

**Ode on Offensia**  
(Written after Louis Armand's *Vampyr: A Chronicle of Revenge*)

Ali Alizadeh

Thou utterly ravished vampyr, your quietness  
is not perturbed by the excess of textual noise  
and visuals. To misquote you to yourself, I say  
life is too banal to be even an animated photograph  
or at least too mute. I'm not too deaf, not really  
to the clangour of your adventures, O fanged one  
among them such favourites as beheading 'the agent  
who'd murdered [your] mother by mistake.' Scent  
is something else the ultra-aesthetics of your tale  
seeks in addition to sound, otherwise the book  
would be reeking of offensive iron-like (ironic?)  
blood, appetising and alarming. What else? Touch  
too can't be done linguistically which is, I think, why  
on the last page we have a dark (bloody?) handprint  
to inscribe the unfulfillability of tactility. At the end  
when you see that you don't have a body—when you find  
'dead to be so absolute'—you're an allegory (although  
you may disagree) for all begrudgingly literal fiends  
who want skin, smell and, finally, taste. If I may  
disclose a secret: after my first taste of blood, which was  
I don't know when, it did occur to me that if  
things get dire—ok, not if, but when—I'll have at least  
my own veins to feed on. The blood of others? Well  
that's the question you keep sucking on, O dark one  
and I'm enchanted, sadly unconvinced by an answer  
like the parable of 'Jesus' Blood'. You do know (no?) when  
(definitely not if) the sons of the bourgeoisie are encircled  
by flames, they don't sting themselves, they sting us. So  
O shocking one, we may need to become their gravediggers  
after all. Beauty is horror, horror beauty, that's all  
we'll ever know in Hell; all we need to know.

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