

## THE PASSIVE VAMPIRE

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translated by Krzysztof Fijalkowski

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I close my eyes, as active as a vampire, I open them within myself, as passive as a vampire, and between the blood that arrives, the blood that leaves, and the blood already inside me there occurs an exchange of images like an engagement of daggers. Now I could eat a piano, shoot a table, inhale a staircase. All the extremities of my body have orifices out of which come the skeletons of the piano, the table, the staircase, and for the very first time these ordinary—and therefore non-existent—objects can exist. I climb this staircase not to get to the first floor but to get closer to myself. I lean on the banisters not to avoid vertigo but to prolong it. If when I get to the top floor I open a door that leads straight out onto the street, I will fall into space but will not die. If do happen to die, it is a phenomenon used by another objective and more easily understandable phenomenon only as a pretext. I understand the feeling of guilt but I do not understand death. I am unable to understand how this iniquity, this error, has led to the extermination of so many generations and how humankind can treat it as a finality (and I'm not referring to those swine who talk about the afterlife). Death is an irremediable end, a "truth," an ultimate obstacle among the reality of obstacles. Within this reality, in which the elixir of life is a fantasy, an alchemist's dream, death is irremediable, definitive. For us, the alchemists' dream, like any dream, is a part of reality. We deny false external reality, we deny the false reality of death, we deny all repression. The elixir of life is a prophetic dream, and if we think of the reality of desire, then all dreams should be considered prophetic. At worst tomorrow's death will be a macabre substitute for pleasure, a traumatic remnant bequeathed by past generations that keeps up the impulses' play of shadow and light, yet physical, irremediable, definitive

death will be nothing but a sinister utopia. In today's society, only those with the psychology of a corpse can talk naively about a "natural" death.

Since I've started living out my dreams, since I've become the contemporary of the centuries to come, I no longer know death under the annihilating guise it has maintained in today's society. Only in my moments of deepest depression do I realise that in that world of swine into which I was born I shall be forced to die, just as out in the street I'm obliged to rub shoulders with priests and cops.

But the deepest moments of depression cannot conquer my life. Beyond these deceptive troughs into which I sometimes fall, my nocturnal and diurnal life is real. Here death, in order to become a real phenomenon, seeks libidinal equivalents, and it is only in this new guise that it can exercise some function in our psychic apparatus. Just as the unobtrusive and anonymous Fantômas can only become the Master of Terror, the Criminal Genius, the Executioner when he dons his tight black outfit and hood, I would like to be a killer in a white velvet costume, at an operating table or leaning over a child's pram. At another operating table, by the window whose open curtains let in the rays of moonlight, stands the handsome, silent vampire. In evening dress, his lips glued to a bared neck like a bird, now he resembles a flautist playing pulses of blood on living instruments. At slightly increasing intervals the drops flow from the instrument to his lips. Each gulp is held for a while in his mouth to let the scent reach his nostrils, to intoxicate his breath. Like a fiery whip across the breast, the drink passes swiftly through the digestive system. Tottering, growing increasingly pale, ever more solitary, the handsome vampire swallows another gulp of blood. Dressed in white velvet, I'd like to vivisect a child, from time to time looking up at the vampire by the window, moonlight streaking his face.

Dreadful negations of death; crime, like all phantoms, emerges from the darkness. With a ray as bright as lightning, the black flash of murder tears open the shadows by illuminating them from

within, like an owl's eye. On the knife blade our advance seems so natural that the great causeways traversing the continents appear to us like treacherous traps. Immense slabs of basalt slip from the crusts of mountains, of trees, of voices. On them we read: No! Exhausted waterfowl spring from men's ears towards the four points of the compass. I don't know if the sparrow-hawk lying in wait for them is actually a duck or if their ears are now wild capital letters, howling furiously at the moon. There is one moon in the firmament and another in pictures. Between the two every form of love, known and unknown, reveals and invents itself. The fibers of a watch stopped at midnight and the fibers of a whale drowned in the Pacific spin in the dark an aluminium net for trawling for cathedrals. What symmetrically bundled-up birds these cathedrals are, oranges ready for export, traditional as the notion of sin! A basket of bread stretched out over the landscape so as to turn the edible symbol into a monument. The horses bolt from between the riders' legs and jump up onto the plinths. Refusing to be a pedestrian is as impressive as a wounded vulture. But to be obliged to find your own torn-off testicles in every city square the world over is an atrocity greater than a boat. I refuse all forms, all categories, all acts, all plans, all laws, all your castrating scents. I eat, breathe, drink, think, reject, dress myself and move *aphrodisiacally*. I keep every cell of my being in a state of permanent excitation, excited and exciting at the same time, the zones traversing my being are genital and pregenital, erotic and criminal, black, ferocious, satanic.

[...]

The pyres of the Middle Ages are still burning. Workers, poets, thinkers all carry on the magician's work. With each newly discovered truth we sign a pact with Satan. The signatures of these enlightened dreamers, made in blood on parchment, we now write by the hundreds of thousands on the cobblestones, on prison walls. Every dream, every act of love, every riot is a black mass.

