

strength? It is as though I had a great torch in my heart that leaps up and flames and burns, all over my body. I feel as though my hair were on fire. Radiana, Radiana let me give you my strength. Let me pour into you the fire that is consuming me . . .

*Radiana:* Ah! Ah!

(A breath of cold air blows through the room. The light of the candles is quenched. The yellow curtains blow in and out from the windows, silently, heavily. Guido in the darkness lifts Radiana in his arms and lays her upon the couch.)

*Guido:* See I showered all your hair around you. It is so dark I can see only your face and your hands and your little white feet. Your face is like a little moon, a wan moon in the fierceness of a stormnight.

*Radiana:* O the perfume of the dead body.

*Guido:* It is the smoke from the candles – the night air has blown their light out.

*Radiana:* O the dead body of the Summer.

*Guido:* Why are you so pale? Why are you shuddering? Close your eyes, close your eyes. What do you see?

*Radiana:* Ah!

*Guido:* Hold me! Hold to me! I shall keep it away. I shall hold your hand against my face. See how hot I am and you so cold. Your fingers are damp and there is a strange scent . . . Radiana, Radiana. Horror, horror – I am holding a dead body. It is the perfume of your dead body, and I am afraid. I shall wrap you round in your hair, shut out your face, hide your hands, cover your feet.

(Suddenly he springs to his feet and wrenches down one of the yellow curtains from the window. He flings it over her body.) (pp65a–69a)