"A WILDE DESIRE TOOK ME": THE HOMOEROTIC HISTORY OF *DRACULA*

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Recent treatments of Bram Stoker's novel analyze its homoerotic desperation, unconscious desire, and deeply buried trauma.[1] Not one critic, however, has recognized that Stoker began writing *Dracula* one month after his friend, rival, and compatriot Oscar Wilde was convicted of the crime of sodomy. Wilde's influence on Stoker has been neglected partly because much of Stoker's biographical information has disappeared.[2] Without knowing of Stoker's corrosive long-term relationship with Wilde, critics have lacked a context for analyzing Wilde's effect: an earthquake that destabilized the fragile, carefully elaborated mechanisms through which Stoker routed his desires. Stoker's careful erasure of Wilde's name from all his published (and unpublished) texts gives a reader the impression that Stoker was airily ignorant of Wilde's existence. Nothing could be further from the truth. The two men had an intimate and varied history lasting for at least twenty years, precisely of the sort whose permutations have been mapped in reliable precision by Eve Sedgwick. Stoker's erasures can be read without much difficulty; they utilize a recognizeable code that was, perhaps, designed to be broken. In texts patently about Wilde, Stoker crammed the gaps where Wilde's name should appear with terms like 'degeneracy,' 'reticence,' 'discretion,' and references to police arrests of authors. *Dracula* explores Stoker's fear and anxiety as a closeted homosexual man during Oscar Wilde's trial.[3] The novel is generally considered Stoker's only successful novel among many potboilers, as it constructed an enduring modern horror myth; regardless of the usefulness of this canonical distinction, its continuing acceptance does register a recognizably different affect provided by *Dracula*. This peculiar tonality of horror derives from Stoker's emotions at this unique moment in gay history. Oscar Wilde's trial set up a stark set of alternatives—safe concealment, or tempting revelation—yet forbade anyone to choose between the two. The trial's own interplay of disguise, half-admission, defense, and denial placed Wilde on the threshold of the closet. Thus the two extremes acquired value from their unattainability; the closet seemed like perfect sanctuary; coming out seemed like liberatory honesty. For a gay observer like Stoker, secrecy and self-assertion both became desirable goals even as

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Wilde's trial constructed 1890's homosexual identity as a delicate negotiation between them.

Honesty and secrecy are twin impossible ideals, for homosexuality is always an open secret:

> [There is] radical uncertainty closeted gay people are likely to feel about who is in control of information about their sexual identity. . . . no one person can take control over all the multiple, often contradictory codes by which information about sexual identity and activity can seem to be conveyed.[4]

Dracula takes place on that ambiguous threshold between the known and the unknown. Harker journeys from Bistritz, "a fairly well-known place," to the "waste of desolation" of Castle Dracula, and the landscape marks his marginal status; he rides on the borders of three states.[5] In the rest of the novel, Dracula's victims constantly negotiate between hiding or revealing their condition. *Dracula* seems to be structured by the anguishing choice between repressed helplessness and dangerous action, and it is the unconsciousness of the whole problem that gives the novel its mythic status. The crisis of the closet in 1895 makes *Dracula* a horror novel; but *Dracula* 's happy ending only shows that the closet is no longer a crisis but a state of complex, lived social relations whose inescapability—therefore, in a sense, whose normality—constitutes Jonathan Harker's hope of happiness. By the novel's last page, Harker has learned to love the memory of his internment in Castle Dracula, and has organized both a homosocial band of 'brothers' and a bourgeois family to revolve endlessly around that nucleus.

The earliest surviving document of Stoker's gender self-analysis is a remarkable letter to Walt Whitman, which records the particular accents of Stoker's closet discourse. Due to its passionate homoeroticism, this Whitman letter has been ignored or euphemized by Stoker scholars.

Love of Whitman was a widespread cultural phenomenon in England at this time; Stoker himself writes of recruiting younger men to establish "a little cult."[6] Stoker went to Camden three times, to find Whitman "all that I had ever dreamed of, or wished for" (*R*, 2:100–106). The men corresponded for years. Stoker requested a set of autographed books from Whitman, who also sent him a photograph and a copy of *Leaves of Grass*, and bequeathed him the original notes for Whitman's Abraham Lincoln lecture (*R*, 2:107–8, 111).[7] According to Sedgwick, photographs and books of Whitman and admiring references to Whitman, "functioned as badges of homosexual recognition" in the England of the fin-de-siècle.[8]

In its painfully intense frankness, especially its frankness about his inability to be frank, Stoker's love letter stands alone among all his writing.

> I would like to call you Comrade and to talk to you as men who are not poets do not often talk. I think that at first a man would be ashamed, for a man cannot in a moment break the habit of comparative reticence that has become a second nature to him, but I know I would not be long ashamed to be natural before you. . . . You have shaken off the shackles and your wings are free. I have the shackles on my shoulders still—but I have no wings. If you are going to read this letter any further I should tell you that I am not prepared to 'give up all else' so far as words go.[9]

That last sentence presciently warns that Stoker's words—his novels, articles, histories—would remain 'reticent'; that he was willing to abjure secrecy in the unwritten spaces of the bedroom alone. He concludes that pure revelation can occur in speech alone. "How sweet a thing it is for a strong healthy man with a woman's eyes and a child's wishes to feel that he can speak so to a man who can be if he wishes father, and brother and wife to his soul."[10]

Stoker thanks Whitman, in the last line of his letter, for "all the love and sympathy you have given me in common with my kind."[11] It is significant that Stoker believes he has a "kind"—that he belongs to a species set apart (his definition anticipates the turn-of-the-century decision that homosexuality is an essential identity peculiar to a recognizeable minority, rather than a frequently practiced act called 'sodomy'). As a self-consciously proud member of "my kind," Stoker eschews widespread cultural attitudes towards homosexuality, complaining about "an atmosphere prejudiced towards the truths you sing" and "a conservative country."[12] He seems secure in his self-defined identity as member of a misunderstood group grateful for sympathy.

In 1876, Stoker commented on his earlier letter:

> The years which have passed have not been uneventful to me, and I have felt and thought and suffered much in them . . . and I do believe that your open earnest speech has not been thrown away on me or that my life and thought fail to be marked with its impress.[13]

Instead of a love letter, he now asks for a verbal exchange in which revelation might be safe. "I only hope that we may sometimes meet and I shall be able perhaps to say what I cannot write."[14] Stoker is more cautious and the twin urges of secrecy and revelation are more deeply

intertwined—notice how his assertion of his 'openness' of "life and thought" conflicts with his admission that he "cannot write" his thoughts. Whitman's testimony establishes that Stoker retained a strong sense of self-identity as a homosexual man well into the 1880's. In 1889, Whitman told his companion Horace Traubel: "He seems to have remained of the same mind, mainly, in substance, as at first."[15]

In the 1870s, Stoker established himself as an open member of that nascent homosexual culture centered around Whitman.[16] In 1912, he demanded imprisonment of homosexual writers. What had changed?

The longer answer lies in the ideology of secrecy whose filaments thread through the fabric of Stoker's Whitman literature and gently changed its color. The shorter answer is Oscar Wilde's trial, which changed the nature of Stoker's self-imaging. But the two answers are intertwined. Wilde's trial had such a profound effect on Stoker precisely because it fed Stoker's pre-existing obsession with secrecy, making Stoker retrospectively exaggerate the secrecy in his own writings on male love. In his Whitman letter, the stress of speaking openly is made painfully evident, as Stoker points out his openness with obsessive regularity. "I write this openly because I feel that with you one must be open"; "I only hope that we may sometime meet and I shall be able perhaps to say what I cannot write"; "a man cannot in a moment break the habit of comparative reticence that has become second nature to him"; "I am . . . naturally secretive to the world"; "I have read your poems with my door locked late at night"; "you must feel you are reading [my] true words"; "I have been more candid with you—have said more about myself to you than I have ever said to any one before."[17] If it is difficult for Stoker to break his secrecy and reticence, it is also a great pleasure. He caresses his secrecy in order to emphasize the enjoyment of penetrating it.

But in the new century after Wilde's trial, Stoker turned secrecy into a reified object that must be respected. In Stoker's later writing, he used terms like 'reticent' without using contrapuntal terms like 'open.' 'Secret' and 'reticent' now stand for a complex of concerns they can only name antonymically. Stoker began by exploring the no-man's land between closet and coming out. But in his semi-autobiographical *Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving*, he elaborated the closet into a synecdoche for the whole struggle, making us infer something to be candid about from his ritual invocation of 'secrecy.' Stoker now writes from a position in which 'secrets' had been carefully funneled into books, unraveled into miniscule separate strands and allocated to fictional characters. Coming out—'opening their hearts'—becomes too crude a term for the work of

sublimation and dissemination Stoker was engaged upon. His later texts whittle his desires into perfect camouflage within the "garden-land of convention."[18] Metaphors of stones and sharp points come to represent this reified secrecy.

It is important to trace, not Stoker's sexual history, but the textual history of Stoker's repressed sexuality. We need to locate the metaphors by which he named the love that so famously could not speak its name. This detective work will help us understand that contemporary homosexuality was not simply poured into language that contained it with varying success. Rather, homosexuality was produced by the language that evaluated, disguised, and denounced it. Through descriptions of himself, his idol Whitman, his employer Henry Irving, and his friend Hall Caine, Stoker invented the discourse that became *Dracula.*

The two-volume *Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving* reads like the documentation of a love affair. When Stoker first saw Irving act, he saw, quite literally, the man of his dreams. "What I saw, to my amazement and delight, was a patrician figure as real as the person of one's dreams, and endowed with the same poetic grace" (*R*, 1:3). At their first dinner together, Irving recited "The Dream of Eugene Aram." Stoker records:

> Outwardly I was as of stone; nought quick in me but receptivity and imagination. [But] the whole thing was new, re-created by a force of passion which was like a new power. . . . here was incarnate power, incarnate passion, so close to one that one could meet it eye to eye, within touch of one's outstretched hand. (*R*, 1:29–30)

Stoker's language constructs a mutual attraction by articulating two 'passions.' The bodily surge of the writing is unmistakeable, as Stoker stresses Irving's "incarnate" embodied power, their physical proximity, and describes himself as a combination of internal quick fluid energy and external rigid erect stone. Relief comes at last. "I can only say that after a few seconds of stony silence I burst into something like hysterics" (*R*, 1:31).

Stoker repeats "passion," "power," "incarnate," and "eye," as if allocating them to two people yearning towards each other. This repetition is the hallmark of his discourse about Irving. Worrying about his hysteria, he assures himself: "I was no hysterical subject. I was no green youth; no weak individual, yielding to a superior emotional force. I was as men go a strong man, strong in many ways. . . . I was physically immensely strong" (*R*, 1:31–32). Irving, himself nearly overcome, ran out of the room after his recitation, and returned with a photograph of himself on

which he had written: "My dear friend Stoker, God bless you! God bless you!"[19] The repetition shows that Irving participates in this linguistic mutuality, whose template might be 'do you take this man? do you take this woman?'

> In those moments of our mutual emotion he too had found a friend. Soul had looked into soul! From that hour began a friendship as profound, as close, as lasting as can be between two men. . . . And the sight of his picture before me, with those loving words, the record of a time of deep emotion and full understanding of us both, each for the other, unmans me once again as I write. (*R*, 1:33)

Stoker can enjoy being 'unmanned' because he empties the term of physical signification. Soul looked into soul—hand did not touch hand. The nonphysical adoration between the two men gets praised in something that sounds rather like a toast at an anniversary party: "We understood each other's nature, needs, and ambitions, and had a mutual confidence, each towards the other in his own way, rare amongst men" (*R*, 1:60). Mutuality—the mirroring effect of homosexuality—becomes so overwhelming as to make the sentence almost incomprehensible. But Stoker could publically idealize the relationship because it was only an ideal; there is no evidence that Stoker's hand, so close to Irving's performing body, could ever reach out to touch.[20] Precisely because Stoker was so open about his love for Irving, it seems likely that his love was never consummated; in other words, he could be open because he had nothing to hide. Stoker spent many nights alone with Irving until dawn broke—talking intensely. No wonder, then, that Phyllis Roth can write:

> Stoker's friendship with Irving was the most important love relationship of his adult life. His description of his reaction to Irving's recitation is that of someone who is falling in love, and Stoker's own words seem calculated both to express that fact and to insure that it not be misunderstood, that it not be taken as anything other than an extraordinarily close friendship.[21]

Hidden in the British Library's manuscript collection is a passionate four-page letter of thanks from Stoker to a reporter who gave Irving's acting a good review: "Out of my own love for the man I feel my heart warmer to you."[22] *Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving* is a last testament to the most profound male love Stoker ever experienced. "Then began the close friendship between us which only terminated

with his life—if indeed friendship, like any other form of love, can ever terminate" (*R*, 1:25–26). (By contrast, his wife is mentioned only twice in *Personal Reminiscences*—once because their wedding surprised Irving, and again when Stoker compares himself and his wife to "Darby and Joan.")

Stoker's particular textual codes express homoerotic passion through repetition, invocations of openness, and accounts of his hidden hysteria. These techniques also punctuate his description of his close friend, the novelist Hall Caine.

> His image rises now before me. He sits on a low chair in front of the fire; his face is pale, something waxen-looking in the changing blues of the flame. His red hair, fine and long, and pushed back from his high forehead, is so thin that through it as the flames leap we can see the white line of the head so like to Shakespeare's. He is himself all aflame. His hands have a natural eloquence—something like Irving's; they foretell and emphasize the coming thoughts. His large eyes shine like jewels as the firelight flashes. Only my wife and I are present, sitting like Darby and Joan at either side of the fireplace. As he goes on he gets more and more afire till at the last he is like a living flame. The end of his story leaves us fired and exalted too. . . . He was quite done up; the man exhausts himself in narrative. (*R*, 2:119)

As Caine repeatedly burns, Stoker gets 'fired' too. The mystical, non-physical, exhausting flame of male exaltation crackles in sharp contrast to the dull domestic heterosexual couple of "Darby and Joan."[23] As in "Eugene Aram," one man's narrative delivery works his passive recipient into a shared instant of exaltation and then mutual exhaustion. "Eugene Aram" and "narrative," bodies of text, may be displacements for the physical body that Stoker really desires. Fictions may begin as replacements, but they can lose their reference; in *Dracula,* a text is an object of desire, stolen, hidden, protected, copied, and transmitted from man to man. (Stoker dedicated *Dracula* to Caine and Caine dedicated his short stories to Stoker.) In Stoker's sublimated sexual universe, a 'book' is not a clumsy substitute for 'body' but an actually affective sexual experience itself. Literary orgasm avoids the dangers of homosexual sex: in Stoker's words, "public ignominy, police interference, or the reproaches of conscience."[24] As in the "Eugene Aram" scene, when Stoker "outwardly . . . was of stone," Stoker here "sit[s] quite still" (*R*, 1:29–30). In both erotic climaxes, he plays the motionless recipient while another man's word pours into him. In these two scenes, we see the characteristic

structuring of Stoker's erotic fantasy—that it is precisely the presence of a 'fantasy,' a poem, narrative, (or perhaps a horror novel?) that gives him pleasure.

After Wilde's trial, Stoker changed his conceptions of the virtues of fantasy. He wrote two articles arguing that narrative is sexually exciting—and must therefore be suppressed by the state.[25] In these articles, Stoker demands increased police repression of 'my kind.' For 'my kind' now carries the indelible name of Oscar Wilde, and these articles form part of Stoker's lifelong attempt to write about Wilde's tragedy.

In "The Censorship of Stage Plays" (1909), Stoker uses code terms for homosexuality like "decadence," "indecency," and "morbid psychology" in combination with the drama to target Wilde covertly:

> [We must] take militant action . . . against such movements of reaction and decadence as are made by the defenders of indecency of thought and action. . . . were such base efforts continuous, some effective means of repression and punishment would have to be brought to bear.[26]

His gleeful emphasis on punishment resurrects the apparatus of state control exerted most famously on Oscar Wilde's body. The state is doing the violent work of secrecy and repression to which Stoker had always felt allegiance. Indeed, in this article Stoker resurrects his cherished codes for the closet, which we first saw in the Whitman letter.

> We do not allow to the human what we overlook in other animals. Hence arise such words expressive of ideas as "discretion," "decency," "reticence," "taste," and the whole illuminative terminology based on higher thought and ambition for the worthy advance of mankind.[27]

If the habit of "reticence" had become "second nature" in the Whitman letters, it is now guiding moral standard. Quietist words like "reticence" and "discretion" disrupt his moments of self-revelation. They consistently replace gay confessions, and can be read as standing in for the absent confession—an act of metonymy becomes not only useful but actually necessary. "Discretion" and "reticence" refer to the text their presence represses. Stoker identifies with the national anti-Wilde homophobia, partly to disguise his own vulnerability as a gay man, partly because it justifies his belief in the value of the closet, and partly from horror at the monstrous image of Wilde produced by the media, which would haunt men of 'his kind.' Wilde's grotesquely distorted public persona became the face of homosexuality in 1895—the face Stoker was supposed to see in his own mirror, that would indeed support his self-

accusation of 'ugliness.' Thus Jonathan Harker expects to see the monstrous face of Dracula in his own mirror.

Stoker stretches self-hatred further in "The Censorship of Fiction" (1908), perhaps galvanized by the publication of Wilde's collected works in June of that year. He singles out literature with homosexual themes: "Vices so flagitious, so opposed to even the decencies of nature in its crudest and lowest forms, that the poignancy of moral disgust is lost in horror" (*F*, 485). Although Stoker refused to name the offensive author, his rhetoric reveals that it is Oscar Wilde.

> There exists a censorship of a kind, but it is crude and coarse and clumsy, and difficult of operation—the police. . . . it is the coarseness and unscrupulousness of certain writers of fiction which has brought the evil; on their heads be it. (*F*, 486)

The article argues that these authors are criminal because they teach their otherwise 'normal' readers to experience homosexual desire. Stoker holds novels—"noxious drugs" and "intoxicants"—responsible for his sexuality (*F*, 483, 485). Basically, Wilde should have repressed himself better.

> No one has power to stop the workings of imagination, not even the individual whose sensoria afford its source. But the individual producer or recorder can control his own utterances; he may have to feel, but he need not of necessity speak or write. And so individual discretion is the first line of defense against such evils as may come from imagination—itself pure, a process of thought, working unintentionally with impure or dangerous materials. (*F*, 482)

This multiply divided and utterly powerless authorial self bears eloquent witness to the melancholic costs of self-censorship. The climax of this passage is the phrase, "individual discretion." "Discretion" is one of Stoker's code words for the closet. Modified by "individual," it shows the loneliness that the closet exacts. "Discretion" now gains a double meaning—both 'discreet,' quiet, and 'discrete,' apart. To be discrete is to be separate from 'my kind' and especially separate from 'myself.'

The furthest extension of 'discretion' is censorship. "To prevent [decadence], the censorship must be continuous and rigid. There must be no beginning of evil, no flaws in the mason-work of the dam" (*F*, 481). This rigid, erect, flawless monument, however, can barely hold back the article's own fascination with incontinence. Indeed, censorship empowers homosexual fictions since it constructs them as universally appealing "intoxicants." From the potent tower of censorship, Stoker can safely

direct our gaze at the forbidden land beneath, made more alluring by its danger and distance—rather like the vista of green tree-tops beneath Castle Dracula's cliff. His "rigid" "dam" of censorship resembles his "stone" exterior and his "still" body during Irving's and Caine's respective stories. This useful metaphor hides his excitement and expresses his erection at the same time. The censor's pen writes an ambiguous line. It should be no surprise that, within the stony fastness of Castle Dracula, censorship flourishes: Dracula reads and destroys Harker's illicit literary productions, and within the great stone lunatic asylum, Dracula burns Seward's overemotional diary.

Stoker's other works during this period, *The Man* and *Famous Imposters*, search for a linguistic mode between closeting and coming out.[28] Just as Stephen Norman wears a riding habit both masculine and feminine (including waistcoat, whip, and skirt), just as the Chevalier d'Eon wore women's gowns while being a "very gallant soldier," so Stoker experiments with the relation between visible gender and invisible identification, between stony exterior and internal flame.[29] *Famous Imposters*'s concern with 'imposture' is a final confession about a lifetime of disguise that serves the same function as Wilde's famous fascination with masks. The figure usefully manages to emphasize the idea of secrecy without revealing the secret itself. 'Masks' and 'imposters' let Wilde and Stoker write their experiences of life in the closet, without ever having to step out of it.

Wilde and Stoker shared more than a metaphor. Wilde's ghost hovers behind all of Stoker's writings on sexuality. He is the absent antagonist of "The Censorship of Fiction" and "The Censorship of Stage Plays." In *Personal Reminiscences* his name has been ostentatiously erased. Although Stoker and Wilde socialized frequently, Stoker never mentions him, even in a twelve-page list of his famous acquaintances. Wilde is a vampire who stalks the margins of Stoker's texts, leaving behind a thread of blood that Stoker tries to staunch with words like "reticent" and "discretion." But how can he be discreet unless he has a secret? And the vampire is famously hard to kill.

Just as Van Helsing closely resembles his archenemy Dracula, Stoker bears many similarities to Wilde. Stoker and Wilde probably first met in the 1870s, when Stoker was at Trinity College in Dublin and befriended Wilde's parents, Sir William Wilde and Lady Wilde. Stoker attended the Wilde's literary salon.[30] Lady 'Speranza' Wilde liked Stoker, and thought of renting a flat from him when she moved to London. About 1875 she wrote Oscar that Bram Stoker "never gets into debt and his character is excellent."[31] Stoker affectionately recorded anecdotes of Speranza's wit

and fervent Irish patriotism.[32] In 1875 Stoker spent Christmas with the Wilde family, including Oscar who was home from Oxford.[33]

Oscar Wilde was home for Christmas because he was courting the woman that George du Maurier called one of the three most beautiful women in England: Florence Balcombe. At Christmas 1875, Wilde gave her a small gold cross engraved with both their names. He also wrote love poems for her.[34] If Wilde brought his near-fiancée to Christmas dinner, he may have actually introduced Bram Stoker to Florence Balcombe. Her relationship with Wilde seemed to progress smoothly. In 1877 and 1878, Wilde drew a careful portrait of Florence, described her as "more lovely than ever," rambled about Dublin with her and sent her a cordial Easter card.[35] A few months after Easter, however, Wilde was shocked to learn that Florence was engaged—to Bram Stoker.

Stoker and Florence married quite suddenly in December 1878, having kept their engagement a secret from most of their friends.[36] Wilde wrote petulantly: "Though you have not thought it worth while to let me know of your marriage, still I cannot leave Ireland without sending you my wishes that you may be happy."[37] He learned of the engagement in October 1878, though not from Florence.[38] Dejected and hurt, Wilde demanded that Florence return his little gold cross:

> I need hardly say that I would not ask it from you if it was anything you valued, but worthless though the trinket be, it serves as a memory of two sweet years—the sweetest of all the years of my youth—and I should like to have it always with me.[39]

Florence suggested that she and Wilde could exchange the cross at the home of Thornley Stoker, Bram's brother. But Wilde responded that "it would be painful for both of us" and "it would have been unfair to you, and me, and to the man you are going to marry." Wilde was acutely conscious of his role as a man of honor, who could not compromise another man's fiancée; thus he refused to see her anywhere but under her mother's roof and he indignantly repudiated her suggestion that he wanted a "clandestine 'meeting.'"[40]

His acutely felt rivalry with Stoker seems more powerful than his love for Florence; indeed, his love becomes a weapon in this war. Wilde's affections were revitalized under the stimulus of competition with Stoker. In the spring he sent Florence a short Easter card, but in the autumn he wrote her sad, lyrical love letters.[41] Three years after her marriage, when Florence acted as an extra in the Lyceum production of "The Cup," Wilde anonymously sent her a crown of flowers.

> I should like to think that she was wearing something of mine the first night she comes on the stage, that anything of mine should touch her. Of course if you think—but you won't think she will suspect? How could she? She thinks I never loved her, thinks I forget. My God how could I?[42]

Wilde's amorous writing may only have been an outlet for the real erotic energies generated by Florence's marriage—the rivalry between himself and Stoker. His love letters are interestingly structured for Stoker's benefit. Wilde worries about embarrassing, outraging, or compromising Stoker by meeting Florence in an improper place. The newly triangulated relationship gives Wilde power, which he articulates by his written refusal to exercise it. Wilde's letters show him reveling in his new status as a dangerously sexual being with whom Florence cannot be safely alone. But Florence seems far too careless of his new role as Stoker's manly rival, since she offers to meet him at a stranger's house instead of clinging to the safety of the maternal chaperone. Therefore Wilde has to indignantly assert his rival's rights: "It would be unfair to you, and me, and to the man you are going to marry."

Eve Sedgwick's *Between Men* argues that men can express their homoerotic energies through rivalry over a woman. In 1878, Florence became the conduit through which Wilde's and Stoker's complex feelings about each other could flow. The situation was doubly complicated, since Wilde and Stoker also competed for Henry Irving. Stoker and Florence married hastily in December 1878 because Stoker had just been hired as Irving's business manager. But Irving was also Wilde's idol, whom Wilde met for the first time probably on 28 November 1879.[43] Wilde "could talk of nothing but the impression made upon him by plays and players. . . . Irving's 'Macbeth' . . . made a great impression on him; he was fascinated by it."[44] Wilde even wrote a sonnet calling Irving "thou trumpet for Shakespeare's lips to blow!" Thus Stoker vanquished Wilde in two different erotic triangles. Stoker had won both Florence and Irving—he was moving to London's theatre world, to live with one and work with the other—while Wilde was still an Oxford undergraduate.

Wilde's envy must have been complicated by his previous emotions about Stoker. His mother's letter hints that Wilde disliked Stoker—her insistence on Stoker's "excellent character" sounds like she was trying to convince a recalcitrant audience. The two men attended Trinity at the same time. Stoker's record at Trinity was outstanding. He was voted the most popular man at Trinity in the 1870's.[45] He was the first man to be president of both the Philosophical Society and auditor of the Historical Society simultaneously, and he was also the athletics champion of Trinity.

(He took first place in weightlifting and was unbeaten in walking races.[46]) As president of the Philosophical Society, Stoker set an avant-garde, aestheticist tone, discussing Whitman, Rossetti, and Swinburne.[47] Stoker probably saw Wilde as an ally in the fight for Whitman, since Wilde was a strong Whitmanite whose mother had read him *Leaves of Grass* when it first appeared in 1868. Therefore Stoker lost no time in personally proposing Wilde for the Philosophical Society.[48] But Stoker's expectations with regard to Wilde were soon disappointed. Wilde obediently joined the Philosophical Society but hardly ever participated.[49] Moreover, Wilde's indolence and indulgence rebelled against the credo of manly athleticism practiced at Trinity. The students there "were worse even than the boys at Portora . . . they thought of nothing but cricket and football, running and jumping."[50] Although Wilde and Stoker were alike in their aestheticism, their Whitman loyalty, their physical size, and their cautious exploration of alternative sexualities, they differed in their basic attitudes towards social norms. Wilde was beginning to perfect his attitude of questioning conventional morality, while Stoker's morality remained nothing if not conventional. Stoker believed in manliness, chivalry, and bluff good humor.[51] Wilde did not so much disbelieve in these standards as find them utterly irrelevant.

Stoker was seven years older than Wilde. He was like an older brother whom Wilde's parents loved, who 'won' Florence Balcombe, who got the job with Irving, who surpassed Wilde at college, who led Wilde in aestheticism, in Whitman fervor, in popularity, and in athletic achievement. From Stoker's perspective, Wilde was a younger man to be humored, used, and encouraged, though perhaps not really liked. But he could threaten Stoker's easy predominance. For instance, he was a much better classical scholar than Stoker, and won a scholarship to Oxford while Stoker reluctantly held a hated civil service job and yearned to return to college. Their rivalry burst into the open with Florence, but it had been flowing underground for many years. Florence's presence transformed a competition into an erotic triangle. Wilde evidently enjoyed the power this new arrangement ascribed to him, while Florence's attitude may be guessed by the fact that she treasured Wilde's letters throughout her life. Did Stoker find the triangular affair exciting? René Girard argues that often the rivalry determines its object, rather than the object creating the rivalry: one chooses the beloved because that beloved is already the choice of one's rival.[52] What went through Stoker's mind at the Christmas table in 1875, watching the newly suave, well-dressed, self-confident, Oxford Oscar Wilde laughing with his sweetheart Florence Balcombe?

The competition between Wilde and Stoker eventually evaporated into good manners. Both men ended up in the narrow social circle of the London theatre crowd. While Stoker ran the Lyceum, Wilde's favorite theatre, and Wilde wrote plays for Irving, they had to construct a viable public friendship. From forgotten invitations, ephemeral gossip columns, letters, and anecdotes buried in memoirs, we can elicit an image of Stoker's and Wilde's interaction between, roughly, 1885 and 1895. Wilde sent the Stokers copies of his books, came to parties and dinners at the Lyceum, and to more private dinners at the Stokers's own house. In turn, the Stokers attended the Wildes's "At Homes" and the first night's performances of his plays. A brief consideration of their mutual friends would lead one to believe that Stoker and Wilde must have met at every other dinner party. They lived in neighboring streets in Chelsea and they worked in the same profession. Among actors, they were both close to Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Sarah Bernhardt, and Lillie Langtry. Theatre critic Clement Scott, who helped Wilde start his literary career, was a close friend of Stoker's (their unpublished letters reveal that they planned to write a book together).[53] Artists like John Everett Millais and Sir Edward Burne-Jones socialized with both men. Wilde's nemesis/best friend/brother-wit Whistler asked Stoker to become his business manager. Wilde also encountered Stoker every time he communicated with his idol, Henry Irving. From 1885, when Wilde announced he would be "delighted to see . . . Florrie again" to June of 1894, when the Wildes thanked Stoker for sending them box seats at the Lyceum, the two couples were in constant, cordial communication.[54] Finally, Wilde's and Stoker's shared Dublin history meant that their families were also friendly. Stoker knew Oscar's brother Willie not only from the Wildes's salon but also from Trinity, where Willie was active in the Philosophical Society.[55] Wilde knew at least two of Stoker's three brothers. Since Florence suggested meeting at Thornley Stoker's house, Wilde probably knew Thornley well enough to drop by casually. And Wilde knew Stoker's younger brother, George, as well: "An Irish throat specialist named George Stoker interrupted him in the full flow of his discourse with 'That shows what a fat lot you know about it!' Oscar burst out laughing: 'You are impossible, George!'"[56]

When the court convicted Wilde of sodomy, most of these mutual friends expressed pain and rage, throwing Stoker's stubborn, strange silence into sharp relief. We can try to guess Stoker's reaction from the known feelings of his friends Hall Caine, Ellen Terry, and Henry Irving. But their vociferous anger at Wilde's trial only makes Stoker's silence

harder to locate. Hall Caine was horrified by Wilde's downfall. According to Coulson Kernahan:

> I met [Wilde's] friend and mine, Mr. Hall Caine, immediately after the verdict and sentence. I have seen Caine ill, and I have seen him deeply moved, even distressed, but I remember always to his honour (for Wilde not seldom made Caine's writing the butt of his wit) the anguish in his face as he said: "God pity him in this hour when human pity there seems none! To think of it! that man, that genius as he is, whom you and I have seen fêted and flattered! Whose hand we have grasped in friendship! a felon, and come to infamy unspeakable! It haunts me, it is like some foul and horrible stain on our craft and on us all, which nothing can wash out. It is the most awful tragedy in the whole history of literature."[57]

It is unclear whether Caine feels haunted by Wilde's 'crime,' by the inhumanity of British justice, or by regret for his own association with Wilde. Almost alone in the theater world, Ellen Terry and Henry Irving actively supported Wilde. During Wilde's trial, a veiled lady delivered a bunch of violets and a horseshoe (with a card "For Luck") to Wilde's door. The lady is generally believed to have been Ellen Terry, and, since violets were Irving's favorite flower, "the violets suggest that Irving and Ellen Terry were partners in this kindly gesture."[58] Terry defended Wilde, particularly after he wrote *De Profundis,* which she considered to have 'purified' him.[59] (Her emphasis on 'purification' resurfaces in *Dracula.*) According to a biographer, she "went out of her way to praise him when even to mention his name in normal society was to risk the severest disapprobation."[60] Irving was equally outspoken in his support for Wilde. His grandson writes:

> Irving must have felt a profound contempt for the members of his profession who were riding to Lord Queensberry's hounds. Irving did not know Wilde very well, though his sons delighted in his company and in his gentle wit.[61]

It is unlikely that Stoker would have braved his friend's "profound contempt" by giving the opinions about the necessity of police control that surfaced later in his "Censorship" articles. Three days before Wilde was released, Wilde's friend Charles Ricketts saw him and "quoted Ellen Terry's recent praise of him, which a friend had repeated to me and . . . the sympathy of Henry Irving."[62] Most interestingly, there is an uncorroborated rumor that Stoker himself went to Paris to bring Wilde money

in 1900.[63] If true, the episode would prove that Stoker felt passionate, loyal support for Wilde at the same moment that he erased Wilde's name from his autobiography.

Finally, Stoker received a direct appeal for sympathy for Oscar Wilde. It came from Oscar's brother Willie, in an unpublished letter dated 16 July 1895:

> Bram, old friend, poor Oscar was not as bad as people thought him. He was led astray by his vanity & conceit, & he was so 'got at' that he was weak enough to be guilty—of indiscretions and follies—that is all. He is taking his punishment. . . 'with manly fortitude', & from my heart I believe this thing will help to purify him body & soul. Am sure you & Florence must have felt the disgrace of one who cared for you both sincerely. . . . I wd like to talk to you.[64]

Stoker's response has apparently been lost, if indeed he ever wrote one—unlike the other letters in the University of Leeds collection, this letter has no pencilled notation signifying 'answered.' We may never know if the feelings Willie Wilde ascribed to Stoker were in fact the ones Stoker experienced. The letter may give a distorted picture of the men's friendship—Willie's alcoholism exacerbated his sentimentality, so the closeness he constructs between Oscar and Stoker may be a wishful fiction.[65] But the letter importantly establishes two facts. First, Stoker was seen as Wilde's friend and expected to feel unhappy at Wilde's disgrace. Second, in mid-July—two weeks before beginning *Dracula*—Stoker was thinking about Wilde.

As a man who loved tales of horror, Stoker may have felt a certain painful thrill in Wilde's infamy, which after all outdoes "Eugene Aram." His silence with regard to Wilde's trial may simply represent the prehysteric immobility that he experienced at Irving's recitation. As a man who stressed male loyalties, Stoker may have found himself torn apart by the trial's competing demands; for if the defendant Wilde was an old rival, the prosecutor Carson was Stoker's old particular protegé from Trinity's Historical Society.[66] Stoker had disseminated his homoerotic desires into several nonphysical circuits. He found his pleasures in receiving other men's texts. He triangulated his desire through a woman, transforming himself and the other man into rivals. And he enjoyed hearing of others' intense experiences—their poems, ballads, and stories. Wilde's trial challenged these three strategies. The trial was the horror story dominating London, a sort of dreadful parody of the sort of stories that excited Stoker. The trial meant the downfall of his primary rival. And Stoker could do nothing but watch.

May 24, 1895 was a significant date for Stoker. On that date the English government convicted Oscar Wilde, and knighted Henry Irving and Stoker's brother Thornley. *Personal Reminiscences* mentions Irving's triumph directly, but describes Wilde's tragedy only indirectly (and apparently neglects Thornley's honor altogether). Stoker inserts a strange paragraph into his account of Irving's honor. He apologizes for revealing the fact that Irving had rejected a knighthood once before 1895:

> I feel it too bad that one who in his days tried to live up to the ideal of discretion, and has regarded reticence as a duty rather than a motive, should have to speak openly, even after a lapse of years, on so private a matter, and I can only trust that I may be forgiven should any one with the power of forgiveness see the need of it. (*R*, 2:242)

The *mea culpa* is inappropriately excessive for its assigned cause. "Discretion" and "reticence," Stoker's codes for the closet, however, alert us to the real subject of the passage: insistent, diffused, urgent repression of Stoker's homoerotic secret. The man who "has regarded reticence as a duty" is the same man, though a little more frightened, who "cannot break the habit of comparative reticence." The passage makes sense as Stoker's covert *apologia* for his silence regarding Wilde. Its first sentence coheres when we read its reference as sexuality, not knighting etiquette. It is difficult, Stoker admits, to speak openly about "so private a matter" as desire. In carefully calibrated language, Stoker asks forgiveness from those who might see that his silence is a sin—to those few nameless souls who know his secret affinity with Wilde. This passage stands as a reply to all those—Caine, Terry, Irving, Willie Wilde—who wanted Stoker's sympathy for Wilde, and to whom Stoker was able to vouchsafe no answer, unable to break from the shackles of discretion and the stony weight of reticence.

Placed anomolously in the midst of his praise of Irving, the passage is a sign of Stoker's difficulty in ignoring his regrets about Wilde's trial. Wilde's trial swims to the surface as the return of the repressed. The passage shows that the trial's greatest effect on Stoker was to sharpen his self-conflicting imperatives towards articulation. In other words, Stoker registered the trial as a challenge to his own codes of delicately ambiguous language, not as a denial of his desires' legitimacy.

But the chapter also memorializes the summer of 1895 in a more indirect way, which concerns the problem of writing. Stoker records Irving's knighthood in terms of the enormous quantity of text it produced. "Cables began to pour in from all parts of the world. . . . The letters and telegraphs kept coming in, literally by hundreds. . . . They

were bewildering" (*R*, 2:239). Just as *Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving* is really Stoker's autobiography, this account of Irving's triumph encodes a hidden account of Stoker's triumph. The stress on writing records the commencement of *Dracula.* In *Dracula,* written one month after Wilde went to jail, Stoker solved his guilty problem: avoiding the crude binary options of openness and reticence, the cruel choice between writing and silence, he produced a text that spoke about Wilde in a diffused, hidden, flowing, distorted way. *Dracula* reproduces Wilde in all his apparent monstrosity and evil, in order to work through this painful popular image of the homosexual and eventually transform it into a viable identity model.

Though Stoker had planned *Dracula* for a long time, it was in August of 1895 that he began writing it into notebooks.[67] In particular, Jonathan Harker's experiences at Castle Dracula "were written . . . in the first vivid flow of inspiration."[68] These first five chapters read as a nightmarish meeting between Harker and Dracula, who are fictionalized projections of Stoker and Wilde. Like Stoker, whose name his echoes, Harker is a married man, a solicitor who has not practiced law, and a younger man loyally working for a beloved older man. Dracula, however, does not produce such a straightforward identification. He represents not so much Oscar Wilde as the complex of fears, desires, secrecies, repressions, and punishments that Wilde's name evoked in 1895. Dracula is Wilde-as-threat, a complex cultural construction not to be confused with the historical individual Oscar Wilde. Dracula represents the ghoulishly inflated vision of Wilde produced by Wilde's prosecutors; the corrupting, evil, secretive, manipulative, magnetic devourer of innocent boys. Furthermore, *Dracula* also carries the weight of Stoker's imaginative identification with Wilde. For Stoker writes *Dracula*'s plot to allow his surrogate Harker to experience imprisonment, just as Wilde languished in gaol. Thus Stoker manages to speak both from the closet and from the open; he simultaneously explores Wilde-as-monster, and identifies with the real Wilde's pain. He writes as a man victimized by Wilde's trial, and yet as a man who sympathizes with Wilde's victimization. Within *Dracula,* this binary opposition supplants the cruder opposition between closeting and coming out.

It was probably inevitable that Stoker would rejuvenate Wilde in the specific form of a vampire. Turn-of-the-century 'inversion' theory considered homosexuals neither male nor female, but, in Edward Carpenter's phrase, the "intermediate sex," inhabiting a no-man's land like the Undead who were neither dead nor alive. Furthermore, the associations between homosexuality and anality led many writers to connect homo-

sexuality with defecation, dirt, and decay. As Ellis Hanson argues, "To comprehend the vampire is to recognize that abjected space that gay men are obliged to inhabit; that space unspeakable or unnameable, itself defined as orifice, as a 'dark continent' men dare not penetrate."[69] The vampire figure therefore fit easily as metaphor for the love that dare not speak its name. To homophobes, vampirism could function as a way of naming the homosexual as monstrous, dirty, threatening. To homosexuals, vampirism could be an elegy for the enforced interment of their desires. *Dracula*, however, functions as both accusation and elegy. Stoker used the Wildean figure of Dracula to define homosexuality as simultaneously monstrous, dirty, threatening, alluring, buried, corrupting, contagious, and indestructible.

One scene in Castle Dracula best registers the intensity of conflicting feeling generated by Wilde's trial. In the few pages before Harker's escape, he experiences the climax of both Wilde-phobia and Wilde pity: "A wild desire took me to obtain that key at any risk" (*D*, 50). Harker's wild(e) desire leads him to feel another man's body. (After Wilde's trial, 'the desire of Oscar Wilde' became a euphemism for homosexuality.) When he lifts the covers from Dracula's bed/grave, he sees that the tall, pale, aristocratic vampire has changed appearance, and now resembles Oscar Wilde.[70] His hair is "iron-grey,"

> The cheeks were fuller. . . . even the deep, burning eyes seemed set amongst swollen flesh, for the lids and pouches underneath were bloated. . . . he lay like a filthy leech, exhausted with his repletion. I shuddered as I bent over to touch him, and every sense in me revolted at the contact. (*D*, 51)

In 1895, Wilde was grey-haired, heavily overweight, and famously easily exhausted. Compare a typical description of Wilde, this one by Stoker's shady acquaintance Frank Harris:[71]

> There was something oily and fat about him that repelled me. . . . his hands were flabby, greasy; his skin looked bilious and dirty. . . . His appearance filled me with distaste. I lay stress on this physical repulsion, because I think most people felt it.[72]

The point is not that Stoker would have found Wilde physically repulsive and drawn on this memory for the rejuvenated Dracula; rather, the point is that Stoker's Dracula is a kind of basin in which images of Wilde-as-monster float, and it makes sense that a vision of Wilde's body as repulsive, which Harris claims to be universal, would be one fluid in the Dracula solution.

After Harker "felt all over the body," he muses that Dracula might "create a new and ever widening circle of semi-demons to batten on the helpless" (*D*, 51). This image of a monstrous progenitor amidst a horrible circle is precisely what dominated public rhetoric about Wilde during the trial. In a widely reported comment, Wilde's judge called him "the center of a hideous circle of corruption."[73] The prosecutor introduced several young male witnesses who claimed that Wilde had 'ruined' them, which forced them to make a living by buying other boys, spreading the circle of pimping and prostitution.

Harker is properly horrified by the vampire's monstrosity—but Dracula's Medusa gaze prevents him from killing his enemy: "The eyes fell full upon me, with all their blaze of basilisk horror. The sight seemed to paralyze me" (*D*, 52). Dracula's powerful eyes shift Harker/Stoker into his attitude of stiff, stony passivity. The eyes give him a thrill of horror at his own sensations of pleasure. Though his body is strainingly retentive, Harker's muscular paralysis also prevents him from harming his employer and thereby enforces his loyal 'retainer' role. So he claps the closet door closed. The lid "fell over again, and hid the horrid thing from my sight" (*D*, 52).

But by locking in Dracula, Harker imprisons himself (and Stoker incarcerates part of himself). The lid slams on the vampire as doors slam around the man. This mutuality lets Stoker atone for his orthodox hatred of Wilde, for he manages an agonizing imagination of the pain Wilde must have felt at his imprisonment. In a bewildering whirl of movements, Harker hears himself locked in.

> The door to the winding stair blew to with a shock that set the dust from the lintels flying. When I ran to push it open, I found that it was hopelessly fast. I was again a prisoner, and the net of doom was closing round me more closely. . . . There is a sound of hammering; it is the box being nailed down. (*D*, 52)

The passage gives an idea of what Wilde must have felt on June 9, the date of his imprisonment.[74] Stoker had prepared for this imaginative identification. As reported by *Reynold's News*, Wilde's own clothes had been removed—just as Harker's clothes had been taken by Dracula. Wilde was detained for two years, Harker for two months. The rules of the prison were read out to Wilde, just as Dracula told Harker where he was forbidden to explore and to sleep. Here is the final, climactic moment in which Harker, like Wilde, is left alone in his prison cell:

> Now I can hear the heavy feet tramping again along the hall, with many other idle feet coming behind them. The door is shut and the chains rattle; there is a grinding of the key in the lock; I can hear the key withdrawn; then another door opens and shuts; I can hear the creaking of lock and bolt. Hark! in the courtyard and down the rocky way the roll of heavy wheels, the crack of whips, and the chorus of the Szegany as they pass into the distance. I am alone. (*D*, 52–53)

Dracula allows Stoker to enact different, conflicting parts. As in a dream, the novel's characters (especially Harker) can switch identities, virtues, and sympathies with bewildering speed. The first part of the book swings wildly between utter hatred of Wilde and utter sorrow for Wilde. The strain of these contradictory emotions nearly tears apart the plot, as logical narrative is pulled and tormented to fit Stoker's emotional needs. For instance, there is no real reason why Dracula should postpone Harker's sacrifice in order to imprison him. But Stoker wants to sympathize with Wilde: "When I found that I was a prisoner a sort of *wild* feeling came over me" (*D*, 27, emphasis added). Harker's intense experience of imprisonment means that the rest of the novel has to be written in order to domesticate and dissipate his 'wild' experience.

Harker's hatred of Dracula problematically hovers on the margins of self-hatred. The perverse logic of rivalry demands a resemblence: the men are alike at least in their desire and their determination to achieve it. Stoker and Wilde shared love object, nationality, university training, poetic taste, area of residence, social circle, and profession. Harker and Dracula also have a great deal in common. Dracula "would have made a wonderful solicitor" says the young lawyer (*D*, 31). His host's library causes Harker "great delight," since it precisely reproduces his own literary tastes; no wonder Dracula can say, "I am glad you found your way in here, for I am sure there is much that will interest you" (*D*, 19, 21). They share clothing and mirrors. Moreover, Dracula models his English on Harker's, as he asks Harker to teach him how to speak. (Dracula works to lose his characteristic national accent: "I am content if I am like the rest, so that no man . . . pause in his speaking if he hear my words, to say, 'Ha, ha! a stranger!'" [*D*, 20]. Similarly, Wilde carefully acquired a perfect English pronunciation, in marked contrast to Stoker, who kept his Irish accent all his life.[75])

When Harker sees Dracula dressed in his own clothes, the image is profoundly disturbing. Their shared clothing implies intimacy, acquaintance with the contours of each other's bodies, ease with the prospect of each other's nakedness. Dracula had seemed to Harker "a tall old man"

(*D*, 15). But the same clothing fits both, which proves that their bodies are the same size and shape. They act alike; both crawl on the external wall of the castle. Their sense of etiquette is the same; Dracula, leaving to harvest babies, chooses to wear Harker's traveling clothes, not only because the villagers have already seen them but also because Dracula, about to travel, knows the appropriate wardrobe. In response, Harker differentiates his own body by marking the Count's as feminine. He tears "a deep gash above the forehead," thus constituting himself as hard and impenetrable (*D*, 52). As in the "Censorship" articles, heterosexual masculinity is produced by repression, destruction, and reticence. Harker's escape route is a last, desperate attempt to enforce his masculinity: "The precipice is steep and high. At its foot a man may sleep—as a man" (*D*, 53). He imagines death amidst a masculine, phallic landscape of pointed pines and steep cliffs—falling on the censor's pen and the stony ridge.

The opposite of this deathly rigor is a sort of sublimated nonphysical pleasure associated with dematerialized texts. Harker keeps his diary in his pockets. The diary's physical weight and size disappear, for Dracula undresses Harker and folds his clothes yet somehow overlooks the prize in Harker's trousers. (Similarly, Harker magically feels all over Dracula's body without finding Dracula's key.) Harker sees himself as a woman writing a love-letter, and as a desperate conspirator penning secret shorthand epistles (*D*, 36). But the physical aspect of his epistolary desires seems nonexistent. Dracula holds the shorthand letter and envelope in the flame "till they were consumed" and steals "every scrap of paper" that Harker possessed (*D*, 42, 43). Throughout the novel, characters find enjoyment in writing, only to find the material on which they inscribe—their waxen phonographic cylinders, diary books, and telegrams—burned, mislaid, or misdirected, as if Stoker needs to salvage the pleasure of writing by destroying the sensuous experience of the document itself.

This intangible text relates to Stoker's other strategies for displacing sexuality. The fiery evanescence of text maps onto other discourses associated with homoerotic pleasure: 'sensoria,' Wilde-pity, arousing stories, and emotional male companionship. On the other hand, the stony reticence of repression maps onto censorship, Wilde-phobia, paralysis, and police action. These two poles should not become absolute markers of difference, but rather general ways of organizing Stoker's experiences of the closet and of openness. And the two strategies interlink at certain points, since the closet is never completely closed nor openness ever completely open; for instance, the paralysis that marks his

repression easily swings into the passive receptivity that conveniently 'forces' him to hear the arousing story.

Harker's strangely unsubstantiated escape shows the difficulty of traveling the region between these two poles. He can neither come out as a 'monster' nor stay in the stifling closet. Stoker's writings on sexuality had charted the ambiguous landscape between the two border posts of closure and openness. Harker's escape moves from the locked, stiflingly closed castle to the lonely, breezily vast expanse of the Transylvanian countryside. He runs from the stone enclosure to the landscape dotted with magical blue flames. He spends months on the margins of the two—hanging out of the window, crawling on the wall—refusing (or unable) to make a crude binary choice between in and out.

The spectre of brute imprisonment is never far from Stoker's delicate, idealized forms of desire, since the police threat makes his sublimations necessary. While we don't know the content of Caine's "narrative," we do know "Eugene Aram," the climax of which is "Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn, / Through the cold and heavy mist; / And Eugene Aram walked between, / With gyves upon his wrist."[76] On hearing these last words, Stoker burst into hysteria. In his letter to Whitman, he claimed that he felt "the shackles on my shoulders still."[77] What is the status of such a confession in a love letter? His emphasis on the bonds of reticence hints that repression was as much a pleasure as a duty. And he chiefly enacts Wilde's story as a longing, lingering look at imprisonment.

'Imprisonment' punctuates not only Harker's story, where the term has a certain logic, but also Dracula's English visit, where the term has only the logic of its own interest for Stoker. In the novel's only explanation of vampirism, Van Helsing says:

> Ah, but hear me through. He can do all these things, yet he is not free. Nay, he is even more prisoner than slave of the galley, than the madman in his cell. He cannot go where he lists. . . . Only at certain times can he have limited freedom. . . . We can confine him to his coffin and destroy him. (*D*, 240)

The very daylight imprisons Dracula. "That monster must retain whatever form he now has. He is confined within the limitations of his earthy envelope" (*D*, 292). As Harker's group closes in, they speak of Dracula "imprisoned" in his great coffin (*D*, 373). Dracula spends almost the entire novel as a hunted man, trying to escape from his coffin prison. When Dracula does start moving freely in London, the novel immediately produces a surrogate Dracula, Renfield, whose painful restraint

and desperate, vain attempts to escape continue Stoker's carceral obsession.

Harker's narrative is also a story of bondage. In fact, Stoker designed Harker's experience to encode the troubling but desirable, painful but attractive image of Wilde helplessly imprisoned. In a castle full of windows and doors, Harker is immobilized.

> When I had seen the view I explored further; doors, doors, doors everywhere, and all locked and bolted. In no place save from the windows in the castle walls is there an available exit. The castle is a veritable prison, and I am a prisoner! (*D*, 26)

No wonder that when he found himself a prisoner "a sort of wild feeling" came over him (*D*, 27). Helplessness overwhelms Harker as he recognizes his own 'wilde'ness. In the guesswork epistemology of the closet, Harker is sure that Dracula knows that Harker knows ("He knows well that I am imprisoned" [*D*, 27]). Being imprisoned also gives Harker a certain sexual freedom—he plays the passive victim who cannot prevent Dracula's advances. Harker reveals this strategy in an impromptu error. "I was a prisoner, and . . . if *I* wished it I could have no choice" (*D*, 32; emphasis added). Using "I" instead of "he" shows that Harker and Dracula are essentially the same, with the same 'wishes.' Dracula's declaration of homosexual desire, "This man belongs to me," was one of the first lines Stoker wrote for *Dracula* ; indeed, he patterned chapter 5 around this speech.[78] The Count, helplessly imprisoned but about to spring upon an unwary populace, encodes Stoker's fear of Wilde's eventual release from prison; the monstrous Wilde would be free to roam among London's teeming millions. On the other hand, Harker's miserable helplessness and desperate escape show Stoker's empathetic pity with the prisoner Wilde, the man whose hand he had "grasped in friendship," to use Caine's words.[79]

Stoker's lifelong interest in repression is a way of making the closet comfortable—closet as simultaneously bed, traveling compartment, home, and grave in Dracula's case—and of tinging with pleasureable desire the margins of the closet, the liminal spaces where he slips in and out of secrecy. But it is also a way of domesticating his great fear, penal servitude. The horrors of Wilde's imprisonment were common knowledge, reported in *Reynold's News*. And even a cursory reading of Harker's narrative shows with how much dread Stoker regarded imprisonment. For a man who found pleasure in walking ambiguous boundaries, the prison is a nightmare. It enforces ironclad distinctions: guilty or innocent, captive or free, inside or outside.

Even the physical notebook of Harker's story gets imprisoned. The sealed book is a solemn wedding gift that unites husband and wife in lieu of any more physical union (Harker is still too weak to move). Mina proves her wifely devotion by vowing "to share my ignorance," to "never let me know," to "never open it" (*D*, 104–5). They will be joined in mutual discretion. But when Mina does break open his closet, she is not surprised to find the skeleton there. This exposure 'cures' Harker. "I felt impotent, and in the dark. . . . But, now that I *know,* I am not afraid, even of the Count" (*D*, 188). Harker thinks he is cured because he realizes his experiences were real rather than imaginary. But his fear and impotence actually evaporate because his wife never blames him for his past—his homosexual secret does not affect his heterosexual relationship. In Dracula's castle, he had tried to flee the closet by wriggling out an impossible window into a wishful geography of total virility. His real escape from the closet comes when he reveals his secret and it makes no difference.

Harker's revelation is not just an exposure of the past—it becomes an erotic object in itself, and also a transitional stage into a heterosexual future. "I took the book from under his pillow," Mina confesses, "and wrapped it up in white paper, and tied it with a little bit of pale blue ribbon which was wound round my neck, and sealed it over the knot with sealing wax" (*D*, 105). The pretty covering fetishizes the pleasurable text of bondage. The paper and ribbon do not just conceal but also enhance, add color and texture, give the journal a tinge of tactile pleasure. Everyone loves Harker's journal. Moreover, the book's appearance marks the beginning of Harker's marriage. Mina has to undress herself in order to package the book. The record of a homosexual affair is dressed in the pastel colors of a heterosexual wedding, to look just like a bridal gift. Is this protective coloration, cross-dressing, or recycling?

Harker's imprisonment follows Wilde's model. Harker can only write letters with Dracula's permission, letters which Dracula will examine. He spends most of his time reading in the library adjoining his bedroom. Similarly, Wilde was forbidden to write anything except a quota of letters to be censored by the prison governor. He had read every book in the prison library several times. Even small details, like Harker's difficulty in shaving, tally with Wilde's ill-shaven beard and scraggly hair. After a year of imprisonment, Wilde's hair had turned white and he cried continually.[80] After Mina's infection, Harker's hair, too, turns white, and he weeps often. Wilde's mother died when Wilde was in jail; so too, Harker's adoptive father, Peter Hawkins, dies during the fight to capture Dracula.

Images, themes, and even phrases from Wilde's trial reappear in the

horror novel, barely disguised. Since *Dracula* is a dreamlike projection of Wilde's traumatic trial, Stoker elaborated and distorted the evidence that the prosecutor used to convict Wilde. In particular, the conditions of secrecy necessary for nineteenth-century homosexual life—nocturnal visits, shrouded windows, no servants—become ominous emblems of Count Dracula's evil. Wilde was tried together with Alfred Taylor, who supposedly procured him boys. Taylor's nighttime visitors made his landlady suspicious. Various witnesses testified to the state of his rooms. "He kept no servant and did his own cooking on a gas stove."[81] Similarly, Dracula cooks and cleans, for "there were no servants in the house" (*D*, 27). "The windows were never opened or cleaned," said Taylor's landlady, "and the daylight was never admitted."[82] When Harker first enters Castle Dracula, he sees a room "seemingly without a window of any sort," and Dracula lives in smelly windowless underground vaults (*D*, 16). Taylor's rooms "were furnished sumptuously," just as, in Dracula's abode, "curtains and upholstery of the chairs and sofas and the hangings of my bed are of the costliest and most beautiful fabrics" (*D*, 19). Even the peculiar odor of Dracula's rooms originates in Taylor's testimony. Dracula's vaults emit "a deathly, sickly odor" that only grows "closer and heavier"; "the long disuse had made the air stale and foul" (*D*, 47, 251). Taylor's rooms have never been cleaned or aired. They are hot and stuffy, and filled with smoky perfumes. Like Taylor, Dracula has no job. As the prosecutor intoned dramatically:

> "Taylor is a man without any profession. He kept no servant in these rooms, with their heavily draped windows, their candles burning on through the day, and the langorous atmosphere heavy with perfume. Here, men met together."[83]

The origin of Dracula's vaults is best revealed by the simple statement: "Taylor . . . occupied rooms which were nothing more or less than a shameful den."[84]

Evidence against Wilde also influenced the gothic conventions of *Dracula*. One line of inquiry concerned an 'innocent' boy whom Wilde had taken to sea. Similarly, Dracula destroys the good men on two ships. Wilde owned both a house and an apartment; though Wilde claimed he needed space for writing, the prosecution argued that his second establishment was a place to bring boys. Dracula, too, has two main abodes—the Carfax estate, and a London house on Piccadilly near the Green Park (perhaps not coincidentally, Wilde's "The Critic as Artist" is set in a house on Piccadilly near the Green Park).[85] One of the worst pieces of evidence against Wilde was the presence of fecal stains on

sheets in which Wilde had slept, adduced as evidence of anal sex. Wilde's 'dirty bed' led to a rhetorical efflorescence of Wilde as a creature of the sewer, living in stinking filth. For instance, Henry James warned Wilde's supporters that he smelled "a stench," which echoes Harker's admission that "under ordinary circumstances such a stench would have brought our enterprise to an end" (*D*, 251). Sardou claimed, "This muck is too vile for me to get mixed up in it."[86] Dracula's bed is a pile of notably smelly dirt. The small fecal stains become a gigantic mound of excrement, as *Dracula* projects the trial's worst moments into monstrous, threatening images. In Hanlon's words, "The chapel has become the anal orifice of castration and death, littered as it is with Dracula's fecal/phallic coffins."[87] Finally, when the Englishmen clean Dracula's coffins, they use the term that Ellen Terry, Willie Wilde, and the *Westminster Gazette* all employed to describe Wilde's punishment: "purification" (*D*, 252). Indeed, Stoker feared that *Dracula* did not sufficiently purify itself from namelessly dirty transgressions. The British Library has a letter Stoker wrote to Gladstone, in which he claims, "The book is necessarily full of horrors and terrors but I trust that these are calculated to 'cleanse the mind by pity & terror.' At any rate there is nothing base in the book."[88]

Newspaper editorials portrayed Wilde as the modern monster, thereby inventing monstrosity for the new century. The modern monster causes moral harm by perverting cultural or religious ideas. He is associated with dirt and stench. He is artificial rather than natural. Most importantly, his sin is infectious, which marks a departure from the Gothic monster whose horror is underscored by his solitude. The Gothic's secretly depraved aristocrat removes his victim to an inaccessible abbey or castle. (Frankenstein's monster exemplifies the solitude model, for he turns evil from his great loneliness.) The rest of society is still moral, sane, and good; the victim simply can't communicate with it. But *Dracula* is among the first epidemiological horror novels, concerning involuntary physical and psychological alteration caused by something that one person can 'catch' from another. *Dracula* is the progenitor of "Alien," "The Thing," "Dawn of the Dead," and "Invasion of the Body-Snatchers," where evil infects random victims' bodies and characters. Though this horror genre may have originated from late nineteenth-century fears of infectious diseases like syphilis, and late nineteenth-century discoveries of undetectable omnipotent 'germs,' Stoker shaped the new horror genre according to the public response to Wilde's trial. Indeed, homosexuality was the primary object of the new epidemiology, as medical theorists asked what 'caused,' 'cured,' and 'communicated' same-sex desire.[89] Epidemiological horror fiction is thus intimately

associated with homophobia. It encodes the specific fear, which seems impervious to education or reason, that homosexuals want to 'corrupt' heterosexuals into a lifetime of evil sodomy.[90]

Many of the newspaper editorials about Wilde expressed a medical horror of homosexuality, and recommended a form of sterilization. Stoker imported this paranoia into *Dracula*. The newspapers of May 1895 produced rhetoric like the *Daily Chronicle*'s: "The stream of poison which such trials disperse through society. . . . we all know the evil contagion of morbid criminal trials. However, there has been a purge, and we hope London is the better for it."[91] So too, Lucy's unclean vampiric blood poisons English children, until purged by Arthur's violent staking (*D*, 214–17). Editors worried what readers might have learned from the trial, and recommended disinfecting the public sphere. Clement Scott, Stoker's friend, wrote, "Open the windows! Let in the fresh air," a dictum that Harker's group follows faithfully at the Piccadilly house.[92] Homosexuality, like vampirism, is destroyed by the light of day. One newspaper described Wilde's kind as vampires living in nocturnal vaults.

> He was a social pest, a centre of intellectual corruption. . . . Such people find their fitting environment in the artificial light and the incense-laden air of secret chambers curtained from the light of day. Their pretenses fall from them in fresh air and honest sunshine. Light has been let in upon them now in a very decisive fashion.[93]

In *Dracula*, vampires are "foul things of the night. . . . a blot on the face of God's sunshine" (*D*, 237). Nordau's description of Wilde as a degenerate egomaniac (quoted in many newspaper editorials), informs Stoker's declaration that "the Count is a criminal, and of criminal type. Nordau and Lombroso would so classify him" (*D*, 342). Wilde, like Dracula, is a super-criminal. According to *The Daily Telegraph*, "Mr. Oscar Wilde . . . has been the means of inflicting on the public during this recent episode as much moral damage of the most hideous and repulsive kind as no single individual could well cause."[94] Dracula, too, "has done much harm already, in the narrow scope where he find himself. . . . were another of the Un-dead, like him, try to do what he has done, perhaps not all the centuries of the world . . . could aid him" (*D*, 319). Finally, the same newspaper believes Wilde can only be cured by a proper burial. "The grave of contemptuous oblivion may rest on his foolish ostentation, his empty paradoxes, his insufferable posturing, his incurable vanity."[95]

The novel is particularly familiar with the *Westminster Gazette*, which Mina can identify at a glance. The "bloofer lady" clippings come from

that newspaper. Not surprisingly, the *Westminster Gazette*'s Wilde editorials find particular echoes in *Dracula*. The paper commented, "It was for the jury to consider whether or not [a letter to Bosie] was an indication of unclean sentiments and unclean appetites on both sides."[96] The double use of 'unclean' occurs in two of Mina's speeches: "Unclean, unclean! I must touch him or kiss him no more," and "unclean! Unclean! Even the Almighty shuns my polluted flesh!" (*D*, 284, 296). The *Westminster Gazette* condemns Wilde's "circle of corruption."[97] In Lucy's stuffy vault, Van Helsing warns: "The circle goes on ever widening" (*D*, 214).

The novel's composition, with its newspaper clippings and emphasis on journalistic techniques like shorthand, obliquely acknowledges its debt to the Wilde-saturated newspapers of April, May, and June, 1895. *Dracula* is especially conscientious about its dates. Oscar Wilde was convicted May 24, 1895. The papers reported the event May 25, when they also announced Henry Irving's and Thornley Stoker's honors. *Dracula*'s vital date is May 24 and 25. The first five chapters reconstruct what three different characters felt on May 24 and 25. On this pivotal date, we meet the characters and see the 'crimes' committed that the rest of the novel works to recompense.

Harker collapses into a pool of despair between May 19 and May 28, when he believes himself condemned to death. (Wilde was sentenced at his final trial, which lasted from May 22 to May 25.) Meanwhile, Lucy experiences her greatest triumph on May 24 as she receives proposals from three men. It is May 25 when Dr. Seward discovers Renfield; he spends the day in a rewarding medical investigation (*D*, 60).[98] Finally, on May 25, Quincey Morris unites the men over their mutual love of Lucy. They plan to "mingle our weeps over the wine-cup, and to drink a health with all our hearts to the happiest man in all the wide world" (*D*, 61). The atmosphere is one of loyalty struggling to assert itself over petty jealousy.

These four different attitudes correlate to three different real-world events. Harker's despair and sense of doom reflect the emotions Stoker imputes to Wilde. Lucy's day of triumph resembles Irving's. Seward's medical activities link him to Thornley Stoker, knighted for his surgical skills. Finally, the envious but stalwartly loyal loser, Quincey Morris, encodes Stoker's own feelings on that momentous occasion—Stoker, who didn't get any honors, but had to write the thank-you notes and organize the ceremonial dinners.

Possibly, Stoker had planned to structure *Dracula* along the four plot lines inspired by May 25. But soon Irving's, Thornley's, and Stoker's own tales get submerged in the overwhelmingly urgent story of Oscar Wilde.

This first section of the novel, like a snapshot, memorializes a moment in time. The vestiges of the four plots are valuable as a sort of ontogenic record of *Dracula*'s origins. Their rudimentary shapes show their common ancestor in the emotional confusion of May 25.

Dr. Seward (later joined by Van Helsing) represents Dr. W. Thornley Stoker.[99] Like Van Helsing, Thornley Stoker had a strong accent and lived abroad. All three medical men are humanists: Van Helsing is a philosopher, Seward a reader, and Thornley was a renowned art collector and a Fellow of the Royal University. Seward admires "vivisection . . . look at its results today!" while Thornley was Inspector for Ireland under the Vivisection Act (*D*, 71).[100] Finally, Thornley's wife seems to have been insane, judging by Farson's anecdote of her running naked into the dining room with attendents in hot pursuit. Similarly, Van Helsing's "poor wife [is] dead to me, but alive by Church's law, though no wits, all gone" (*D*, 176).

Van Helsing provides a turbocharged version of Seward, but he also changes the doctor's role from lover to father, evacuating its eroticism. And Van Helsing expands the medical character beyond Thornley, pulling it into the larger story of the novel. Van Helsing carries Stoker's first name and physically resembles Stoker. He has a "hard, square chin," a "large" mouth, "sensitive nostrils," bushy eyebrows, a large forehead, and reddish hair (D, 182). In Stoker's Whitman letter, he gives himself a "heavy jaw," "big mouth," and even those "sensitive nostrils," and he had red hair too.[101] Faithful to his "now no-wife," Van Helsing is neither in love with Lucy nor attracted to Mina (*D*, 176). Stoker's granddaughter guessed that Stoker and Florence, who married in 1878, had a sexless marriage after their son's birth in 1879.[102] It now seems that she may have changed her mind about her grandparents' marriage.[103] But Van Helsing's autobiographical celibacy supports her original conjecture—and adds a piece to the puzzle of Stoker's sublimated, closeted, elusive desires.

Lucy's moment enshrines the emotions of exhaustion, exultation, and triumph associated with Irving's great success, although displacing these powerful feelings onto a quite different story line. Her multiple tributes of admiration and love mirror the congratulations Irving received. Lucy has been read as the woman in whose empty veins male fluids can mingle. As the prototypical victim of the 'between men' scenario, she gets sacrificed to promote homosocial bonding.[104] After Lucy rejects her suitors, an audible sigh of relief breathes through Quincey's note as he proposes to "mingle our weeps" (*D*, 61). Male-male fluid exchange is sanctioned by the sentimental fiction of unrequited love.

If the tone of Quincey's note represents Stoker's own feelings on May

25, it is interesting that Quincey remains the most mute, clumsy, self-denying, apologetic member of the group, who is sacrificed wordlessly at the end. Though Lucy praises his ability to tell stories, even comparing herself to Desdemona, we never hear one (*D*, 57). His speech is oxymoronically characterized by silence: "Mr Morris's strong resolute tone of quiet command" (*D*, 375). Finally, "With a smile and silence he died, a gallant gentleman" (*D*, 378). Quincey is silent because he has no self to talk from, or to talk about. He is simply the living embodiment of a concept called 'manly loyalty.' All his speeches are cheerful attestations of his willingness to die for others, or suggestions for group activities. Quincey represents Stoker's self-fantasy: a loyal, self-sacrificing, hard-working man, whose martyrdom will make him beloved.

Though Quincey's and Seward's love for Lucy mysteriously evaporates, Dracula labors to defeat his rivals by 'winning' her. "Your girls that you all love are mine already; and through them you and others shall yet be mine—my creatures, to do my bidding and to be my jackals when I want to feed" (*D*, 306). This prototypical 'between men' scene has a real parallel in Florence Balcombe's relations to Wilde and Stoker. Stoker's and Wilde's guardedly friendly relationship was mediated through Florence, who received Wilde's notes, books, tickets, and invitations with their addendums of "kind regards to Bram." When Wilde plummeted into public infamy, Stoker might well have wondered whether, to paraphrase Dracula's line, 'the girl that I love is his already.'

"The girls that you love are mine already" turns a rivalry into an endless game of catch-up. Harker may have already lost Mina; radical uncertainty taints the past as well as the present. This scene is an obverse reflection flung from the coruscating light of the Wilde trial. Wilde's trial reconstructed his public past as a private homosexual history, and thus forced its readers, including Stoker, to question the truth of their relation to the accused man's life. Dracula and Van Helsing's group fight over the lovely cold dead virginal body of Lucy, trying to establish in her death the man to whom she had held allegiance in her life. Dracula and Van Helsing struggle to gain psychological primacy in Mina's torn, semiconscious night mind. So too, Wilde and Stoker engage in combat retrospectively, in Stoker's mind, where the stakes are epistemological: how can Stoker *know* what Florence did with Wilde, or what Wilde wanted from Florence?

The suspicion that in *Dracula* Stoker rethought Florence's relationship with Wilde is ratified by Van Helsing's activities when he discovers Mina in bed with Dracula. He holds up "his little golden crucifix"—the very gift that Wilde gave Florence. Behind him, his band of men raise

their crucifixes in unison against Dracula (*D*, 282, 284). Mina's extramarital liaison with the 'monster' is flooded with golden light and studded with crucifix allusions. "The moonlight was so bright that through the thick yellow blind the room was bright enough to see" (*D*, 281). Yellow light pulses through the rest of the tale, from the gaslight Quincey ignites, to the fire in which Dracula burns Seward's phonograph, to the rising sun of the morning. Like a crucified victim, Mina is pale, her hands twisted with pain, her forehead scarred by a Sacred Wafer (like a crown of thorns), and she bleeds from the body (*D*, 282). Dracula vows that Mina's men will learn "what it is to cross my path," and tells Mina "you shall cross land or sea" (*D*, 288). The cross should stop Dracula, but instead it informs his metaphors. Through Wilde's little golden crucifix, Stoker elaborates a fantasy of an extramarital affair with himself as impotent, motionless, blinded bystander.

The little golden crucifix also signifies female sexuality, wantonness, duplicity, and crime. For the cross first appears when Van Helsing places "a little gold crucifix" on Lucy's dead lips (*D*, 164). The crucifix seals, conceals, and silences. It closes her lips—no kissing is possible—and purifies them of their 'voluptuousness.' But this guarantor of female purity fails. A servant steals the cross. Because of that crucifix, one woman robs the dead, and another woman will become a child molester and wanton siren. As with Wilde's cross, Van Helsing's gift institutes a romance, and Van Helsing, like Wilde, finds it difficult to recover with propriety. Moreover, a crucifix appears in Harker's worst adventures in Castle Dracula. The cross is a vaccine against vampirism—but like a vaccine, it initiates the disease against which it protects.

The Wildean golden crucifix licenses sexual riot, fluid identities, infectious transmission, theft, and adulterous fantasy. There is, however, a counterposing object: the dangerous, sharp pen of censorship, which fixes everyone in their proper places. Van Helsing insists that Lucy's husband pierce her with a stake. "Arthur never faltered. He looked like a figure of Thor as his untrembling arm rose and fell, driving deeper and deeper the mercy-bearing stake" (*D*, 216). This rape reestablishes 'proper' relations: Lucy is pure and virginal, Arthur is grateful to Van Helsing, and Arthur may now kiss the corpse. Van Helsing himself manages to perform a similar rape on not one but three women. The rape reestablishes normative models of both gender and history. The women are grateful and passive towards their brave male deliverer, no longer seductive wanderers who sweep through the mountains trying to overpower him. Their bodies crumble as if suddenly experiencing the duration of time denied them by the false stasis of the vampire. Each

body crumbles "into its native dust"—no promiscuous mixing even in decay (*D*, 371).

Appropriately for its double significance as sexual licence and phallic censor, the golden crucifix scene simultaneously unmans Harker and makes him into a completely phallic man. The scene reads as a man's nightmarish fantasy of his wife's adultery. The 'other man' kisses her throat; she swoons; he vows that they will always be companions and partners; she swallows his fluids (*D*, 288). The pitiable, passive husband sleeps through the whole scene. But he immediately hardens upon his awakening. "All the man in him [was] awake at the need for instant exertion," affirms Seward, as he watches Harker pull on his clothing (*D*, 283). Harker represses his nervous agony. His mouth is "set as steel," while "he listened with seeming impassiveness" (*D*, 284). Both Stoker and Harker react to tales of horror with a stony, hard appearance that masks their overwhelming internal hysteria.

Harker's stoniness has another explanation, however. What appears to be the scene of Mina's guilty sex with Dracula can actually be read as the scene of Jonathan's union with Dracula. Mina's "white nightdress was smeared with blood" (*D*, 282). When she embraces Harker, she transmits it: "His white night-robe was stained with blood where her lips had touched" (*D*, 284). Harker vicariously experiences Dracula's fluids when Mina carries them to him. Furthermore, his bloodstained white nightrobe visually replicates Mina's bloody white nightdress; his costume makes the two interchangeable. Thus *Dracula* repeats Hall Caine's fear that Wilde's felony "haunts me, it is like some foul and horrible stain on our craft and on us all, which nothing can wash out."[105] Stoker, Caine's closest friend, most likely heard Caine's sentiments while he wrote the novel. Because Dracula's blood has permanently stained Harker, Harker acquires Dracula's personality and physiognomy. The gift of blood acts not only as dirtying stain but also as a blood brotherhood ritual, which locks the two men together forever. Harker, doused in Dracula's "foul" and "horrible" blood, becomes another Dracula—and like Mina, cannot "cleanse" himself from the "pollution" (*D*, 287–88).

Harker avenges the adultury by physiologically altering into Dracula; he becomes his rival. "Over his face, as the awful narrative went on, came a grey look . . . the flesh stood darkly out against the whitening hair" (*D*, 288). His aging process actually transforms him into his wife's lover. His greyish skin approximates Dracula's "extraordinary pallor" (*D*, 18). His white hair resembles Dracula's "white hair and moustache" (*D*, 51). Seward comments on Harker's change. "He is a drawn, haggard old man, whose white hair matches well with the hollow burning eyes and grief-

written lines of his face. His energy is still intact; in fact he is like a living flame" (*D*, 301). Dracula, too, has extraordinary vitality, and is associated with the magical blue flames and the flaming lamp he holds at the Castle door. While Dracula grows younger, dark-haired, and 'marries' Mina ("you . . . are now to me flesh of my flesh; blood of my blood"), Harker grows older, white-haired, and fierier (*D*, 288). Just as Dracula crushes Mina's hands, then throws her on the bed as he leaps towards the men, so too Harker squeezes Mina's hand until his knuckles turn white.

> She did not flinch from the pain which I knew she must have suffered, but looked at him with eyes that were more appealing than ever. As she stopped speaking he leaped to his feet, almost tearing his hand from hers. (*D*, 309)

The two men have changed places. While the helplessly imprisoned Dracula tries to escape from almost certain death, Harker pursues him with bloody-minded determination. Dracula travels to Transylvania; Harker awaits him at the Castle. As Dracula shows himself vulnerable, Harker demonstrates the superhuman strength, fearsome appearance, and apparent immortality that used to characterize his rival.

> Jonathan's impetuousity, and the manifest singleness of his purpose, seemed to overawe those in front of him; instinctively they cowered aside and let him pass. In an instant he had jumped upon the cart, and, with a strength that seemed incredible, raised the great box, and flung it over the wheel to the ground. (*D*, 376)

A whole army of Szegany cannot harm him. The Transylvanians flee him just as they fled Dracula in the book's first chapter. The men have infected each other, and Harker becomes the vampire as slowly and irrevocably as Dracula becomes the Englishman. Or, in another sense, they become shifting aspects of the same persona—for during the golden crucifix scene, Harker reclines, swooning in pleasure, while Mina sucks the blood of Dracula's heart. At the heart of this horror novel, Stoker gingerly shows that the 'normal' man and the 'depraved' man are one. If Florence's history sharpened Stoker's horror of Wilde, it also proved Stoker and Wilde the same. They loved the same woman; the same woman loved them both, said the same words to both, accepted gifts from both, and perhaps found the same elements attractive in both.

Harker's assumption of Dracula's identity is one of three ways the novel's ending resolves Stoker's Wildean quandary. Stoker manages to pull together various threads of pleasure and repression, taken from both

his sexuality and his closeting, to weave a viable whole cloth. We shall examine each strategy in turn.

First, Harker's destruction of Dracula means that Stoker can destroy the hated vision of a hideously grotesque Wilde. But simultaneously, Harker can fulfill his yearning to penetrate a male—in other words, he can do exactly what made Wilde seem monstrous. Thus, the final scene shows us a man penetrating another man in order to punish the second man for penetrating others. The censor's hard stake-point dissolves into an erotic fantasy of male/male penetration. "Jonathan's great knife" keeps flashing closer to Dracula's body (*D*, 377). In the Castle, he throws a large shovel that tears the flesh of Dracula's forehead. In the house in Piccadilly, Harker "had ready his great Kukri knife, and made a fierce and sudden cut at him" (*D*, 306). Finally, Harker tears a throat until it bleeds, which is precisely what Dracula did. The three scenes of male insertion into another male make up for their matter-of-fact tone by the insistence with which they are repeated. Harker's penetration of Dracula does not give the climactic release of Lucy's death, but rather has the status of an obsession, a rhythmically repeated quest, which sets the drumbeat of the whole novel. Stoker organizes vampiric logic such that Harker becomes an acceptable version of Dracula; in other words, Stoker can see himself as a good version of Wilde. The novel ends when Stoker kills off the media-produced homosexual monster in the same moment, and by the same act, that he reasserts the pleasure of homosexuality. Like any vampire, Dracula does not die—he lives on in the praiseworthy desires of his nominal enemy, Jonathan Harker.

The novel 'saves' Dracula partly by transferring his characteristics to a 'good' character, but also partly by making Dracula pitiable rather than fearful. In the last third of the novel, narrative sympathy for Dracula swells. "That poor soul who has wrought all this misery is the saddest case of all. Just think what will be his joy when he too is destroyed in his worser part that his better part may have spiritual immortality" (*D*, 308). The rhetoric is reminiscent of Willie Wilde's promise that Oscar's imprisonment "will help to purify him body & soul."[106] Mina speaks from Stoker's secret empathy for Wilde. "I have been thinking all this long, long day of it—that . . . perhaps . . . some day . . . I too may need such pity" (*D*, 309). The Harkers each grow into vampirism—but whereas Jonathan spits out his hatred of the monster he increasingly resembles, Mina turns her identification into pity and sorrow. As a woman she can provide the sentimentalizing reading of Dracula that the men would imperil themselves by proffering. Mina allows Stoker to articulate

sympathy for his private friend Oscar, just as Harker expresses Stoker's need to assert his horror at the public enemy Wilde.

This ending successfully corrects the monstrously magnified and demonized version of Wilde. The Englishmen transform Dracula into a pitiable prisoner. His weakness dilutes his monstrosity, which finally disappears when his staking reveals a peaceful expression on his face. Finally, the men transmit his newly purified identity to a more respectable carrier. Thus Stoker scoops the fearfulness from the Wilde myth and salvages the Wildean aspects he wants, including Wilde's power, resilience, self-confidence, popularity, and determination. By the end of *Dracula*, Stoker has successfully worked through the media myths to destroy what might threaten him and simultaneously preserve the Wildean characteristics that he can use to model his own homosexual identity.

The novel not only solves the issue of Wilde but also answers Stoker's need for a viable way to satisfy his own desires in the post-Wilde era. This second solution comes through the ending's insistence on voyeurism. All the scenes of sexual release by staking depend on a spectator's pleasure. During Lucy's staking, as the men stand by chanting a harrowing tale—the prayer for the dead—Arthur collapses in exhausted ecstasy. The *Dracula* characters embrace Arthur's sweating, supine body, and then do something that the text does not name: "He reeled and would have fallen had we not caught him. . . . For a few moments we were so taken up with him that we did not look towards the coffin" (*D*, 216). Van Helsing lays his hand on Arthur's shoulder; Arthur kisses and presses his hand. Then they move into a closer embrace, as Arthur "put his hands on the Professor's shoulder, and laying his head on his breast, cried for a while silently, whilst we stood unmoving" (*D*, 217). While the two men hug, Quincey and Seward watch, standing solid, erect, immobile. When Arthur raises his head to look deep into Van Helsing's eyes, Van Helsing softly invites Arthur to "kiss her"—surely one of the more ludicrous displacements demanded by homophobic literary conventions.

Even when Van Helsing proves his virility by staking three powerful women, he shapes the scene as a spectacle for an absent viewer. Abandoning the normal diary format, Van Helsing decides to record his adventures in a memorandum designed for Seward's eyes. "This to my old and true friend John Seward, M.D., of Purfleet, London, in case I may not see him" (*D*, 362). He invokes "friend John" twice in his description of piercing the women, though he mentions John nowhere else (*D*, 371). Triangulation seems desireable, perhaps necessary, for

Stoker's version of the erotic. A male penetrates a female—but the male has to share the experience visually with another male.

By the end of the book, however, this situation reverses itself. A male penetrates a male, and the watching female is aroused. Mina enjoys watching Jonathan struggle with Dracula. "I should have felt terrible fear at seeing Jonathan in such danger, but that the ardour of battle must have been upon me as well as the rest of them; I felt no fear, but only a wild, surging desire to do something" (*D*, 375). In this chapter, Mina not only involuntarily expresses Dracula's desires, but also shares Harker's emotions. For instance, she telepathically knows her husband's travel plans. Thus her "wild" desires can be read as displacements of Harker's wish to do the unnamed "something." (Indeed, her language reprises Harker's earlier speech in which a wild desire also overcomes fear of death: "A wild desire took me to obtain that key at any risk. . . . he might kill me, but death now seemed the happier choice of evils" [*D*, 50].) Mina gets more excited as Harker gets closer to Dracula's body; she is "breathlessly watching Jonathan" (*D*, 376).

When Harker and Quincey rip the cover off Dracula's bed, the narrative altogether forgets that its narrator Mina is watching from a distance, behind a rock, at night, in the midst of a blinding snowstorm, and unabashedly gives details that could only come from Harker's closer vision. For instance, the viewer notices when the expression in Dracula's eyes changes from hatred to triumph. When Harker kills Dracula, Mina "shrieked": the climax of the male-male penetration gets verbalized through its spectator (*D*, 377). Though Mina says "the red gleams fell on my face, so that it was bathed in rosy light," the words express a spectator's point of view. The men are the only ones who can see Mina's face, and it is Harker, the admirer of Mina's beauty, who notices what it looks like. (Admiring Mina's beauty has been his role throughout the novel; even during the awful scene when Mina gets scarred by the Host, Harker pauses to notice her "beautiful hair" [*D*, 296]. By contrast, the other men only talk about her emotional attractions, using terms like "sweet-faced" [*D*, 219].) By routing the force of "surging desire" through a female spectator, Stoker nearly succeeds in heterosexualizing this scene. But the oscillating narrative voice gives the scene the erotic energy of something that occasionally tips into the forbidden perspective of an impossible voyeur.

Given the triangle of penetrator, passive receptor, and aroused spectator, husband and wife and rival can all fit themselves in. Mina discovers that she feels "ardour" when she sees her husband rip the

covers off another man's bed. In fact, Mina has never disapproved of Harker's liaison—far from being shocked by Harker's diary, she has fetishized the account, wrapping it in the ribbon from her underclothing and sealing it with her wedding ring. She decides to read the book less than one month after she had pledged to keep it sealed as a sacred marital trust, and immediately fantasizes an appreciative audience to whom she can transmit this story. Mina transcribes copies of it to show others, and imagines telling the story in her husband's stead; she also hopes that Harker will recover to tell her more details (*D*, 179). If this novel records a crisis in epistemology—the impossibility of knowing whether "the girls that you love are mine"—Mina is the figure who gets a special erotic jolt from distributing packets of knowledge, from train schedules to hypnotic visions. For Mina, the voyeuristic pleasures of seeing may be stronger than any more conventional sexual pleasures. During the battle scene, her enjoyment of her privileged gaze quite effaces any anxiety about Dracula's potential improper usage of her husband's body. Her willingness to play spectator allows Harker to come out of the closet for her. Stoker's interest in literary eroticism and passive spectatorship work to produce a viable model of triangular desire. We cannot forget that this voyeuristic pleasure stems from Stoker's avid viewership of the Wilde trial, and reinterprets (even recuperates) his helpless passivity during that period.

To sum up: the novel's ending accomplishes three tasks. First, Stoker resolves the challenge of self-hatred posed by Wilde's villification in popular culture, as he carefully undoes Wilde's apparent monstrosity and then transfers the respectable remainder of Wilde to a 'good' character. Second, he resolves the "between men" triangle by constructing a space for a spectator within any erotic encounter, and reverses the heterosexualizing imperative by making the spectator female. Third, he finds a way to represent the fruits of his peculiarly sublimated sort of desire. The ending's final function is to produce a series of stand-ins for the pleasurable male body. Stoker performs this substitution through the martyrdom of the silent man.

The novel's conclusion exults in having apparently bleached away Caine's "foul stain." "The sunset of this evening may shine on Madam Mina's forehead all white as ivory and with no stain!" (*D*, 298). And Quincey dies proclaiming "The snow is not more stainless than her forehead! The curse has passed away" (*D*, 378). Appropriately, the novel ends by alleviating its dedicatee's concern. But the pain and danger associated with Wilde's conviction—"the most awful tragedy in the whole history of literature"—get memorialized by Quincey's death. Quincey

dies in Harker's lap, fluids "spurting through his fingers" (*D*, 376). While Quincey rejoices in Mina's snowy stainlessness, his own body must be soaking Harker's lap into a sticky pool of blood.[107] This vision, made inevitable by the men's physical situation, is nevertheless excluded from the text. It is the only scene of one man's blood flowing directly into another man's body, without intermediary of woman, surgical needle, or vampiric tooth. Later, we find that Quincey and Harker have a son from this encounter. Young Quincey's birthdate and name establish him as the original Quincey's continuation, and "some of our brave friend's spirit has passed into him" (*D*, 378). Quincey's spirit fled his dying body, swirled along in his blood, soaked into Harker and became the 'seed' of Harker's son. Harker transmits Quincey's blood to Mina, just as Mina had stained her husband's body with Dracula's blood. Instead of epidemiological worry, this new blood transmission produces thriving sons. Thus Stoker recuperates the infectiousness of the vampire myth by making it into a paradigm for homosexual procreative sex.

But like a good Victorian novel, *Dracula* keeps its hero's aristocratic parentage secret. The boy is actually the final rehabilitation of Dracula's and Harker's love, for he is Dracula's son. The logic that proves the boy Quincey's spiritual heir also proves his kinship to Dracula. Quincey and Dracula died on the same day, the date on which the boy was born. Thus Dracula's spirit could have passed into him, rather than Quincey's spirit. Physically, too, Dracula's spirit was as peripatetic as Quincey's. Dracula's spirit has certainly journeyed into Harker's character, since Harker has acquired Dracula's personality traits. We can also trace the boy's physical conception through the stream of fluids that drips throughout the novel; Dracula's blood poured into Mina's mouth, and Harker's body would be covered with Dracula's blood, both from decapitating him and from supporting the bloodstained Quincey.

Little Quincey Harker can be read as the child of Dracula's and Harker's mutual desire. He is the apotheosis of Stoker's attempt to transform homosexual 'infection' into heterosexual 'procreation.' Meanwhile, Quincey's martyrdom is a red herring as well as a red stain. The intense eroticism of Dracula's death—a passive, paralyzed figure spurting fluids—merely displaces onto a respectable surrogate, Quincey's death.

Two textual allusions reveal the relationship between Quincey's and Dracula's deaths. Harker assumes a kneeling position when Quincey dies, just as he kneeled over Dracula's coffin. Quincey's blood "was spurting," a word the novel used earlier to describe Dracula's own blood (*D*, 288, 376). Quincey's death allows Harker the physical contact and

the sorrow he could not give Dracula's body. In fact, Quincey's death even allows him to transform melancholia into mourning, as he makes his lost object into a text—a horror story, the story of *Dracula,* to tell boys not yet grown.

Quincey's last words are true: the stain has been erased, the curse has been averted. But that does not mean that male fluids will never again mark other men's bodies. It simply means that the exchange of male fluids will not be registered as a 'stain,' because it will not be seen as dirty, infectious, or dangerous. Through his secret love and public hate, through his careful expurgation and transference of personality, and through his construction of a sophisticated erotic triangular structure, Stoker overcomes the horror of Wilde's conviction. Stoker's oblique desires, his triangular arrangements, his literary arousals, have produced a satisfactory waystation between the closet and the open land. So satisfactory, in fact, that nothing can be proved against him—no court could find enough evidence of his homosexual desires to convict Bram Stoker. "We could hardly ask anyone, even did we wish to, to accept these as proofs of so *wild* a story" (*D*, 378, emphasis added).

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NOTES

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[1] See Christopher Craft, "'Kiss Me with Those Red Lips': Gender and Inversion in Bram Stoker's *Dracula," Representations* 8 (Fall 1984): 107–33; Elaine Showalter, *Sexual Anarchy: Gender and Culture at the Fin de Siecle* (New York: Viking Penguin, 1990); Marjorie Howes, "The Mediation of the Feminine: Bisexuality, Homoerotic Desire, and Self-Expression in Bram Stoker's *Dracula," Texas Studies in Literature and Language* 30 (1988): 104–19; C. F. Bentley, "The Monster in the Bedroom," *Literature and Psychology* 22 (1972): 27–24; Anne Cranny-Francis, "Sexual Politics and Political Repression in Bram Stoker's *Dracula," Nineteenth-Century Suspense: From Poe to Conan Doyle*, ed. Clive Bloom, Brian Docherty, Jane Gibb, Keith Shand (New York: St. Martin's Press, 1988), 64–79.

[2] There are four biographies of Stoker available now, and all draw heavily on Stoker's semi-autobiographical *Reminiscences of Sir Henry Irving.* Harry Ludlam's *A Biography of*

Dracula: The Life Story of Bram Stoker (London: W. Foulsham & Co. Ltd., 1962) is the earliest biography and focuses on the early film and theatre history of 'Dracula.' Daniel Farson's *The Man Who Wrote Dracula* (London: Michael Joseph Ltd., 1975) takes a slightly more critical approach to Stoker's life and also incorporates family memories, since Stoker was Farson's great-uncle. For these reasons I have chosen to rely on Farson's biography rather than Ludlam's. Both biographies lack footnotes, bibliography, and citations. The most modern biography is Alain Pozzuoli's French work, also without scholarly apparatus: *Bram Stoker, Prince des Ténébres* (France: Librairie Séguier, 1989). Phyllis A. Roth's slim biography, *Bram Stoker* (Boston: Twayne Publishers, 1982) provides a more contemporary scholarly approach but is a summary of Farson, Ludlam, and *Personal Reminiscences* that adds no new information.

[3] I use the terms 'homosexual' and 'gay' in spite of the fact that Stoker seems to have been interested in contemporary 'inversion' theories rather than 'homosexual' theories. Calling him an 'invert' would lend legitimacy to the term, whose heterosexualizing assumptions are now well known.

[4] Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick, *Epistemology of the Closet* (Berkeley: Univ. of California Press, 1990), 79.

[5] Bram Stoker, *Dracula* (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 1983), 2, 378, 1. All further references will refer to this edition, and will be noted parenthetically within the text and abbreviated *D*.

[6] Bram Stoker, *Personal Reminiscences*, 2 vols. (New York: Macmillan Company, 1906), 2:95. Hereafter cited parenthetically in the text and abbreviated *R*.

[7] See also, Horace Traubel, *With Walt Whitman in Camden*, 7 vols. (Carbondale: Southern Illinois Univ. Press, 1959), 1:302.

[8] Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick, *Between Men: English Literature and Male Homosocial Desire* (New York: Columbia Univ. Press, 1985), 205–6.

[9] Traubel (note 8), 4:182.

[10] Traubel, 4:185.

[11] Traubel, 4:185.

[12] Traubel, 4:81, 184.

[13] Traubel, 4:180.

[14] Traubel, 4:180.

[15] Traubel, 4:79, 181.

[16] It is interesting to note that Dennis R. Perry argues that Whitman's poetry exerted a major influence on *Dracula*. See "Whitman's Influence on Stoker's *Dracula*," *The Walt Whitman Quarterly Review* 3 (1986): 29–33. In his letter to Whitman, Stoker singles out the line "weatherbeaten ships entering new ports" as peculiarly evocative; perhaps it informed his description of the Demeter's remarkable entry into Whitby harbor.

[17] Traubel (note 8), 4:181–85.

[18] Bram Stoker, *The Man* (London: W. Heinemann, 1905), 400.

[19] Farson (note 2), 31.

[20] We can only speculate about Irving's desires for Stoker, but tantalizing clues remain, like the illegible pencilled note he wrote Stoker on the back of an envelope, of which Farson could decipher only: "You, above all men whom I hold dear." Farson (note 2), 98.

[21] Roth (note 2), 136.

[22] Letter to Escott, [10 July 1883], Manuscript Collection #58794 (f.32), British Library.

[23] Did Caine share Stoker's feelings? Caine's biographer and friend writes that depression "is not an uncommon mood with young men, and its not unnatural cure is for the young man to fall deeply in love. But there seemed no likelihood of any such happiness

befalling young Caine, so far as any of his friends knew. He seemed to avoid the possibility of such a contingency. His friendships, so far as I knew, were exclusively with young men, though there was nothing of the misogynist in him." C. Fred Kenyon, *Hall Caine: The Man and the Novelist* (London: Greening & Co., Ltd., 1901), 42.

[24] Bram Stoker, "The Censorship of Fiction," *Nineteenth Century* 64 (1908), 486. Hereafter cited parenthetically in the text and abbreviated *F*.

[25] Stoker's articles are actually quite old-fashioned, as they fit into a genre of reactionary literary journalism that flourished in the 1890s. Late-nineteenth-century literary critics were terrified of the frank treatment of sexuality they associated with Zola, Wilde, and various 'New Women' writers. See, for instance, Mrs. B. A. Crackanthorpe, "Sex in Modern Literature," *The Nineteenth Century* 37 (1895): 607–16; Edmund Gosse, "The Decay of Literary Taste," *North American Review* 161 (1895): 109–18; H. Rider Haggard, "About Fiction," *Contemporary Review* 51 (1887): 172–80; Janet E. Hogarth, "Literary Degenerates," *The Fortnightly Review* 63 (1895): 586–92; James Ashcroft Noble, "The Fiction of Sexuality," *Contemporary Review* 67 (1895): 490–98; Hugh E. M. Stutfield, "Tommyrotics," *Blackwood's Magazine* 157 (1895): 833–45.

[26] Bram Stoker, "The Censorship of Stage Plays," *Nineteenth Century* 66 (1909): 985.

[27] Stoker, "Stage Plays" (note 26), 985.

[28] The best commentary on *The Man* is actually Radclyffe Hall's *Well of Loneliness*, which borrows Stoker's character names, basic plot, and descriptive details to produce the interesting story of sexuality and gender that Stoker's narrative represses.

[29] Bram Stoker, *Famous Imposters* (London: Sidgwick & Jackson, Ltd., 1910), 269.

[30] Years later, Stoker wrote *The Jewel of the Seven Stars* based on his memories of Sir William Wilde's conversation. Ludlam (note 2), 123.

[31] I date this letter 1875 because Farson says that Stoker applied for the post of city treasurer that year (Farson [note 2], 26). Terence DeVere White, *The Parents of Oscar Wilde* (London: Hodder and Stoughton Limited, 1967), 238. The anecdote about the flat is on 243.

[32] Horace Wyndham, *Speranza: A Biography of Lady Wilde* (New York: Philosophical Library Inc., 1951), 70.

[33] Ludlam (note 2), 40; Richard Ellmann, *Oscar Wilde* (New York: Vintage Books, 1987), 58.

[34] Ellmann (note 33), 58.

[35] Drawing reprinted in Vyvyan Holland, *Son of Oscar Wilde* (London: Rupert Hart-Davis, 1954), opposite 240. Also see Holland, 239–240; Oscar Wilde, *The Letters of Oscar Wilde*, ed. Rupert Hart-Davis (New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc., 1962), 36.

[36] See, for instance, Edward Dowden's congratulatory letter to Stoker, which expresses surprise at his marriage. Dowden and Stoker had worked together for years in Whitman's behalf. Letter to Stoker, [3 January 1879], Brotherton Collection, University of Leeds.

[37] Farson (note 2), 41.

[38] Ellmann (note 33), 103.

[39] Farson (note 2), 41.

[40] Wilde (note 35), 54–55.

[41] Farson (note 2), 41.

[42] Farson, 61.

[43] Wilde (note 35), 61n.

[44] Frank Harris, *Oscar Wilde: His Life and Confessions*, 2 vols. (New York: Printed and published by the author, 1916), 1:52–53. Harris's account is confirmed by Ellmann's biography.

[45] Farson (note 2), 23.

[46] Farson, 18.

[47] Ellmann (note 33), 30.

[48] Ellmann, 168, 103.

[49] Harris (note 44), 38.

[50] Harris, 41.

[51] Ellmann (note 33), 34; Farson (note 2), 19.

[52] Cited in Sedgwick, *Between Men* (note 8), 21.

[53] See correspondence from Clement Scott, 1890, Brotherton Collection, University of Leeds.

[54] Among the sources to consult for details of Wilde's and Stoker's social interactions: Farson (note 2), 62, 70 (he cites a letter whose original is at the Shakespeare Centre in England); Wilde (note 35), 61n, 76n, 167, 202, 285–86, 292; Rupert Hart-Davis, *More Letters of Oscar Wilde* (New York: Vanguard Press, 1985), 73; *The Lady's Pictorial*, 23 July 1887, 85, 100; Ellmann (note 33), 371; H. Montgomery Hyde, *Oscar Wilde* (New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1975), 135–36; Roger Manwell, *Ellen Terry* (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1968), 132; letters in the Wilde Collection at the William Andrews Clark Library of UCLA: letter from Constance Wilde, 7 June 1894, Berg Collection, New York Public Library; letter from Constance Wilde, 11 June 1894, Brotherton Collection, University of Leeds.

[55] Ellmann (note 33), 30.

[56] Hesketh Pearson, *Oscar Wilde: His Life and Wit* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1946), 185.

[57] Coulson Kernahan, *In Good Company* (London: John Lane, 1917), 235.

[58] Laurence Irving, *Henry Irving: The Actor and his World* (New York: Macmillan Company, 1952), 579.

[59] Marguerite Steen, *A Pride of Terrys* (London: Longmans, 1962), 206.

[60] Manwell (note 54), 232.

[61] Irving (note 58), 579.

[62] Charles Ricketts, *Recollections of Oscar Wilde* (Bloomsbury: Nonesuch Press, 1932), 48.

[63] Pozzuoli (note 2), 58; Farson (note 2), 235. Though the tale appears in two biographies, neither biographer gives a source for his information, and none of Wilde's published Paris letters mentions Stoker.

[64] Letter from Willie Wilde, 16 July 1895, Brotherton Collection, University of Leeds.

[65] For an example of Willie Wilde's alcoholic emotionalism, see W. B. Yeats, *The Autobiography of W. B. Yeats* (New York: Macmillan Co., 1953), 172–73.

[66] H. Montgomery Hyde, *Carson: The Life of Sir Edward Carson, Lord Carson of Duncairn* (New York: Octagon Books, 1974), 14.

[67] Ludlam (note 2), 95.

[68] Ludlam, 102.

[69] Ellis Hanson, "Undead," in *Inside/Out: Lesbian Theories, Gay Theories*, ed. Diana Fuss (New York: Routledge, 1991), 325.

[70] Salli J. Kline argues that Dracula, with his fastidious attire and goatee, his strolls down Piccadilly, and his elaborate collection of valuable artworks, is meant to satirize the Aesthete. "Count Dracula de Ville [his assumed surname] obviously stands for the dandies of London, its professional aesthetes, its self-conscious, ostentatiously extravagant 'Decadents'" (Salli J. Kline, *The Degeneration of Women* [Rheinbach-Merzbach: CMZ-Verlag, 1992], 188–91).

[71] Frank Harris's *My Life and Loves* (New York: Grove Press, 1925) details his dealings with Stoker.

[72] Frank Harris, *Oscar Wilde* (East Lansing: Michigan State Univ. Press, 1959), 53–54. Though Harris is renowned for his mendacity, I have used his account because it is the most vivid description of a common observation.

[73] *The Westminster Gazette,* 27 May 1895, 2.

[74] For a description of Wilde's incarceration, see Ellmann (note 33), 479–80.

[75] Ellmann (note 33), 38; Farson (note 2), 232.

[76] Thomas Hood, "The Dream of Eugene Aram," in *Selected Poems of Thomas Hood,* ed. John Clubbe (Cambridge: Harvard Univ. Press, 1970), 162–69.

[77] Traubel (note 8), 4:182.

[78] In notes dated 1890, Dracula has an even more direct declaration: "This man belongs to me I want him." See Stoker's original working notes, 8 March 1890, EL3.f/ S874d/ MS, The Rosenbach Museum and Library, Philadelphia.

[79] Kernahan (note 57), 235.

[80] Ellmann (note 33), 499–500.

[81] H. Montgomery Hyde, *The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde* (New York: University Books, 1948), 199.

[82] Hyde (note 81), 199.

[83] Hyde, 190.

[84] Hyde, 165.

[85] This connection is mentioned by Kline (note 70), 191.

[86] Ellmann (note 33), 493.

[87] Hanson (note 69), 337.

[88] Letter to William Gladstone, 24 May 1897, #44525 f..221, Manuscript Collection, British Library.

[89] See, for instance, Havelock Ellis's *Studies in the Psychology of Sex* (Philadelphia: F. A. Davis Company, 1908), which analyzes homosexuality through pathological discourse, featuring chapter headings like, "Comparison with Color-blindness, Color-hearing, and Similar Abnormalities." According to Hyde's record, the judge in Wilde's case deeply regretted the lack of medical evidence that could have "thrown light on" Wilde's dark behavior (Hyde [note 98], 335).

[90] This fear of destructive infection may relate to the fact that both Wilde and Stoker died from syphilis. The disease takes about fifteen years to kill its host. Thus we can calculate Wilde, who died in 1900, contracted the disease about 1885, whereas Stoker, who died in 1912, may have been infected as early as Wilde's trial in 1895 or *Dracula*'s publication in 1897.

[91] *The Daily Chronicle,* 27 May 1895, 4.

[92] Ellmann (note 33), 479.

[93] *The Evening News*, quoted in Hyde (note 81), 12.

[94] *The Daily Telegraph,* quoted in Hyde, 11.

[95] *The Daily Telegraph*, quoted in Hyde, 11.

[96] *The Westminster Gazette,* 25 May 1895, 5.

[97] *The Westminster Gazette,* 27 May 1895, 2.

[98] The Oxford University Press (World's Classics) edition has a misprint of "April 25" instead of "May 25," probably based on the misprint in the first edition (Westminster: Archibald Constable and Company, 1897). Stoker clearly intended May 25, because Seward mentions his rejection of May 24. The date is correct in other editions.

[99] Van Helsing may also allude to Wilde's father, another famous doctor who was knighted for his medical skills and his literary achievements.

[100] Farson (note 2), 228.

[101] Traubel (note 8), 4:183.

[102] Farson (note 2), 213–14.

[103] See Alan Johnson, "Bent and Broken Necks: Signs of Design in Dracula," *Victorian Newsletter* 72 (Fall 1987), n. 4, 243.

[104] Readings of Lucy include Carol A. Senf, "'Dracula': Stoker's Response to the New Woman," *Victorian Studies* 26 (1982): 33–49; Phyllis Roth, "Suddenly Sexual Women in Bram Stoker's *Dracula*," *Literature and Psychology* 26 (1977): 13–121; Stephanie Demetrakopoulos, "Feminism, Sex Role Exchanges, and Other Subliminal Fantasies in Bram Stoker's *Dracula*," *Frontiers* 3 (1977).

[105] Kernahan (note 57), 235.

[106] Willie Wilde (note 64).

[107] Ernest Jones, *On the Nightmare* (New York: Liveright, 1951) says that blood often stands in for semen in the context of vampire narratives.