

Over a beautiful house that cries out for attention hangs a miasma of evil.

Moths...

A story of lust, of sick possession, of murder, and of a love that couldn't win against a ghost. A story of men, dizzy with desire, stumbling like moths towards the candle, to consummation in death...

If Iris Murdoch describes a first novel as 'magical, passionate, exciting', it must be very good indeed.
And it is.

Cover photograph by Robert Golden,
photograph of the author by Zoë Dominic

