




Red
Lips

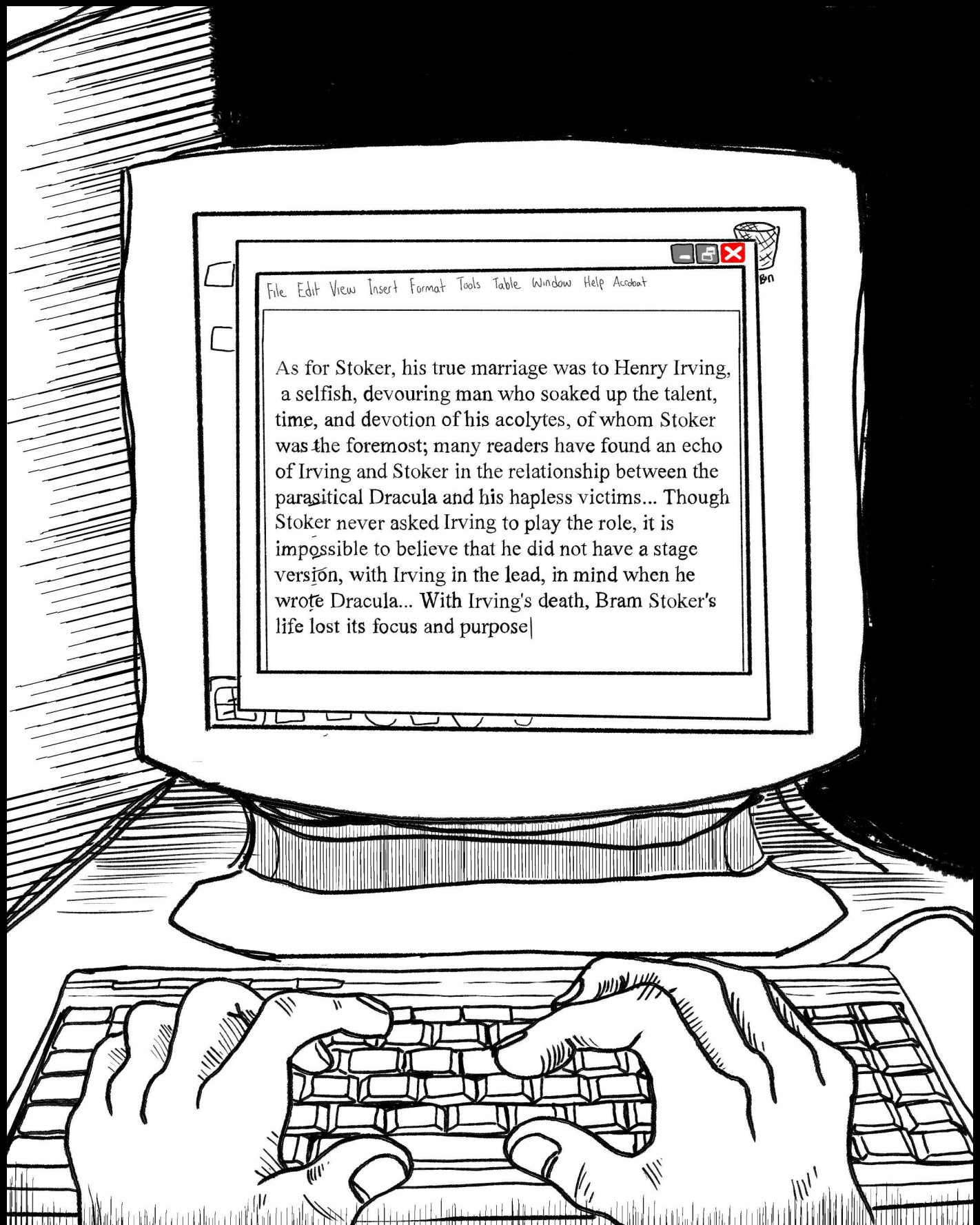
How can we reinvent classic literature to emphasize the queer subtext in it? How would Dracula play out differently with Jonathan Harker and Dracula's relationship on full display? This short graphic novel takes quotations from Bram Stoker's Dracula and puts them in a new context with specific words edited to further the queer narrative. Dracula was heavily inspired by Bram Stoker's relationship with his lifelong friend, and famous actor, Henry Irving. Many scholars believe that Stoker projected his admiration and desire for Irving through Dracula's hypnotic and charismatic personality. In addition, the homoerotic subtext of Dracula was tied to another one of Stoker's close friends, Oscar Wilde. Due to Wilde's imprisonment for his sexuality, and for fear of negative connotations, Stoker did his best to remove mentions of Wilde's name from his work. No matter the case, Dracula's queer context is important to recognize, and I hope you enjoy this brief insight into what that kind of story would look like in the modern era. 



About the Author:

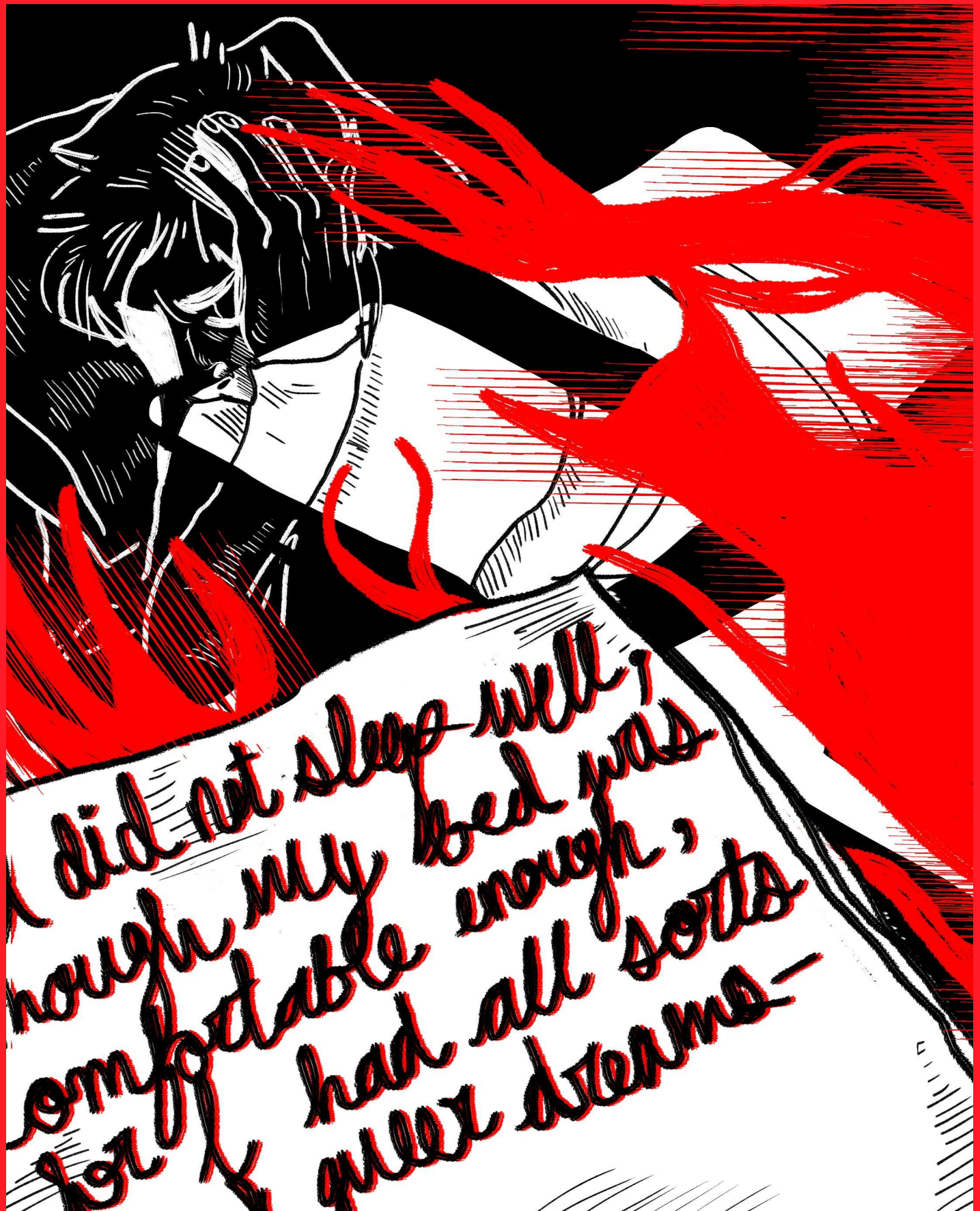
Elliot Rex is an independent multimedia artist, character and video game designer based in Los Angeles. They are interested in interactions between technology, the body, and monsters. Their work is heavily influenced by science fiction and horror as well as modern goth and internet culture. Some of their games are about gay vampires, charming cryptids, and spooky spaceships, with plenty more bizarre ideas on the way. 

Those
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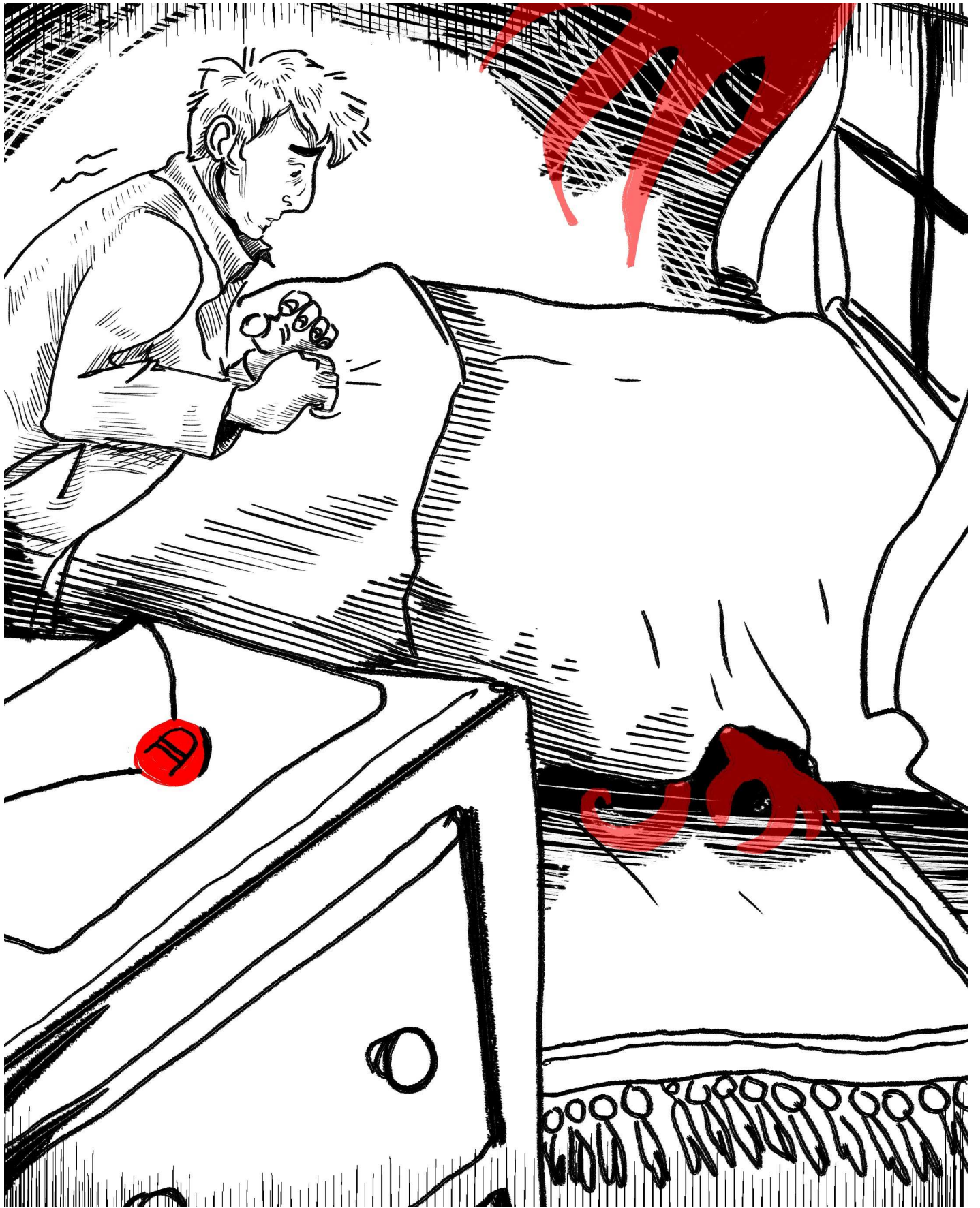


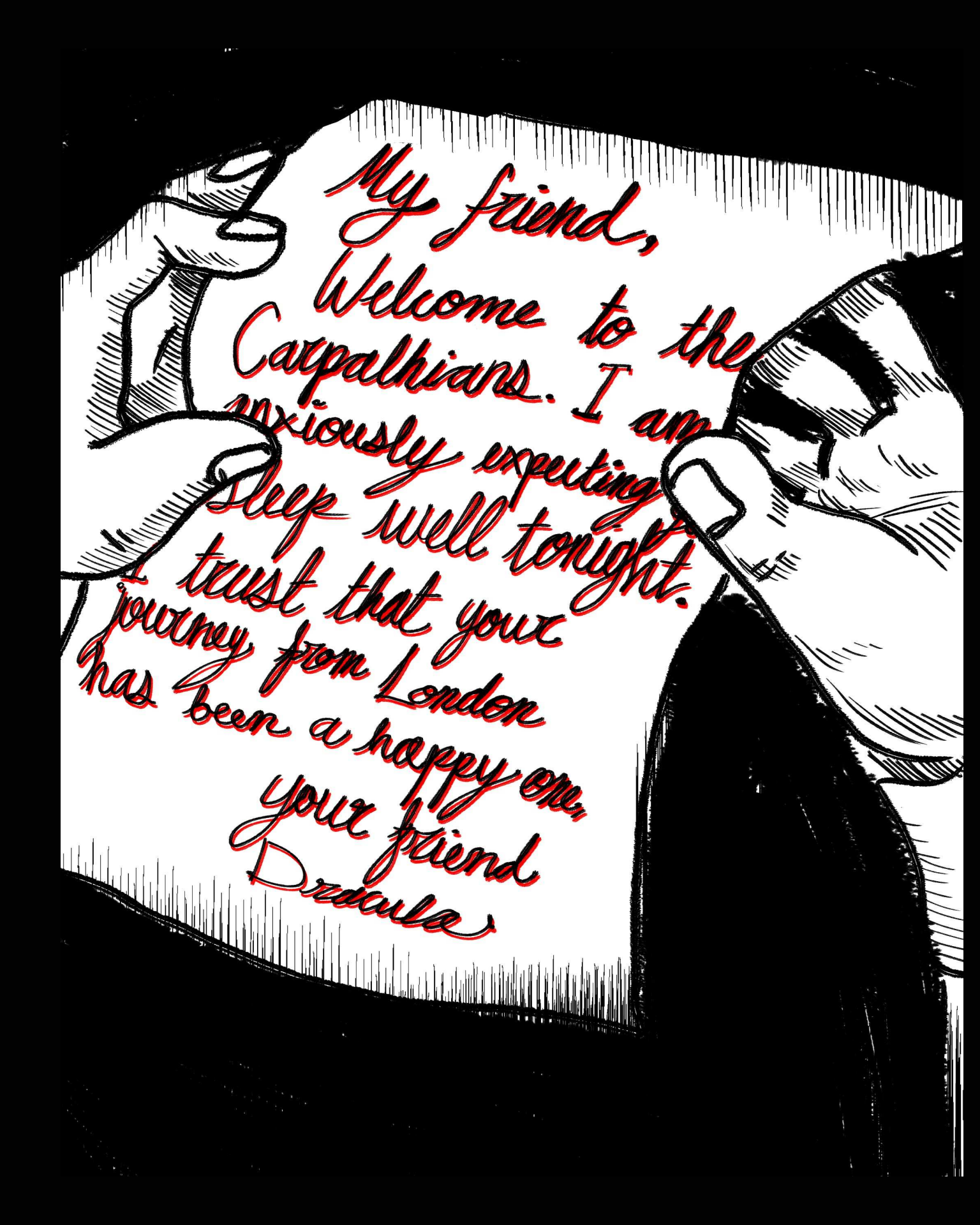
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As for Stoker, his true marriage was to Henry Irving, a selfish, devouring man who soaked up the talent, time, and devotion of his acolytes, of whom Stoker was the foremost; many readers have found an echo of Irving and Stoker in the relationship between the parasitical Dracula and his hapless victims... Though Stoker never asked Irving to play the role, it is impossible to believe that he did not have a stage version, with Irving in the lead, in mind when he wrote Dracula... With Irving's death, Bram Stoker's life lost its focus and purpose|



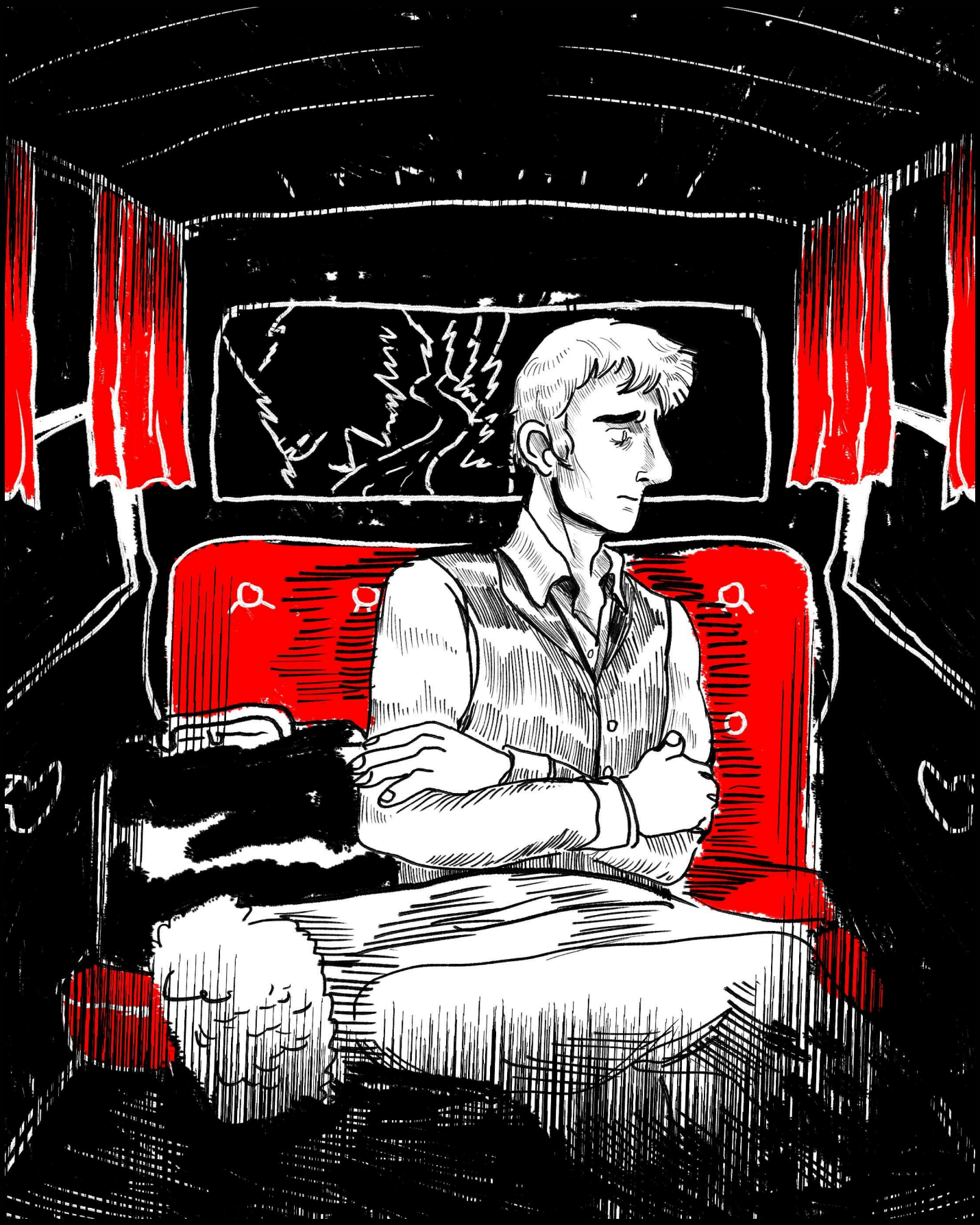
I did not sleep well,
though my bed was
comfortable enough,
but I had all sorts
of queer dreams.

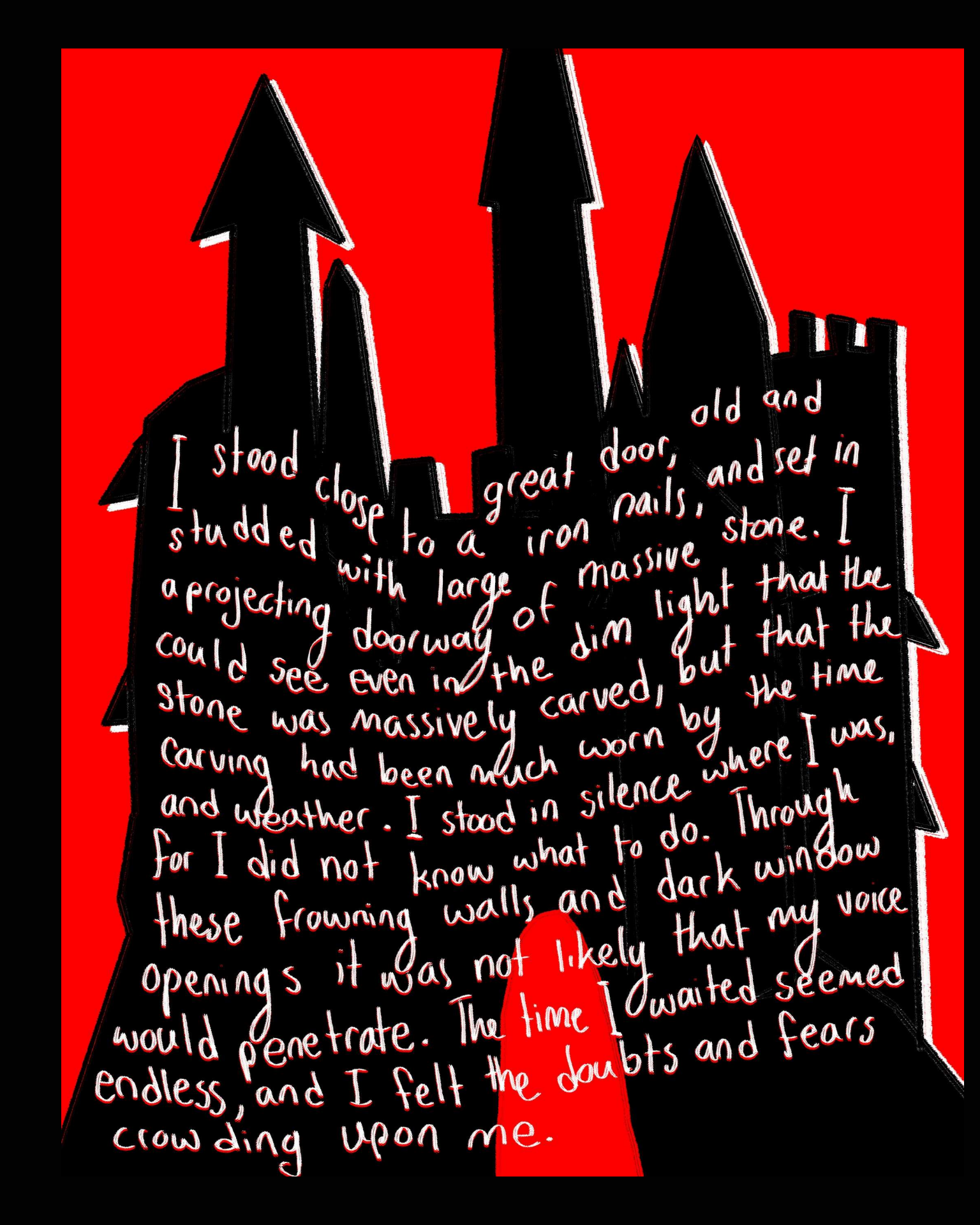




My friend,
Welcome to the
Carpalhiars. I am
anxiously expecting.

Sleep well tonight.
I trust that your
journey from London
has been a happy one.
Your friend
Dracula



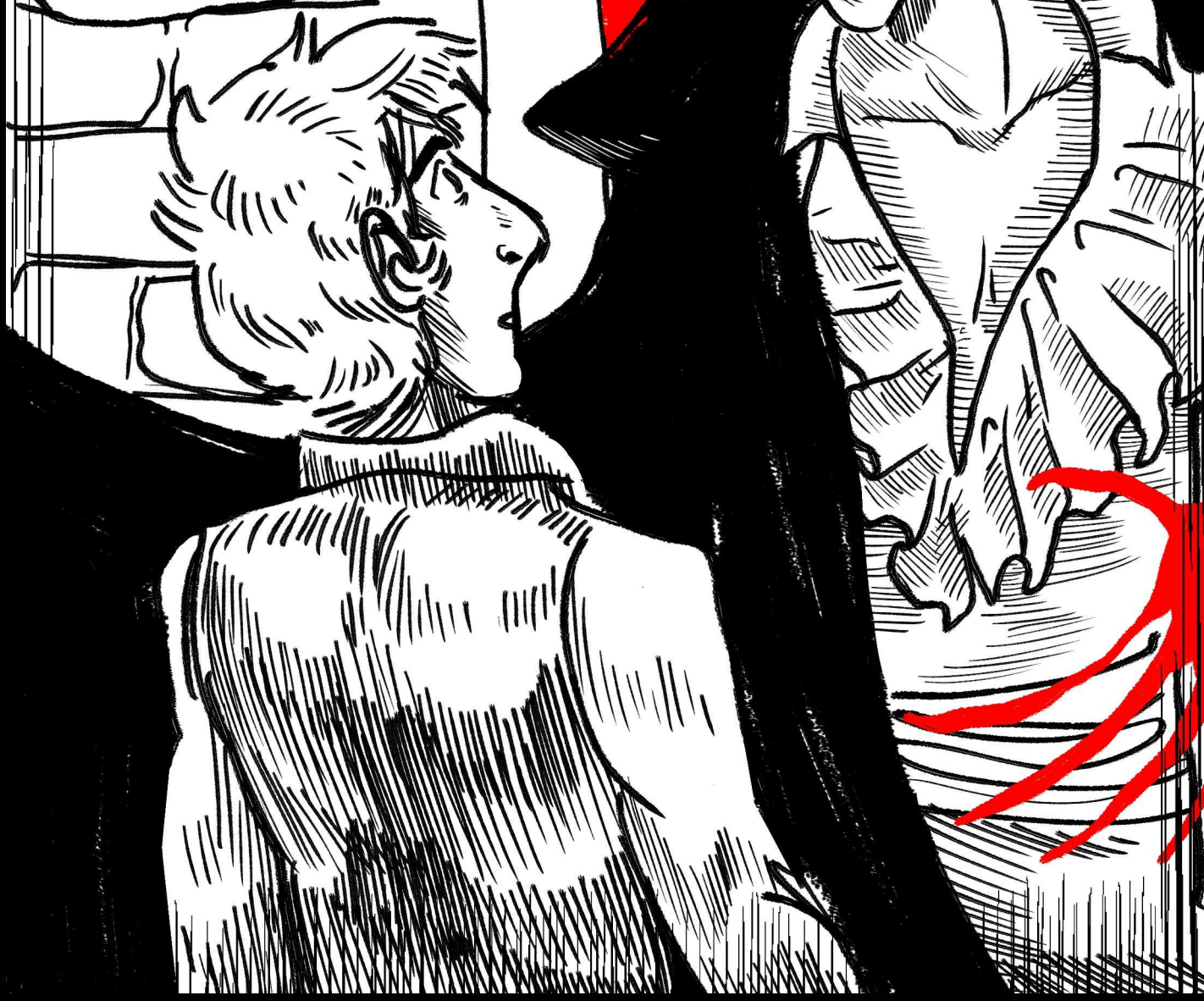


I stood close to a great door, old and studded with large iron nails, and set in a projecting doorway of massive stone. I could see even in the dim light that the stone was massively carved, but that the carving had been much worn by the time and weather. I stood in silence where I was, for I did not know what to do. Through these frowning walls and dark window openings it was not likely that my voice would penetrate. The time I waited seemed endless, and I felt the doubts and fears crowding upon me.



I heard a heavy step and saw
a tall man clad in black

Welcome to my house. Come freely, go safely, and leave some of the happiness you bring.



He stood like a statue, but
the instant I stepped over
the threshold he moved
impulsively forward.



His hand grasped mine
with a strength that
made me ~~wince~~. His skin
was cold as ice.



Count Dracula?

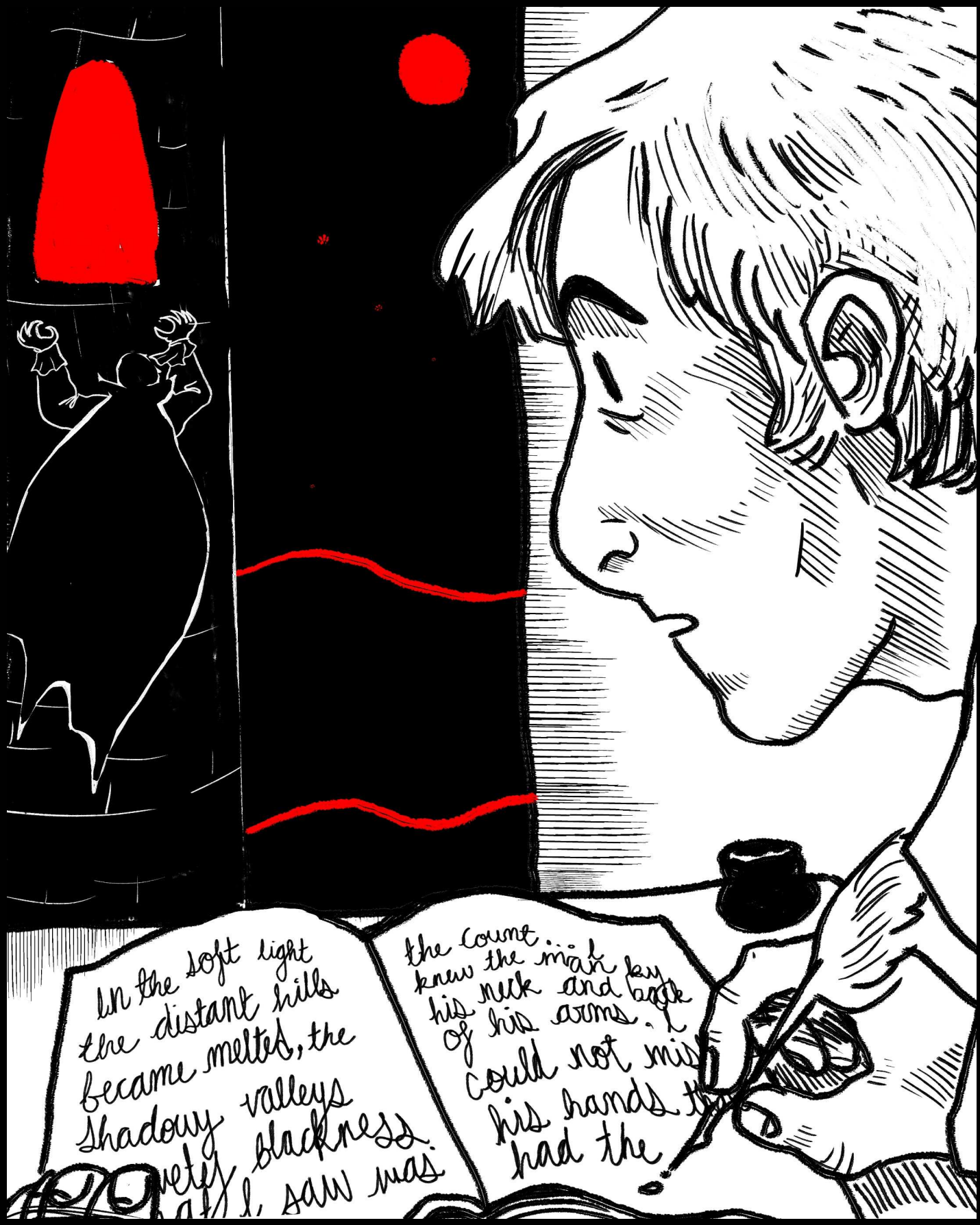
I am Dracula, I bid you welcome, Mr. Harker. Let me see to your comfort myself.

He bowed in a courtly way






As the Count
leaned over me,
his hands
touched me.
I could not
repress a shudder.



In the soft light
the distant hills
became melted, the
shadowy valleys
blackness.
I saw mas

the count
knew the man by
his neck and back
of his arms. I
could not miss
his hands that
had the



There was something about
them that made me uneasy,
some longing, but also deadly
fear.

I felt
burning in my heart
would desire that they he
kiss me with those
red lips.

But that instant
another sensation
swept through me,
quick as lightning.



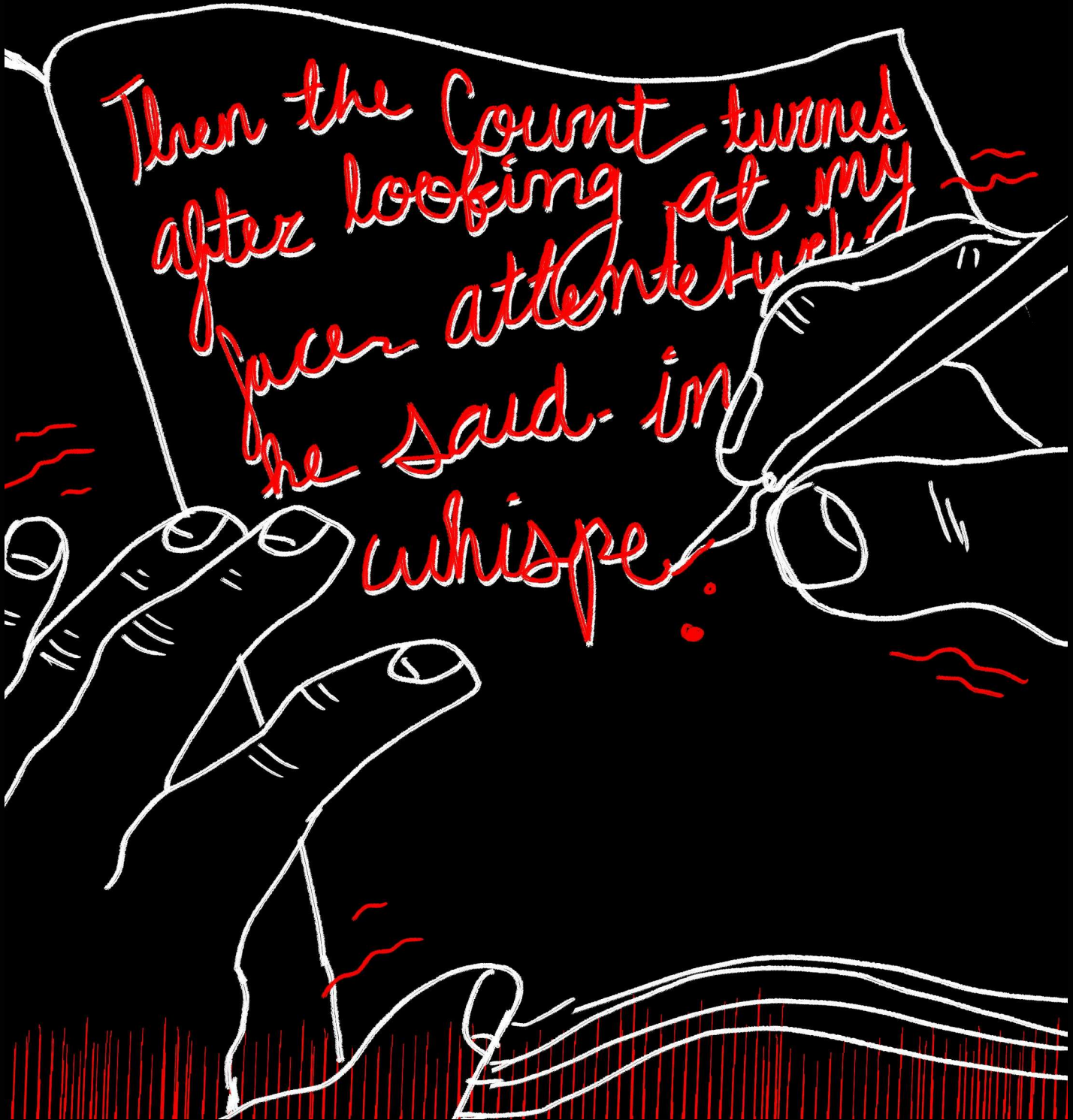
HOW DARE YOU TOUCH HIM
ANY OF YOU

THIS MAN BELONGS TO ME





Then the Count turned
after looking at my
face attempted to
he said in
whisper.



Yes, I too can
love. Is it not
so? Now go,
I must awake
him. There is
work to be done.




The last I saw of Count Dracula was his
kissing his hand to me, the red light of
triumph in his eyes, and with a smile that
Judas in Hell might be proud of.



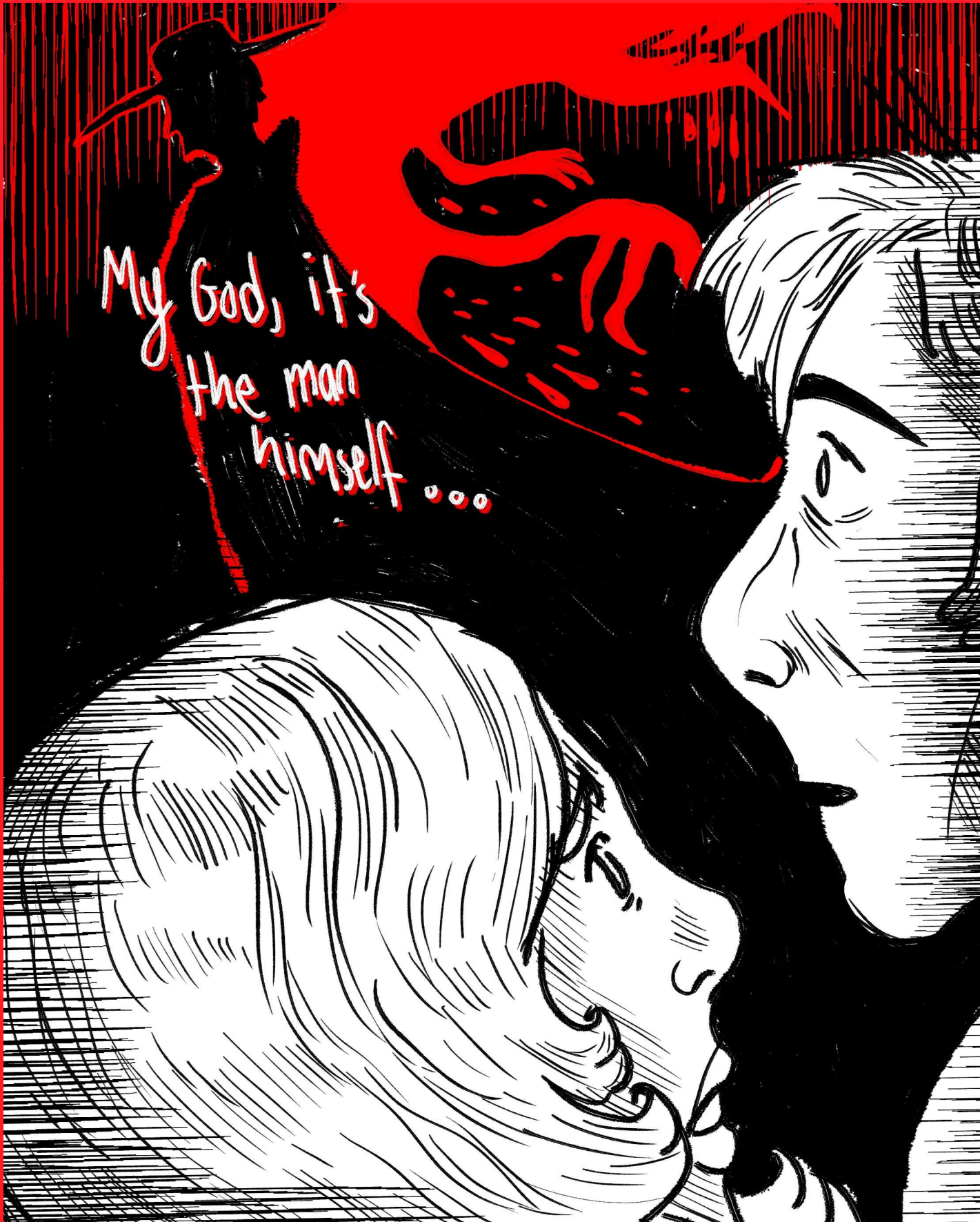
Tomorrow Night,
tomorrow night is yours.



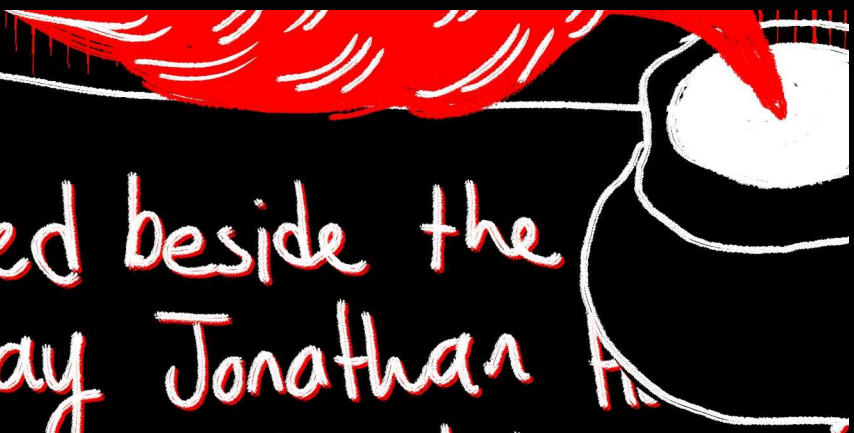


Jonathan is better after
a bad night... Jonathan's upset
me so. Poor dear!

How he must have suffered. Did
he get his brain fever and
write all these terrible things?

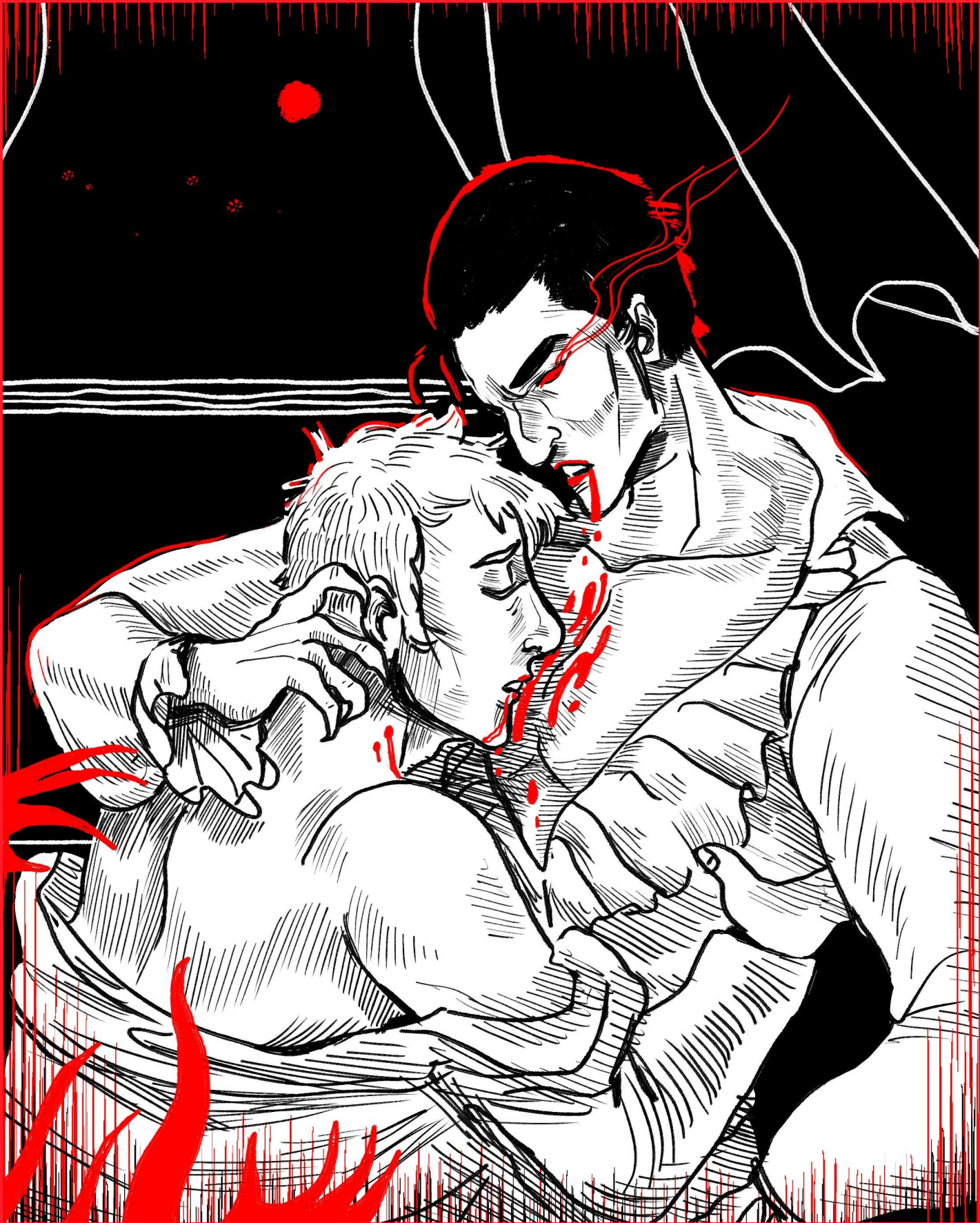


My God, it's
the man
himself ...



On the bed beside the window lay Jonathan. His face flushed and breathing heavily as if in a stupor.

By ~~her~~ his side stood a tall, thin man clad in black. A thin stream of blood trickle down the man's bare breast, shown by his torn apart dress. His eyes turned red with a pass

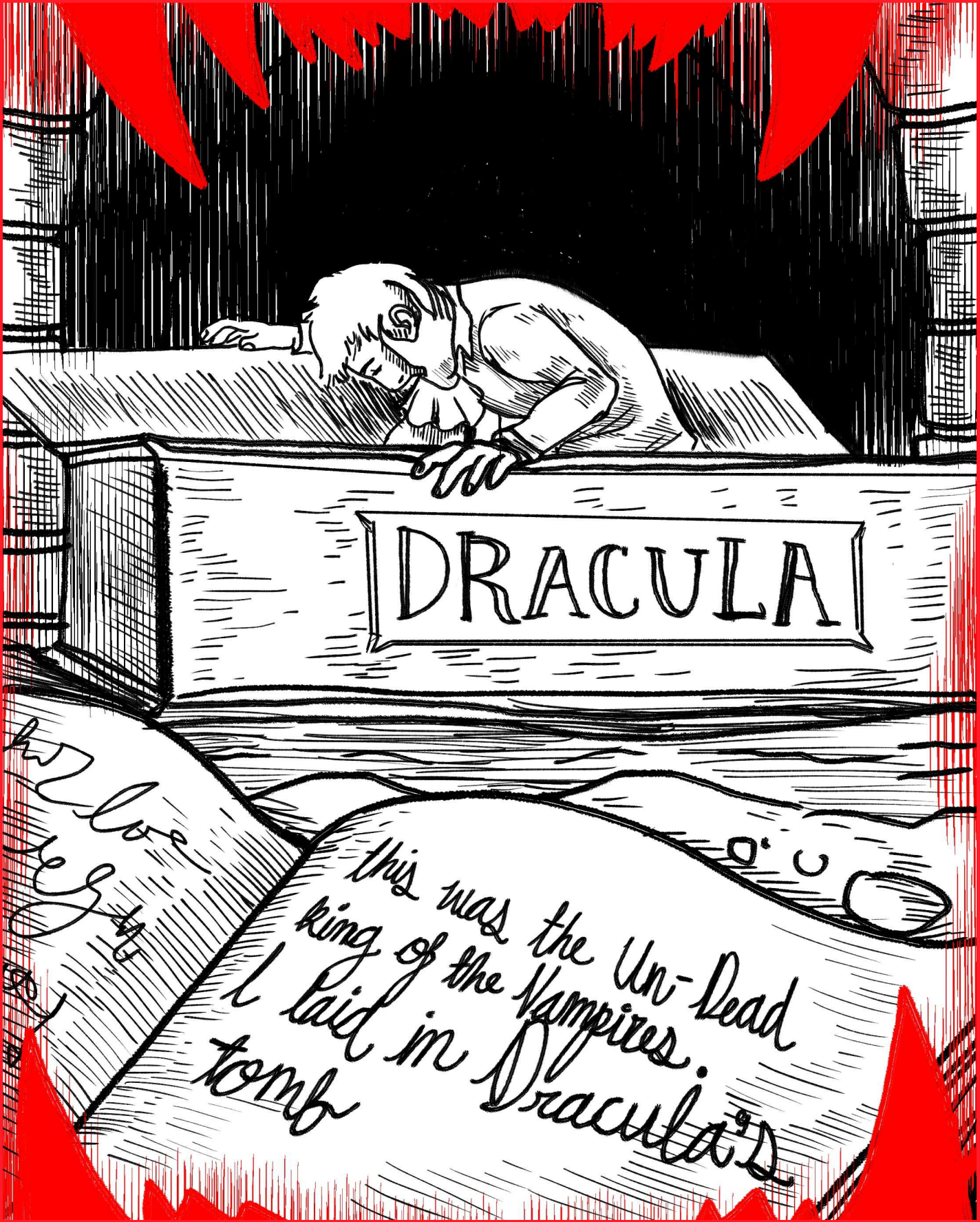


studied
myself

→ tomb

there was a tomb
more lordly than
the rest, huge,
was and on
it one word

Dracula!



DRACULA

this was the Un-Dead
king of the Vampires.
I paid in Dracula's
tomb

I tremble and tremble,
and yet ...



and all was over

