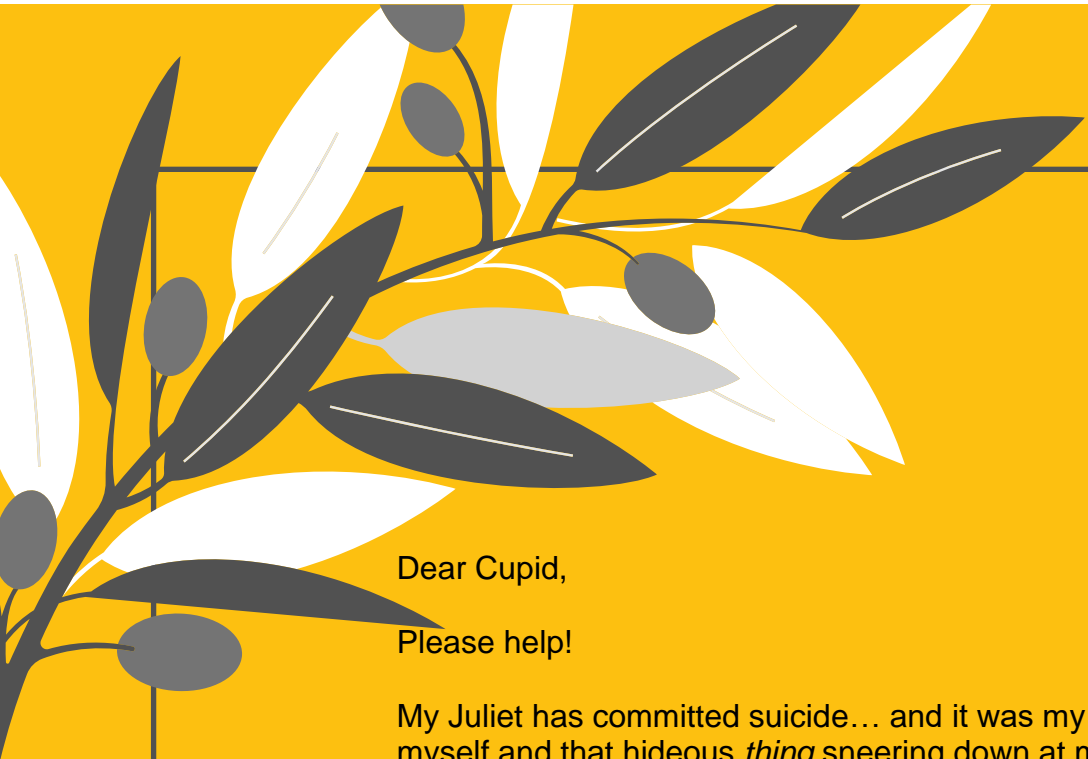


**Call on
Cupid**



Behind the mirror in the attic,
152 Hertford Street,
London
E1 SW7

Oct 31st 1893

Dear Cupid,

Please help!

My Juliet has committed suicide... and it was my fault, OH GOD. I don't know how I'll live with myself and that hideous *thing* sneering down at me, that *Thing* with its freshly red hand, murdered her as surely as if I had cut her little throat, I'll be caught red handed ha-ha... that's what I'll be, a Murderer! That's what they'll think of me! oh God, I'm ruined. WHY ME!? I'm too young and beautiful for this. Way too young and beautiful. At least... no one will know, it's not MY hand that is stained it is the portraits, there is no blood on ME, this painting takes on my ageing visage and all my guilt and sin. Cupid - does this mean I am free from my guilt?

Who am I kidding of course it does, it is not my fault after all that she took her own life. I know you'll agree Cupid, I can start again... start over, anyone would be lucky to have me. I am free from this, HA! It is not by my hand that she died, I can live on in the shadow of that *Thing* and live freely from shame and guilt and most importantly time! Free to live out my impulses, as I don't want to be at the mercy of my emotions.

So... I guess I should ask for your advice, that's the point of this contraption... know of any good operas?

Yours insincerely,
G.

By Dionne Goodman