
Week 12

- ❖ Hamilton

ANG1755: Vampires in Films and Literature

Winter 2020
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Guilty Pleasures

- ❖ Published in 1993
- ❖ Very popular series (25 books so far)
- ❖ Mix of creatures (vampires, lycanthropes, zombies)



Characters

- ❖ Anita Blake: animator and executioner
- ❖ Jean-Claude: 400 year-old master vampire (recurring character in the series)
- ❖ Nikolaos: 1,000 year-old master vampire, in the body of a young girl

Structure

- ❖ First-person narrative (“Willie McCoy had been a jerk before he died. His being dead didn’t change that. He sat across from me, wearing a loud plaid sport jacket” [1])

Vampires

“It had only been two years since Addison v. Clark. The court case gave us a revised version of what life was, and what death wasn’t. Vampirism was legal in the good ol’ U. S. of A. We were one of the few countries to acknowledge then. The immigration people were having fits trying to keep foreign vampires from immigrating in, well, flocks.” (3)

He smiled, flashing fang. It’s the mark of the new dead that they flash their fangs around. They like the shock effect. (27)

The voice belonged to Jean-Claude, club owner and master vampire. He looked like a vampire was supposed to look. Softly curling hair tangled with the high white lace of an antique shirt. Lace spilled over pale, long-fingered hands. The shirt hung open, giving a glimpse of lean bare chest framed by more frothy lace. Most men couldn’t have worn a shirt like that. The vampire made it seem utterly masculine. (12)

The female vampire reclined on the bed. She looked like a vampire should. Long, straight, black hair fell around her shoulders. Her dress was full-skirted and black. She wore high black boots with three-inch heels. (40)

Her voice was like her laugh, high and harmless. Planned innocence. "You think you are funny, don't you ?"

I shrugged. "It comes and goes."

She smiled at me. No fang showed. She looked so human, eyes sparkling with humor, face rounded and pleasant. See how harmless I am, just pretty child. Right. (58)

She laughed then, a sound to bring a smile to your face and a song to your heart. My stomach jerked at the noise. I might never enjoy Shirley Temple movies again. (163)

Humor

We went up three broad steps, and there was a vampire standing in front of the propped-open door. He had a black crew cut and small, pale eyes. His massive shoulders threatened to rip the right black t-shirt he wore. Wasn't pumping iron redundant after you died ? (11)

The room was huge, like a warehouse, but the walls were solid, massive stone. I kept waiting for Bela Lugosi to sweep around the corner in his cape. What was sitting against one wall was almost as good. (57)

"Well," I said, "all we need is the theme from Dracula, Prince of Darkness, and we'll be all set." (58)

I would have spend the afternoon shopping, I hate to shop. I consider it one life's necessary evils. Of course, it beat the heck out of having my life threatened by vampires. But wait; we could shopping now and be threatened by vampires in the evening. A perfect way to spend a Saturday night. (125)

The cemetery had been there a lot longer than the nursing home. Some of the stones went back to the early 1800s. I always thought the developer must have been a closer sadist to put the windows staring out over the rolling tombstoned hills. Old age is enough of a reminder of what comes next. No visual aids are needed. (134)

I was back at the church at 8:45 that night. The sky was a rich purple. Pink clouds were stretched across it like cotton candy pulled apart by eager kids and left melt. True dark was only minutes away. Ghouls would already be out and about. But the vampires had a few heartbeats of waiting left. (192)

I sounded like Horton the Elephant. "A person is a person no matter how small." What the hell was I doing standing in the middle of a cave, in the dark, surrounded by wererats, quoting Dr. Seuss, and trying to kill a one-thousand-year-old vampire? (245)

"Ding dong, the witch is dead," I said.
Edward picked it up, half-singing, "The wicked old witch." (262)

Religion

The boy that followed her was also slender and blond. He looked about fifteen, but I knew he had to be at least eighteen. Legally, you cannot join the Church of Eternal Life unless you are of age. He couldn't drink legally yet, but he could choose to die and live forever. Funny, how that didn't make much sense to me. (97)

The Church of Eternal Life was the vampire church. The first church history that could guarantee you eternal life, and prove it. No waiting around. No mystery. Just eternity on a silver platter. Most people don't believe in their immortal souls anymore. It isn't popular to worry about Heaven and hell, and whether you are an absolutely good person. So the Church was gaining followers all over the place. If you didn't believe that it destroyed your soul, what did you have to lose? Daylight. Food. Not much to give up.

It was the soul that bothered me. My immortal soul is not for sale, not even for eternity. You see, I knew vampires could die. I had proved it. No one seemed curious as to what happened to a vampire's soul when it died. (93)

There were preying on one of the most basic fears of man— death. Everyone fears death. People who don't believe in God have a hard time with death being it. Die and cease to exist. Poof. But at the Church of Eternal Life, they promise just what the name says. And they can prove it. No leap of faith. No waiting around. No question left unanswered. How does it feel to be dead? Just ask a fellow church member.

Oh, and you'll never grow old either. No face-lifts, no tummy tucks, just eternal youth. Not a bad deal, as long as you don't believe in the soul.

As long as you don't believe the soul is trapped in the vampire's body and never reach Heaven. Or worse yet, the vampires are inherently evil and you are condemned to Hell.

The Catholic Church sees voluntary vampirism as a kind of suicide. I tend to agree. (186)

Sex

Phillip's eyes were wide and terrified. The vampire hadn't put him under. He wasn't under! He was aware and scared. Dear God. He was panting, his chest rising and falling in short gasps.

The vampire looked at the audience and hissed, fangs flashing in the lights. The hiss turned the beautiful face to something bestial. His hunger rode out over the crowd. His need so intense, it made my stomach cramp. (18)

The vampire struck, teeth sinking into the flesh. Phillip shrieked, and it echoed in the club. The music died abruptly. No one moved. You could have dropped a pin.

Soft, moist sucking sounds filled the silence. Phillip began to moan, high in his throat. Over and over again, small helpless sounds.

I looked in the crowd. They were with the vampire, feeling his hunger, his need, feeling his feed. Maybe sharing Phillip's terror, I didn't know. I was apart from it, and glad. (19)

"Thank you," he said. He rewarded me with one of those brilliant smiles. If had been less professional, it might have melted me into my socks. There was a tinge of evil to it, a lot of sex, but under that was a boy peeking out, an uncertain little boy. That was it. That was the attraction. Nothing is more appealing than a handsome man who is also uncertain himself.

It appeals not only to a woman in us all, but the mother. A dangerous combination. Luckily, I was immune. Sure. Besides, I had seen Phillip's idea of sex. He was definitely not my type. (125)

It was damn embarrassing that every time he took his shirt off, my brain went out to lunch. But no more; I had had my first and last kiss from Phillip of the many scars. From now on I would remain the tough-as-nails vampire slayer, not to be distracted by rippling muscles or nice eyes.

My fingers touches the bite mark. It hurt. No more Mrs. Nice Guy. If Phillip came near me again, I was going to hurt him. Of course, knowing Phillip, he'd probably enjoy it. (149)

A tall black woman rose from the couch. Her rather plentiful breasts threatened to squeeze out of a black wire bra. A crimson skirt with more holes than cloth hung from the bra and moved as she walked, giving glimpses of dark flesh. I was betting she was naked under the skirt. (138)

Madge licked her lips, slowly, suggestively. Her eyes said she was thinking naughty things about me, and her. No way. Rochelle switched her skirt, exposing far too much thigh: I had been right. She was naked under the skirt. I'd die first.

[...]

I put a hand on his chest to keep him from coming any closer. The hair on his chest was coarse and thick, black. I've never been a fan of hairy chests. Give me smooth any day. (139)

He rubbed claws through the fur of his thighs. It drew my attention to him, between his legs. I looked away, and heat rushed up my skin. I was blushing. Damn!

My voice came out almost steady. "Is that supposed to be impressive?" I asked.

He froze for an instant, then snarled, "Get her down here!"

Great, Anita, antagonize him. Imply that his equipment is a little undersized. (49)

He wrapped his long, naked tail through his clawed hands. "You ever been had by a were?"

I wasn't sure if he was taking sex or as a meal. Neither sounded pleasant. [...]

I chose sex and said, "You haven't got what it takes, ratman." [...]

"Is this the only way you get any sex, forcing yourself on someone? Are you ugly in human form as you are right now?" (52)