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## What is Queer about *Frankenstein*?

A more reasonable question would surely be ‘what is not queer about *Frankenstein*?’ After all, an obsessive scientist crawls around graves and into charnel houses and drags variously corrupted body parts back to his laboratory; out of these decomposing parts he constructs a hideous male monster. After the monster is created the scientist flees, but he does not do so before falling asleep and dreaming that he is carrying the corpse of his dead lover in his arms, and as he looks at her, she transforms herself into the dead body of his mother, now corrupted and crawling with worms. Later he meets his monster, who pleads with him to create another of his kind. He gives in to these demands and begins to create another monster, this time a female. Again he isolates himself, this time in the northern islands of Scotland. As the monster comes to gaze at him working, he loses heart and destroys the creature he is creating: he mangles her parts and strews them around his laboratory. After this, the scientist and his creature are locked in a dance of death: the monster kills the scientist’s best friend and later his fiancée. Before the novel ends, they are pursuing each other into the northern climes of the Atlantic Ocean. The scientist dies on a passing ship of exploration, and the monster disappears into the frozen north.

This bald version of the plot of the novel shows how very queer it can seem: masculine birth, lurid devotion between males, sexual aggression, and finally a completely obsessive relation between a scientist and the violent other he has created. There is nothing normative about the relation between Frankenstein and his creature: the almost-by-definition dysfunctional family relations are transgressive from the start; and as various feminist critics have argued, Frankenstein sacrifices the domestic in an egotistical urge toward creativity: he gives birth to the monster as a mockery of motherhood and the pain associated with giving birth.<sup>1</sup> This urge, this need to centre all creative activity in himself and to sacrifice everything to the power of his own imagination, would be queer enough in itself, but as it is played out in the novel, with all of Frankenstein’s family being sacrificed to the horror of

his creativity, the creative imagination is isolating and debilitating in a way that sexual dysfunction closely approximates.

Queer Theorists offer various ways to make sense of this bizarre configuration. In her chapter on Gothic fiction in *Between Men* (1985), Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick argues that many of these novels locked two men, or a man and a supernatural power, in a paranoid relation reminiscent of the Freudian case of Dr Schreber.<sup>2</sup> This case, as Sedgwick describes it, suggests that one man made himself victim to and penetrable by another. When ascribed to male novelists such as Walpole, Beckford and Lewis, this configuration can perhaps be marshalled to suggest something about authorial sexuality; but in the case of Mary Shelley, it is equally possible that the author is using a proto-Freudian configuration in order to diagnose what she experienced as a form of male aggression. Shut out, that is, from intimate relations between men, as Shelley recounts in her introduction to the 1831 (third) edition of the novel, the author goes on to show how her masculine figures, obsessed only with each other, destroy the female in their quest for masculinized mutuality.<sup>3</sup> The implicit uncanniness of the action that results registers as queer precisely to the degree that normative sexual and domestic relations between man and woman are blasted by imaginative creativity and the quest for intimate and almost obsessive relations with the demonic. The demon that haunts *Frankenstein* throughout this novel is a demon of his own creation, and the ruthless pursuit of this creature that the novel dramatizes is, in one sense, a debilitating and self-destructive form of narcissism.

As feminist critics and others have often observed, Shelley seems to offer an alternative to this seething self-obsession. This she does by outlining in the creature's interpolated tale the story of the De Lacey family. There a devoted group of cottagers – an elderly father and his two children – form a melancholy but moving picture of domestic life. When later an exotic looking young woman arrives at their home, the mood brightens and we come to learn of the love between Felix, the son, and Safie, the Turkish girl, and also the tale of friendship and betrayal between Felix and Safie's father that has led her finally to seek refuge in the younger man's arms. This scene of celebrated domesticity, however, from which the agonizing lonely creature learns about family and amorous devotion, ultimately depends upon another level of male–male devotion, deceit and cruelty: Felix has befriended and helped Safie's father escape from prison, only to be betrayed and exposed, with the result that his family has had to go into hiding and live in penury. Domestic happiness, such as it is, is brutalized by and through a masculinist configuration of social relations, and if this family does survive, it does so only as a debilitated and ineffectual version of its previously well-established and fully respected self. What the creature sees in the cottage is

the failed remains of domesticity that cannot offer him a home because the De Laceys are already paranoid and defensive about what they represent. The De Laceys do not so much represent an ideal as they do the failure of an ideal. And as if to underline this fact, the creature dances around the cottage and sets it afire:

‘I lighted the dry branch of a tree, and danced with fury around the devoted cottage, my eyes still fixed on the western horizon, the edge of which the moon nearly touched. A part of its orb was at length hid, and I waved my brand; it sunk, and, with a loud scream, I fired the straw, and heath, and bushes, which I had collected. The wind fanned the fire, and the cottage was quickly enveloped by the flames, which clung to it, and licked it with their forked and destroying tongues.’<sup>4</sup>

This nocturnal scene of almost ritualistic destruction has the quality of a purging or purification: as if the creature must destroy the vestiges of the family life to which he became ‘devoted’. His disillusionment with the family is measured in this violent scene. His actions reflect the violence with which they threatened him.

Another queer theorist whose work could help explain some of the more lurid features of *Frankenstein* is Carla Freccero. Her essay, ‘Queer Spectrality: Haunting the Past’ which appeared in the *Blackwell Companion to Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgender, and Queer Studies* (2007), explores how queer behaviours in historical materials can come to haunt those of us working in the present, who recognize ourselves in those past events even as we acknowledge historical difference.<sup>5</sup> There is a quality akin to that queer spectrality when a reader encounters *Frankenstein*. This lost figure of the creature howling in the night-time, when he realizes that he has no friends and that even the family is not the answer: how familiar a configuration is that? Even more, this creature given life by the mad scientist that then disowns him: this calls to mind the struggles a young gay man, monstrous to himself in so many ways, confronting the man who has perhaps first seduced him but now refuses to support or even acknowledge him. *Frankenstein*, in other words, goes to the heart of queer relations in explaining the contempt one man can feel for another who was closest to him and has in fact been his ‘creator.’ Mary Shelley may not have had such a configuration in mind, but given the curious relations among her closest friends, it is not at all clear that she was not caught up in the intrigues of contemptuous intimacies.

*Frankenstein* exerts this queer spectrality because it haunts us with its familiarity. I am not saying we all create monsters, but we do create ourselves, and in doing that we sometimes destroy those we love whether we

want to or not. Mary Shelley makes clear in her 1831 Introduction that she herself identified with the mad scientist, and she places herself in the bed in which her hero confronts the creature for the first time: ‘He sleeps; but he is awakened; he opens his eyes; behold the horrid thing stands at his bedside, opening his curtains, and looking on him with yellow, watery, but speculative eyes. I opened mine in terror’ (p. 196). Shelley confronts the horror of a creation – “‘How [did] I, then a young girl . . . think of and dilate upon, so very hideous an idea?’” – by explaining that the very same creature haunted her dreams (p. 192). Every queer reader knows that her or his or their own dreams are deeply threatening, first to themselves and then to everyone around them. This is queer spectrality at its most trenchant: even those dreams are damning and debilitating, and the fondest hopes become acts of treachery.

Queer theory allows us to speculate about more than what happens in a novel like *Frankenstein*, and it asks us to speculate how it achieves the effects that it does. How, that is, can the eccentric obsessions of a mad scientist begin to have such monumental significance that they begin to shape the very culture we are trying to understand? No fiction of the nineteenth century, that is, resonates with such deeply haunting presence as *Frankenstein* does. Why is this novel nearly canonical in course outlines from high school to graduate school? And why are there novels, films, operas and musicals all devoted to the story of the obsessive creator and his monstrous creation? Why, that is, does this story obsess us all so very much? Queer theory can explain that the Promethean myth that it embodies does nothing less than explain what it is to be a human being. To be a breathing, desiring, needing, feeling creature, that is, can only be measured in levels of monstrosity. If Shelley understood that instinctively, then her novel makes it available as a shibboleth to us all. In her landmark essay, ‘My Monster/ My Self’ (1992) Barbara Johnson says as much:

*Frankenstein* . . . combines a monstrous answer to two of the most fundamental questions one can ask: Where do babies come from? And Where do stories come from? . . . Mary’s book would suggest that a woman’s desire to write and a man’s desire to give birth would both be capable only of producing monsters.<sup>6</sup>

If we were to think of this ‘monstrous’ answer as a queer answer, then we might begin to understand why this novel is so haunting. How are queer subjects formed? This is how.

Bette London, in her proto queer reading of the novel, makes this provocative argument:

This vision of authorship as self-contained and self-continuous – as a coherent extension of the self into an extracorporeal existence – turns out to be *Frankenstein's* informing fiction . . . This contradiction, predicated on the simultaneous avowal and disavowal of difference – between the literal and figurative, the unique and reproducible, and the bodily and textual – marks the productions of masculinity as fetishistic. And it is precisely this fetishistic structure that *Frankenstein* both illuminates and experiments with, in its intertextual networks, as well as in its intratextual thematics.<sup>7</sup>

What London argues here – about the fetishistic representation of masculinity – can tell us even more about how this novel continues to command our almost subconscious engagement. After describing various nineteenth-century memorials to a fallen Percy Shelley, London argues: ‘If *Frankenstein* recalls what is monstrous, what lurks beneath the surface, in this memorial imagery – the displayed male body, the “hideous phantasm stretched out” – the memorials reactivate *Frankenstein's* own iconography, opening the novel to new interpretive possibilities.’<sup>8</sup> What is monstrous and beneath the surface is what makes this novel as compelling as it is. The new interpretations that London mentions are those that see into the hideous phantasms that are inscribed onto or indeed into the male body.

Recent collections on queering the nineteenth-century canon have included discussion of *Frankenstein*. In Mair Rigby’s “Do you Share my Madness”: *Frankenstein's* Queer Gothic’ (2009), for instance, we learn that ‘*Frankenstein's* “queer” and “Gothic” textuality has something further to reveal about the relationship between the language of Gothic fiction and the language of sexual “deviance”.’<sup>9</sup> I make a similar argument in my own *Queer Gothic* (2006), where I ask:

What does it mean to call gothic fiction ‘queer’? It is no mere coincidence that the cult of gothic fiction reached its apex at the very moment when gender and sexuality were beginning to be codified for modern culture. In fact, gothic fiction offered a testing ground for many unauthorized genders and sexualities, including sodomy, tribadism, romantic friendship (male and female), incest, pedophilia, sadism, masochism, necrophilia, cannibalism, masculinized females, feminized males, miscegenation, and so on. In this sense, it offers a historical model of queer theory and politics: transgressive, sexually coded, and resistant to dominant ideology.<sup>10</sup>

If we apply these concerns to *Frankenstein*, there is no end to the directions in which this novel could lead us. In the first place, consider the situation in the Frankenstein home. Victor’s mother introduces him to a cousin (in the 1818 edition), and in her attempt ‘to bind as closely as possible the ties of domestic love’, she is determined ‘to consider Elizabeth as my future wife; a

design which she never found reason to repent' (p. 20). Later, after Victor has been successful in giving life to the body parts he had assembled and flees the scene, he throws himself onto the bed and tries to sleep:

But it was in vain: I slept indeed, but I was disturbed by the wildest dreams. I thought I saw Elizabeth, in the bloom of health, walking in the streets of Ingolstadt. Delighted and surprised, I embraced her; but as I imprinted the first kiss on her lips, they became livid with the hue of death; her features appeared to change, and I thought that I held the corpse of my dead mother in my arms; a shroud enveloped her form, and I saw the grave-worms crawling in the folds of the flannel. (p. 39)

When Victor recounts this horrifying image, we are reminded of his mother's enthusiasm for Elizabeth, and we must assume that in some way his mind has connected the two female forms. If Victor were not already guilty of searching for bodies in graves and charnel houses, we might say that he has an incestuous desire for his mother through the woman she provided as his wife. Instead, as feminists have argued, he has supplanted his mother in his lurid creation and carries her as a sacrifice to his own creative genius.<sup>11</sup> Queer Theory would go one step further, and begin to see this aberrant maternity as the kind of gender inversion in which this novel of horror regularly deals. It would also point to the implicit incest: it is there vaguely in his being promised to his cousin, but it is there even more vividly when his sweetheart transforms into this mother, dead and corrupted, in his arms.

Since *Frankenstein* is so much about life and death – or death from life – this image at the moment of Frankenstein's brilliant creation reminds him of how anti-normative his act of creation has been. I mentioned above the graveyards and charnel houses. In Victor Frankenstein's own words:

These thoughts supported my spirits, while I pursued my undertaking with unremitting ardour. My cheek had grown pale with study, and my person had become emaciated with confinement. Sometimes, on the very brink of certainty, I failed; yet still I clung to the hope which the next day or the next hour might realize. . . I pursued nature to her hiding-places. Who shall conceive the horrors of my secret toil, as I dabbled among the unhallowed damps of the grave, or tortured the living animal to animate the lifeless clay? My limbs now tremble, and my eyes swim with the remembrance; but then a resistless, and almost frantic, impulse urged me forward: I seem to have lost all soul or sensation but for this one pursuit. (p. 36)

In this passage Victor sounds like some kind of maniac, lost in a compulsion that is driving him beyond the normative. Indeed, this near-madness could almost be mistaken for a sexual compulsion or an obsession with a form of

necrophilia that could hardly be imagined. Victor shuts himself up with the dead – pale and emaciated – as he struggles to find life in the very materials of death. This is a queer enough pursuit, and it is no wonder that when he succeeds, he is both horrified and disgusted.

In his book *No Future: Queer Theory and the Death Drive* (2004), Lee Edelman posits the queer as an isolated figure, what he calls the *sinthomosexual* in the Lacanian terms of his study. For Lacan, symptoms, or *sinthomes*, are those fissures in the symbolic where its very structure is revealed. These fissures are like the dark holes in cultural coherence: if you look into them, the entire rationale of the symbolic is revealed. The figure that Edelman calls the *sinthomosexual* performs this revelation of everything that the culture would like to hide. In that sense, this figure is the very mark of culture's undoing, and as such he is labelled as anti-life or as indeed death-obsessed. The following quotation from Edelman's book both gives a *précis* of his concerns and suggests some of the ways in which his thesis is vividly identified in this novel:

Abjuring fidelity to a futurism that's always purchased at our expense . . . we might rather, figuratively, cast our vote for . . . the primacy of a constant *no* in response to the law of the Symbolic, which would echo that law's foundational act, its self-constituting negation.<sup>12</sup>

Edelman's argument centres on a queer rejection of what he calls 'reproductive futurity'. For Edelman, 'The Child . . . marks the fetishistic fixation of heteronormativity: an erotically charged investment in the rigid sameness of identity that is central to the compulsory narrative of reproductive futurism.'<sup>13</sup> Edelman's queer, the *sinthomosexual*, is in his very commitment to the death drive of desire, placed in opposition to the future that childhood represents. His '*no* in response to the law of the symbolic' is a queer rejection of this commitment to the future.

When Victor Frankenstein's creature goes on the rampage, the first character he murders is Victor's youngest brother William – the boy is Elizabeth's darling and she speaks of him almost like a son – almost answering the wildly incestuous and necrophiliac image that he dreams after the act of creation. Victor also answers 'no in response to the law of the Symbolic, which would echo that law's foundational act, its self-constituting negation'. In pursuing a creative drive of his own, he negates the symbolic law of futurism; or, rather, he so radically rewrites it that he ends up destroying all those he loves, in a queerly motivated bloodbath that isolates him from family, friendship and love.

'Queerness embodies this death drive', Edelman says, 'this intransigent jouissance, by figuring sexuality's implication in the senseless pulsations of

that drive. De-idealizing the metaphors of meaning on which heteroreproduction takes its stand, queerness exposes sexuality's inevitable coloration by the drive.<sup>14</sup> Sexuality, in these terms, does not have meaning in the ways that family and home do. It is almost the negation of meaning. If Frankenstein has done anything in this novel, it has been to de-idealize 'the metaphors of meaning'. He insists on making his own meanings, and instead all he does is destroy all that he pretended to love.

After the creature has met Victor in the Alps and pleaded with him to make him a mate – a female creature like himself whom he can love and nurture as a companion – Victor almost relents. Before marrying Elizabeth, who now feels that marriage would be best for his health as well as their joint happiness, he says he has to travel in order to 'restore my tranquillity' (p. 127). He travels north with his friend Clerval, and then finds his way to the Orkney Islands of Scotland, where he will finally honour his pledge and create a second creature. As he sets to work here, he finds that he cannot complete this task:

I grew restless and nervous. Every moment I feared to meet my persecutor. Sometimes I sat with my eyes fixed on the ground, fearing to raise them lest they should encounter the object which I so much dreaded to behold. I feared to wander from the sight of my fellow-creatures, lest when alone he should come to claim his companion. (p. 137)

Victor continues this act of creation while looking over his shoulder and fearing to see the creature he calls his 'persecutor', and in a sense almost expecting him to appear 'to claim his companion'. When he does appear, Frankenstein cannot complete his second creation, and he destroys the new life even before he finishes creating it:

I sat one evening in my laboratory; the sun had set, and the moon was just rising from the sea; I had not sufficient light for my employment, and I remained idle, in pause of consideration of whether I should leave my labour for the night, or hasten to its conclusion by an unremitting attention to it. As I sat, a train of reflection occurred to me, which led me to consider the effects of what I was now doing... I had before been moved by the *sophisms* of the being I had created; I had been struck senseless by his fiendish threats; but now, for the first time, the wickedness of my promise burst upon me; I shuddered to think that future ages might curse me as their pest, whose selfishness had not hesitated to buy its own peace at the price perhaps of the existence of the whole human race. (pp. 137–8)

In this change of heart, Victor uses his own sophisms to talk himself out of the creation he had promised, and before he can even think beyond these first reactions:



I trembled, and my heart failed within me; when, on looking up, I saw, by the light of the moon, the dæmon at the casement. A ghastly grin wrinkled his lips as he gazed on me, where I sat fulfilling the task which he had allotted to me. . . . As I looked on him, his countenance expressed the utmost extent of malice and treachery. I thought with a sensation of madness on my promise of creating another like to him, and, trembling with passion, tore to pieces the thing on which I was engaged. The wretch saw me destroy the creature on whose future existence he depended for happiness, and, with a howl of devilish despair and revenge, withdrew. (pp. 138–9)

Almost as if he had decided to subscribe to Edelman’s notion of *No Future*, Frankenstein deprives his creature of a future and in a single act also destroys his own. Victor was formerly a creator, but in this scene he does nothing but destroy. If he can destroy ‘the creature on whose future existence he [the creature] depended for happiness’; then he rejects any future in favour of a present that is both unthreatening and resistant to the demands of procreation. If that earns the despair and revenge of the creature, Victor is willing to face that as long as he can avoid giving life to the creature he detests. That creature threatens him with a resounding, “I go; but remember, I will be with you on your wedding-night” (p. 140). Victor takes this as a direct threat to himself, never even imagining that the creature will destroy both Elizabeth and Clerval.

When Victor realizes that the creature has murdered Clerval, which happens almost immediately after the scene quoted above, he lapses into a heartfelt lament that spells out the terms of his transgression:

I entered the room where the corpse lay, and was led up to the coffin. How can I describe my sensations on beholding it? I feel yet parched with horror, nor can I reflect on that terrible moment without shuddering and agony, that faintly reminds me of the anguish of the recognition. . . . I saw the lifeless form of Henry Clerval stretched before me. I gasped for breath; and, throwing myself on the body, I exclaimed, ‘Have my murderous machinations deprived you also, my dearest Henry, of life? Two I have already destroyed; other victims await their destiny: but you, Clerval, my friend, my benefactor-’. (p. 148)

Victor’s sensations here – the sense of loss coupled with responsibility – unmans him (he is ‘carried out of the room in strong convulsions’ (p. 148)) and it also reminds him what his act of creation has really meant. Not only his almost non-existent love-life with Elizabeth, but also the world of masculine privilege that he shared with Clerval is now blasted. If Bette London talks about the world of masculine privilege in *Frankenstein*, a scene like this reminds us how truly fragile that world is. London argues that

feminist readings of the novel ‘cover over *Frankenstein*’s investment in male exhibitionism’; and this scene of Henry Clerval’s demise would more than support London’s argument.<sup>15</sup> Victor laments this loss so bitterly because he knows that his refusal to create a second *dæmon* has broken the bond of friendship that has allowed him to flourish as he has. If, in other words, what Sedgwick called the homosocial is exploded in this novel, then it becomes even queerer than the Gothic works that surround it. Victor’s masculine other is gargantuan and overpowering, as this murder suggests, and he knows that destroying friendship will hit Victor at his core. It is significant that most film versions of the novel leave Clerval alive or neglect to tell the final story. His loss in the novel is almost more devastating to Victor than his loss of Elizabeth. It is queer because, as Edelman reminds us, ‘the death drive names what the queer, in the order of the social, is called forth to figure: the negativity opposed to every form of social viability.’<sup>16</sup> Edelman’s queer embraces the death drive because he needs to resist the overwhelming cultural force of reproductive futurism; being true to ourselves, that is, means accepting the symptom (*sinthome*) of this future-obsessed cultural moment, confronting death and what it tells us about our lives. This is what happens to Victor, and it seems to be the lesson that he learns after his long and debilitating encounter with the creature.

After Elizabeth dies and Victor finds himself pursuing the creature and being pursued to the frozen north, he laments to Walton:

My imagination was vivid, yet my powers of analysis and application were intense; by the union of these qualities I conceived the idea, and executed the creation of a man. Even now I cannot recollect, without passion, my reveries while the work was incomplete. I trod heaven in my thoughts, now exulting in my powers, now burning with the idea of their effects. From my infancy I was imbued with high hopes and a lofty ambition; but how am I sunk! (p. 180)

Victor knows his defeat and he also knows that he must depart without a resolution of any kind. Victor is not allowed to claim his creation or to position himself as the creative genius that the story has celebrated. Instead, he is broken and frustrated, ‘how am I sunk!’ Edelman reminds us that ‘queerness can never define an identity, it can only disturb one’;<sup>17</sup> and *Frankenstein* ends with a similar reminder: the creator has really created nothing but he has disturbed the very nature of creation. He has queered the very notion of God, and in doing so, he has deprived himself of all satisfaction, love or friendship.

The surprising feature of the novel’s closing pages is the creature’s own sense of loss and the sudden and urgent meaninglessness of his own position:

‘After the murder of Clerval, I returned to Switzerland, heartbroken and overcome. I pitied Frankenstein; my pity amounted to horror. I abhorred myself. . . Evil thenceforth became my good. Urged thus far, I had no choice but to adapt my nature to an element which I had willingly chosen. The completion of my demoniacal design became an insatiable passion. And now it is ended; there [pointing at Frankenstein’s body] is my last victim!’ (p. 188)

The creature, like the queer subject, is driven to destroy because he is not allowed the solace of any real companionship. He mimics Milton’s Satan because he is shut out from the pleasures of sociability. The creature is that negativity that Edelman describes, that death drive; and as such his misery is but the measure of all that he would destroy. Edelman calls this the ‘unthinkable jouissance that would put an end to fantasy’, and Frankenstein’s creature does just that. As he is ‘lost in darkness and distance’ at the end of the novel, we are forced to acknowledge that there is absolutely nothing else he could have done.

*Frankenstein* is queer, then, in its very conception. The isolation of the scientist, the un-sexual creativity, the solitude and misery all create a queer uncanny out of which the queer construction of the malevolent creature assumes all the contours of the abject and isolated queer subject, who although the victim of society and public ridicule, is really in the end his own worst enemy. As Edelman reminds us, the queer undoes all sociability, and for that he must be isolated and expunged.

#### NOTES

- 1 See, for instance, Mary Poovey, who, in *The Proper Lady and the Woman Writer*, argues that egotistical creativity is her *bête-noir* in the novel (“‘My Hideous Progeny’: The Lady and the Monster”, Norton Critical Edition of *Frankenstein*, ed. Paul Hunter (New York: Norton, 2012), pp. 344–55).
- 2 Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick, *Between Men: English Literature and Male Homosocial Desire* (New York: Columbia, 1985), pp. 83–96.
- 3 See Mary Shelley, Introduction to the 1831 edition of *Frankenstein*, in *Frankenstein*, ed. and Intro. Marilyn Butler (Oxford University Press, 1998), pp. 192–7; see also Anne K. Mellor, ‘Possessing Nature: The Female in *Frankenstein*’, in Norton Critical Edition of *Frankenstein*, ed. Paul Hunter (New York: Norton, 2012), pp. 355–68, esp. pp. 355–58.
- 4 Mary Shelley, *Frankenstein*, ed. and Intro. Marilyn Butler (Oxford University Press, 1998), p. 113. Future references will be made parenthetically.
- 5 Carla Freccero, ‘Queer Spectrality: Haunting the Past’, in George E. Haggerty and Molly McGarry (eds.), *A Companion to Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgender, and Queer Studies* (Oxford: Blackwell, 2007), pp. 194–231.
- 6 Barbara Johnson, ‘My Monster/ My Self’, in Melissa Fruerstein, Bill Johnson González, Lili Porten and Keja Valens (eds.), *The Barbara Johnson Reader: The Surprise of Otherness* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2014), pp. 179–90;

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- pp. 186–7. The article was originally published in *Diacritics*, 2 (Summer 1992), 2–10.
- 7 Bette London, 'Mary Shelley, *Frankenstein*, and the Spectacle of Masculinity', *PMLA*, 108(2) (March 1993), 253–65; rpr. Norton Critical Edition of *Frankenstein*, ed. Paul Hunter (New York: Norton, 2012), pp. 391–403; see pp. 400–1.
  - 8 London, *ibid.*, p. 393.
  - 9 Mair Rigby, "Do you Share my Madness": *Frankenstein's* Queer Gothic', in William Hughes and Andrew Smith (eds.), *Queering the Gothic* (Manchester University Press, 2009), pp. 36–54, p. 37. See also Ardel Haefele-Thomas, *Queer Others in Victorian Gothic: Transgressing Monstrosity* (Cardiff: University of Wales Press, 2012).
  - 10 George E. Haggerty, *Queer Gothic* (Urbana, IL: University of Illinois Press, 2006), p. 2.
  - 11 See, for instance, Ellen Moers, 'Female Gothic: The Monster's Mother', Norton Critical Edition of *Frankenstein*, ed. Paul Hunter (New York: Norton, 2012), pp. 317–27, esp. pp. 320–1.
  - 12 Lee Edelman, *No Future: Queer Theory and the Death Drive* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2004), pp. 4–5.
  - 13 *Ibid.*, p. 21.
  - 14 *Ibid.*, p. 27.
  - 15 London, 'The Spectacle of Masculinity', p. 394.
  - 16 Edelman, *No Future*, p. 9.
  - 17 *Ibid.*, p. 17.