



THE GOTHIC RAINBOW
BEGINNING VOLUME OF THE VAMPIRE NOCTURNALS
ERIC MUSS - BARNES

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INTERVIEW BY OCTAVIA

The sheer number of music and literary references in The Gothic Rainbow is astounding.

It was done to reflect all the different elements of the story I wanted to. Obviously, if I'm going to write a book that is involved in the club scene, I have to make musical references. Another reason why I put so much music in there is because musical references in stories are something I enjoy, and maybe other people would appreciate it too. As for literary references, a lot of that stemmed from my desire to put in faerie myths. I'm really interested in Celtic folklore, and a lot of people that I know who are into the club scene are also into that, and yet, I've never seen a story that combined the two. So, I thought that would be the perfect combination to create for a vampire book.

What was your biggest challenge in completing your novel?

Organizing the story was one of the more difficult things. I've never been the sort of person who's had writers block or a difficult time coming up with ideas. It's exactly the opposite. I have too many ideas, and I don't know which ones to include and which ones to throw out.

How did you begin writing it? Did you write different parts at different times?

Actually, I wrote the entire thing in sequence. I had the entire book out lined, and that's how I knew I was going to end up writing a sequel. As I was going through the whole novel I realized the length of the story wouldn't fit. So, I had to pick a point where I could stop it and break it up into two pieces.

There are so many different styles of writing within the novel, ranging from poetic descriptions to idle conversation to total action... was that difficult?

I did it that way for two reasons. Number one: I just wanted to experiment... see what different types of styles I could write. And the second reason: I've never written a novel before, so I had nothing to draw from. It was a good way to break up the monotony. I would be writing a chapter, and by the time I'd be getting to the end of the chapter, I'd be bored with it. I would look forward to the next chapter knowing that I was going to write it in a very different sort of way. I would never know exactly what I was going to do, but it did break up the tedium of writing it in any one sort of style.

In the epilogue you were very honest about yourself. Why did you feel the need to be so open?

I wrote the epilogue... to explain myself without having to do it over and over again. As for being very blunt... that's just the way I try to be, it's the way everybody should be, but I have to admit that a lot of times I'm not. A lot of times I don't say what's on my mind. Maybe I wrote it as a reminder to myself. I've always liked the philosophy of questioning everything. It doesn't mean that you should throw any ideas away or any of your own personal morals, it just means that you should always question them.

For more information or to purchase THE GOTHIC RAINBOW contact:

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Sometimes, I think I'll never get out of this fucking house. Like when I turn 18, they'll still keep me here somehow. Or else Fate will keep me here. With my luck, every college and apartment in the country will burn down the day before my 18th birthday. Wouldn't surprise me one bit.

Sandra is supposed to sneak me out to Aege Merwin tonight. But, I'm not in a clubbing mood. I hardly feel like going anymore. It seems the millionth, lazy, slothful weekend in a row. The endurance of time. What more do I do?

... Recalling times long gone. Misty memories that flutter in the peripheral vision of my mind like butterflies. Fictional memories. ... of elegance. ... Of Love.

... Dreary. Oh, how dreamily. "I think I'm old and I'm feeling pain. And it's so cold, like the cold if you were dead." ... And this lass is. ... for all intensive purposes. I am. Dead. Ashes. ... Oh, to be a phoenix. Only that. ... to be. ...

Does the pain stop if you cry? ... Does it stop if you hate? ... And if you feel nothing, why wake up at all?

... I do not like what I've become. I do not like my inability to do that which I most need to do: trust and love.

I trust no one. Love terrifies me.

... Ha. ... How silly of me! Oh, sap. To think him to be. ... to consider it.

Vanity. Futility. I have learned. He is not the one. He will kill me, like so many others.

No one has ever cared. No one shall ever. Look very closely. See the signs. Some things never change. Did I expect things to with him? Oh, why? Naivete. Oh, foolishness. No one will ever change to love me. I am at fault. I am nothing. I am unloveable. Otherwise, he would not have hesitated. No one has ever needed time to accept me - only to reject me.

Foolishness. What a fall to set up for! ... Wanting. Hoping. Expecting. ... oh, even beginning to believe! I should have learned. As I have. ...

No one who loves you will ever hide their love. ... No one has ever loved me. No one shall. Ever. I am nothing. Unloveable. ...

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Flesh tears. The heart screams.
Fangs pierce. My flesh penetrates. . . Skin so tender. A moan escapes. Falling softly. Riding the night air like softly broken glass. Riding the flesh of the beasts. Fangs of hounds. Wild the Hunt. She shivers. With no protection from the cold. The sword of a dead king plunges into a fathomless lake.
Blood flows.

The black widow cries out. One with -
- things laugh on. . .

Tears of blood. Widow in eagle's claw. Brittany pipers and dirges old. The laugh of deep resounding horns. Beastly horns piercing flesh. Like fangs.

Falling.

Crashing.

So soon returns the day.



The Gothic Rainbow

Dismounting My bike in the conservatory, by the fountain, I walk through to the sunporch patio. With flickering, old-movie light. Yellowed funny, no happy smile. Just inside sits a young, summerdressed child, softly making a grand piano giggle among the childrens books. . . Bells. . . Of wind-up toys and blind popsicle eyes.

Upon the patio balcony I walk. There, a beautiful girl is sitting at an ebony, iron breakfast table. The table covered in the purest, white lace tablecloth. Gossamer fine. A perfect match for the girls ivory, filigree unitard. Perfumed honeysuckle. Clear, acrylic combat boots protect crossed feet. Her jacket is motorcycle-black with a Black Tape For A Blue Girl logo adorning the back and left sleeve. Silver serpent earrings slither with highlights of her long, black hair.

Eyes the purple of Arizona sunsets.

"Hello." Surprisingly, she smiles up from a book which is keeping her quite enthralled. A misty English accent spicing her voice.

". . . Hello."

"Sometimes I forget. . ."

My brow puzzles. ". . . Forget what?"

"This time You'll remember."

the gothic rainbow, the first of two novels, chronicles the adventures of night crawling vampires who prowl the gothic-industrial clubs and wreak havoc upon the lives of mere mortals. but it also explores the emotions of real people who experience the joys and sorrows of life. the gothic rainbow gives solace and escape for those who feel trapped in a messed-up world full of heartaches and misunderstandings. there is plenty of sex and violence to stimulate, but it's the delicate beauty and passionate writing of this novel that will touch your soul.

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