Antoine, my boy, you must move towards a quest’s outer orbit. It shall inevitably carry the de Lauris name upwards and above. Again and again, one understands Napoleon Bonaparte’s logic when his armies were referred to as his ‘children’. Yes, I shall adopt such a passage-way in future. Give me your views, I pray – for such adventures can only rapturously spy a church’s stained glass. The entire contraption, a la Graham Sutherland’s remake of Coventry cathedral, glares on. Most certainly, it obeys the curvilinear format of these bays or in-sets; at once fluted atop a rectangular base and sides. Moreover, the heavily leaded criss-crossing inside a window gives it form, weight, depth, solidity, and perhaps a solemn bent. A fractured shattering o’ steel makes recompense – it moves off to see a mosaic-like patterning or kaleidoscope. Give it a rest: since at the very heart of this church window exists some painted words. The pellucid sheet has been shot or dyed blood-red; whilst any wording at its heart reads as follows: REJECT AN INNER REPTILE!”

Antoine de Lauris: “By my recollection, didn’t a mad woman travel up to the consecration of Coventry cathedral, post-war? She arose from the south coast and journeyed with a hammer. Her intent, quite literally, was to philosophise avec Thor’s weapon or club, and under Nietzsche’s direction. And she did succeed in damaging one of those images – impressed in glass or
The Marquis de Sade (somewhat dreamily): “I suppose you’re right!”

**ONE HUNDRED-AND-FOUR**

Back in one’s phantasm or pleasure, an oneiric crystal beams its light. It could occur in either Inspector Marais’ or the Marquis’ cube, even though echoes are heard aplenty. They exist in the cracks under an asylum’s floor. Further to this, the superintendent at Charenton, Monsieur de Coulmier, moves between the cells in his institution. He walks with a considered gait like a priest, and he is primarily dressed in black or dark serge. A spot of white or cream – by way of cuffs – peeps out from the extremities of his garb. These lead to an even greater likeness, plus a sacerdotal urge, and he continues to dwell on his most famous inmate. Or might ‘infamous’ be the proper word? As to his appearance, the Director’s face is kindly, creased, tanned, made to wear, and somewhat world-weary or resigned. Truly, it betrays the hint of sadness which obtrudes in Simenon’s Maigret. Yet again, he paces along these concrete walkways, and they smother the darkness by their smooth sheen. A trellis-work of pipes moves in a higgledy-piggledy fashion, and this compaction veers to one side after a Bishop in chess. Coulmier’s mind was still distracted, though, by the divine Marquis; and how had this lucid dreaming *avec* Marais commenced? He realised that a reptilian demon, the Marquis’ other side or the brain of *Eros*, had tip-toed into his lodge… in fact, it must have been a rival’s cell at Charenton. I shall not stop you from this abrasive ardour – do you see? Again, these oneiric re-positionings or shifts – like a magic camera – had to be by dint of their elision, re-make, compost, bally-hoo and splicing. Both characters trod on each other’s fancies, primarily by means of cosmic overlap. This had occurred to such a degree that each one could intervene
or strike out. Above all, and rather akin to a child’s finger in a toy-theatre, one operatic doll after another was replaced. One certainly remembers that Montague Summers and Benjamin Britten spent hours on them. George Speaight wrote a history of the British toy theatre – whereas Summers specialised in Restorationist drama. He recomposed the vices of Wycherly, Rochester, Shadwell, Congreve, Aphra Behn _et al_ under a golden curtain. Various scarlet hangings, one appurtenance out of many, seemed to be laid up against a granite mural. A homage to some rock-face (this was); and an ornate shield lay at a Proscenium’s heart. It proved to be minus its scree. Moreover, in an insane order, Coulmier knew that de Sade approached down those self-same corridors, no matter how stealthily. Unreliably so, the _divine_ Marquis glided to and fro in this Gallic equivalent of Broadmoor. Let it alone: since Donatien Alphonse resembles a Mummers’ Big Head; what with a mammoth chaperone afar. And it subsists as a glabrous extra – part fake; part all-over body mask, at least by way of a face. It berates those who might come after it within a storm of days. Whilst its eyes were big, hollowed out, black tinged, fallow and uniquely bare. Next to it, and by way of a rear end, came a reptilian entity… it sauntered out of a sunrise’s delusion. The chief psychiatrist of the Charenton asylum was aware of its configuration; that is, its enactment of sex and violence. Turned around (so as to see its other side) Coulmier watched the meeting in silence. And such a consultation hits the vagaries; it senses a looming hulk, red-eyed, saurian, greenish, scaly and fully equipped. De Sade’s nether side clings to the other coin. What had the Emperor Napoleon’s officials written to him on the supreme commander’s behalf? ‘Is the man known as Citizen Sade insane?’ To which Charenton’s head had replied. ‘No, my liege, he is not mad in the accepted degree; he happens to be an erotomaniac’.

Still, those games of chess under glass supervene, as a hominid, a darksome roil, clammers over a giant amphibian’s skull. Both the Marquis and Inspector Marais were playing the game!
Bereft of all, a space-ship leaves the earth in an arc, and it hesitates so as to exit the atmosphere. One observes, necessarily, the curvature of the sky as a disc revolves in the Milky Way. Down below, our globe spins in a measureless silence… whilst those ghostly, interstellar spaces are left to affright Pascal. The earthen planet comes across as one of those toys by Sir Patrick Moore – what with densities of emerald and ultra-marine. Suddenly, we see a craft hopping about in the slip-stream. It is cast in some grey metal or paraphernalia, and takes after an Airfix kit from the nineteen seventies. By a wanton discharge, our thunderbird explodes, cascades, blows up, ignites and suffers… afore its drifts, way-wardly, as space junk. Yet what should a neutral pair of eyes discern? Basically, in accord with P.D. James’ Inspector Dalgleish, any discursive sun or blast came from inside our rocket. No, nothing has attacked our shuttle or ballistic missile from without. How strange… and didn’t Wyndham Lewis once enjoin a proto-fascist magazine called Blast?

Whether holed ‘neath the water-line or not, our Reptile’s laugh broke the silence like atonal music. It rasped at its own fissure of consciousness – if only to fall sheer with a thunder-clap. In this fashion, the saurian comes across like the Bailiff in Wyndham Lewis’ The Childermass. That is to say, he commingles avec Mister Punch; not to mention his tragi-comedy, the red-and-yellow awning of the booth… plus a whizzing swazzle. ‘It’ remains the master of this game!

Reptile/Marquis de Sade: “I refuse to apologise for my guffaw. May a ‘God’ not let rip or egest in the face of life? Anyway, one rarely has a chance for amusement on my dark world. I feel that I must pluck out a victim’s heart, or wash myself in his innards
and gore, so as to ken pleasure. Oh yes, nothing escapes from my swivelling gaze!"

With this, our insolent creature addresses himself to a raised pepper-pot or ash tray. And it contains, like a vessel for herbal preservation, the residue of a gigantic toad’s spore. Such leavings or chaff (as these) have been ground down, so as sate a crematorium with the number three million minus one. Let it be: since the product of our Toad of Toad Hall’s rump is desiccated. It now exists as a powder or chaff, without the addition of liquids, and its uses were multiple. In all of this we have to realise that a Mediaeval herbarium has many uses for it; and these are shut away among an apothecary’s wares. Above all, powders of any roughness or delicacy find themselves in filters, ampoules, chasubles, little pots, phials and small dishes. ‘I want you to know this!’, cries a scaly one in his own brain. For such a negative spice or herb can be used to predict the future. It may adduce its vastness, even to the point of rending the veil in occult terms. Likewise, how will Mankind’s teleology refuse to wilt under a withering gaze?

Reptile/the Marquis de Sade: “I reciprocate with nothing but sadness… or its absence, even a proclivity to harm.”

All around his visage comes a wilderness o’ shadows – maybe a winnowing.

ONE HUNDRED-AND-SEVEN

Meanwhile, the master of the Charenton asylum, Monsieur de Coulmier, abets his rounds. He walks with vigour down corridors – if only to trespass on whisperings in the keep. Let it be: since his movements are interrupted by peregrinations or dreams of Self. The foot-falls reverberate – but not in Beckett’s play Foot-falls – and the mad-caps’ walls close in. They indicate a mural of unhappiness, rather like in Art Brut championed by Dubuffet,
where *The Magic Roundabout* meets Max Ernst. Again, de Coulmier returns to his study and calmly stares into a mirror – its sheen wears an Art Deco head-dress. Also, the hysterical laughter that had leapt out from cell number 6 was stilled… hadn’t de Sade occupied this in the Bastille? In numerology, those feminine or even numbers (four, six, eight) signify misery and defeat. Yet de Coulmier went on examining his features with a lost nostalgia. Yes indeed, the fact of Edward Bond’s marxian play *Lear* bore down upon him; it lay heavier than a leaden weight or (quite possibly) an old-fashioned diving suit. You know the sort; it smacks of Hergé’s Tintin and reveals a humanoid costume, cast in waterproof fabric, together with a head-mask. This was spherical and brassy; as well as containing grills, both gold-tinged, on either side. The mad-house’s director, however, continued to gaze at his features… might they eventually split apart under a naked, existential bulb? Who knows?

Nonetheless, Monsieur de Coulmier had been intimately involved with de Sade’s tenure at Charenton. To consult the historical record, de Coulmier was replaced as director on May the 31st 1814 after the restoration of Louis XVIII. But before this, he had allowed the *divine* Marquis to publish two minor manuscripts, *Isabella of Bavaria* and *La Marquise de Gange*. Both of these works were without obscenity. Likewise, several verses by de Sade came to be sung for Cardinal Maury, the Archbishop of Paris, when he visited Charenton’s hospice on October the 6th 1812. This must have involved de Coulmier’s assent or nodding donkey, despite a ministerial order which forbade any plays in the bug house on the 6th of May 1813. By a process of deliberation, the *divine* Marquis’ course and that of his overseer are inter-connected. Who can doubt whether Donatien Alphonse Francois’ dreams didn’t dig into the other’s mind?
Madame de Lauris was slightly disconcerted by a ring at her door, given the hour’s lateness. Slowly, oh so slowly, the wooden block and its chains moved aside so as to reveal the divine Marquis. He stood there in the semi-darkness, what with his massive arms corded or crossed, and he wore a pyramidal mask. Its triangular cortex waxes darksome, if only to facilitate unknown torments.

Lady de Lauris [with a gasp]: “To what do I owe this honour?”

The Marquis de Sade: “I wish to plight my troth with you!”

Lady de Lauris: “But, my Lordship, I am a married woman.”

The Marquis de Sade: “No more, alas: since your late husband’s death has been reported via an inter-planetary alert. It appears that, pursuant to a heroic quest, his space-craft was blitzed from the Heavens. We are not sure of the culprit (altogether), yet it seems to have been down to the reptilian… or perchance, the brain’s frequency which objurgates eros. I’ve had occasion afore to fashion aught from the fire, especially in terms of Norman O. Brown’s affidavit of Life Against Death. To be sure, such personifications are caught betwixt Scylla and Charybdis, Eros & Thanatos, or lust and death. Its embodiment can be seen in an image of a cherub, at once Rubenesque, and a brown or withered corse. This body or carrion is dragged about, in her vicinity, and it takes after a Goya’s transport – even a combination of an eighteenth century ‘morality’ and a Steve Ditko panel. In truth, it partakes of those fantasies that benumb his Doctor Strange… and their ignorance of the occult improves them. Certainly, your spouse’s demise opens up a whole new production in our toy-theatre – it harks back to Hieronymous Bosch’s golden cup, despite any pessimistic kernel. Again, a disembodied eye floats upwards agin’ a pink back-drop… and it looks quite sweet if
surrounded by a nether bestiary. These were infusions of the saurian – alien to Man – who wished to kiss the blade of my halbert. They happen not to be worth a belch, an axe through the skull that slices down to the jaw, an egestion, or a cup of cold rheum. Face it, girl, all’s up with a lavender-sprinkled corpse which’s been flayed.”

Lady de Lauris: “I see!”

ONE HUNDRED-AND-NINE

At this juncture, Inspector Marais found himself next to de Sade, up on those battlements of a drear castle. They looked down on a massive toad’s body – as it leapt and bounded about in a pit below them. The Inspector knew (instinctively) that he was going to share the obese men’s fate… and, all of a sudden, he was lifted off his feet by the Mage’s magic. It pretends to seek nothing; yet surrenders to a bounty beyond the Self.

Reptile/the Marquis de Sade: “Behold, groundling! The destiny of those fatties lies at your toes; it interrupts the antennae which slips across us. To be certain, a configuration or spell – taught to me many moons yonder – shall project you out and o’er. Yes indeed, even though my mother died aeons ago, and I, in her stead or absence, have grown to acknowledge her face-mask, I still recall her homilies. These had to do with the asseveration; it’s a sin to waste good food. By which instant, a police-man’s form (if surrounded by a magic poultice) soothes its conspectus, even a grave’s likelihood. Avaunt thee, Marais is cast off his feet and drifts out into a defile. Whereupon a towering amphibian awaits its feed – in its way, though, it signifies the bout between an eagle and a bear at the end of Angus Wilson’s The Old Men at the Zoo. Similarly, this Grendel of the biology lab(.) clamps its web-foot to the paving; prior to a thin, strong, sinuous tongue reaching out for an eighteenth century detective (in embryo). Might this spiral or hose-pipe (after the affectation of a serpent’s
fork) bring back memories of early comics devoted to *The Incredible Hulk*? It indicates the forceful as well as the serpentine (to be sure). Nonetheless, and contrary to a background of pitch, this emerald Cyclops sports two massive eyes out front – and these glisten preternaturally, blindly, avidly, without mercy, (so as to feed), moronically, as well as robotically. In turn, it’s virtually as if these orbs were screened after lights on a boat. Our creature, de Sade’s extension from the brain’s reptilian stem, lets out the following strum or trump. ‘YEDU! YEDUP!’, was how it croaked or belched *a la* the serpent-folk’s cruelty… even if it’s only timorously aligned. Save it for the next contest! ‘YEDU! YEDUP!’, it onomatopoeically bleated.”

ONE HUNDRED-AND-TEN

By an attritional process, Charenton’s manager or director reverses his steps. He continues to move through the asylum after hours – despite the quiet being broken, on occasion, by hysterical laughter. Fasten your seat-belts: since a man’s foot-prints echo over reverberating showers. Absent-mindedly, he remembered those national socialist aesthetics (sic) attested to by Bryan Ferry, the rock star. It all begins with the eroticism of *Roxy Music*; not to mention Kate Moss’ image, on *Olympia*, as a tribute to Tamara de Lempicka. We pass on… although this mad-house’s comptroller has returned to his cell/office. Wherein he sits, a trifle sullenly, under his Art Deco mirror top – it could have quite easily come from the museum in Miami. Oh, so slowly, he decides on a course of action, and he begins to tape over the glass using sellotape or fudge. (Some eager beavers go so far as to call it Scotch tape). Yes, most truly, this blue mass or vixen-hood equates to a new sludge, and it defies our cries or help. Let’s look at it further: *quod* the place for his presentation gets smaller or less precise… finally, it disappears altogether. Whilst what replaces it susurrates via a thrill or a sapphire Rothko – whether one can meditate afore it or no. Still, these undulations or ‘wrappings’ are sheaths or planes, after Schwarzkogler’s
mummies, and prior to a limb dropping off. Eventually, the entire reflector was parcelled up – save for one solitary strip. You could just see Monsieur de Coulmier’s face in it, and yet, when closed off, all manias and japes cease. Surely now, it involved an up-ending of Heathcote Williams’ *The Speakers*? As a consequence of this, there were no more demagogic tramps on Bristol’s downs to disturb the peace.

ONE HUNDRED-AND-ELEVEN

Against this, one keeps abreast of any developments, particularly as they occur in de Sade’s castle. This is no matter how stark or fierce they might be. All of this takes place, betimes, as a gigantic toad devours Inspector Marais, who squirms o’er an amphibian’s reek… even at its heart. Notice: one sinuous tongue is revealed (rather like a hose-pipe ban) and it’s insinuated around a policeman’s middle. Nonetheless, he draws a poniard from his boot. Doesn’t it record a Swiss army knife – if only for a moment? Briefly, a point flashes into his mind… no matter how inconsequentially. And it exists almost as an existential drama. It has to do with left-wing, nay ‘progressive’, criticism of Albert Camus’ *The Outsider*, primarily over considering the Arab as other. By any degree, he wrestles with the toad under a Proscenium; leastways in terms of the battlements. It was provided by a kindred amphitheatre. Whilst, atop a crenellation, de Sade looks on aplenty; and his depiction appears to be both ugly and cross-gendered. (Note: any trans-sexual mutation was muted). Yet, by degrees, we come to examine this fixation or pantomime dame. Might, as a token of J.G. Ballard’s fiction, such an *artiste* not drag ‘itself’ from the environs of Liza Minelli’s *Cabaret*? In truth, we have been dealt an uncertain deck of cards – but, *ceteris paribus*, the Joker, Seeker or Hanged Man stares back at us from them all. While – upon their laminated backs – we see the floridity or Art Deco of blue & red designs. They were positively chic in Waddington’s out-take from the spirit. Again, the *divine* Marquis – the infamous author
of *Justine, Juliette* and *The 120 Days of Sodom* – gazes across at a gladiatorial combat. It subsists by dint of his bidding. May it, simultaneously, be an example of tough-minded ‘leftism’ (?) – that is, a species of *Spartacus*, Jack London and Ragnar Redbeard (Arthur Desmond). Yet the “third sex” valuation, to hint at Otto Weininger or Edward Carpenter, needs to be reconciled with the facts. For Donatien Alphonse Francois picks and chooses from so many broken mirrors – plus a screaming Queen of Hearts. The cruelty (you see) nearly always emerges from a male-female hybrid of one type or another. Yes indeed, the Charenton director Monsieur de Coulmier was well on the way to solving this. Such an equation never perplexed de Sade, however, as he directs a basilisk stare from the side. Furthermore, the creature’s demeanour must be a mixture of wigs, hieratic hair-dos, operatic head-cakes a la Haydn or Handel, beauty spots ‘neath the eye, tapered tresses, heavy bodices, John Cleland’s otiose prose, and the quality of an eighteenth century impresario. To be certain of our ground, a myrmidon or thug, known as a bully, came to be stationed at the side of the Garrick’s stage-pit. Once Mrs. Zefferelli was ensonced on stage, showing plenty of cleavage, an admirer might mount the steps and race towards that bosom so as to nestle amid those lugs. At a nod from Garrick, watching in the wings, the miscreant would be dragged off-stage, beaten, thrashed, half-strangled, and thrown into the street. He could lie there for quiet a time, covered in dried mud and saw-dust, at the bottom end of Charing Cross Road. Fancy that, eh?

+A pleasant recall~

Against this, one keeps abreast of developments in de Sade’s castle, no matter how stark or fierce. All of this occurs, betimes, when a gigantic toad is about to devour Inspector Marais, as he squirms at the heart of an amphibian’s reek. Notice further: one sinuous tongue or hose-pipe ban is revealed; the like of which insinuates itself around the Inspector’s middle. He (nonetheless) draws a poniard from his boot. Doesn’t it record a Swiss army
knife – albeit for a moment? Briefly, an inconsequential point flashes into his mind… almost as an existential dilemma. It has to do with left-wing or ‘progressive’ criticism of Albert Camus’ *The Outsider* – by dint of considering the Arab as other. By any degree, he wrestles *avec* the toad a yard from any Proscenium; leastways in terms of an amphitheatre provided by the battlements. Whilst, atop one crenellation, the ugly and cross-gendered depiction of de Sade looks on. (Note: any trans-sexual mutation was muted). Yet, by degrees, we come to examine this fixation or pantomime dame. Might, as a token of J.G. Ballard’s fiction, such an *artiste* not drag ‘itself’ from the environs of Liza Minelli’s *Cabaret*? In truth, we have been dealt an uncertain deck of cards – but, *ceteris paribus*, the Joker, Seeker or Hanged Man stares back at us from them all. While – upon their laminated backs – we see the floridness or Art Deco of blue & red designs. They were positively chic in Waddington’s out-take from the spirit. Again, the *divine* Marquis – the infamous author of *Justine*, *Juliette* and *The 120 Days of Sodom* – gazes across at a gladiatorial combat. It subsists by dint of his bidding. May it, simultaneously, be an example of tough-minded ‘leftism’ (?) – that is, a species of *Spartacus*, Jack London and Ragnar Redbeard (Arthur Desmond). Yet the “third sex” valuation, to hint at Otto Weininger or Edward Carpenter, needs to be reconciled by the facts. For Donatien Alphonse Francois picks and chooses from so many broken mirrors – plus a screaming Queen of Hearts. The cruelty (you see) nearly always emerges from a male-female hybrid of one type or another. Yes indeed, the Charenton director known as Monsieur de Coulmier was well on the way to solving this. Such an equation never perplexed de Sade, however, as he directs a basilisk stare from the side. Furthermore, the creature’s demeanour must be a mixture of wigs, hieratic hair-dos, operatic head-cakes *a la* Haydn and Handel, beauty spots ‘neath the eye, tapered tresses, heavy bodices, John Cleland’s otiose prose, and the quality of an eighteenth century impresario. To be certain of our ground, a Myrmidon or thug, known as a bully, came to be stationed at the
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ONE HUNDRED-AND-TWELVE

Forssooth, the Marquis de Sade accompanied Lady de Lauris from a linen bed, and his mittens were on her shoulders.

Marie de Lauris: “So, my husband’s space-craft has been blown asunder by the Reptilian – or those assurances of virulence and lust?”

The Marquis de Sade: “Most assuredly, my dear, one can do nothing if confronted via the toad mind. By this ditty, it accords with J.G. Ballard’s inner space – a trajectory wherein rusty pylons, stray satellites trailing vapour, or electrical dischargers become transformed. These align with post-modernity’s points of fascination. In this regard, Ballard’s tropes are a fictional counter-point to Debord’s, Baudrillard’s or Lyotard’s theories. Let’s say it again: since his meat freezers, concrete freeways (with their interstices and gaps), car crashes and pile-ups (sic) are speculations… They combine Professor Gunter von Hagens’ Plastinates (or corpse art) with a Turner Prize exhibition, albeit a deviant one. For Ballard encodes a sleepless vision within the night’s eye. It lays open the veins of those physiological sculptures, in glass, from the eighteenth century. You can be sure that German ingenuity and artistry provided them. Anyway, J.G. Ballard’s thesis combines a surrender to technics, a relish at its virtual reality or exhibitionism, and Barbarism. Nor is it, as with Castoridas, a question of socialism or barbarity. In truth, any
thought of equity was a callow laugh. What matters (instead) has to be the tendency for breakdown, surreality, the oneiric and destructive… i.e., an endless smashing to pieces… which lurks under every ‘advance’. Ballard notifies a historical motif that’s running ahead of itself into meaninglessness. A nihilistic offshoot or pillow beckons (you see). One also has to recognise that John Graham Ballard is a ‘reactionary’; a deceiver or Time-piece, even an appalled Tory. Quod he looks back to the past as well as forwards… for example, Concrete Island is an up-to-date Robinson Crusoe; whereas Hello, America undermines Stoker’s or Martin Amis’ travel-books. He carefully blows them up by introducing The Unabomber Manifesto under plain wrappers.”

Lady de Lauris: “Yet what does it all mean?”

The Marquis de Sade: “Who knows or expects anything save silence, especially if you’ve got a scalpel at your neck. I shall explain the world and everything in it, my dear.” [Nonetheless, even as he remarked on’t, Donatien pondered on his alter ego or Siamese twin… the saurian on his back. It subsisted in a rival dimension of Marie de Lauris’ mind; albeit by dint of catalepsy, vaudeville, motivational skills, personalia and Circus.]

ONE HUNDRED-AND-THIRTEEN

Meantime, the director of the Charenton asylum, Monsieur de Coulmier, perambulates at will. The year is 1812, a mere short span afore our psychiatrist surrendered his post, and this French Broadmoor had long become salient. Yes indeed, since Doctor Coulmier has taped o’er one mirror effect… primarily so as to cleanse a reflection, a ghost, using blue rinse or a dye. On he walks; and in his transverse theatre he concentrates on gloomy runes, never mind John Atkinson Grimshaw’s paintings. As he moves off (stumbling or hurt to a run) a shimmering miasma gathers around him. And it causes an effulgence to break out or coalesce; at once allowing de Coulmier to fade into green.
Whereas above our eighteenth century psychologist, and ‘neath a jutting obelisk or stone, one sees a worm or dragon-head. Might it signify many items (?); such as a medley of male and female _a la_ Eric Mottram’s _The Algebra of Need_. Touché! For a burrowing earthworm happens to be hermaphroditic (you see). It accedes to the masculine at one end; the feminine at t’other… that’s why it grows back together again over time. In this welter or regard, a low form of life can prove its indestructibility against the others. My word, it gives our Charenton gate-keeper something to mull over as his feet fall.

Similarly, one’s medical manager lingers over his replacement, at least mentally. This involves the intervention of Monsieur Rouljac de Maupas, a royalist custodian who took over after Louis XVIII’s Restoration in 1814. He ceaselessly badgered the minister, the Abbe de Montesquiou, over having the Marquis de Sade placed under lock-and-key. Yet de Coulmier’s mind keeps nagging him about a hidden burden. May it denote a concealed proportion o’ one’s ego; such as in Rene Magritte’s picture of a masked face? It conjures up images of Max Stirner’s _The Ego and Its Own_; as well as Hitchcock’s _Spellbound_ when choreographed by Dali. Likewise, a hominid with a bag atop his head waxes sinister, and de Coulmier can only free himself from an _idée fixe_ by the oneiric’s pursuit. For, like in an adventure book by Alistair Maclean, he emerges into a cave where four figures were to be observed. None of them happened to be Charenton’s new supremo, de Maupas.

**ONE HUNDRED-AND-FOURTEEN**

In all truth, the operative known as Inspector Marais was pinned to a bad spot. He might have been armed – but still, the weight of a negative Tarot crashed down upon his shoulders. Let us remember, my friends, that our member of the French Foreign Legion is half inside a toad’s mouth. Marais’ almost been swallowed (you see) and the gigantic mania of a frog’s surprise
(surplice?) gibbers on. It fixes you with the basilisk eye of a malignant purport. Again, an avidity accentuates the toad… and it’s rounded, spherical, non-dismembered, livid, as well as reminiscent of Socialist Realist sculpture. To be sure: the mindlessness of a toady’s aggression is due to rapine and food. It hungers with the greedy appetite of an obese man – do you take my drift? Also, its cool, black eye (minus a discernible eye-ball) gazes on via a cretinous mien. Likewise, the back-sweep of this contest re-visits a brick kiln or oven – within which a final lacquer can be provided to some earthen pots. A few pointed spikes, themselves scimitar-laden, spear the dawn or veer outwards at the wall’s top. These were quite clearly designed to prevent de Sade’s pet from slithering out of its enclosure – thereby to threaten its master’s security. In any event, the captured man hacked and cut at a green snout. He did this repeatedly, even if the creature’s front appears to be a battering-ram, and then he escaped. Marais found himself ricocheting away like a pin-ball or a red ball in snooker… if only to land on a mud-caked enclosure prior to sliding down head-first. What will become of our champion?

ONE HUNDRED-AND-FIFTEEN

All of a sudden, the Marquis de Sade picked up Lady de Lauris in his immense arms – the strength o’ which rippled like Mantegna. (Note: this Renaissance master worked in 3-D… or, by passion of will, he fashions the flat to be spherical, undulating, ovoid, even hemispherical). By carousel, this episode of Robert Graves’ *I, Claudius* – without Livia’s poisoning – came to pass. He gave up on nothing; even though a future wife was twirled about his head. Akin to this, his muscles stretched like a pterodactyl or ‘gator; thereby providing a fillet of fish. It walked through Paris in a lop-sided way… itself reminiscent of the surrealist, Antonin Artaud, who led a lobster around on a lead. No lap-dogs for him! Nonetheless, these Sadeian muscles flex (in one torso) and one also finds divers swords – themselves
phallically arranged. These were blunt-bladed poniards, tulwars, scimitars and darts (all of them warriors’ weapons for deciding the issue). Again, de Sade’s cranium was concealed by a triangular mask or head-piece; and it ricocheted to the north. Almost pyramidal, it strove to set alight the back-drops to Francis Bacon’s canvases; the fullness of which were finished using acrylic. These set off the mutilatory scuffling, swabs, deteriorations, warps, stuffed or surgical scrapes, and crepitations (so evinced). Likewise, in the midst of passion, the Marquis de Sade had to dwell upon death – after a chubby maiden or cherub, on the cover of Norman O. Brown’s Life Against Death, who embraces a brownish corse. It is a literalisation of Eros and Thanatos, at once writ large and depicted as universal art. Yet Alphonse Donatien wishes to go further, travel farther, and be more decisive in his treatment of Gottfried Benn’s poesy. Somewhat inevitably, he is drawn back to the infernal vision of Hieronymous Bosch… where, in a detail from The Last Judgement, an integrated aggression occurs. Here and now, a naked man was flagellated over an anvil by a hammer. And this came to be swung (like a puny version of Thor’s mjolnir) by a demon dressed in white monastic robes. They are not quite clerical, though, since a tail seeps from the rear so as to plunder the sands. Despite all this, Lady de Lauris caresses the side of de Sade’s death-mask using a perfumed pinkie. It sought to limit the effects of lust-morden, (so to say).

ONE HUNDRED-AND-SIXTEEN

Still, our psychiatrist continues his walks down these corridors of doom. Whilst a worm ouroboros, in Richard Cavendish’s memory, furls and unfurls above him… it does so outside of Time or its associates. If you recall, this snake was double-headed, flip-sided or mute, and it occurs in many cultures. And its scales shimmer amid the gliding (and each section glows) as its tail is devoured. By what (?) – why, it’s an available mouth!

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Suddenly, Monsieur de Coulmier remembered the clearing where his dreams had left off. They rehearse a reckoning or its mayhem; and a cave of petrified beasts leaps out at us. Each species exists in a solemn ice-pack – whether blue or pink in tint. And tigers, woolly mammoths, sabre-bears, great elk and red deer subsist at Kelvin temperatures. (The latter possess giant antlers). A few tall and elegant cranes stretch their legs around a rock-pool near to a stony rear… whereas imaginative granites encode the silence. These bear upon them a cave’s artistry; since, under the earth’s crust, a cornucopia lies vacant or abed. Quod geology’s pressure causes giant volutes, friezes, cornices and arabesques to be created with a wide range of colours. These tints encode an unknown or invisible zodiac… never mind the pigment theories of Wilhelm von Goethe. Look at this: stalactites, reverse mounds, menhirs, stringy or rubbery-stones, livid calcifications, mosaics and pumice modules all effloresce. An abstract expressionism (as to taste) veers around and doubles back. Its hues were radium, cornelian, rubiate clusters, beryl and mother of pearl. A cerulean blue suffuses the whole – in its chill – and reveals four figures in the distance. At the moment of contact, *per se*, they’re difficult to make out; and yet, by the by, we discern three women and one man. All of them stem from the past of the Marquis de Sade. In no particular order or precedence, they happen to be Mademoiselle de Riviere of the Opera, Mlle. de Beauvoisin, Marguerite Coste, and Abbe Jacques-Francois Amblet. They were all discussing Monsieur de Coulmier’s replacement at the Charenton asylum, Roulhac de Maupas, but our foursome insist on calling him COLONEL SODOM.

**ONE HUNDRED-AND-SEVENTEEN**

In turn, Inspector Marais found himself in a desperate plight, as he was thrown betwixt pillar and postern. To be sure, the toad’s snout – when wounded (mildly) by his blade – tossed him forth. He moved or cascaded like a rag-doll; that is, one which had been exposed to Sarban’s stories or Jason Wilcox’s films.
Remember: the fleeting snow-fall of his body lists where it will, and knew whereof it jumped… or started. Again now, Marais’ trajectory bore about it something of a Pygmalion, a jumping-bean, or a solitary gymnast on an Olympic mat. He revolves rather like an existential novel \textit{a la} Beckett (from West Germany) where a goal-keeper faces anxiety o’er a penalty. This one kick can lead to an ultimate fade-out (you see). Still, Marais’ physiology finds itself catapulted via the ether, upside-down, only to end up wedged next to a grey wall. It fixes one just fine – necessarily so, given an Action Man who rehearses ichor rushing to the head. What does it mean? Nor can one dismiss it as a Baselitz painting or inverse daub – i.e., a rain-dance, nay offerant, that proved to be fashionable in the nineteen eighties. In his travail, and as he had come to rest, Inspector Marais considers a Sisyphean task – namely, how can he survive this Battle Royal with such a toad? “This is getting monstrous in its profusion or opt-out”, he mused, “I must do something or risk extinction through inactivity.” (To quote the Girondins or Brissot faction later on, during the French Revolution, there has to be a distinction drawn between \textit{passive} and \textit{active} citizenry). Luckily for him – one of the spears or spikes, which guarded the amphibian’s egress from the pit, had loosened. It came ajar and was gripped by the fleshy quarter of his palm, gauntleted though it be. Gradually, and without ceremony, he slid down to the sandy incline at this cage’s bottom – thence to confront a giant Toady. It (this reverse ice-worm) represents de Sade’s alter ego; yet Marais was towered over by a Green spat or blancmange. Such a brontosaurus or tyrannosaurus (sic) weighed a ton or two; and it out-soared Bailley’s sculpture on Nelson’s column.

ONE HUNDRED-AND-EIGHTEEN

Abreast of this, Donatien Alphonse held up Marie de Lauris in his carvern arms. These embodied the Mannerist day-glow of Italian sculpture in the sixteenth century; and its festival of delights or traces amid silence. By such labours, de Sade’s torso
(at least from the back) indicates an alteration of planes – after Arno Breker’s neo-classicism. And it faces off against the tragic grandeur of some pieces… where a kindred motivation breaks the silence. It moves unsteadily on its feet, rather like one of the Olympiads on the cover of Albert Camus’ *The Myth of Sisyphus*. (These – in turn – were drawn by William Blake in a way which avoids naturalism or *Vox Populi*; and hints at mannerism. For Flaxman’s friend remains England’s greatest artist o’er imagination’s fiat).

The Marquis de Sade: “An offer of marriage can never be denied via a filter of blood. Yet, despite love’s livery, one must rush out against an unconquered skin. It shall enjoin one temptation but not another – irrespective of Savitri Devi’s advice in *The Impeachment of Man*. I intend, dear wife, to conquer a visitation of hyacinths… most certainly, if it refuses to boil the reptilian. I admire your ruthlessness – I have to say. Where my first or primordial spouse, Renee de Montreuil, was weak and vain (if loyal), you shall be my right-hand! *Quod*, with a woman like yourself, I stand ready to despatch the reptilian. Won’t I conquer sex, aesthetically, by sending it back to the black box from whence it originates? Truly, I concur with Bosch in his amplitude and testing… whereupon a motley collection of beasts have gathered. They are subdued under a brown pall – and some look robotic or armoured; others griffin-like (plus antlers); and a third quadrant wax anthropomorphic. Such mugwumps or affidavits embrace snouts, false heads, a detachable bell on wheels, as well as barrels, wooden pylons, sundry weapons and a myriad of bizarre machines. These belong in *A Cabinet of Doctor Caligari*; at once crazed, running wild, gone AWOL or walkabout, and indicative of a bell-jar on castors. It was covered by an undulating metal-skin, rather akin to an early piano-roll featuring Chopin’s march. It pertains to Thanatos (my innermost desire) and concentrates on death in *lieu* of Eros. Isn’t my ultimate aim, then, interstellar genocide – or the substitution, amid the reptilian’s brain, of sensuality by violence and finality? I cleave
to the void; I, who wade through polymorphous perversity, seek its negation. Lust isn’t enough, (you see) – it palls over time. Can it be an example of J.G. Ballard’s *Vermillion Sands*?”

Lady de Lauris: “Oh, divine Marquis, I fantasised so often about you proposing marriage in my coffin.”

They embrace and kiss against a purple heart’s tincture; it chooses to throb and bleed from the side.

**ONE HUNDRED-AND-NINETEEN**

All of an instant, we are back in the world of Monsieur de Coulmier’s perambulations. He circles himself – he is lost in thought. By any stint, his House or asylum had become an organism... that is; a living being which hungers for madness. Might it suddenly move towards Dr. Prinzhorn’s *The Art of the Insane*? A work (this was) that proved susceptible to their daubs; given his belief in the biologic origins of mania. Round and around our administrator lingers... as he becomes obsessed with his challenger’s fate. Yet how goes it (?); and what of Monsieur Roulhac de Maupas?

In his dream’s clearing or cavern, *per se*, one set of rules came to apply to this game of Battleships. Listen: an argument or mild debate is occurring between our four characters. Jacques-Francois Amblet, for his part, was wearing a centurion’s helmet which morphs into an extra in Howard Brenton’s *Romans in Britain*. Again, a chain-mail shirt covered his limbs, in the manner of Fritz Leiber’s the grey mouser. Whereas he was clean-shaven, brute-sided, and carried a shield of burnished copper. Its polish seems to increase the cave’s dimensions and, all in all, Abbe Amblet takes after one of the retinue in John Cowper Powys’ *Owen Glendower*. By way of contrast, the three women who mourn the new asylum’s director were all distinct, remarkably so. First, you had Mademoiselle de Riviere in a long-
flowing dress, accompanied by flaxen hair, but with a wound or cut over her forehead. A head-band crossed the girl’s brow (it looks tight to the touch) and finishes our commitments. Still and all, the next woman wore a mop of ebon tresses, themselves tied or built-up into a spider’s bun. She possesses a type of diadem around her neck; whilst, Marguerite Coste, our third Valkyrie at the feast has a reddish or dyed mohican. This was adorned with spikes and alternated with a shaven pate around its circumference. Unlike some of the other girls, this _femme fatale_ took her ear-rings very seriously… and, enclosed in topaz, they’re vaguely phallic. Could they be made out of platinum?

Abbe Jacques-Francois Amblet: “After Monsieur de Roulhac’s disappearance, amid Hades’ mists, and having fought de Coulmier for the title… have you fulfilled your sacred and appointed tasks?”

A Chorus of Women: “Most definitely, following his remains, detritus or corse, we placed him in the rock-pool of this cave. Its surface seems to be limpid and light green in colour. Don’t you observe those cranes who ply their limbs, magisterially, across its glistening dish?”

Abbe Jacques Francois-Amblet nods rather curtly and dismissively, but no-one can say that he looks satisfied by such an answer.

**ONE HUNDRED-AND-TWENTY**

Finally, and after some rough-and-tumble, Inspector Marais has ended up at an enclosure’s side. He was mildly exhausted or beaten about, and yet not at all defeated. Furthermore, he’d ended up directly ‘neath the ramp from which the fat men sped, or adjacent to its curves. These were the lineaments of a shuffle-board or causeway, possibly lined with cork, and redolent of the spastics’ Olympics. Again, those crenellations – at every side of
the pit – came up directly in grey slate and smooth stone. Some sort of glaciation, even irradiated or glassy sand, crept between our borax. And this enabled such turrets, battlements, crypts, vaults or a Gormenghast to take shape in the shadows. A penumbra (you see) covered o’er half of this Shakespearian nether world… wherein Titus Andronicus vied, in blood-thirstiness, with Thomas Kyd. Slightly more airily, and further up the scale, one observes those stanchions that provide a chalk circle, and our pillions or groins mask a Belial: a toad. It sits and squats by dint of empty-mindedness, even as the Marquis de Sade looks on from above. In aspect, our variant on Koestler’s The Case of the Mid-Wife Toad lingers or trills; what with its claws extended and hind-quarters hunched. Can we say anymore? Most certainly, since the Green’un’s hide or skin bubbles up like a conflagration… possibly a cancer (no matter how atrocious). Moreover, its undulations seem to be pitted, serrated, roughed up or liable to explode (in imagination); and doesn’t it embody a travesty in relation to Action Art? Abundantly so, quod Schwarzkogler’s overwhelming desire for suicide is absent here. For a desperado may walk, swathed in bandages like Boris Karloff from the early ‘thirties, against a background of green… Yet, in truth, we know what we know; in that the reptilian waits, its eyes a malignant blank or slide, afore a pond-life’s fury. Let it pass… if and when Marais and his captor are to roll around at the bottom of a shallow arena. It, in turn, comes to be pot-marked, sunken, laced, bored all over and traced by some invisible mole – as it pertains to bunkers. Whilst those dimples, ruts and grievances denote a lunar surface (at once imaginary); as well as by signalling a debt to Sir Patrick Moore’s moon-globes. (Note: everything has to be mapped… cartographers of the world unite; you have nothing to loose save a last blade of grass!) But a saurian Marquis stares out dispassionately, under a yellow sky, and surrounded by subalterns. They had elongated or swivelling eyes; the latter multi-planar or penile.
The marriage of the Marquis de Sade and Lady de Lauris, in this parallax world or tombola, sped apace. Whilst the original Marquise, Renee de Montreuil, was left to rot in a post-modern version of Bedlam... and this occasions a sadness which no-one dwells upon. Meanwhile, the nuptials of the new ruling couple were spread abroad or about – and nearly always afore a miscellany or throng. To cap it all, the divine Marquis wore a shining turquoise-mask which covered his entire head; & it tapered above it so as to mock the sky. Whereas a miscellany of weapons hung from a heavy-belt (of burnished bronze); the like of which involved blades, swords, poniards, tulwars, blood-axes, halberts and maces. He also had an AK-47 assault rifle strapped to his back for good measure... and a few human skulls, themselves miniaturised, nestled amid this wrecking crew. Are you aware of the Marine’s pillow (one which Jack Kerouac never mentioned)? To be sure, Navy Seals used to decapitate their enemies – whether in Korea, Vietnam or elsewhere – and then shrink the cranial size. It’s an old Red Indian trick, you see. The soldier might then fill a pillow-case and snooze o’er the heads of his ‘victims’. If he’d known, Donatien Alphonse Francois might have dwelt on’t – thereby engaging on a Philosophy in the Bedroom. Most assuredly, a part of the Marquis’ phantasies had wandered to the side, after the fashion of tropes in Iain Sinclair’s Whitechapel; Scarlet Traces. This was an experimental novel (of sorts). One which involves, inter alia, de Sade wandering down the bloodied corridors of the Charenton asylum. Neither of its chiefs or administrators, de Coulmier or Roulhac, seem to be around. Moreover, such passages are stained with blood or rheum; it flowed in a rhythmic or undulating way along its crevices. This concrete or stone plays a dalliance with Rothko or abstract expressionism... and out of these arabesques, if filtered to jelly, a message stands out. It exists on the darksome murals akin to some stricken lines... what does this graffiti say? In truth, the measure of Felix Labisse declares aught, and it lies stricken
or gibbering as it does so. A sigil states Pasolini’s *Salo* (what about Visconti’s *The Damned*?) in haemoglobin; when, in turn, a rival semiotic slashes one word boldly. There can be no lack of transparency as it reads MADNESS over and over. Insanity, without your knowledge, eh? Whereupon the author of *Isabella of Bavaria* drifts along, deep in Charenton’s lurches, and accompanied by a stray dog in the vaults. May it possess three heads, like Cerberus, the ramping canine of the Greek underworld? Yet a Sadeian presence trips over in its stone partiality, as witnessed by a grey core, and trailing his second wife’s wedding-dress. The fluffy bed-rock vanishes or lifts, and all that’s left is a gathering muslin or curtain… surely it’s diaphanous? The Count de Sade’s son must know – by virtue of the fact which makes him wear it. Maybe Eonism is one of those perversions which Count Richard von Krafft-Ebing catalogued in *Psychopathia Sexualis*? He composed it in the eighteen fifties; a mere third of a century after the demise of Mario Praz’s *Romantic Agony*.

**ONE HUNDRED-AND-TWENTY-TWO**

Further ado, the mad-keeper at Charenton clutches at split-ends or their dreams. By chance, and in relation to J.G. Ballard’s oneiric, four figurines were playing a multiplicity of games with one another. To all appearances, they seem to be engaging in backgammon, chess and draughts (or checkers) on a magnetised board. It certainly filled or extended out over the cave’s floor… although, viewing it from afar, Monsieur de Coulmier is satisfied.

Abbe Jacques-Francois Amblet: “My Trojan women of so much grief, how can I be sure about your medications? Might they signal the cover of Howard Brenton’s *Collected Plays (Volume 1)*; the latter groping after nihilism by ‘abstraction’? It took after the inconsequential filigree of anti-objectivist art, to be sure. Yet, on recollection, this involves a piece of sacking tied by some
rope or twine; the former concentric with an empty box. Wasn’t it made from balsa wood – or some such? While the entire caboodle was filtered out, reversed or refracted by green and dark ‘light’ (i.e., shadow). Come to think of it: have you failed to heal those waters which promise Colonel Sodom’s rebirth?”

A Chorus of Women [with supreme irritation]: “Nonsense, dear sir! We are the absent director’s closest advisors. If we may be so bold, our sisterhood is much nearer to his body of work than your own. And, suffice it to say, after he fell into this underground lake we have applied the correct unguents. Every potion, magic charm, ampoule, balm and chemical of restoration has been applied by us. Nothing has been found wanting! Doubtless, Colonel Sodom’s or Monsieur Roulhac de Maupas’ fate shall remain safe in our vixens’ toils.”

[Note: by virtue of life, the above-mentioned administrator took over from de Coulmier, Sade’s favourite, at the mad-house after the Restoration. Similarly, Mademoiselle Riviere, Marguerite Coste and Mlle. Beauvoisin were all demi-mondes or women of the evening from the Marquis’ earlier days. Whereas the Abbe Jacques-Francois Amblet – for his part – must signal a throwback to the ancien regime where he taught de Sade as a schoolboy. He gave him instruction at a Jesuit college in Paris, Louis le Grand, and was praised by the libertine in Aline et Valcour.]

But what begins to stir anew in those brackish waters?

ONE HUNDRED-AND-TWENTY-THREE

“There can be no appreciation of Horror without imagination”.
– Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

Now then, the situation in Lady de Lauris’ fancy has stabilised, as Inspector Marais faces a Toad-osaurus. Could it replicate some of the monsters, hidden from mortal eye, in Conan Doyle’s
Lost World? Nor does this relate, necessarily, to those actors in suits who played Godzilla or King Kong in Japanese B-movies! With his eye on the main chance or open ‘early doors’ (to use Cockney slang) our policeman casts about… and this oubliette renders a dim cast. Let’s be clear: Marais has managed to retrieve a spear or pole (i.e., one of those prongs that keeps the toad at bay), but bleakness supervenes. Likewise, the retinue of Watchers on the bluff (replete with elongated eyes) take after a miscellany of sculptures from East Germany. The GDR lasted from 1946 to 1987, if you recall, and cultivated a range of sculptors whose work smacks of a truncated or limited Kolbe, even Breker. It merits our attention (though) and the artists concerned were Gustav Seitz, Walter Arnold, Heinrich Apel, Bernd Gobel, Siegfried Schreiber, Werner Stotzer and Fritz Cremer. The latter’s Crucifixion (possibly in 1947) indicates a hybrid between Expressionism in stone, the prior use of the maquette, and a deliberative ‘primitivism’ a la Frink. It may be a case of Stevie Smith’s ‘not waving but drowning…’; as regards those emanations of the divine Marquis, the Watchers.

Inspector Marais: “Listen to me, Marquis de Sade! I have kept my tongue in check thus far and bided my time. But the end of my silence must be accounted for by a clanging gong. Be reasonable! Call off your giant Toad afore an officer of the law… or I’ll be forced to adopt extreme measures, the like of which may result in damage to us both.”

In contravention of the above, the Marquis de Sade let out a peal of laughter which was obscene to hear. In truth, it distilled a cachinnation, riff, rasp, false clasp, or sundering and atonality. And, like the method of the twelve-tone row in Elisabeth Lutyens’ Hammer scores, it cut the ether using a drill-hammer. Above this Khitian bell, our Marquis’ features look even more reptilian, bug-eyed, black-screened, insecticide prone and absolved over the use of formaldehyde. Again, each eye glowed darkly vis-à-vis its dinner-plate; the snout is truncated; the corn-
dolly hair grew up o’er the ears; and the ‘raptor-toothed mouth opens so as to reveal a pit. “HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!”’, it ran.

ONE HUNDRED-AND-TWENTY FOUR

Against the grain, the Marquis de Sade enjoyed his second marriage under a loadstar or via another dimension. To be truthful, the divine M. denotes a massiveness; at once truculent, pasted, unforlorn, regal, vaguely seigniorial and tres sinister. All in all, his comportment – plus its weapons – took after one of those epigraphs at the beginning of Shaun Hutson’s labours. He deals in horror, you understand. Nonetheless, a basic instinct shatters this grape-shot or spin, and it has to do with the wife: Mademoiselle Laure de Lauris. She stood to one side of her spouse, albeit chained to his wrist by a tinkling bracelet, and Lady L. was cloaked from top-to-toe in a chastity-belt. Or rather, it swept over the woman as a canopy made from fine (if tensed) muslin; the latter looks like cloth but exhibits a tensile strength. In this regard, it embodies a steel filigree – itself similar to the platinum dress worn by Ayn Rand’s heroine, a pagan businesswoman, in her play The Night of January 16th. At the bottom of this caboodle, mock-tent, dirigible, human-balloon or shell-suit (minus its chav) one sees a retinue of zippers, buttons, bolts, fastenings and clasps. The words CHASTE and VIRGINAL are definitely invoked, in pink lacework, at this dress’ foot.

Yet, amid this hullabaloo, the esprit of the ‘divine’ Marquis seeks an outlet in the game of Kings. He has returned to the corridors of the Charenton asylum (you see); and during his walks its screens, galleries or ziggurats are traversed. Further, one also has a chance to show up the hollowness of this Panopticon – i.e., the design for a “perfect prison” (sic) which drew its strength from Bentham. In its architectural plan the lunatic-box follows a ready pattern… These were the depths of its grounded squares, if flowing by vertices or rectangles, and
suspended as make-believe. Let it fall: since an ochre deposit can
twist like news-print on the wind, if only to greet the fragments
of Ezra Pound’s *Cantos* with wonderment. Still, the apartments
radiate off a central vortex… so as to pull up the struts of this
alignment, as outlined in Michel Foucault’s *Madness and
Civilisation*. Doesn’t this libertarian and homosexual cavil afore
Buckminster Fuller or Jonathan Meades? By any compass, the
architect’s skeleton at Charenton speaks to us in code… almost
like *Cluedo* or the key to a mansion in Agatha Christie. A last
word must go to its construction (if approved by de Coulmier)
and liable to misinterpretation. It spoke out against the pass;
whether oblong, fixed, Doric, (as hard as stone), separated out
into levels, even striated. Wasn’t its ground-plan a new *Da Vinci
Code*? It proved to be a key in Chubb’s lock, without Eric von
Danekin, so as to free schizophrenia from those wasps in the
brain…

ONE HUNDRED-AND-TWENTY-FIVE

“Hence, horrible shadow; unreal mockery, hence!”

– *Macbeth*, Act III, Scene IV.

But again, we note that a limpid discharge off-sets our pool… it
sets it to rights, (so to say). The churning becomes more and
more pronounced, so much so as to disturb the cranes who glide
upon its surface. “Observe the Royal fowl – something is afoot!”,
hisses Mademoiselle Riviere. In any event, a flap-doodle comes
of Age, if only to solemnise the truth eventually. Do you see?
*Quod* these tufty birds, replete with sleek coats, flutter their grey-
wings… as a few bubbles emerge. At first, like the proverbial
cloud smaller than a man’s hand, it’s some congeries of spheres.
They are light, airy, transparent balls which hover in the mist. Do
they impart or refract (at all) an internal rainbow like a crystal?
By any means, this Jerzy Kosinski-moment was soon replete –
and, for all the world, it betokened the cover of *A Painted Bird*.
Wherein (thanks to Hieronymous Bosch) the mortal, reptilian

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and avian all merge. Likewise, the fantastical guise of Monsieur de Maupas emerges from this sacred pool – albeit a whirl-pool on occasion, it remains still now. Further, Roulhac de Maupas was the Marquis de Sade’s last real guardian, in the eighteenth century, at the Charenton asylum. He superintended the final months of Donatien’s life from May the 31st 1814 to his death on December the 2nd.

To the consternation of all, COLONEL SODOM (the alternative guise of de Maupas) rises from these shimmering depths. They forbear mud-slides in order to bring forth slaughter (you see). In aspect, ‘He’ denotes a Beast or a lord of weirdness – replete with great antlers like a Wessex stag, a brown, shiny-coat o’ hair, thin spindly arms and legs, two goggle eyes, and a snout which takes after a beaver or mole. Its muzzle looks soft to the touch or embrace; while his ears – long and fuzzy – pick up every sound. Colonel Sodom wears bangles or bracelets (of ivory and teak) around his wrists… while a fascinating medallion adorns his furry chest. It happens to be circular or globular in form, and recollects some item of Wicca or a New Age charm. Likewise, a Gammadion, a swirling or hooked-cross, as well as a sun-wheel adorns its surface. The embossed form seems to be shiny and red; the sigil upon it a subdued charcoal or black. Must it be a holy or Indo-Aryan Swastika? His four votaries bow involuntarily at their Lordship’s approach, and they salaam in unison: “COLONEL SODOM!”

ONE HUNDRED-AND-TWENTY-SIX

“Dreams are true while they last, and do we not reside in them?”
– Alfred Lord Tennyson

Back in the toad’s enclosure, we have reached a tragedy’s high-point without a Deux ex Machina. To be sure – Inspector Marais, a lantern-jawed type, decides to invoke some magic of his own. And, with a flick of his wrist, he communicates with his motor-
bikes outside de Sade’s keep, & a spasm o’ flare or a lick of flame cascades out. It leaps up (rather like Bill Hopkins’ novel) and bursts into the intensity of a thousand suns. Initially, de Sade starts whimpering like a spoilt child, and is suddenly turned around. He spins wildly – after the mannerisms of a careering top – or a robot-gladiator in the arena. Can a knock-out blow be expected? By any certainty, the divine Marquis releases bats from his hand – and they appear miraculously, (you understand). They must be emanations of a darksome vigil that feeds on itself... after an intimation of Zeus’ father, Kronos, who devours his children in Goya’s painting. Again, Donatien Alphonse lets out a trill or screech: “Away, my nightly visitants, crush out such illumination. It must not hasten the spirit to ecstasy (or transcendence) in our dark dungeon.”

+But what of our Toad of Toad Hall who lurks below in one of Edward Bond’s pits? Forsooth, the creatoid now walks erect like a man… if only to frustrate Koestler’s The Mid-Wife Toad. He (if we may be so bold) carries himself akin to a stick-man; but with a bulked-out mass or sleight of hand. Doesn’t his corpus (no matter how witless) amble along Charenton’s boulevards? It was avec an inter-connected lattice or window, plus mullions, stretching away. They cavort with the near-distance (all of them obeying a blue-wall) out of a J.G. Ballard impress. (This imagines a bank of televisions filling the available space). Meanwhile, de Sade’s froglet or Kermit – an index of the reptilian – looms up alongside abstract expressionist long-toms (say). Perhaps some of de Kooning’s kaotic portraits limit one’s exposure (?); or Asger Jorn cuts out bits of old carpet. Anyway, one item boils our dandy-lion tea; it fixes one’s attention akin to a laser-beam (in other words). And this has to be a valedictory eye, a basilisk orb, or a crimson token over the saurian & its cruelty. Nothing hinders this silent or beady lust-morden, do you hear?
Meanwhile, during de Sade’s second marriage, the band had long since begun to play. While, to one side of these proceedings, there stood a bride’s-maid; what with a long white-tail (laced via a pink ruff) that trailed from Lady de Lauris’ gown. She stood behind in black crepe, all muffled up, and looking slightly mischievously to the side. On recollection, her eyes seemed to be of the palest blue or azure. Might it be a later incarnation of de Sade’s sister-in-law, Lady Anne? Again, this supplicant’s headdress provides a momentary interest, in that it flares up from a cranial crest… out of which long arcs or tendrils stretch. These (in turn) find resolution in a diadem around the skull – may it be a regular Golgotha or abstract? Do you agree? Furthermore, at the heart of this instant, a flame or Greek Fire spiralled upwards after an Icelandic geyser. Immediately behind Lady Anne-Prospere, however, a stained-glass window provided its remedy; and the criss-crossing shimmers incandescently. It embodies rays of refraction in Goethe’s paint-box; nor are we afraid of an unsettled gyroscope. Truly, the mimesis of H.T. Flint’s *Physical Optics* comes to mind. Yet, next to the withering concrete of this astrolabe, one fastens upon a word which has been burnt into the pane. Doubtless, it exists in gold-leaf and takes the form of the term SIN.

The *divine* Marquis, for his part, still dwelt upon his experiences in the Charenton asylum… as he traversed its cubes. The animal behaviourist Konrad Lorenz referred to mankind as rats-in-mazes, a combination of misanthropy and labyrinths. Nonetheless, a bright effulgence reflects between two pillars – all of which occurs outside the asylum. Despite this, de Sade wanders in a wedding-dress, and its lacery or diaphanous texture soaks to Rothko’s scarlet. Such a malady stains the material
(almost osmotically) and it gains the ground of grief. Like an abstraction by Michaux – as collected by Bacon – a pattern seems to emerge out of avoidance, even by dint of pain. Might it embody a Rorschach test from psychiatry? Possibly… since outside a flattened-out mote or gust (of paint) one detects a deliberate sarcasm. At one level, it signals the abstraction of the European school like van Velde, Jorn or de Stael. But what do you see amid this bloodied template? Why, the Marquis de Sade observes a winged-reptile (or pterodactyl) which screams in dark light. One must stop somewhere…

ONE HUNDRED-AND-TWENTY-EIGHT

‘What survives myself? The brazen statue to o’erlook my grave, set on the promontory I named.’

– Robert Browning

Forevermore, the sprite of Colonel Sodom has leapt onto dry-land… perhaps from the red ventricle of a Masonic coffer. This latter emblem (you understand) bears upon it the signs of a Zodiac, as well as the points of a ship’s compass. May one not confer? Similarly, a skull-and-cross bones leaves untouched a lid’s surface… so as to recoil from a deathly absence. Again, Colonel Sodom shook the moisture out of his coat or pelt – almost by way of a renunciation. ‘He’ leaves his brine bath with nary a thought, if only to quicken the pace of life under his fur. A malting or musk (after Henry Williamson’s stories about otters) seizes the moment… and Colonel Sodom drips himself dry. Colonel S. (Roulhac de Maupas’ astral form) moves with a slinky abundance – rather like a ‘sixties hippie. His bracelets and bangles shudder as he steps, and this creature represents a cross between Camden Market and Attila. Soon now, Maupas’ axis was bent afore a colour purple (an Imperial raiment) and his limbs were slinky, ductile, tremulous and yet incredibly strong. Let one play with the development of such a slaughter… since, next to a granite menhir in the gloom, Sodom’s arms quivered in
a lithe and expectant way. Similarly, in Ripley’s *Believe It or Not*, Colonel Sodom’s threshing-coat glistens under the cave’s illumination. While his horns cover the exposed fur in a side-on manner – at once relevant to his sidereal glance. For Gabriel Garcia Marquez’s *No-one Writes To The Colonel Anymore* has been disproved. You only have to look at de Maupas’ physiognomy – given its beaver-like felt, truss, shoe-horn or oven-glove disc. Colonel Sodom is uninterested in this, though, and he even calls a halt to his votaries’ worship. To be sure, their obeisance pleases him – yet he wishes to hear the facts. Hardly has the benison ‘Colonel Sodom’ faded away in the chamber… than he’s down to business. “I am revivified”, he avers, “and waiting to hear your reports!”

ONE HUNDRED-AND-TWENTY-NINE

So Jesus spoke to them in like kind…
‘Lazarus is dead; let us go to him!’
– *St. John’s Gospel* (a paraphrase)

Now then, the *divine* Marquis was momentarily stunned by light, and not just in terms of Stockhausen’s music. *Quod* the tungsten flares, bursts, even strontium gobbets (hurled out from Inspector Marais’ bike) have blinded him. Thus incapacitated, at the top of this steeple, he begins to warble, step over, cover the ground against impoliteness, as well as loosen his grip. He staggers back and forth, in this particular vein, rather like Max Wall as the mad professor in ‘fifties vaudeville. Night becomes day and vice versa; and might he step off the edge of this battlement? Yet, by dint of an opening, Marais hurls the spear – detached from the wall lower down – into de Sade’s heart. It travels *as straight as an arrow* (to use a phrase); and akin to one of Burroughs’ ‘art-works’ where he fires at blocks of wood… the burnt-out offerings litter a studio. They strewn across the floor as so much jetsam, flotsam, mass linen, false down or detritus – at once
unbounded from a Turner Prize. Whereas Donatien Alphonse raises his arms to a higher power which, given his atheism, he clearly doesn’t believe in. Above his pantomime Dame (replete with its monocle and green hair) an effulgence cascades; and it enjoins a million suns. See here, my man... one bat screams in Gaza silently so as to glare about. Don’t its large, floppy, mammalian ears pick up every vibration going? These warm-bloods launch from one crevice to another, or maybe a promontory, so as to swirl and turn. They scamper in the air (seemingly) in order to riff, whirl, skid, run, trill and surf – by virtue of their understanding. All of a sudden, one looks fateful upon a single round: and it speaks to us out of plenty... at once leathery, Baconian in its ruff, and vivid. Such a mite turns toward a lamp in its ebon webbing, rubbery skin, open aperture or mouth, tiny beads for eyes, gigantic ears, furry body and upside-down gestures. Its sub-sonic boom litters the ether with absent cries... yet, don’t forget, Man can’t hear a stutter. Remember: the Marquis de Sade released them – in his incarnation as a toad – so as to silence opposition. (Namely, this had to do with a votaic reckoning; even an opening towards the Albigensian arc. These pure rays, born of Cathar zeal, can sink a nature like the divine Marquis’). For, as our Toad-king stares up he cannot help but be gazing down, amidships. Let’s not forget (amid those lost notes for Dracula’s Guest) that la Sade conjured up these bats so as to block out a magic lantern. LIGHT, LIGHT, LIGHT; the expectoration of it in le Corbusier’s architecture, influenced by Albigensian idealism, is what alarms Paulhan’s imp. Wasn’t it a score-sheet from Poe’s imp of the perverse? Nonetheless, this spirited gear-shift has to fall sheer... the Marquis needs to snuff it out.

ONE HUNDRED-AND-THIRTY

All in all, the wedding ceremony between the Sades proceeded without a hitch. To grant it further license, a throng of heads had gathered at one pace removed, and they were a mass, canaille,
crowd of ages or stalkers on poles (sic). Might it indicate a renewal of interest in Gustav le Bon’s *The Crowd*? Similarly, the theories of Elias Canetti or Ortega Y Gasset are not yet exhausted, surely? By a strange kinship, these bobbing pumpkins (craniums) knew aught of East German statuary betwixt 1946 and 1987. These happen to be neo-classic, fully limned, expressive (but without Expressionism); and, altogether, there is a brutalist injunction… at least partly. It limbers o’er the raw, unfinished and transient look – taken from Michelangelo and le Corbusier – which typifies Kolbe and Frink. The sculptors in this graveyard of the damned finger their maquettes uneasily… and the recorded names seem to be Gustav Seitz, Walter Arnold, Fritz Cremer (the bearer of a crucifixion), Heinrich Apel, Bernd Gobel, Siegfried Schreiber and Werner Stotzer. Again, the Marquis de Sade has an interest in Cremer’s Golgotha – particular given its crudity, somnolence, element of *Art Brut* (Dubuffet’s coinage) and tragedy. A portion of the preliminary model or maquette, *a la* Frink, clings to the finished article. It cries out ‘come and get it’ with abandonment… and appears to be less redolent of Mel Gibson’s *Passion* than Mantegna’s.

Further to this, two guards or Myrmidons exist to one side of the newly weds, and they hold batons in their hands. Each thug raises to the Heavens a surplus of Fury – maybe Odinic might. Even so, their lips are feral, widely gummed, tungsten-imbued, shrill or undaunted. And forsooth, one examines their eyes for a scintilla of pity… but finding none our display turns aside. Whilst any head-gear which is worn redoubles its efforts and takes after a cornice, albeit reversed, as it scratches the Heavens. Mayhap, every mask above the face waxes ornamental, bejewelled, heavy or blanched… it carries about it the exculpation (or excess) of a necessary violence.
While, back in the cave, the figurine of Charenton’s last director is free to expel some gas. [Note: we are referring to Monsieur Roulhac de Maupas who subsists from the Bourbon restoration, May 3rd 1814, through to de Sade’s demise. This death-rattle occurs on December 2nd 1814]. De Maupas’ *alter ego* in Lady de Lauris’ fancy, Colonel Sodom, has re-emerged from a brine pool. In aspect – and as already described – ‘he’ took after a creature from the “Reverend” Jim Jones’ collective. To be certain of it, the Colonel grew antlers from his head or scalp… both of which tended to luxuriate with so much living-bark. Do you see? Its fibrous immensity cuts itself off at the wrist, metaphorically speaking, and not in a way which hastens discord. (For maybe Ezra Pound wasn’t correct when he declared that *The Apes of God*, by Wyndham Lewis, read as easily as Edgar Wallace). Nonetheless, our candidate for Blatty’s *Exorcist* has revolving saucers for eyes (like in a circus) as well as Bambi’s snout… & it also affects to be a dimpled suet, even a living pencil-case. Such charms differ in other respects: in that the hair which covers his anatomy was never observed in Gray’s medical text. Colonel Sodom’s limbs were small – to distinguish them from his pelt – and bangles or amulets lay at every post. They surrounded his joints, for example. Whereupon his limbs occupied a tense muscularity or litheness – one which speaks well of Leni Riefenstahl’s *Olympia* in 1936. Again, a neutral observer is drawn back to the gammadion, sun-wheel, swastika or hooked cross that adorns his breast. It encodes the summation of a new Rightist urge, to be sure. (Most precisely, if we remember that another character called Colonel Sodom once existed. He leapt from the pages of American pulps in the ‘twenties and ‘thirties, such as *Doc Savage* or *Justice Inc*. How to describe him? Well, Colonel Sodom – in this incarnation – proves to be a misanthrope who wishes to destroy Mankind). Are we free to misbehave, now? Since our satrap, in his antlers, jumps with a svelte aggression onto the shore next to his followers. These were (in
their way) the warrior-priestesses Mademoiselle Riviere, Marguerite Coste and Mlle. Beauvoisin – plus a male associate, Abbe Jacques-Francois Amblet. “I am resourced anew”, sibilated Colonel Sodom (Roulhac de Maupas), “please spread my deliverance or word. Heed me!” “COLONEL Sodom!”, the other four pronounced in unison… as they bowed deeply.

ONE HUNDRED-AND-THIRTY-TWO

Meanwhile, the javelin which has been hurled by Inspector Marais slices aslant the Marquis de Sade. It sticks through the other side of him (or contrives to) and one’s doll now wears a skewer. Possibly it’s an alternative fashion statement? In any event, the divine Marquis immediately topples over, sideways-on, and the spear virtually cuts him in twain. Grotesquely, he veers over to the left and stumbles upon a ramp which leads to the Toad-pit below. Wouldn’t you know that his sandals send him shooting down its surface – at once metallic and cool? Furthermore, the basalt stones or blocks leer up around his sliding frame… and they pursue a course which was massive, congealed, pyramidal, free-standing, or reminiscent of the Reichschancellory in Berlin. Listen to me! De Sade, for his part, caromed or screwed round like a billiard ball (plus its torque). He did so accompanied by a prolonged scream from Milton’s Paradise Lost – even though it happened not to be there. ‘Nnnnnnnooooooooollllllllll!’, went his ventilation or affidavit. But what was the Toad to do in its dripping lair? The flares that had arched up from the bike’s cannon have blinded this amphibian, most effectively. Yet now, a creature or parcel of food has been served up to it… a la one of Simenon’s delicacies in a Maigret story. Thus, rendered obscure, Cyclopean, deluded or dulled, and with ebon (disc-like) eyes – the Toad reacts to this new morsel. Immediately its thick, serpentine tongue snakes out… if akin to a tube or its convexity, even sinuosity. May it turn tail as the worm ouroboros of which the mystics speak? (The early sword-and-sorcery author E.R. Eddison once wrote a book of this title).
Mayhap, de Sade’s saurian look-alike yelped: ‘Aaaaaaiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii!’ As a snake – which had not been introduced by Saint Patrick – devoured him. It soon ended, albeit with a sickening squelch viz a Karin Slaughter pulp, and the Marquis slipped away. Silently, oh-so silently (and with glazed orbs) he entered a reptilian gullet. The whole process took about twenty seconds (or so) and then he disappeared from view – having been dissolved into a russet maw. Nor had Inspector Marais time to think, as he scrambled to safety, that de Sade’s teleology’s been reversed. For, as delineated in his Misfortunes of Virtue, it wasn’t supposed to enjoin such a finale. Could other sexologists (or advocates of mayhem) like Krafft-Ebing, Havelock Ellis, Stekel, Carpenter and Ollendorff (avec his thesis on Onan) have queered his pitch? Quod none of his narratives, beginning with Dialogue between a Priest and a Dying Man and ending o’er La Marquise de Gange, entailed him being eaten. And by a Toad, to boot!

ONE HUNDRED-AND-THIRTY-THREE

Sure enough, those swing-doors devoted to marriage have closed… even if one speaks of Lady de Lauris and the Marquis de Sade. Against the grain, one notices the confetti that fell upon Elias Canetti’s ‘Mass’, and it has to do with stone-work or salt. Certainly, such shards as these tripping, spinning or whirling embolden one: and they denote a prose work, possibly a baroque item, like Gabriel Garcia Marquez’s Autumn of the Patriarch. Needless to say, the divine Marquis wandered abroad in his fancy – as if to contrive a loss of memory via perambulation. First of all, a brazen shape or silhouette can be seen behind lattices, and these adorn the mosaic of so much redness. It oscillates and lets go of itself at Charenton, primarily so as to indicate renewal or its prospect. Aren’t the curtains at the asylum heavy, ornate, wrapped-around, reduced to purple, and otherwise unforgiven? Still, some Oriental fish stir in their tank nearby, and the water slides away to a dark-green fixative or mud. They look out amidships – and for a moment we suspend disbelief over the
existence of such aquariums in the eighteenth century. Anyway, fish induce rest and ease... one of the reasons, doubtless, why watery vessels containing them are to be found on hospital wards. Why not open up the veins of such a transport to view the blood? By any notion, the closer one approaches these poissons the more scarlet (or clotted with haemoglobin) their cell becomes. It belabours a roseate enclosure, even one that exists after hours... so as to approximate to a Jainist peace or serenity. Suddenly, an ornate telephone starts to ring in the room’s corner. (One forgets, with all possible speed, that such devices were developed long after de Sade’s surcease in 1814). Look again, since the reverberating bring played havoc on our instrument, and its burnished surface, Bakelite finish, dialling disc, and silver appurtenances all glimmer. One zeroes in on the receiver and its dial, as Monsieur de Coulmier, the director of the Charenton mad-house, stoops to answer. Whatever call will he take down in French? Is it the Ministry of Interior advising him of his replacement by Roulhac de Maupas? Or alternately, can it be something else entirely? Our official takes the message, studiously, in the foreground... while the divine Marquis brings up the rear next to the windows. They were heavy, mullioned and lead-lined: as he appears to be impish, blanched, red-nosed in his reindeer-hood, clownish, effeminate or bizarre. At the back of the cubicle he launches into a gabby, toothy grin (without mirth) and under a green wig. It happens to be tiered like a wedding-cake or a pantomime Dame’s – as delineated by Audrey Beardsley or Beresford Egan. Touché!

ONE HUNDRED-AND-THIRTY-FOUR

In Lady de Lauris’ parallel dream, one detects an observance... whereby Colonel Sodom emerges fully formed. ‘He’ dances from the brine pool (as indicated) and shakes his fur in a dance of the bears. To re-cap: Colonel Sodom sidles from the salty water with a Merce Cunningham step, and his movements are slinky or fluid. They re-interpret, to all intent and purposes, a hippie’s
movements – albeit a set of ‘moves’ which were filtered via Hunter S. Thompson’s prose. Again, a matted cypress (or compress) of hair covered our weird-o’s body, and this wasn’t to mention the antlers lurking above. Likewise, de Maupas’ limbs prove to be tensile, rubbery, fully scrubbed and inscribed runically. In short, no-one could deny their purposive or unwonted twist. Let it be: since the Encyclopaedia of Murder (by Colin Wilson and Patricia Pitman) can only contain so many entries at once. A neutral observer also notes (so to say) that bangles, wrist-bands, ancient strands and Pagan jewellery jangles [one and all] on Roulhac’s arms. Whereupon – and spied in profile – Colonel Sodom’s head or face is most peculiar. (It abundantly bears upon it the full meaning of the word weird, as indicated by Louis Wilkinson’s Powys biography). Yet, how to describe it? Well, for a start, the physiognomy slopes down like a badgers or a stoats – with great, revolving saucers for eyes. Surely, it was all rather comical? But, in reality, a habitation of the sinister gave it house-room. Maybe a phrase or gnomic remark by M.R. James – to the effect that all ghosts are hungry – enters our minds? Nonetheless, the four other denizens of the cave – Marguerite Coste, Mlle. Beauvoisin, Mademoiselle Riviere and Abbe Jacques-Francois Amblet – all bow low. Do they not ululate together one abridged title? It pronounces the name COLONEL SODOM amid reverential awe…

ONE HUNDRED-AND-THIRTY-FIVE

Aslant its staff, Inspector Marais scrambles from a toad-pit or ossuary… having shown its masters. My lords! The watchers or denizens of these keeps – with their sloping eyes – disintegrated once the Marquis de Sade’s magic dissipated. Clearly, they were his creatures and once removed, all of them twisted and turned in the throes of ecstasy or despair. Some of ‘em literally tipped over, split in two, turned roundabouts or crumbled to ash… rather like a disabled Mummy in a tale by Anne Rice or Bram Stoker. See here! A deviant or criminal version of the Magic
Roundabout from France, called the ‘Blue Cat’, came into the equation (surreptitiously). Once more, and under a baleful or green light, our Inspector shot upwards with rectangular pride, so as to scale the inner wall. It consisted of various jerry-built blocks which had been pushed together (minus any concern for Health & Safety) and they glimmered amid dullness. By the time Marais reached their summit, the Marquis de Sade had disappeared... plus those demi-urges that his misrule made use of. The Gallic policeman looked round for aught else to achieve.

Despite this, the death of de Sade in one vortex seems not to influence him in another. Quod his walkabout down and around the corridors of the Charenton asylum continues unabated. Let’s see now: since on this day of all days the divine Marquis approaches the building’s façade. It exists in bright sun-shine, prior to a Georgian arch, and he lopes in through its abandoned portal. The whole perimeter, not to mention the six-steps leading up to it, is festooned by a prismatic capture... or it’s inundated by the sun’s rays. The lead-lined windows (at once mullioned) are capacious, broad, spreading their white-paint, and surrounded by sycamore leaves. Doesn’t a solar flare or glare pass through them (?), so as to limit a differentiation in the night-time. For, an eighteenth century aristocrat won’t live to see Prinzhorn’s The Art of the Insane, which was based on biological nostrums. Once he opened the door, though, in this imaginary skit, everything takes a cooler turn. It mulcts towards a bluish cause and signifies some sort of magic-camera (or cod-piece). The shutter of the asylum faces inwards, under a glass portico, and just for a moment the Marquis hears a muffled cry. Such a decibel reverberates in this space – at once wailing or whining – and one is reminded of Peter Postlethwaite’s death today. The Big C has claimed him; yet our figurine stands in the gloom at lunacy’s edge. Might it reclaim the territory from Weiss’ play Marat/Sade? [Note: this was the one where Donatien Alphonse wrote his heart out in order to mitigate that vibe, ululation, catch-all and variant on Janouch’s scream. No matter how primal it’s net, you
understand? Because, under Monsieur de Coulmier’s regime, the Marquis put on a great range of dramas. They starred the inmates in the title roles. One of them happened to be a five-act comedy in verse named *La Capricieux, ou l’Homme inegal*. Imaginatively speaking, one wonders if such texts played out on bare, minimalist sets like in British theatre during the ‘seventies or ‘eighties. It must have suited them].

**ONE HUNDRED-AND-THIRTY-SIX**

“Ghosts are always hungry!”
– M.R. James (ibid).

The wedding ceremony was soon completed or filed away on Planet Sade. It definitely seems to belong to a lost era of pageantry (anyway). Yet a literary parallelism intrudes – and this has to do with Brian Aldiss’ fantasy text, *Doctor Moreau’s Other Island*. Where, from a distance, and mouldered or carved into the landscape… a tar-laden M stands out. It was something of a ‘conceptual’ or anti-Objectivist piece (albeit *manqué*). And, in our case, it bore upon it the letter S rather than M. Nonetheless, the Marquis de Sade and Lady de Lauris soon produced a child, Tamurlane. Do you recall Christopher Marlowe’s play of the same title? The tabloid press on this special hemisphere (rather like Superman’s *Daily Planet*) soon announced the deed. Khitian bells then clamoured or resounded with a doleful peal… didn’t it exemplify a *strength through joy*?

+ By happenstance, though, the Marquis de Sade continues to drift about within his own mind or its recesses. These (in turn) came to embody the struts of a labyrinth – even a quaint English garden without a HA!HA! Could it be rectilinear? It doubtless dwelt on the Charenton asylum. Whereupon the *divine* Marquis was seen in the grip of a regular lunacy, and it soared or reared ahead. Perhaps one of Charenton’s administrators, Antoine-Athanase-Royer-Collard, had laid out a pyramid of Tarot cards?
These were brightly coloured or striped, and took after either Crowley’s or Waite’s deck. Similarly, they reflected back on Donatien Alphonse’s features; whether closed-off, black-and-white, silhouetted in eighteenth century vogue, or covered in strange lettering. Might it embolden an arcane Logos such as Enochian? By any road or pathway, one template, in particular, stood out with unaccustomed clarity. And it must involve the deliberation of the Tower – as the Marquis, bloated though he be, lies on a rug and stares via a castle at these cardings. It rests alive, (you see). Otherwise this Trump rises into view; and we spot its flame-like exterior, plus a rampant Pineal eye, together with its tumbling or destruction. Discontinuously, it wavers over the countenance of Picasso; not the clowns or humour of Buffet’s genesis (out of Aristophanes). Look again!

ONE HUNDRED-AND-THIRTY-SEVEN

Further to the above, Colonel Sodom continues to stare at those supporters of his who remain. Their names can only be the following persiflage: Marguerite Coste, Mademoiselle Beauvoisin, Mlle. Riviere and Abbe Jacques-Francois Amblet. For his part, Monsieur Roulhac de Maupas (Colonel Sodom) moves away from us across the sands of time… and yet a breeze stirs. To think of it: Colonel Sodom endorses a pagan blasphemy (of sorts) which takes after Assyrian sculpture, yet resiles to a child’s toy. Perhaps a story akin to Algernon Blackwood’s Doll or William F. Harvey’s ebon identikit chills us? (Even though a sadic Rupert Bear, or something equally incongruous, is what’s hinted at). By any reconciliation, Colonel S. evinces the revolving saucers of a pet… these partake of its eyes. Likewise, each orb comes over as tufted or bushy – when contrasted by a mane ‘neath the sloping face. Each limb (moreover) limits a tensile duct; and it seems to be unduly casual, spindly, unsevere or pipe-cleaner-esque. By any notice: one detects a resonance with two ‘villains’ in popular fiction – the first was Brian Aldiss’ other Moreau. He happened to be a thalidomide victim who used
detachable limbs; themselves prosthetic in their resource. Aldiss boxed very cleverly here, since the new vivisector lacks the panache of the old... yet becomes more believable. Most certainly, Dart (his name) summons up the memory of Doctor Octavio Octopus in Spiderman – what with his multiplicity of arms. Whilst, according to a moral compass, the other nemesis involved is Jonathan Crane, the Scarecrow. Doesn’t he/‘it’ occupy a lonesome cell in Arkham Asylum (Charenton by another name)? A southerner – of genteel extraction from Georgia – Crane once occupied an academic post as a professor of Psychology. But the university faculty and he soon tired of this, mutually speaking. Whereupon Jonathan Crane existed to create fear – cloying, miasmic dread – in all who came near him. It spread about the Scarecrow in a manner that testified to a pall, even a dialogue of the dead, or a skull behind one’s curtain. Let’s see: such a doctrinal position has aught to do with a ragamuffin in a Wicca hat, if bent double at the crease, and the rags of ages. These welcome or off-set one amplitude (a bacillus) in order to attract another one. Could it exemplify Albert Camus’ The Plague? Since the Scarecrow’s face narrows its vertices, as well as holding onto a Jack o’ Lantern’s head... if contrasted by a zippered-up mouth. “I am awaiting your reports!” admonished Colonel Sodom. Monsieur de Roulhac was addressing his advisors at the time.

ONE HUNDRED-AND-THIRTY-EIGHT

“The chasm was merely one of the orifices – of a black pit – which lies beneath us, everywhere.”


Against this, Inspector Marais began to inspect the territory which remained un-cut... i.e., over-ground. Hadn’t it once been the ‘demeanour’ or perspective of the Marquis de Sade? Yet again, his eyes were drawn to a vessel or receptacle, and this looked like a Bauhaus pot or siphon. By one dimension, it took
after an alien utensil or a ‘twenties ornament – whether in Miami or something similar (such as a Tamara de Lempicka image). Might it enjoin those last, Situational remnants… as in the case of the Movement for an Imagist Bauhaus? Nonetheless, our policeman extracted some unguent or potion, and then placed it in a test-tube. He secured its glass-end with a cork. It had to be what the divine Marquis (in a previous incarnation) was collecting from a giant toad’s hind-quarters. A repository – in and of itself – which resulted from an amphibian’s consumption of fat men. They were definitely left there for one purpose alone… whilst the castle’s structures peeled away to either side, merely dipping down to orange stone, and being caught in rival beams.

Although Inspector Marais didn’t wish to discuss it, he knew that the Marquis de Sade roamed the corridors of Charenton asylum. It often occurred late at night or early next morning. To begin once more, a pale moon had arisen as an ochre disc or plate, and the cuckoo-clock next to it let out its body in pieces. Meanwhile, one detects a gable or like-construction afar off; if only at the end of a very long line. The moon glimmers on, a whitish diskette amid Malcolm Lowry’s Ultramarine, and two darksome figures exist ‘neath it. One of them has to be the Marquis – we can easily spot his verdant wig, triple-tiered, at a distance. The French-windows exist behind them, much amplified, and a subtle barrier against the outside has been constructed. De Sade, for his endeavour, wears a sweeping or martial coat down to its braid; and it’s covered with buttons, brass-knobs and seigniorial indices. Next to him stands an individual in an ebon balaclava which, rather like in a Clive Barker story, encloses his entire head. Who can he be under the masking (?) other than Monsieur de Coulmier, the Director whose sympathy for the Marquis was well known. They are debating the nature of de Sade’s philosophy back and forth.
By a median usage, the marriage of the Marquis de Sade and Lady de Lauris has come and gone. No shards of concrete (as a confetti) shower the ground; now that the ceremony’s bells are long stilled. To be sure: where have all the denizens of a bridal goose, no matter how Hellish, really exited? Yet, with the effrontery of a pulp magazine showing a werewolf, many a short-story by a master lay within. Who cannot figure in such a lexicon (?); if it’s edited by Michael Moorcock and consists of M.R. James, Arthur Machen, Dickens, Henry James, Sheridan le Fanu, Maturin, Lewis and Oliver Onions, et al… (Note: a publication, redolent of Hello or OK! magazine, soon declares in de Sade’s cosmodrium: ‘A SON AND HEIR, TAMURLANE!’) It suffices for a second – much like a clarion call in the dark. Or alternately, it recalls those passages in Savitri Devi’s The Lightning and the Sun in which she praises Genghis Khan. Soon, if luck would have it, television or the Tube will be arriving for an interview with the Marquis…

Still he roams, though, out beyond those stations of the cross… no matter how necessarily. Look again, since a conflation now occurs; and a surreal or oneiric quality supervenes. It drifts with the wistfulness of one rage, perchance, and perhaps Kenneth Anger stares into a circus mirror? May it denote a fun-fair of yore? An event that slays its diffidence – or otherwise casts the body in two. On occasion, such mirrors work out a frustration. They turn the obese thin and render a stick-insect gluttonous (if not the reverse). By the by, the room in our mansion was a long one at the Charenton asylum. Whereas Anger pops up (like on the Internet) by dint of his admiration for Aleister Crowley and the Marquis de Sade. He expressed both of these fetishisms in a film, Scorpio Rising – never mind Hollywood Babylon (Volumes I and II). Irrespective of this, those squares of refraction – at once blue in their lividness – nominate our long-room. Given this, the asylums of the eighteenth century were more like a debtor’s
prison – i.e., the sort of barn, or capacious structure, that housed John Dryden, etc… A construction of beams lay over-head, primarily so as to construct a *coda* to Rex Harrison’s *The Aerodrome*. Wasn’t this a satire on authoritarianism or technocracy? Anyway, two shadowy ‘fingers’ stand next to the mullioned windows… and they were the Marquis de Sade and Monsieur de Coulmier, the Director. If seen afar off, both of them signalled a circus performance afore some sapphire… the latter throwing circus literature upon the sand. (One must adhere to writing by Ray Bradbury, Conan Doyle, Angela Carter, Gaston Leroux’s opera and Sheridan le Fanu’s *Uncle Silas* here. They all hint at Gothic(k) patter or a pin-hole camera). Further afield, the structure of these terraced panes – in their squares – remind one of a black-and-white board for chess, draughts or backgammon. Let’s look again: *quod* the moon drifts in on ‘em with its gift of lunacy. De Sade stands in a regimental coat from the King’s horse; he is grasping the sill. He waxes blanched, semi-transsexual, monocled and rouged; he also possesses a bow, cravat, garter, (as in British monarchy) and a pitted face. His multiple imprisonments have damaged the skin, dermatologically, through an absence of sun… it renders the flesh scrobutic, hence the lightening fluid. The *divine* Marquis also sports a three-tiered wig, dyed green, after the Queen of Hearts or a pantomime dame. While, stood next to our anti-hero, there lingers Monsieur de Coulmier in an ebon balaclava or *black-mask*. It tightly encloses or fits over his head (whether blasé about any such remembrance, or not). ‘Master’, whispers the Director to his infamous patient, ‘let’s speak…’

**ONE HUNDRED-AND-FORTY**

Under Colonel Sodom’s circular eyes (like dinner-plates revolving on sticks) his four advisors begin to talk.

Marguerite Coste: “My lord, Colonel Sodom, a gathering or retinue already subsists at Charenton asylum. After all, it is to be
a vestibule for your future work and business. If we examine it further, a collection of mad-caps is preparing to ‘try’ the last director, Monsieur de Coulmier."

Colonel Sodom: “Whom do you observe, child?”

Marguerite Coste: “Well(!), it has to be the young doctor herein, L.J. Ramon, who in this incarnation adopts a ventriloquist’s visage. Let’s see now: since, next to a discoloured wall o’ concrete, a sad-looking man wears a surgical vest. It happens to be light green in colour – what with crisp or unexamined criteria. His hair was moderately long, (‘sixties style), together avec some pince-nez glasses that are metallic or blue. He also seems to wear a medical mask or lozenge; that is to say, the sort of filter which connects him to a puppet. A ventriloquist’s effigy (this was); of the sort that often has grey-skin, revolving orbs or eyes, a porcelain or china-glinting cusp, and red-lips. (Even the ten nails on either hand seem to be of the same colour). Can you tell? Nonetheless, this manikin was impeccably dressed in a mobster’s pin-stripe, plus a black shirt, a mock-Masonic tie, as well as a pale trilby. His mouth – as always with Sarban’s dolls – proves to be savage, empowered, toothsome, and redolent of a pair of dentures above and below the line. Whilst a penumbra or shadow, cast by his head-gear or its brow, refuses to disclose its eyes. Needless to say, what appears to be a crack in the egg-white or its skin disfigures one cheek (mildly). Yet again, as with such homunculi – the doll or ‘thing’ is much more vicious than its ‘master’. It incarnates the anima or bile of the above, in other words.”

Colonel Sodom: “I see, does anyone else have an opinion?”

ONE HUNDRED-AND-FORTY-ONE

Back in Lady de Lauris’ purview, a soldier or policeman collects his fare… very much in the manner of Punch & Judy. Do you
remember the Policeman (a rumpty-tumpty figure) who seeks to hang our sprite? It happens in many a red-and-yellow booth down on Brighton’s sands. Let it pass: in that Inspector Marais suddenly detects aught out of one eye – or maybe its corner? Can it have anything to do with Stasinopoulou’s treatment of Picasso (virulently so) in *The Savage God*? Or perhaps, alternately, it deals with A. Alvarez’s dossier on suicide… that’s artistic immolation, to be precise! Anyway, the Inspector is startled to turn his head (as if domed) in order to spy the Marquis de Sade. Nor does the phrase ‘I thought you were dead!’ rip from his lungs, involuntarily. Yet he recognises that it’s the Marquis’ spirit or *animus* via a false creation – so to say. For de Sade’s entire figurine appears to be etheric, glowing, bluish in intent, or suggestive of the astral. Momentarily, our apparition begins to give out a moan, even a sibilant whisper. A strange or crackling voice drifts out…

+ Meanwhile, a conversation ensues in the Charenton asylum between the Marquis de Sade and its director, Monsieur de Coulmier.

M. de Coulmier (wearing a black mask): “When did you commence the journey into madness that has led you here?”

The Marquis de Sade: “Truly, its existence has always haunted me. Any revelation of lost selves goes way back into my past… so as to copy-or-paste some *desiderata* or other. Do you detect it, doctor? One image amongst many makes me pause (to be sure), and it has to do with my ancient ken. Akin to which, a yellow effulgence or the sky beat down, if only to attenuate the heat. It was so oppressive that we could have been in North Africa. Behind me, as I raked in apples from our orchard, lay the great ancestral mansion of the Sades. It proved to be a fine pile, I have to tell you, and yet the manse had a vaguely sinister quality. Like an Arthur Conan Doyle story – translated into French by an admiring ghost – it looks ruddy or brown. The windows
transform glare or reflect it back; primarily to take off the frontal projection of each gable. This sends an indenture outwards and to the side, so as to misuse either wing of the great house. These attendant structures are strung out, under roofs, so as to furnish an aristocratic seat with its magnificence. My mother, for her part, sits under a large parasol which projects from the ground; it had feminine tassels around its perimeter.”

De Coulmier: “You are sure that it was her?”

De Sade (momentarily startled): “Why (pourquoi) who else might it be, mon ami?”

ONE HUNDRED-AND-FORTY-TWO

Indeed, the Marquis de Sade was more than prepared to meet the press on his world… might it be a saturnalian creation of our Aristo(.)? Could this notion even impinge on Titan, one of Saturn’s moons? By any prospect, the Marquis sat on a high-backed throne; a grand seat whose design bore upon it aught of Giger’s filigree. This temperature attempted to leave its own wrath, but various skulls (plus serpentine gestures) littered our chair. Moreover, several naked figurines – after the formula of William Gaunt’s *Victorian Olympus* – were part-and-parcel of a Gormenghast’s remit. While an array o’ pipe-work, ducts, cleaning devices, torques, remaindered artichokes, and so much tat, cleared its lower aisles. Against this, the whole device was raised clear and placed on a dais; the like of which sponsored a red carpet that sped towards it. Further, an implacable back – lacquered in so much wool and steel – sped away by way of an invertebrate’s temper. Certainly, it projected out the curvature or armature of a spine; even down to a knobbly or sinuous carcass. Doesn’t such a ligature speak to us of a halter (or brass-deck) lost on a pirate-ship aeons ago? By dint of this, Donatien Alphonse Francois de Sade sat on a high-back and surveyed the scene; what with his hands clasped together in prayer. They were
capped and gnarled (to be sure). In any event, our anti-hero still wore his triangular hood – the latter reflecting back, as a silhouette, on the reddish leather. Meanwhile, and somewhere to the rear of the throne-room, a slightly skewed window lit out. Rather deliriously, it took after the stained-glass casement in an Anglican chapel – but in the guise of a Turner Prize exhibit. What do we mean, herein? Well, we essentially infer that this shimmering glass (or plate) took after a bouquet of barbed-wire… perhaps a rampart by Rachel Whiteread. It definitely speared abroad (sic) in a tone which spoke of trellis-wheels, hurdy-gurdy machines (that have strayed) as well as electric organs. These were underground concrete pylons… let it alone now!

Still mind, the Marquis’ imagination drifted abroad at the Charenton asylum, especially if he were deep in conversation with Monsieur de Coulmier.

M. de Coulmier: “You’re certain it couldn’t have been your mother-in-law, Lady de Montreuil?”

The Marquis de Sade (recovering his poise): “By no means, as I told you, Monsieur, my mere sat out under the bright, baking sun… and she sought to protect herself by a parasol. The matriarch had yet to decide what to do with me. Are you clear over the details, my Director?”

“I strive always to be of service” was de Coulmier’s slightly servile answer. Touché one thinks!

ONE HUNDRED-AND-FORTY-THREE

Colonel Sodom perused Mademoiselle Beauvoisin’s patina or bright-spark, if only to foresee some breaking news. Again, he knew that those he had brought together were gazing into a
crystal ball marked ‘Charenton’s future’. Why don’t we allow the pert so-and-so to speak unassisted?

Mademoiselle Beauvoisin: “Master, a rival assembly or group of Bedlamites moves about our camp. They consist of a clown in a purple jump-suit or wrap around, and who illustrates de Sade’s late father. He was Jean-Baptiste-Joseph-Francois (born 1702). Surely there are troubles enough at chez Sade? And, in any event, children or youngsters are always right to be perturbed by ‘funny men’. For, in all honesty, who can determine why they smile on without mirth or grievance? Whereas Count de Sade’s rivals or zoological counter-parts [to speak of] were a woman with orange hair… out of which vegetation or sprigs of parsley seem to be growing. Might they be examples of henbane, instead? Whilst her lips were rubiate, the eyes verdant or dimmed, and the skin-tone a violent green – as if influenced by Gamma radiation at some time in the past. She cannot be differentiated from Lady Anne… de Sade’s sister-in-law, a Mitford with whom he may (or may not) have dallied. By any stretch, a gigantic reptile stood next to this siren… it or ‘he’ maximised any rapture pursuant to these concrete walls. Also, wasn’t any concretisation of the third brain (i.e., a reptilian stem) de Sade’s other half? We have already seen, ceteris paribus, that Donatien’s siamese or twin in one dream-set was a saurian. It co-existed or sponsored de Sade; (even within his own flesh). The creature’s eyes – when we have occasion to look closely – seem to be a bright orange hue. Nor can even the thinnest slit of a pupil be seen within ‘em! When, adjacent to these two misfits and to the side, there stood a platonic or Philosophical individual. To be frank, mes amis, he took after a comedian’s version of a philosopher – what with a flowing robe, great ponderous beard, and a high or noble brow. Yet there’s something problematic about him; as if he’s playing the market-square or colonnade too keenly. May he be treated as an actor, an impostor, a look-alike or someone’s who’s just voicing a part – with or without the Stanislavskian ‘Method’? A great quell (to use a wordage from Shakespeare’s Macbeth) can
appear here, however. And it must embrace the sadness that all maniacs feel – irretrievably so – when left alone in such concrete burrows. One only has to think of the lunatic or Outsider art in the Maudsley hospital gallery, for example. Also, the bleakness of the environment spoke of an unruffled le Corbusier; in that any ‘brutalism’ lacks a rough finish, an etheric moment, if not a white-paint swash. The modernist point of such concrete must be that it’s coloured – it cannot be left bare or inaesthetic, _per se_.”

Colonel Sodom: “Whosoever is our philosopher _manqué_ (like Jean-Paul Sartre with a dish-rag...)?

Beauvoisin: “I thought this was an obvious dereliction, in terms of blowing over a house of cards. It can only be the former Minister of the Interior, Count de Montalivet.”

Colonel Sodom: “Bravo, my daughter of the looking-glass or a Gypsy wedding!”

**ONE HUNDRED-AND-FORTY-FOUR**

Behold! Inspector Marais began to fix a cap or cork… one which came adjusted in relation to a test-tube. Might it glow in the dark (?) if we pause to consider its content. For Marais has scooped up fossilised remains, themselves dropped from a toad… a giant Kermit in a pit yonder. All of a sudden, the Parisian experiences a strange whisper or flibbertigibbet, and a scraping noise occurs. It’s rather like a hinge on an old door (whether this was hackneyed or not… and taken from the BBC’s Radiophonic workshop). Shall we infer the following? Since, as he glances behind him, a sack-cloth-and-ashes figurine appears. It was quite obviously the Marquis de Sade, and, amidst mephitic vapours, he gestures silently at the Frenchman. Lo! Death has not improved a Sadeian image… and it fronts off ‘again the Elephant Man (Joseph Merrick) without an intervention from Iain Sinclair’s _Whitechapel; Scarlet Tracings_. (Note: this proves to be a post-
modernist text, a dreamscape). Likewise, the *divine* Marquis has
been reduced to a runtish dwarf – whether or not one deliberates
on Merrick’s skeleton. It was gigantic (you see); and bent out of
all proportion. (One wonders if the Plexi-glass case, in the Royal
College of Surgeons, can house it properly). Our aristocrat’s hair
seems long or dishevelled – even vaguely hag-like. Doesn’t his
refrac (i.e., spent crystal) take after a discombobulated frog more
and more? To speak of: the orbs were ogling and snail-like; and
the lips took after a platy-pus’… i.e., they bore a mild
resemblance to a Marvel comics character, *Howard the Duck.*
Meanwhile, the spirit’s arms wax thin, cadaverous, and bear
about them a match-stick man’s wit. Do you notice it? After a
while, *mes amis,* the Inspector detects a croaking or scratching
tic. It appears that Donatien Alphonse’s shade wants to
converse…

Pursuant to one’s fancies, a madman and his psychiatrist are
talking to one another quietly by a window.

The Marquis de Sade: “No, I understand, Monsieur, why my
mother and mother-in-law could elide – one *avec t’other.* But,
for forgive me, it isn’t so… in that I dug away on the plantation
under a baking sun. It parched the ground – so as to inundate
everything with a lucid dreaming. In short, such a dispensation
renders aught Californian or beatific in its glare. Again, the old
woman sat under a sun-umbrella or parasol. To a small boy,
perchance, it looks enormous or registers a penumbra… albeit
after a clue in a Maigret book. Do we understand it correctly, my
keeper? Suddenly, I realise that Marie-Eleonore de Maille de
Carman is addressing words to me.”

Countess de Sade: “What say you, *garcon?* Do you hunger for
the upcoming festival of all Hallows’ Eve (Halloween)?
Whatever devilry might you practice without my Jansenist
watch, eh?”
“I shall place a spider in your dumplings!”
– a Southerner’s response to President Lincoln, (1861).

Avaunt thee, the wedding has been completed, Lady de Lauris luxuriates, and a journalist prostrates himself. An ornate camera [of one vintage or another] whirls away behind him; and it looks like one of those heavy-wheeled jobs. These were those contraptions that von Stroheim used in the ‘twenties – pursuant to Greed and other movies. Let us not sink into avarice: since de Sade’s throne was a raised dais; an up-turned bin on stilts. Look out! Quod pipe-work (of an uncertain vintage) writhed away; or, in turn, it tapered ‘neath it so as to provide elevation. The unfortunate hack has prostrated himself on a red carpet upon which the word GUilty has been impressed. (Can’t one be reminded of a reverse Catholicism, here? When one recalls the Marquis’ rebellion ‘again Rome in The Dialogue Between a Priest and a Dying Man). To one side of de Sade, and projecting from a cantilevered wall, there are several moose-heads... or what appear to be big-game trophies. These were the mementos to thicken Ernst Hemingway’s blood, for example. Nevertheless, if one examines their spoils, a diversion is found... in that such severed heads are reptilian. Might they be the crux of a new sexuality or urge, as it pertains to the 3rd Brain? Again, both of them happen to be toothsome, level-headed, ‘bent over’, Green, slightly bursting & limpid. The divine Marquis stares on with both finger-tips together – almost in prayer. We shall let it pass... +

By a different route, the Marquis (a patient) and his custodian (Monsieur de Coulmier) were given to converse afore a heavy-window. It proofed little, was heavily mullioned, stained to glass or waxes ultramarine.

De Coulmier (sympathetically): “Tell me about those days o’ high summer on the estate.”
The Marquis de Sade (rather ruefully): “Very well—.”

ONE HUNDRED-AND-FORTY-SIX

‘And God made the light, seeing it was good, as He separated brightness from darkness.’

– Genesis, 1:4; Standard Revised Version.

Marguerite Coste, a reformed woman of the evening, happened to be talking about other Bedlamites. These were ones (doubtless) which she supposed Colonel Sodom, her master, to be interested in. (Note: we must always be aware that Colonel Sodom’s alter ego is de Coulmier’s replacement after the Restoration. One has no idea whether he was more ‘progressive’ or not; merely that his credentials were Royalist. His name, in concord with France’s history, happens to be Roulhac de Maupas). Anyway, let us dwell upon her dreamscape…

Marguerite Coste: “Master, like my sister alongside me here, I spy various misdeeds. These embody the spirits of departed slaves-cum-clowns. For a start: one of them lingers under a glass-bowl or hood, and his flesh seems sallow… even corpse-like. It starts from one trajectory in terms of a space-craft; even though his shell-suit posits a Joe 90 cast-off… possibly as an idea. Do you see? It clings to nothing (in any event). Whereas his name must recoil from the following perimeter; that of Abbe Geoffrey. Again, a sprite in a green-bowler stands adjacent to him or on his right, and he muses reflectively. A gloved hand tightens around his chin; otherwise it remains dormant or by his side. His other clothes, perchance, were those of a vaudeville performer… whether he remains here at bay in Charenton or not. Doubtless, his ebon tie was made from string – and a small masque, rather like a ball-room affidavit, circles each eye. Such clusters adopt a hidden vocabulary; or, by any measure, they remind us of a burglar without the swag. Let it ride: since the final companion of the three brings up our rear – and this
rodomontade, Donatien-Claude-Armand de Sade, adopts a scarecrow’s mantle. His hat waxes straw-like or dirty; while the eyes glow redly in the dark… and some teeth grin on via pearldom. This ragamuffin, though, has a certain composure – despite the disreputable attire and rags. Still and all, a dun concrete wall (of le Corbusier’s survey) flashes away behind him. Do you fear it?”

Colonel Sodom: “No-one may otherwise laud an official of this sort. Listen again: since this merely provides a blow to Donatien-Claude-Armand de Sade’s arma virumque cano! I pass you in the light of love, dearest. HA!”

ONE HUNDRED-AND-FORTY-SEVEN

Back in the fortress (or pursuant to its glory) we find the egg-shell cracking… nor need we disable it. Thus, Inspector Marais allows the test-tube to rise in his hand; and the phial contains some green ichor or fluid. May it be the achievements of a misspent youth; or, alternately, the residue of a toad’s hind quarters? How dare you! Since now, this oxymoron must limit its own pregnancy… and such a bearing blends in or falls sheer. To be precise: this debenture loses itself and de Sade’s vision (a gargoyle) bestirs a fog… possibly its absence. You see, this sprite of death keels over or imprisons its teak. Again, Marais moves away from a tureen containing poisonous spice – whilst fossilised walls, (most spare), circle around. They throw out a ring of stone which asks no questions. It (simultaneously with the above) limits any options over a prior destruction. Meanwhile, the figurine of the divine Marquis – a dream-phantasm – stills our embers over a quiet grave. De Sade opens his mouth as if to speak, and a gaseous substance or miasma passes via him. May it bear the consistency of brick (?) … let it ride. Quod, as a bug-eyed Marquis passes on, the following croak escapes from his capacious lips. Nor may it limit one progress as against another… o’er some streaks of this smoke-machine. ‘Go on, my
young warrior or stripling, take only this remit o’ cash. God’s speed! You are welcome to it in my bidding absence or its rendition of Boyle (in physical chemistry). Take it; use it if you will, but have a care my adventurous young friend. It can be dangerous (most definitely) insofar as we cancel this bias or affidavit. After all, look what happened to moi!’ There then follows a creaking laugh, a smelter, and even an indulgence. ‘Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha!, it goes or splutters… but each guffaw was weaker than the last. Inspector Marais, in his finery, listed nothing from this orthodoxy.

ONE HUNDRED-AND-FORTY-EIGHT

Still withal, the divine Marquis and Monsieur de Coulmier jabber and chat o’er one inheritance… may it make up Heaven’s Gate? Most effectively, the effete Marquis can be moved to tears about a youthful summer which takes place in terms of Robert W. Chambers’ weird tales. Again, we must listen in on a psychic channel that’s far removed from Youtube.

The Marquis de Sade: “I gathered much of what has happened out of a stone-bred cost. Why, my director, those plants or wheat-stalks lay around me in the heat… and a refulgent bliss melts into the sky. I think that it relates to one partiality or code, and a mustard canopy sweeps away to the horizon.”

As he works with a hoe in sundry fields and dells, de Sade listens to his mother’s dogma.

Countess de Sade: “You are happy this day of joy, my son! Nonetheless, do you yearn for what the Anglo-Saxons call Halloween or all Hallows’ eve? It is a ministration to the devil’s tincture – nor do we see the face behind a painted jerkin. Above all, any mask flutters in the wind of such a plant – it knows naught of the noontime which Nietzsche preaches. I wish it were not so, but we know about its reality. Anyway, do you wish to
dress yourself after a prankish fashion, bereft of honour, and littering one’s graves? More than this, I know that you want to go out after dark, parading in the streets and restoring a dime-store dummy… yet no longer! For, now that we are in a Christian household, the family Sade will wait for a sign from the Lord afore movement… are you listening, garçon?”

The Marquis de Sade (when young): “I have an inkling, mother… but, in truth, one awaits a sigil which will guide us to the truth!”

And, in the distance, the whole retinue – mother and son – welcomes a scarecrow that dilates in the range. It foreshadows a mummified relic, a circularity of rags and dust, which sways under manifold breezes. Otherwise, and in an untoward fashion, the following appears to be true… in that such a murderer of crows seems broken on its cross.

ONE HUNDRED-AND-FORTY-NINE

Yet wait a moment, since a journalist or hack lies in front of de Sade’s throne… the canopy of which stretches out. It embodies a Gothique minstrelsy; or, perhaps, the red purloined lettering of Edgar Allan Poe’s The Masque of the Red Death… wherein a tall, unlettered stranger or doppelganger streaks ahead. May such measures range on (?) without any freedom whatsoever. By dint of this, Lady de Lauris luxuriates with their child (Tamurlane) in a silken shawl. Its colour falls over to advertise itself as a violent blue. Nonetheless, several guards or Sadeian grenadiers – with staffs and pikes leaning-to – stand around our Royalty at a discrete distance. The journalist pops his questions avec the effrontery of those who were born to watch… but never act. They know this all too well…
Corvietto (an investigator): “My master! May we pronounce with pleasure upon the arrival of your latest brood, young Tamurlane?”

The Marquis de Sade: “Most assuredly, any guarantees that you can offer will always be solvent. Rest content, poltroons! For, although I have revealed myself to be a god, it is essentially the simplest actions of all that unfold around our heads. Watch this space for any appearing tigers! Since the politics of what was about to happen travels afore my ken… in the manner of the nineteen ‘fifties comic, Plastic Man, which depicts a vertiginous shape-shifter – a desperado. Yet one who, nevertheless, can be in two positions at once; much after the premiss (or interregnum) of one finite breed. Do you see? The likelihood is that – in advanced or cosmological physics – an electron might be in one of two (even three) designated spots. This crystallises the fact of matter’s fungible status – or indeterminacy a la Heidegger. Let it pass: *quod* a mass’ osmosis or inter-penetrativeness – its sacrificial valency – does some damage to rationality. In turn, it sets up the dichotomy on which my nature thrives.”

Corvietto: “What custodianship could that be, master?”

The Marquis de Sade: “Well, I’ll tell thee; it has to pertain to a whip in the hand, Barbusse’s *L’Infer*, Sacher-Masoch’s *Venus in Furs*, and the perils of too little sleep. The flesh alone adorns its conduct with plasticity – or waxes ready to call a halt. Already, we are in the world of that member of l’Academie Francaise, Jean Paulhan, who decided to give it a name: sado-masochism.”

Corvietto: “I see!”

[Note: Count Corvietto questioned the Marquis de Sade at Charenton asylum on November the 14th 1811 about his ‘lunatic’ performances].
Lo, even at this threshold, we remain entranced. For – by any stretch – the conversation or medley betwixt Colonel Sodom and his four familiars continues.

Mademoiselle de Beauvoisin: “I am aware of a concurrence over this and other sets of ears. Nor do we feel it so keenly when it influences ourselves. At the beginning of the day, however, I and my sisters have knelt afore a robed plenitude – that is, the raiment of Colonel Sodom. It depicts its own license (if you will) and the Colonel remains as absolute as before… whether in a thin-limbed format, a hairy body, a gammadion’s amulet or those antlers over the chop. To be sure, I concur with a dreaming of an absent day… wherein three more loons gather at Charenton’s door. Whilst the ‘brutalist’ façade dips to the rear, so as to reveal a dun-coloured extremity or intern. What do we find nestling in its proximity? Why, it can only be a mad-hatter who doubles as his ashen familiar. Moreover, we note – with some asperity – the following items: a floppy Laurel & Hardy hat, a red bow-tie avec yellow polkadots, and an emerald jerkin replete with brown boxing-gloves. These come together so as to associate the above persona avec Clemendot. Likewise, and to the side another figurine rears, and it shapes up to be a Man of Stone or granite: what with sunken eyes, a pitted stomach, one gesture too far and a sallow skin. It resembles the texture of unrefined pumice. Yet again, this character must embody another of de Sade’s publishers or underground houses. His name had to be Barba. (Against this, we notice that both Clemendot and Barba were publishers of Justine in Paris and the provinces. The first of the two, Clemendot, also printed and distributed a secret set of engravings for The Misfortunes of Virtue). Let it alone now: since a third character or glove-puppet has shoved himself out onto a toy-theatre’s stage. Whereupon our third figurine emerges: and he takes the form of a man-bat, a screeching mammal covered in fur… i.e., one who’s obscurely loveable for all that. It
betokens a bear, a swivelling post-reptile, or the deliberation of silence. Let one see: in that we have in front of us a third entity, one who chooses to call himself Calixte-Antoine-Alexandre Ripert. He was a man who purchased the Marquis’ estates at Mazan for 57,000 Francs on August 28 1810.

ONE HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY-ONE

Avaunt thee, let’s prepare the possibility of a future action. For the splendour of one symbol tackles its awe; nor do we lessen its commerce. Similarly, any route march towards oblivion meets Marais in reverse… and it lessens any capture. Since de Sade’s poster-paint begins to retreat; to expire – and even to empty its coffers. Had de Sade not played out defeat’s possibility? Again, our member of the Surete turned out aright… and, after a brief period, he smashed a tureen containing the toad’s droppings. It left a residue of confusion on the ground… even when a sword is put through ‘em. “The evil and distress of such a resource lacks bite, and it surrenders itself”, sunders Inspector Marais.

Likewise, a dream dialogue takes place without ecstasy… do you hear me? And the lesson wasn’t lost on our two interlocutors, the Marquis de Sade and Monsieur de Coulmier. Instead of this: one notice fills the sky and we are plunged back in time to a golden dawn.

MACBETH! MACBETH! MACBETH!
BEWARE MACDUFF;
BEWARE THE THANE OF FIFE!
DISMISS ME. ENOUGH!

For a Scarecrow has existed ‘agin the moon’s rays; and it lay abreast of a pole or driven to such an attitude. He/‘it’ lay within the bounds of what was acceptable… nothing more. Let it loosen one grip on reality in order to replace it… Against this, the bracken or topiary of unforgiveness rose a pace, and it levelled
off against silence. To be sure: a hoe lay in his hand so as to acclimatise one – nor do we find a facilitation of the deed. It suggested aught to me apace. Given this, the figure itself seemed projected or even misapplied in its ready double (give it over). And the bankruptcy of its needs can be seen in a posture; summarily so. The hat is on askew, tattered to its raiments, broken up in fields of rye, while splendid to a dissolution’s task. Whereupon props and filigrees trip out of those, wrent to the purpose, of such dishonour. ‘I know what will come now’, he said to those who had the fiercesomeness to hear. Are we silent yet (?), came the answer from a tatterdemalion. But we are still reminded of a sky of the bitterest ochre---.

ONE HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY-TWO

To be sure, a new funnel of questions is asked by those who follow. Can we be sure of its outcome or a sense of ingratitude? Listen to me: the facticity of such a notion must never belabour the point. ‘I do not hear you, they have occasion to cry!’ For the questioning of de Sade continues by a whim – and we must listen to it now, in all honesty.

Corvietto: “If we turn to politics, Grand Master! Or may it be a meta-political intrigue (?); a counting of the ghosts… Save it, my lords and ladies of the cudgel! I have marked you down for what must follow. Hear me! The signification of aught tenders to collapse, as if the very universe will spin off its access towards collision. Anyway, dominator of the known, are we in a situation to retrieve our bliss? Cancel it now, my markings of folly---”.

The Marquis de Sade: “We have lift-off from the apparel of your days, do you see? Since one notice can affect another… and, by any chance, this arousal is too big; it sidles into space. I tell my citizens not to listen to such appalling lies! Quod, in truth, many believe that white and black holes are about to collide or finish our world. THESE ARE UNTRUTHS, DO YOU HEAR?”
While, back in a cave of dreams, the four of our interlocutors spent time on our sand-castle. They were whistling (somewhat inevitably) on Iain Sinclair’s *Suicide Bridge*. Aren’t you aware of that, really? By the by, one of them comes forward in order to speak to Colonel Sodom in his cups. For Abbe Jacques-Francois Amblet bows afore a presence of the Weird – don’t forget that the latter’s face drew on Sodom’s visage. (Most especially, if we recall its Sooty and Sweet variety performance… and it slanted to the side by way of a curlew. The ears were pricked up rather like a rabbits; albeit coming to be made of felt or cloth. And the hair streaked away (surrounded by bushy fronds) amid the saucer-like eyes. *Touché*!

Abbe Jacques-Francois Amblet: “Hail to thee, Caesar of our kindred! All Hail! Let the butter-scotch melt in a tureen of ice… why not? Begads! For one past participle above the others freezes into stasis or a definition of Anna Kavan’s *Ice*. Let it go -- and this noise came from behind the curtain in a crowded hall. Do you remember? It ceases to look out as the lightning flares all around us… and a gathering of crows moves or swirls. Do we not articulate the pattern of its gaze? Likewise, a chiffon twirl adds itself to a curtain’s patterning – always to one side of the rough, or freezing its tensions into stark terror. Look away now: for a cry has begun, foursquare of these curtains, and adjacent to mullioned glass. It revealed itself to be of the deepest blue… and yet these whirpwhorls circle or chortle at will. They cachinnate – but do they bite? And yet suddenly, my friends, the light went out and a howl in the night followed on apace. But, by some contravention of circumstances, he was in a dining-room with his mother, Marie-Eleonore de Maillle de Carman de Sade, and they were surrounded by the appurtenances of luxury. Or, contrariwise, it betokens a baroque avenue, an eighteenth century lavishness… and maybe a *farouche’s* tribute to a brothel’s interior. Since, as in one of Grosz’s tableaux, the scarlet livery or
intense orange burns – it leavens ecstasy or lit cadencies (*a priori*). At any rate, they are sitting down at table together… the one and the other. She has something which she wishes to tell him about. The young Francois fingers his napkin reflectively…”

Colonel Sodom: “I am still listening---.”

**ONE HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY-FOUR**

Let’s wait, for upon the founding of this offering or its *desiderata*, we now know what will come to bear witness to it. By virtue of the fact that Inspector Marais wanders out onto the battlements… and these were tessellated, uneven, non-descript, orange in hue, and liable to excess. Given this: he walked along amid a pulchritude of shadow – itself gifted by one stretch of purple after another. There, down at the very base of the pit, lay the body of the Frog or toad… a creature who had seen better days. It was limitless in its grief, shining in a pale green-armour, nestling to sin… so as to break forth in so many cries. Do we fear its issue at this juncture? Yet again, Inspector Marais wishes to pass over these fortresses towards the horizon. He carried a weapon in his hand, but it proved to be indeterminate as to issue. Likewise, the amphibian was slaughtered on a downward path – so as to feel the difference of this blow beneath one’s feet. Our frog lay helplessly upon the flags, even though one item helped to determine its outcome. And this proved to be the large spike which passed via its master’s innards; and came to be characterised as Longinius’ Spear. (Note: Trevor Ravenscroft’s *The Spear of Destiny* was based on such a projection or need. While a lesser product, *The Spear* by James Herbert, kindles the same resource). If you recall, the French Inspector had hurled a javelin through de Sade – only to see it penetrate right into the *divine* Marquis. And, by dint of issue, this pond-dweller has fed upon his fancy (subsequently), so as to stop up the labour of our days. Marais passes on, via the battlements on Alan Clark’s castle down in Kent, and leaves the toad in its pit. Let him vacate
the port-cullis in accord with his feelings, never mind those orientations which lurk in the dark. Simultaneously with the above: a narrowing in this aperture of doubt leads onto mayhem – wheresoever shall it breed? As, betimes this gesture, a shaft of obsidian (clear) sticks out from the gullet of such a rascal. An officer of the eighteenth century law moves off, subsequent to its disavowal. If he mused to himself, it must have been something which his adversary had eaten… and wasn’t this the Marquis de Sade?

ONE HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY-FIVE

If we meet ourselves coming back, then, a new procedure must announce itself to us. And, little by little, the second stage in our adventure has begun to take form afore our very eyes. Remember: Donatien Alphonse Francois was engaged in communication with a journalist – a tame hack, of Private Eye’s vintage, if ever there was one.

Corvietto: “My liege, are we fit to number the plates of our own offerings? Let it be: since you have begun to answer most fully those charges that have been put to you. Again, I ask, what are you doing about the nuclear radiation (alleged) which leaks up from the soil, so as to poison the ether? It turns it into a miasma or a belching smog. Many claim that it originates from the sinister sites of our ancestors. What do you say, Marquis?”

The Marquis de Sade: “Lies! Lies! The changelings of the past will be used over a future inheritance… none may deny the propinquity of my will. To a Roman emperor of the late period, prior to Christianity’s onset, even a crucifixion can become a bore over time. Most necessarily, my man, when it might turn out to be your own…”

Corvietto: “But what shall I say to your critics on my behalf!”

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The Marquis de Sade: “I say; slay them all; and let the bitter chains of this wrath be kept in check by plenty. Go now: let those who wish to understand gaze upon a vista of Apollyon! I shall number those who brook my strength as doves upon the wing – only to be dismembered by a greater Fate than this. For did I, Donatien Alphonse Francois de Sade, not declare that civilisation – in all its deceits – was just an exercise in cruelty that has been tempered by disquiet?"

Corvietto: “Yet what are doing in order to quell dissent against your rule, my Lord?”

The Marquis de Sade: “Enough! Journalists should be read and not seen. I am the master of these days, at this time, and in relation to this house in Kensington: a habitude of monsters. Do you hear? Mercy is the folly of those who have yet to sanction pity. All my life – in texts like The Misfortune of Virtue, Justine, Juliette and The 120 Days of Sodom – I have known the truth about life. It is short, wicked, shriven, unable to maintain its excesses, and ripe for erotic plunder. I am the man who put poly into the word polymorphous. All things are changeable; even as regards the necessity of life and death. An aristocrat like me, you see, knows that everything is but an objectivity of form; it stimulates itself by the outer eye alone. Western civilisation involves the tyranny of seeing as a bequest of Nature. Who is there here who can deny the divine pornography of the eye (out of Bataille) and according to a masculine reflex. I refuse to humble myself before the dreams of those I rule. I am the Marquis de Sade; I cannot endorse the Enlightenment wholesale and remain its dark, throbbing unconscious. For those who have ears to hear; let them hear.”

ONE HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY-SIX

At last, on our return from darkness, the scribe asked his Master about a festival of fear. He prostrated himself lengthwise or in
accordance with custom. Whilst de Sade was merely looking on, stripped to the waist, wearing his pyramidal mask and singing at the top of one’s lungs. It was an exercise in belts-and-braces; and it went before everything else (necessarily so). And suddenly our reluctant clerk, drawn from a chapter house, said:

Monsieur Corvietto: “Count de Sade, don’t you hear the moans of the People and their complaints; quod they happen to be without food, wood-wind, distemper, the funerals of ancient habits, and all good things. Can you advise on their present predicament, Majesty?”

The Marquis de Sade: “You dally with an indifference to suffering which is distasteful to me. Listen to this, peons of our ears… for, contrary to the propaganda of my many enemies, there is no white heat, no phosphorous or absence of calm here, and no ionic radiation which seeps from the tundra. [Note: This entire scenario, perchance, relates to Hollywood’s Return to the Planet of the Apes, where humanoids cling to an arch of life, vaguely, and with their finger-nails at the cusp.] No sir! The people must find bread-cake, brioche, if the bakeries run dry of their favourite tipple. Do not disturb my patience, my man: I am beginning to bleed internally at the thought of your boredom, your inexactitude.”

Monsieur Corvietto: “But, master of our days and hours, these assaults are carried out against the masses’ dignity. Inwardly, my liege, they burn with an indefatigable fury…”

De Sade: “Nonsense! Those Parisians out there – in the avenues and squares – are passive rather than active citizens, to use French revolutionary language. I will not be deceived by the ingratitude of your eyes. When the ruling principle of my house [Sade] gives up its willingness to conquer – then you may sanction a party on my corpse’s dais. Won’t it be shadowed by rare meats and ensorcelled with purple?”
Corvietto: “Your word is the spoken law of this fine scarecrow. It flatters to relieve itself of pain by inflicting it. By these arbours, a death and a transfiguration – i.e., a crucifixion in Derek Jarman’s *Saint Sebastian* – lends a renewed haunting to these procedures. Good luck!”

**ONE HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY-SEVEN**

Inspector Marais, by chance and forethought, had left the enclosure where the massive Toad lay. It – for its part – talked against thunder, so as to level off this brick-work into green sand. Marais paused for a few moments, if only to catch his breath, and then he observed a new mark. It proved to be a lance or javelin of destiny – i.e., it was of the sort that Longinius, a centurion, had once put into the side of Christ (Crucified). Since, unbeknown to all, a Pullman’s shot or dart had penetrated the giant amphibian. It must have come up from de Sade’s body – *quod* the *Divine* Marquis no longer existed. You see, he had been transmuted into light, into darkness, and into the shadings of so many still days.

Inspector Marais – of the French police – was not a very creative or artistic man, to speak of. Yet he understood moral distinctions, even subtle and inappropriate ones. Look you: since he knew that the Marquis’ device, surrounded by brick dust, had led to aught powerful. A cosmic fulfilment (this was) and it related to a prophecy which a Sibyl had made before. Like Eva Peron in a previous life-time, he had risen from obscurity to dominate a world. Now (we understand more clearly) that this phase of ‘our’ development has ceased…

A colossal Toad was defunct; his master slept the message of ages: and, in truth, Marais had escaped into a tunnel called *the shock of the new*, or possibly the very old. Goodbye, my friend…!”
“Maybe it was something which the amphibian had eaten?”, mused Marais as he left with a chuckle.

ONE HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY-EIGHT

A bend in Time’s passage…

The interview between the Marquis de Sade and a tame journalist continued, but this time without fear or favour.

Corvietto: “My divine Marquis, now that you are a father again, perchance, might I enquire about your retirement? Forthwith, a dictatorship of ages can soothe the pulse, if you were to step down after a specified period.”

Marquis de Sade: “Never in one life have I succeeded in slaying emptiness such as this! Give me a grievance and I shall cut it out like a malignant toad. Listen to me: I will tell you about the meaning of insanity, my boy. It runs akin to being institutionalised in the Bluebell ward of Prospect Park Hospital – for example. What are its distinguishing features? Well, they could blow up in one’s face like a Zodiac or a configuration of the elements, all of them shaped into a circular pattern across the wall. Surely now, such an affidavit can show itself (by the by) as a gigantic man who is merely a shadow; a penumbra or ghost? It (such a figure) stands magisterially in front of us, and is slightly bent or leaning to the side – after a dirigible’s manner. Again, such a creature’s body is criss-crossed with the signs of the zodiac: i.e., Aries, Taurus, Pisces, Aquarius, Gemini, Cancer, Scorpio, Libra, Leo, Capricorn, Virgo, Sagittarius, et al… These constellations of gold amid the black (so to say) shimmer and fall down, afterwards. It portends a distinguished future…”

At once emboldened by this speech, his interviewer asked him: “Did you enjoy those conversations that you had at the asylum?”
A brief interlude supervened before the Marquis slammed down his fist. The fingers were splayed outwards and not congealed – yet this mitten proved to be rather prissy (also). For, in truth, the Marquis de S. was this strange hybrid of masculine and feminine, by turns. A force for good, evil or both – ruminated the journalist? He needed to think more about it, even though such speculations might prove useless in the long run. Anyway, Count de Sade’s most infamous son had already turned his back on him in a state of high dudgeon.

ONE HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY-NINE

Back in Charenton asylum, however, trouble brewed amongst an imaginary circle of inmates. For what it was worth, the concrete walls peeled in a sheer way – and dun coloured patches existed here and there. A line of electrical energy proved to be discernible; and it subsists via a grey duct. Its steely possession did in no way inhibit the growth of these negative virtues. Let’s see now: *quod* M. Roulhac de Maupas was trussed up like a turkey-cock on an electric booth. We might be mistaken here, but this device may well have been the vehicle for ECT; that is, electro-convulsive therapy. Such a ‘treatment’, aided and abetted by the Behavioural school, had been very prevalent in the middle of the twentieth century. Indeed, it reached its apogee under the spell of CIA directors, using Doctor Cavendish, who called it MK ULTRA. Yet the anti-psychiatric movement led by R.D. Laing (and others) intervened here: i.e., they softened the blow. Since the mental hospitals of today are more akin to a velvet hand (perhaps a miniature porcelain one) than an iron fist. It’s an approach of lace and filigree – what a thought, eh? We can affirm whether it’s a rigmarole, a *Rigodoon* (in Celine’s diction); or what we might call a triumph over nothingness.

Still, if we return to Charenton, then we find the Marquis staring gloomily into the distance. His bright orange hair – at once ribbed and bobbed – glistened under the lights. Was he in a
secret pavilion known only to himself? Whoever can tell by dint of such estrangement? I ask you: the Professor of cruelty’s face seems pale and blanched, and de Coulmier, Charenton’s director, sits uneasily in a chair to one side. He was asking questions in Old French, but Donatien Alphonse Francois isn’t listening. He happened to be in another place altogether; and he may be adrift or ignorant of any other purpose. Let it be: since the chair in question wasn’t electric, no, it looked (rather) to be un-ergonomic, that’s all. No-one could gainsay its plastic or Bic/recovery character (certainly).

ONE HUNDRED-AND-SIXTY

Inspector Marais had moved along now with a gust of spray, and he listed via a quadrangle in the September sun. One person from amongst all the others knew about his lonely truth, but he was not going to bother them with such facts. Moreover, an ornate Classical building stood transfixed, albeit in white marble, and it was like a colonnade in the centre of Liverpool. At least he had one solitary mission to perform; he knew that. Yet no-one else could come near him in forethought, else the tyranny of Reason might be over. (Note: the author refers to the soi-disant Enlightenment here). At last he reached his destination and took off a helmet. Needless to say, the room that he entered was of middling size; what with a fleeting and mysterious quality which characterises its light. Such glimmers swim afore one’s eyes avec a raiment of green and gold. Two giant book-cases also tower over their respective walls. By way of a psychiatric experiment, then, one of de Sade’s sons – himself an officer of good standing – has agreed to do this psycho-analytic test. Do you see? It is designed to validate the efficacy of a Toad’s ooze. What will become of it? No-one really knows… who can tell, my friend? Since one resource after another hasn’t been found yet. Altogether now, a scion or younger Sade opened his mouth in order to reveal a spatulate or livid tongue, and, by degrees, it took this ‘angel dust’ upon itself. The young aristocrat’s mouth
closed upon this unguent with all speed, and everyone waited to see what would happen… a brief silence intruded over all, to be sure.

ONE HUNDRED-AND-SIXTY-ONE

Meanwhile, in the midst of these depths, the Marquis flexed his muscles like an Olympic wrestler; that is to say, one of those technicians who ape Hercules. By this time, he was definitely working himself up into some sort of frenzy (sic) and he spoke to his interlocutor in a foreign tongue. Might it have been heavily Latinate or Italian in style, focus and mood? Could it also, perhaps, have been fixed on Esperanto – the alleged semiotic of Babel, if not the future?

In any respect, after seeming to bellow in the draughtsman’s ear, Donatien Alphonse Francois settled down to a whisper, even a salutary hiss. Unless we’re all mistaken, it took after the wheezing of an old kettle.

De Sade: “I do not aver the size of your misfortune, or any mistakes made upon it”, he said slightly timidly. “For brother Coulmier and I – that’s how I think of him – often sat together in the asylum’s arbour. We both stared at a translucent moon above us. Moreover, its ovalesque dish seemed to flash light imperceptibly, often within micro-seconds of each dip. (Note: it has often been said that lunatics howl at the moon – when and if incarcerated. But, given the fact that I am in such a hospital as I write, I am in no position to confirm this canard.) May it amount to an old wives’ tale?

By all due regard, these two old men sit listening to the crickets in an asylum situated in southern France. In truth, the Marquis was going to die in early December 1814, and the time for such a transposition loomed. He shut his eyes in order to listen to the blood trickling in his ears. He was alone now… and without a
friend or consort; at once listening, half dead, aged, ‘tuckered out’, obese --- and yet still manifesting an easy gentleness. It isn’t for nothing that he came to be regarded as an aristocrat right to the end, even beyond the grave. A large sigh took hold of his brain, and like Marlon Brando in *Apocalypse Now*, he doubted whether he might recover his nerve. What was the truth about this, Monsieur? Had he been shot to pieces from his very first days in the Royal cavalry – irrespective of his tender years? The Marquis would certainly have been young during his military service, no matter how operationally active, and it passed off without any problems whatsoever. His first duty had been a spot of fighting in the Seven Years’ War (1756-1763); yet, with all passion spent, such conflicts were disremembered now. Indeed, this struggle was occasioned between the Royal houses of Britain and France over territory – as well as ‘balance of power’ doctrines.

ONE HUNDRED-AND-SIXTY-TWO

A mellow fortune has come over the earth’s hue – might it be ovalesque in diction? Look at me now: since the former director of Charenton (after de Coulmier) found himself strapped to an electric chair. For all of the ghouls o’ a paradise [in reverse] were coming towards him now, and he saw their explication. Didn’t they flow onwards with the wind in their sails? It proved to be a natural or metallic rush… instead of this, though, they all gathered around gibbering. Behind them, and to the side, we can detect the leavings of le Corbusier’s art. It also relates to the shorn diadem of a fractured cathedral, and no-one can really offer it anything save quietness. To be efficacious, Monsieur Roulhac de Maupas, the governor at the time of de Sade’s demise, looked disprivileged. He felt the narrowing of an insistent pulse, most especially. Given this: the maniacs in the place swivelled around like dervishes – all of them hungry for more. In some respects, they amounted to locusts feeding on an absent carcass. Can we really explain or contain it? Should we even try to? Anyway, first
up in this *danse macabre* came a clown, a greenish woman topped with the seeds of poisoned mettle, and also a stone-like creature. He embodied, in turn, a monument to the granite-like --- i.e., something at once upturned and pumice-laden. Now and then, some fellow wakers from the Land of Nod make an appearance: and these were a bat (floating freely) almost like a pterodactyl... but with fur on its mammalian trunk. Again, various bravos or desperadoes cleared their chest, albeit in a way that looks helpless to begin with. Note this, my friends: one mountebank amongst them addresses a greenish hat, while another mumbles to himself – after the format of a living dinosaur. Do you wish to revisit the fuss or storm about *Jurassic Park*? (Both the film and its literary counter-part went west many years ago, by the way.) Still, a few colossi --- drawn from this empty desert --- were stood around the quivering form of de Maupas. Whilst others in our retinue or Comus Rout (*a la* Milton) have succeeded in aggravating a soft-spot in us all. By their turn, a few of our own *troupe* need to be numbered or docketed in such a vista. These figurines were a mad professor with a bulging set of eyes – and *avec*, quite possibly, a square box around his head plus some goggles. But did they really match one another up? Wheretofore, and in the very recesses of primitivism, a scarecrow stands out or forth... and its eyes have to be a violent red after the malfeasance of peat. Let me see you once more---. [Note: there is also an interesting side-issue here... in that, up in the North East of England, people place effigies in their garden. It is a local folk custom in order to ward off evil, and it goes back to before the Christian era.] One factor remains amiss, however, and by any truck, this has to be the revelation of an MC or master of ceremonies. He announces the sport to those who have already surrounded him (sic). For, by dint of any imaginative flurry, don’t the lunatics really dream about taking over the asylum?
The Marquis de Sade gesticulated vigorously, via the mechanism of a cod-piece, and for all the world he looked like a Paolozzi sculpture. Does anyone reminisce (herein) about the Anglo-Italian’s work? We are drowning now, but nobody knows it… and suddenly the scene shifts to a television screen. It happens to be an olden, cathode ray oscilloscope one. Do you register its cuboid density and form? Likewise, those who continuously hear voices in their mind are never going to object to this hurdy-gurdy in the corner. Do you remember their Rediffusion glow? Next to the TV, and amid a sepulchre of sterile white, stood a woman in a straight-jacket… although mental hospitals elsewhere had long forswn this (to be sure). (Just as lobotomy and ECT now find themselves frowned upon, respectively.) Why don’t you look at this, my hearties? *Quod* she stared into space with a fractured look, albeit seemingly oblivious to the garish monitor behind her. For this woman’s name had once been Madame de Sade, and, by any compass, she’d been a *Grande* lady of the *Ancien Regime*: that is, the sort of regal ornament which Roux, Soboul and Lefebvre can express dislike for. And this was never mind those fulminations (many centuries later) from the lips of President Mitterrand! Since – like a figurine in a Buffet painting – she stood quietly facing a blank wall, and outside of a jester’s reflexes. Various side-tables and lamps (etc…) of a Retro finish loomed up around her. Yet she paid them no heed whatsoever. Again, the overall tapering of her body, contained (as it was) within this vest, surrendered to sado-masochism – if only aesthetically. Has anyone actually read Wilhelm Reich’s *The Mass Psychology of Fascism*? Nonetheless, she paid no attention to these dark under-currents of our time. Let it be: and her feet seem to be both pink and naked on the fluffy rug underneath. She stopped (mercifully for a moment) in order to sweep away a tear. Might it surmount the hillock of her own joy? Who can tell? Yet
she did realise (in spite of all) that the divine Marquis had plucked her from obscurity... in order for the Marquise to amount to more than a country lady. Why would someone like her not wish to be a Lady Macbeth of Minsk (sic) in Shostokovich’s reckoning? By any sidereal return, though: the tears flowed down and down. For now she was trapped in an asylum with no way out or clear. Might this transpose the reckoning of Sartre’s No Exit into something else? Again, my friends, we must return to our task; since an oddity happened as she stared at her feet. A semi-continuous banging was heard; and it penetrated, via a device known as special broadcasting or sb, into your veriest thoughts. What can anyone say about this (?); not very much... in fact. In any event, we are dealing with lunatics, after all. Surely now, the clamour was getting louder and louder. It may well portend to the cell in an adjoining cube, and so it did. Someone, anyone – but actually the Marquis de Sade – was banging a golden cup on a steel radiator. Bang! Crash! Wallop! Caboodle! Yell!, it went. (There was nothing between it and silence – save for the fitfulness of some cell doors. They numbered 1 – 100, and, like mine, the Marquis de S. was in cell number 7. For those in the know, in Numerology, seven stands for understanding, philosophy, weirdness, isolation and even misanthropy. (So numerology obviously contains scant truth in accord with scientific writ.) Nevertheless, de Sade levelled his ormolu cup at the radiator or steel strut, again and again. He mouthed the Words: “I love you; I love you; I love you!” in the direction of his wife’s security box. She looked up in an adventurous way, if only to take cognisance of lost glories. Nor can we forget that he wore a leather face-mask (from his own Œuvre) at the time. No-one could see him or stop him, but he was directed by love. In opposition to the ending/cessation of Louisiana Half-Face, this time love conquers all! It was a suffusion of gold like the cup – or, alternately, of dexterity, suppleness, and a nod towards the nimble. Even if he were going to die – then the mad (if sweet-tempered) Marquis is going to express it... and he was increasingly enervated by warmth,
endearments, compassion and tenderness. He knew what he wanted to achieve, albeit in this wintery age of Man. Slap! Bang! Wallop! went his pewter or golden instrument. And at last Madame de Sade (for her part) understood him after all of those philanderings of yesteryear. A cloud of unknowing descended upon either Charenton or the Vincennes fortress... and this was never mind the Bastille. Above all, my kindly ones [Euminedes] we are reaching an end; and this was a moment where the dead toad’s leavings may or may not be in the unholy cup. Inspector Marais had actually bequeathed them to de Sade on a brief visit to the asylum after his ordeal. This French bobby or constable had closed the river’s ford or gate – you know, the ones with the mirrors on it. Quod love filled the air, even as Madame de Sade (fresh from Yukio Mishima’s play about her) contemplated the scene. This twosome was either dead or imprisoned; and yet – by a simultaneous transmission – both of them appear mad to their neighbours. In another part of the Charenton asylum (sic) the old professor, de Coulmier, pulled the plug from its socket so as to dis-establish the ECT circuitry. Nothing would happen as regards an electrocution – after the fashion of Escape from Alcatraz. But herein, where a mad couple called the Sades lingered, there remained a hint of calmness or serenity. Its colour happens to be blue and no naming ceremony’s been discovered for it (yet awhile). For whatever Mankind chooses to call it in its darkest hours – whether on the gibbet, in the tunnel, in a sub-marine or trench – there turned out to be nought save amour between these two notorious persons. De Sade put away the beaker, turned over on his pillow one more time, and went to sleep.

THERE WAS NOTHING SAVE AMO (LOVE) RATHER THAN ODI (HATRED)

Mentally speaking, the Marquis and the Marquise were together again or communing in silence. No bloodied Quills (drawn from the film starring Michael Caine) lay about. It had to be over or
distinct – at least in an Albigensian or Catharist manner (both of them prior French cults). THERE IS NOTHING BUT LOVE!

_The Marquis de Sade died at around midday on the third of December 1814. May God have mercy..._

THE END

Notes:

Plot-line #1: the chronology of de Sade’s rule on a new earth set in the future […]
Plot-line #2: a sequence of Lady de Lauris’ dreams involving Inspector Marais […]
Plot-line #3: a device whereby the director of the Charenton asylum, Monsieur de Coulmier, adopts a film-script about his charge. This describes his own mind descending into madness. A case of Physician, heal thyself?

+ Sub-plots one and two: the first one deals with the *divine* Marquis wandering Charenton’s corridors. Is he really erotically insane? Likewise, the second minor strand *(a la* Rowley’s script in Thomas Middleton’s _The Changeling*) has to do with the Marquis’ own life. This was the advent of a genuine biography – the latter set in the eighteenth century. The standard work proved to be *La Vie du Marquis de Sade* by Gilbert Lily, in two volumes, Gallimard, (1952).