
*Something is going out; I can feel it pass me
like a cold wind. I can hear, far off, confused
sounds—as if of men talking in strange
tongues, fierce-falling water, and the howling
of wolves.*

The master spoke.* He was still speaking. He had not yet stamped with his foot, which stops all speech with the power of a koan.¹ He had not yet knotted his silent topology of string. He was not yet dead.

The master was still speaking, yet only a moment more, and only to say that he was just speaking for a moment.

Needless to say, not to the countless people, women and men, who filled the lecture hall of Saint Anne.² They were not even listening; they only wanted to understand (as the master once revealed to the radio microphones of Belgium).³

Only tape heads are capable of inscribing into the real a speech that passes over understanding heads, and all of Lacan's seminars were spoken via microphone onto tape. Lowlier hands need then only play it back and listen, in order to be able to create a media link between tape recorder, headphones, and typewriter, reporting to the master what he has already said. His words, barely spoken, lay before him in typescript, punctually before the beginning of the next seminar.

Speech has become, as it were, immortal.⁴

One hundred years before the discoveries of Lacan, *Scientific American* announced Edison's phonograph under the headline:

* This article was written on the occasion of the death of Jacques Lacan. It was first published under the title "Draculas Vermächtnis" in the volume *Zeta 02/Mit Lacan*, ed. Dieter Hombach (Berlin: Rotation, 1982) 103–37 (translator's note).

"Speech Capable of Indefinite Repetition from Automatic Records."⁵

Endless repetition thanks to automatic recording—just one more reason to keep on speaking. To speak in particular about what writing is, and what it means psychoanalytically to be able to read one's own speech,⁶ even what is merely spoken off-the-cuff. All friends of wisdom and deep thinking in Germany, who have pondered signifier and signified, could (if they only wanted to) hear how simple this distinction is. It exists only technically, "in the dimension of writing as such": "The signified has nothing to do with the ears, but only with reading, the reading of what one hears in the signifier. It is not the signified, rather the signifier which one hears."⁷

A law that is of course valid in precisely that place where it is proclaimed. For the master, because a small media link transcribes all of his speeches, is in the fortunate position of being able to continue these speeches on the basis of a lecture previously produced, while the participants in his seminar, because they only hear him speak, are exposed to the power of pure signifiers. It requires a special gift to be able to play back this chain of signifiers without a technical interface. What the master speaks off-the-cuff—and that means to and about women—is received only by women. Since the winter semester of 1916, when the University of Vienna heard certain *Introductory Lectures on Psychoanalysis*, with the equally unheard-of and overlooked salutation "Ladies and Gentlemen!" this type of feedback is no longer impossible. With their own ears women hear discourses concerning the secrets of their desires. Hearing that even they have a connection to the signifier called phallus (at least in its anatomically miniature form),⁸ simply because they are no longer, as they had been for an entire century before fundamentally barred from all academic discourse.

Everything that the Herr professors have told the Herr students about mankind and nature, spirit and alma mater, becomes ridiculous as soon as women are allowed to sit in the lecture hall. To women the master reveals very different things. Namely, that their wishes and myths conjure up, rather than the universal mingling of spirit and nature, a Don Juan, who takes them one after the other.⁹ It is therefore not surprising that precisely in place of this feminine myth, a feminine pair of lips acts as a tape recorder. According to Leporello,

one thousand and three women—one after the other—allowed themselves to be seduced; but what this signifies for Lacan psychoanalytically and mathematically, “was noticed, needless to say, by only one person—my daughter.”¹⁰

The language and subject matter of psychoanalysis, according to Lacan’s nice play on words, always include an Anna, who, as the daughter of the master, brings his words back to him. There is no difference in this respect between Berggasse and the Chapel of Saint Anne. Even if this daughter (as Anna Freud did) defines her activity as “the restoration of the unity of the Ego.”¹¹ In actuality she only makes certain that an intact Moebius loop known as text is produced from the ventriloquism of the master. Speech has become, as it were, immortal.

The discourse of psychoanalysis runs through two parallel-switched feedback loops, one feminine and one mechanical. On the one hand is the daughter, the only one who understands Don Juan’s counting games, and on the other is the son-in-law, or daughter’s husband (*Tochtermann*), to express it more nicely (and in the dialect of Baden). Of course he is not called by name, but he lurks in all of the seminar meetings as a “someone,” whose editorial “efforts” make it possible for the master “to stick his nose into the speeches he himself has given over the years.”¹² It is well-known that Jacques-Alain Miller directs the media chain that transcribes and puts into text Lacan’s seminars, one after the other.

A discourse, brought back by the daughter and turned into text by the daughter’s husband, circumvents certain dangers. Words fail many speakers simply because, according to Lacan, stupidity—at least of the type that can be spoken—doesn’t get one very far. Within the current discourse, it just spins in place. Which is why the master never returns without fear to things he once spoke simply off-the-cuff. And thanks only to this “someone,” who transcribes every lecture with his machines, can he allow himself the feeling of occasionally passing the test. After the fact, these re-lectures indicate that what he said off-the-cuff was not so stupid after all.¹³

In this manner, two parallel-switched feedback loops—the word of the daughter and the transcription of the daughter’s husband—create a discourse that never stops inscribing itself: Lacan’s definition of necessity. His books, whether they are called *Seminar* or *Television*

or *Radiophonie*, are all works of art in the age of technical reproduction. For the first time since man has thought, stupidity is allowed to go on indefinitely. Even if Freud's basic rule commands that one speak at random, and even if the "most direct" path "to the pleasure principle" (not including all of those chin-ups "to higher spheres, which form the basis of Aristotelian ethics")¹⁴ leads through this gibberish (*Blabla*),¹⁵ there really is no other option. After all, tape recorders, television cameras, and radio microphones were invented for the very purpose of recording gibberish (*Blabla*). Precisely because they "understand nothing," technical media take the place that, on other occasions, was reserved for Lacan's seminar participants. In both cases the master "thanks" completely thoughtless recorders that his teachings are not insanity, or, in other words, "not self-analysis."¹⁶ And in case the seminar participants should still not be aware whose subjects, and that means whose subordinates, they are, the media link also records the following statement: "From now on you are, and to a far greater extent than you can imagine, subjects of gadgets or instruments—from microscopes to radio and television—which will become elements of your being. You cannot now understand the full significance of this; but it is nevertheless a part of the scientific discourse, insofar as discourse is something that determines a form of social cohesion."¹⁷

Psychoanalysis in the age of technical reproduction is an open provocation. Because there is no such thing as pre-discursive reality,¹⁸ discourses can, by means of the tie called discourse, themselves create precisely this social tie. It is not a coincidence that the master liked to demonstrate the tying of knots that apparently cannot be untied. The social tie of the Lacan seminar consists of provocations that describe it as a social tie and nothing else. "I have," says someone to his listeners, "been saying for a long time, that feelings are always mutual. And I have said this that it might return to me again: 'Yes and then, and then, love, love, is it always mutual?'—'But-of-course, but-of-course.'"¹⁹

So the Chapel of Saint Anne serves as a giant echo chamber (and it is quite likely that chapels have always had this architectural significance). The word of love is sent forth, is received, is sent out again by the receiver, picked up again by the sender, etc., until the amplifier reaches the point that, in studies of alternating current, is called

oscillation amplitude, and, in the contemporary discourse is called love. Because no one in the seminar attempts to protest, or, in other words, to produce inverse feedback,²⁰ these provocations fulfill their intention—love has become a resonant (oscillating) circuit.

It spins and oscillates, it oscillates and spins, dum da dum da, in waltz rhythm. Love, technically employed, is a shellac disc with the eternal title *Parlez-moi d'amour*. "Speaking of love, in the analytic discourse, basically one does nothing else. And how could it escape us that, as regards everything that the discovery of scientific discourse has made it possible to articulate, it has been one pure and simple waste of time. What analytic discourse brings to bear—which may after all be why it emerged at a certain point of scientific discourse—is that speaking of love is in itself a *jouissance*."²¹

In this respect, however, the psychoanalytic discourse is not in any way privileged. *Parlez-moi d'amour*, the recording of the seminar *Encore*, is also available elsewhere. How love functions and does not function, how it is made and not made, "is an important part of the analytic discourse; but one must emphasize, that it is not its privilege. It also expresses itself in what I have just called the contemporary discourse," the master explains, by way of technically implementing our fluid discourse with untranslatable word plays—as one more recording. This is what becomes of speech in the days of its reproducibility. If from now on we were to write instead of *disque-oucourant* or discourse-recording (with a pitiful German play on words) disc(ourse) [*Disku(r)s*], then Lacan's discourse on disc(ourse) runs more or less like this: "The contemporary disc(ourse), in other words the record, spins and spins, to be precise, it spins around nothing. This disc(ourse) appears precisely in the area from which all discourses are specified and into which all again disappear, where one discourse can speak exactly like any other."²²

As we know, Lacan establishes four specific or officious discourses. There is a discourse of the master or lord, and one of the university, an hysteric and an analytic discourse. But since all four disappear again in the droning of the record, it does not bode well for their privileges and differences. "If there were no analytic discourse," the master reveals to his listeners, "You would all still and forever twitter like sparrows, singing the disc(ourse), droning out the record."²³ What he does not reveal to them is that this sort of

provocation is more fittingly the business of masters than of analysts. (The latter are indeed paid to listen even to sparrows). But there are good reasons for his silence. People who cannot bear these provocations will simply stop listening to the drone of the record, and most certainly put a different one, called *Encore*, onto the turntable.

Encore, Da capo, Play it again . . .

"We are bringing the plague, and they don't even know it," said Freud to Jung, as their ship moved into New York harbor. "This was the being I was helping to transfer to London, where, perhaps, for centuries to come he might, amongst its teeming millions, satiate his lust for blood, and create a new and ever-widening circle of semi-demons" (52),²⁴ said Jonathan Harker when he realized that his best efforts as a lawyer were only going to aid a certain Count Dracula. When Lacan was translated to Germany, voices of this nature were not even heard. The currently popular record keeps on spinning, as if nothing had happened; this record, which has only recently been placed on the turntable, spins in ways that tell of all sorts of things, except, that is, of records and radios, television or excerpts from seminars. Academic discourses about Lacan (exactly as the master defined them) swallow the subject that holds them, into the abyss of its requirement to place an author named Lacan within a system of knowledge. Philosophical discourses about Lacan (exactly as the master defined them) remain variations of a male discourse of the master that still preserves the phantasms of Ego and world,²⁵ and in an emergency still send its court jesters²⁶ into battle. Only the analytic discourse on Lacan—if only because of its name *Wunderblock* (mystic writing-pad)²⁷—is protected from the danger of forgetting mystic writing-pads, typewriters, systems, and discourses, as the very name *Wunderblock* brings these things into play.

1. Vienna, May 2, 1890, 7:46 A.M. The Orient Express, already an hour late (in keeping with its reputation), is at the station. For a moment the path of Jonathan Harker, a legal assistant from Exeter in England, crosses with that of a young doctor from Moravia, who has gone among the builders of civilization to bring them the plague. But since there is no poetic justice, the disaster runs its course. Unfortunately the Orient Express experiences no mechanical problems; Freud continues to write his functional *Aphasia* (*Auffassung der*

Aphasien), and Harker in his stenographic travel diary. This concise refutation of the localization of physiological speech centers in the brain (*hirnphysiologischer Sprachzentren-Lokalisierungen*), as soon as it is hooked up to the collected slips of the tongue of hysterical girls—will inaugurate a psychoanalytic discourse. The hand-written diary, as soon as it is hooked up to phonographs and typewriters, autopsies and newspaper reports, will kill the Lord of the East and the Night, leaving him only the miserable immortality granted the hero of a novel. 1897, while the mystery of the interpretation of dreams is becoming clear to Doctor Freud, Bram Stoker's *Dracula* appears in print. And even if the guest of the Count did not visit Freud on his journey, at least poetic justice has spread the rumor that the novelist of the Count had been initiated into the new system of knowledge. Stoker is said to have heard reports in 1893, at the Society for Psychical Research, on Freud's "Observations on the Psychical Mechanism of Hysterical Phenomena" ("Vorläufige Mitteilung über den psychischen Mechanismus hysterischer Phänomene").²⁸ And indeed, sending people to Transylvania, to the "Land Beyond the Forest," even if they are merely office clerks and characters from novels, could not occur to anyone who had not heard that an Ego can develop where there once was an Id.

In order to replace the Id with an Ego, to replace violence with technology, it is necessary that one first fall into the clutches of this violence. The beginning of every romance reverses for a certain period of time the roles of hunter and hunted. On his journey to the Count, Jonathan Harker, the imperial tourist, is forced to abandon the Orient Express and be content with Balkan cuisine, provincial hotels, post carriages, and horses. In order to enter the "eye of the storm," which (as if to support the theories of a certain Vámbéry) mixes together various Eastern European myths and races,²⁹ the English office assistant must step beyond the point of no return. The conversation of his fellow travelers becomes incomprehensible, and since it is not possible to hear the signifieds themselves, only Harker's polyglot dictionary can inform him that signifiers like *vlkoslak* and *vrolok* all mean "vampire." English tourists are simply not polyglots; and the name Mahdi must therefore have sounded to the troops of General Gordon, when they advanced toward Khartoum—the city of their destruction—as the word *vlkoslak* did to Harker.

But in the heart of darkness and the Carpathians, high on the Borgo Pass between Transylvania and Bukovina, a rescuer appears: Harker steps from the post carriage into the count's calèche, where the coachman speaks of the night through which they ride in fluent German. In this way Eastern Europe's former language of trade reconciles the extremes of the continent. And when the calèche finally escapes the horrible howling of the wolves and drives into the castle courtyard, the traveler greets the excellent English of the Count as if his reaching of this destination were already his return to the eastern edge of Austro-Hungary.

Negotiations with a foreign power, itself more concerned with England than with Transylvania—since the Count plans to purchase properties in Whitby, Purfleet, and Exeter, and to this end has hoarded British address lists and railway time tables, lists of lawyers and aristocrats—: this is how it goes in the first few nights of Harker's stay, and very much in keeping with the wishes of an empire whose primary secret is handling all foreign policy as if it were domestic policy. The legal assistant of a lawyer from Exeter is supposed to provide the Transylvanian territorial lord with advice and data, which are necessarily missing from his imported and out-of-date reference works.

But lords of the east are not merely customers of western data banks. Every tourist, having once reached the point of no return, comes to realize that the others have only learned English in order to be able to tell about the Other. Late at night, while Harker has dinner and his host is curiously fasting, the Count makes a habit of speaking about the land and the peoples who have owned it and spilled blood on it. He speaks of Saxons and Turks, Hungarians and Wallachs. He speaks of the Huns, in whom witches and devils once mated, and his own ancestors, who were descended from the union of these nomads and Wotan's werewolves and Berserkers. He tells of Draculas as crusaders against the Turks, Draculas as betrayers of the crusaders to the Turks—the race of the Count is the history of Transylvania, his blood a different sort of memory than reference works.

2. For there was the Count. In the period of transition, when Rome finally fell to the attack of nomadic hords, there was in Transylvania a Count Vlad Tsepes, who on coins also referred to

himself as Dracula or little dragon. When he was 13 the Turks took him as a hostage from his father, the ruling lord or voivode, into the near east. When Vlad was released in 1448 and took the throne of his father who, needless to say, had been murdered, these years of Turkish captivity provided him with a nick-name. Tsepes means "the impaler," and impaling was the slow form of execution he had learned in Asia. He was the defender of the Occident, on its most threatened border, but with the torture methods of the Orient, whole forests of stakes on which corpses rotted—enough reason for Hungary to make a prisoner of him when he was fleeing the Turks a second time in 1462, a prisoner this time in the camp of his Christian allies. The despot, who had impaled heathens and Saxons by the thousands, had 12 years in a Budapest prison to continue his experiments, this time on birds and mice. And when Vlad the Impaler finally regained his freedom and power, he met with a horrible fate himself. The military stratagem of disguising himself as a Turk brought him death in battle, at the hands of his own troops.³⁰

Dracula, until his dying breath, a double counterfeit between east and west, was never the vampire Dracula. The blood of Huns and Berserkers that flowed in his veins, desired blood, but within the economy of waste rather than of need. No folklore of Transylvania equates him with those Un-Dead who can only eke out an existence on the blood of strangers. The despot impaled his opposers and servants, while he sat in the midst of the dying, giving a feast in pure excess. The Un-Dead is impaled by others, in order that he too might become a Christian corpse.

The first impetus for making the territorial lord into a vampire was provided by a Hungarian orientalist, whose own name is found just before "Vampyr" in old reference works. And this is no coincidence. It is as if Arminius Vámbéry, vain as he was, had wanted to occupy the lexical place of the terrible one. He changed "Bamberger," the surname of his Jewish grandfather, into "Vámbéry," playing a game of signifiers with vampire.

And Arminius Vámbéry (1832–1913), the adventurer and professor from Budapest, actually was a sort of vampire. Like Vlad Tsepes before him, but without the fatal consequences, like Lawrence of Arabia after him, but without the ingratitude of the men

behind the scenes, he traveled the Orient in oriental disguise, gathering information that found open ears upon his later travels to London. It was not the linguistic footnotes, which his polyglot mind also brought along, which aroused the interest of the practical Britons; what he had discovered about peoples and despots, dealings and politics in the east, however, was paid for only moments after arrival—while he was still in the Dover-London express train—by a Mr. Smith, whose name and ready cash apparently remained a life-long mystery to Vámbéry.

But even autobiographies cannot be so naive. Vámbéry, with his inside information and oriental connections—no contemporary gossip doubted this—became a useful spy for the Empire, welcome at Whitehall and Downing Street. After dinner, when the women had been excused, he preached his geo-political credo to the Prime Minister, that the East should be freed from the mediievally backward emperors of Austro-Hungary and Russia, and be allowed to flourish as a part of the Empire. This should not be accomplished merely by a concentration of troops, but after the model of the czarist secret service, in the manner of the enemy himself. At this point Lord Palmerston ordered certain measures to be taken in Kandahar or Teheran and, since the women were gone, asked the orient expert openly about harem secrets. Vámbéry's question "Who shall be lord and master in Asia?" also included the sex lives of lords and masters, who, like Stoker's count, have three playmates, and incestuous ones at that.³¹

The traitor shared different, although not very different, interests with Abraham ("Bram") Stoker, with whom he met on several occasions in London's Lyceum Club. There was the cholera epidemic of 1832, which, along with a few Prussian state philosophers, had done away with Vámbéry's father,³² and had also brought Stoker's family into the greatest danger. There was the Romanian folk tale of another epidemic, one that was transmitted through almost imperceptible bites on the neck, and finally the suddenly once again very apropos history of Vlad Tsepes, the two-faced crusader against the Orient. Stoker simply needed to combine the historical and the legendary, the prince and the vampire, in order to start work on a novel. Arminius Vámbéry had made the vampire *Dracula* possible.

3. The writing of novels is a continuation of espionage with other means. This is why the names of scoundrels and informants are kept more or less obscure. Vámbéry's numerous writings avoid the all too similar word vampire;³³ Stoker's novel, which makes the word proverbial, avoids, on the other hand, the surname Vámbéry, mentioning as a confederate simply a certain "Arminius of Budapesth University" (240). But it takes more than this to dispel the shadow of espionage, even from a so-called fantastical novel. Vámbéry received a medal from Queen Victoria for "active," in other words, covert "participation in the defense of British interests in the Orient."³⁴ Jonathan Harker, Stoker's representative, deserved the same honorable title.

Small wonder then, that Harker, even before his meeting with the Count, suffers from acute paranoia. An English spy, sent to the front on the information of an English spy, would have to see within foreign eyes what has been the object of his desire all along: the evil eye. For this reason, it is not of much help that concerned inn keepers' wives in Bistritz want to protect him from the Malocchio by giving him crucifixes. The spy prefers to rely on modern defensive techniques of espionage: Like Vámbéry, who wrote his secret travel notes in Hungarian and sewed them into his dervish robes, Harker writes all of his travel journal in stenography. The eye of the Count, however red it may glow through the night, cannot read shorthand. Imaginary terrors pale before this technology of symbols, developed by the most economical of centuries. All that the Count can do is complain of the meaninglessness of these symbols, and burn every letter of Harker's that is not legible to him as a host. Because of this cryptic writing, the broken piece, whose Greek name is symbol, itself falls to pieces. But imperial tourism was never anything different, nor were its consequences.

Half spy, half prisoner, Harker creeps through the dusty hallways of a castle in which there are no mirrors and no coins that could still be legally circulated. Small wonder that his British ego gradually loses its foundation. "Here I am," muses the stenographer at a small oak table, "where in old times possibly some fair lady sat to pen, with much thought and many blushes, her ill-spelt love-letter, and writing in my diary in shorthand all that has happened since I closed it last. It is nineteenth century up-to-date with a vengeance. And yet, unless

my senses deceive me, the old centuries had, and have, powers of their own which mere 'modernity' cannot kill" (36–37).³⁵ The old Count will neither allow himself to be bought, nor to be made into an image. He remains the Other, whom no mirror can reflect, a paranoid hallucination with desires that Harker does not even dare mention in his secret diary. Minutely, like Dr. Seward later in the novel, he notes how many times per evening the Count refills his glass, trying to separate insanity from reality. But even with this counting there remain plenty of shocks. Simply the fact that the keeping of his journal—like the discourse of Hamlet's father, or the stories of the Arabian Nights, or the material for *The Interpretation of Dreams*—always ends with the crowing of the cock, deeply disturbs him, although this diary is the only thing keeping him from an imminent insanity. But when the last mirror Harker possesses under the dictates of the Other, reflects only darkness . . .

A darkness as if ready-made to create nightmares for the spy. When he pleads with the Count to let him depart for home early, it materializes itself as wolves, which, as is well-known, always travel in packs,³⁶ and can therefore actually block the castle entrance. When he takes advantage of a suspicious absence of the Count, in order to spy behind castle doors that have been violently broken open, the darkness forms itself—as soon as one moon beam falls on it—into dancing motes of dust, from which dancing female shapes appear before Harker's spellbound eyes. And although he is happily engaged to be married, he imagines that he has seen these three women before, who come to him either threateningly or seductively. The nightmares have thus become transparent coverings for desires that would cause him to lose either his blood or his sperm.³⁷ But in the middle of this daydream the Count appears and calls the three women back, much as he had called back the blood thirsty wolves in the last minute. It is strange, however, that these orders (even if in a strange accent) are uttered in the best commando English. Women and wolves of the Balkans obey signifiers that make sense, not to them, but to Harker's ears. Only half-conscious, the eavesdropper understands every word with which the Count betrays his more than incestuous desires to the three women.

A count who forgets not to speak English when he is not even speaking to his guest, a count who dislikes garlic as otherwise only

Anglo-Saxons dislike it, a count who refers scornfully to the “employer” of his guest as “lord and master,” a count whose words are simultaneously commands, and whose desires (as aspiring lawyers really ought to notice) presuppose an *ius primae noctis*—Harker finds in Dracula his Lord Signifier. This is how it goes when someone reaches the heart of darkness. Conrad’s novella, Copolla’s film, Stoker’s novel—they all lead to that point where the power of the Other or Stranger would become decipherable as their own colonialism, if it were not so unbearable to read the writing on the flesh.

One day at noon Harker stands before the corpse of the Count. But just when he wants to drive a stake through the Un-Dead, an all-powerful eye catches and restrains him.

“The signifier commands above all else.”³⁸

Men want nothing to do with the Lord Discourse and his lordly definition. Harker saves the only thing he has, his diary, which has been spared from the Count as if by a miracle, and flees. In the middle of June a nameless patient stumbles into a hospital in Budapest. He has seen the Count dead, and heard him give commands—in order that this single and double truth become unspeakable, a brain fever overcomes the spy, with the result that they are inscribed instead on his brain. A few decades before, a Hungarian adventurer arrived in Teheran in a similar condition, after he had seen his certain death in the eye of the Emir of Buchara. Vámbéry as a skeleton, Harker with brain fever, this is the way spies return home. And while caring nuns do everything to remove the prints left on his brain, Harker’s boss dies in far off Exeter. Without knowing it, he has carried out the business of a dead man with another dead man. Without realizing, because of the directions of a will and testament, he takes the place of his boss.³⁹ Careers of men.

4. While the unconscious Harker is taking over for his dead boss, and an all-powerful dead man—because this boss sold him four houses in England—is sailing out from the Black Sea, a very new career is beginning. Dracula’s project, which (in the opinion of a critic who is, not coincidentally, Anglo-Saxon) anticipated Operation Sea Lion,⁴⁰ is shattered by women of a sort never before seen in the history of Western discourse formation. “Western Democracy” (whatever that may be) would fall helplessly into the hands of a

discourse of the master, if there were not young women in Exeter who could ultimately destroy this discourse with the technology of democracy. For it is not the Count who controls the modern media with which he would corrupt the Empire (as the interpretive counterfeiter of the above-mentioned Anglo-Saxon would suggest), but, on the contrary, Harker's fiancée, a certain assistant school mistress by the name of Mina Murray, who, with the weapons of a new age, undermines the very possibility of a discourse of the master. By profession Mina Murray is an assistant school mistress, but, not satisfied with this preliminary movement toward women's emancipation, she practices her typing and stenography arduously, in order to do one day "what the lady journalists do" (55).

Everyone knows how marriages come about: He plans and woos, he manipulates and commands.⁴¹ Harker would have been satisfied with the simple title of office assistant, had his wife not found it intolerable. Harker is automatically called to his position by the death and final testament of his boss; Miss Murray has no choice but to want her (and his) career.

Everyone also knows what journalists do: they defer, re-work, and augment speeches and texts, in whatever form they appear. While her groom is writing down a terrifying discourse of the master, in order to stave off madness, Mina is herself busy creating mountains of paper. For this purpose, a form of handwriting, like the one she can see in Jonathan's shorthand letters from Transylvania, would simply be a hindrance; whatever democracy may be, it is supported by the mechanical processing of anonymous discourses (if only because there is no social record apart from discourses). Without the armies of women steno-typists (as women have been called for the last 90 years, who, like Mina, are proficient in both stenography and typing), Houses of Commons and *Bundestage* would fall apart.

In 1871, the machine gun factory Remington brought the first mass-produced typewriter onto the market. Oddly enough, however, financial success was years in coming. All of the Jonathan Harkers—secretaries with the task of setting down discourses of the master in shorthand, transferring these discourses into fair copy, and, if necessary, somehow making office copies—scorned the new discourse machine gun. Perhaps they were simply too proud of their

handwriting, a continuous, literally individualized bond, which they had developed only after long years of schooling, and which held them together as individuals and guarded them from insanity. It is, at any rate, not due to any technological backwardness of the Remington company that Harker does not bring a travel typewriter with him to Transylvania; when his future wife makes the same trip five months later these machines have, much to her joy, already been on the market for some time.

Things went much more smoothly: two weeks of intensive typewriter instruction made seven years of schooling obsolete. Women, simply because they were less oriented toward handwriting and individuality, were able to take over this gap in the market by storm, a gap their competitors, mostly male secretaries of the 19th century, overlooked purely out of arrogance. Remington's production departments and advertising agencies only needed to discover women in the noteworthy year of 1881, in order to make typewriters into a mass commodity.

Bruce Bliven has amusingly proven that the typewriter, and only the typewriter, is responsible for a bureaucratic revolution. Men may have continued, from behind their desks, to believe in the omnipotence of their own thought, but the real power over keys and impressions on paper, over the flow of news and over agendas, fell to the women who sat in the front office. And if the great word emancipation has any historical meaning, it is only in the area of word processing, which continues to employ more women world-wide than any other field.⁴² Lacan's secretary Gloria was only one among millions . . .

. . . and Mina Murray, afterwards Harker, was in 1890 already at the pinnacle of present and future. She disdainfully left the erotic dreams of the free choice of partner to the so-called "new woman" (91); her own dreams circled around the much more practical desire of a position as secretary for her new husband. "If I can stenograph well enough I can take down what he wants to say in this way and write it out for him on the typewriter" (55), Mina writes (still by hand) to her girlfriend Lucy Westenra. In much the same way, the revolution of European bureaucracy and democracy creeps up silently. Harker's lord and master has the good fortune to be able to say that he, like the Count, is dead when this coup takes place. The

female secretary replaces the male secretary, while the boss is replaced by a husband who, not without cause, has been incapacitated by brain fever. When Mina goes to Budapest, summoned by nuns with a written plea for help, an emergency wedding is performed with the sick (not to mention "impotent") man, followed by a *translatio studii sive imperii*. Jonathan Harker, in order not to fall again into madness, forbids himself any re-examination of his Transylvanian diary, and turns it over to the safe hands and eyes of his trusted typist. He does not even want to wonder if his depiction of events was recorded "asleep or awake, sane or mad" (107). Since there are no signs of reality within the unconscious, his output becomes, as it does on the couch, a mass of data to be interpreted by others. Trusted typists, however, are made for the neutralizing of discourses. Mina does not need to hord a copy of Bradshaw, the English train schedule, like the Count, nor does she need to consult one like Sherlock Holmes (who is otherwise a walking data bank);⁴³ she has Bradshaw memorized.

5. While Harker is languishing in a hospital in Budapest, the schedule of the aspiring journalist prescribes a trip to Whitby, where—far better than the slavish dictates of a lawyer husband—the first interviews and investigations call. The object of research is Mina's friend Lucy, with whom she shares a room, and with whom she has increasingly unpleasant experiences night after night, especially ever since a ship with the name of Demeter has come into the harbor at Whitby, a ship that, apart from dead sailors, brought only a terrifying animal to shore. Of course the amateur reporter can not yet guess that England is now one count richer; but nevertheless, newspaper reprints of the Demeter's log book, eye-witness accounts of harbor workers, and above all, descriptions of Lucy's strange illness, find their way into her diary. Even amateur journalists follow the motto: "All the news that's fit to print."

At first Lucy Westenra only shows the symptoms of a sleep-walker. Mina, however, smarter than many of her female interpreters, does not believe in an autochthonic "tendency toward somnambulism";⁴⁴ it becomes very clear from interviews with Lucy's mother that the hysteria of her daughter is related to her father's death. As Freud so rightly remarked in the same year in which the

vampire novel appeared, when it comes to hysterical women “blame [is to be] laid on perverse acts by the father.”⁴⁵ Proof is not hard to find: immediately after the arrival of a perverse count, Lucy’s sleepwalking turns into a nightmare. Mina sees the somnabulist giving in, night after night, to the seduction of a shadow who disappears immediately, but leaves two small wounds in her neck, always in the same place. The sick woman feels nothing of this inscription into the real; she is left merely with dream memories, at first of something black and tall, with red eyes, and later of a feeling of sinking into deep, green water, hearing the singing it is said drowning people hear. In support of the truth of the signifier Demeter, there is then, even in hysterical women, a pleasure that goes beyond the long and black phallus.⁴⁶

But since what counts in an hysteric discourse is only what other discourses write down about it, Lucy’s oceanic feeling disappears from the files. What is verifiable to the relevant discourse, that is—to the scientific discourse, is only an abnormally high loss of blood and two bite wounds on the neck, always in the same place—like the strikes of a precisely aligned typewriter. Both are discovered by Dr. Seward, a young and successful psychiatrist who had courted Lucy in vain, and who now, instead of a lover, finds a patient, whom he hardly dares to examine, in the bed of his dreams. Where the Lord of the East goes courting, other men have no chance, not even men of knowledge. Dr. Seward is so baffled by Lucy’s anemia that, since his rejection, he flees to his hideout of scientific work, to his new data technology, and to $C_2HCL_3H_2O$.

It is not Lucy’s neurosis, but the psychosis of a male asylum inhabitant which absorbs Dr. Seward, whenever he awakes from his chloral sleep. He speaks the entire and exhaustive case study of a certain Renfield into the wax cylinder of a phonograph—by 1890 in mass production for precisely three years.⁴⁷ For the psychotic discourse, in contrast to Dr. Seward’s object of love, at least has all the advantages of logic. That Renfield feeds flies, with which he feeds spiders, with which he feeds sparrows in order to feed a kitten, “a nice little, sleek, playful kitten” (71), with which he will finally feed himself, that Renfield thus works on a logical zoophagous chain according to the motto “blood is life,” is easier to write or speak into a phonograph than the oceanic feeling of singing ears. Certainly this

zoophagous mania presents a unique puzzle, why it is that Renfield's body has organs like a mouth and stomach, which is why it specifies the psychotic discourse as not needing the aid of any other discourse;⁴⁸ and yet, even the psychiatrist is not so sure what he should do with his mouth, when Lucy prefers a Lord by the name of Godalming to all medical proclamations of love. It appears the Name of the Father is still so powerful that nothing is left for the scorned mouth of the psychiatrist but the technical reproduction of deliria. Whatever Renfield hallucinates, Seward speaks into his phonograph. Speech has become, as it were, immortal.

The objective and exhaustive recording of his lunacy does not help the patient much, and has in fact—according to Seward's own admission—traces of cruelty, but “why not advance science in its most difficult and vital aspect—the knowledge of the brain? Had I even the secret of one such mind—did I hold the key to the fancy of even one lunatic—I might advance my own branch of science to a pitch compared with which Burdon-Sanderson's physiology or Ferrier's brain-knowledge would be as nothing” (72). Big words, although they only proclaim the most basic project of the psychiatry of 1890. Whether in Harker or in Renfield, since Broca's studies of aphasia, insanity must be localized in the brain. For this reason Dr. Seward does not even consider an idea that would save him both time and words: to send Renfield's delirious speeches, without the interface of his own doctor voice, directly into Edison's apparatus. But after Flourens and Flechsig, Ferrier and Fritsch had laid bare the individual brain nerve connections with their scalpels, and had stimulated animals with acids, poisons, and currents; insanity lost every verbal quality. It exists only as neuro-physiology⁴⁹ in “molecules and connections of the brain,” which remind “us,” according to the testimony of an art physiologist, “not coincidentally of a process similar to Edison's phonograph.”⁵⁰

Dr. Seward's brain is specifically useful for sending a sick brain into the brain of a phonograph. An “unconscious cerebration,” suspected by Renfield's unconscious, but not allowed to reach the psychiatrist's Ego, should at least be made accessible on the cylinder.

“The scientific discourse is an ideology of the suppression of the subject, a fact well-known to the master of the progressive university.” Placed before the psychoanalytic reading of the Cogito, which

only allows one either not to live or not to think,⁵¹ Dr. Seward chooses the phonograph on the one hand and love on the other. His patient Renfield receives the former, his patient Lucy Westenra the latter. Of course, both are going to die.

In contrast to the psychotic zoophagous, who in his asylum plays the role Vlad Tsepes played in prison, Lucy can say whatever she wants: Dr. Seward still sees nothing more than a sick body, because he still sees her as a lover. He does not investigate her fear of sleep and dreams, of wolves and bats, until her incurable condition forces him to call in a specialist from Holland. Van Helsing, although even he is working on a neuro-physiological theory concerned with "the continued evolution of brain mass," is at least old enough to believe what his patient tells him. He even takes those aspects of her symptoms seriously that appear fantastical or impossible according to normal medical standards, simply because Van Helsing dares to "follow the mind of the great Charcot" (191). In the over-filled lecture hall of the Salpêtrière this magician had proven quite forcefully that through hypnosis one can, if not heal, at least produce and interpret unexplainable ailments.

Van Helsing allies himself with Charcot. Even if he only sees Lucy as hysterical because he has "actual attacks of hysteria" himself, he, at any rate, switches from a scientific to an analytic discourse. Like Freud in his article on aphasia, he denies the brain localization impulse of his psychiatrist friend. Like the earlier Freud (before revoking his seduction hypothesis) the old doctor assumes, himself a sort of father, that Lucy is being seduced every night by a sinister father. (Both of them are far beyond the scruples of Charcot or Breuer, who dared to proclaim the psychological mechanism of hysteria, but not its sexual etiology). Like Freud, who, involved in the recording of hysteric discourses, brags of his "absolutely phonographically-reliable" ears,⁵² Van Helsing also discovers sexual seduction through symptoms of conversion, secret notes, and remarks Lucy makes—much as if a phonograph (Dr. Seward uses his only for the study of psychoses, and Lucy herself simply leaves hers lying around) were applied to the hysteric discourse. Edison and Freud, Sherlock Holmes and Van Helsing—they all institute, according to Ginzburg's apt expression, a new paradigm of science: the gathering of clues.

This guarantees above all that certain clues, never before present, suddenly appear. Productive, like his great model Charcot, who could bring his female patients all the way to the point of hysteria, Van Helsing calls up amazing symptoms. After his methodical interference the patient divides into two personalities, just like those known to the history of medicine since Dr. Azam and his Félicité. During the day Lucy becomes nicer and lovelier, in other words, more and more like her friend Mina. The patient now also has a discourse-technological toy, her phonograph—although it is used only by Dr. Seward, and she too makes a few diary entries, although only in “imitation” (111) of her journalist friend. At night, however, a very different personality comes to power who, as in the case of Félicité, has nothing but disdain for virginal morality or even the happiness of secretaries. Lucy Westenra’s second personality simply embodies the medical diagnosis.

After Van Helsing has resorted to sensational forms of therapy such as hanging garlic wreaths around the collar of Lucy’s nightgown and attaching crucifixes to her bedroom window,⁵³ nothing remains for the second personality but vampirism, in other words: resistance, in a technically Freudian sense. Sometimes it is the blundering of her mother, but more often the angry movements of the sleeping patient herself which move the apotropaic garlic out of the way (of the count). It is well-known that not only patients, but also their families, often panic when threatened with healing.

The unconscious then, in keeping with its definition, develops artful strategies. Apparently Lucy, if she only sleeps deeply enough, does not really want to sleep with her lordly fiance, but prefers to sink and sink into red eyes and green waters. Accordingly, her day-time personality appears less frequently and always more sickly, and her night-time personality ever stronger and more often. And while the former only imagines with the vaguest disgust what forbidden lust the night brings, the latter is fully conscious of both day and night. She otherwise would not tear up the writing-pad (fortunately already read by Dr. Van Helsing) on which Lucy’s day time personality has kept a record of her fear of sleeping. Every aspect of the two conditions, the asymmetry of awareness of the condition, as well as the postponement of passing through the null phase, operates exactly as it did with Azam’s Félicité.⁵⁴

With the result that in the end, the second personality becomes the only personality. The moment of her death transforms Lucy into an Un-Dead and a bride of the Count. Already by September 10, however, the two doctors discover, because—following Van Helsing's plan—they make a note of even the smallest and least meaningful clues, that Lucy's gums are oddly receding. On September 19 they discover that her teeth are becoming increasingly long and sharp. "Ladies and Gentlemen!" Freud would comment, "Woman also has in her genitalia a small member that is similar to man's."⁵⁵

Vampire teeth are the small member with which Lucy, at the moment of her death, goes after her prey. With a lustful voice never heard from her before, and with eyes both hard and sad, the woman who has been seduced by the Count attempts the first seduction of her own. Lucy Westenra tempts her fiancé with fatal kisses, and by so doing provides proof of the equivalence of vampires and "new women," who are defined by the fact that they do not wait when it comes to desire, but articulate it themselves. In light of this scandal, there is no alternative for Van Helsing and his assistants but to kill the Un-Dead a second time, following all rules of ritual. A few weeks later, Lord Godalming has the privilege of boring through the blood thirsty corpse of his former and traitorous fiancée with a stake that requires no commentary.

This also proves that in the case of bodies once possessed of language, it no longer matters whether they are dead or alive.⁵⁶ The main thing is that Dracula's wanton bride—even if it is by means of necrophilia—is brought back to the droning record of discourse.

6. According to the discourse-technological conditions of 1890 women have two options: typewriter or vampirism. Mina Harker and Lucy Westenra represent a systematic alternative which is only reinforced by Lucy's two personalities. As the novel ends, Mina holds a child in the lap that for 300 pages held a typewriter. Lucy, while she was alive, killed her mother, and after her own death, or apparent death, sucked the blood out of children. The two options are thus no longer simply mother or hysteria, as the dispositive sexuality had established them in classical-romantic times. Since our culture has begun to allow women into the sacred halls of word processing, far worse things are possible.

"Machines everywhere, wherever you cast your eye! A replacement for countless tasks that man before had to perform with his own industrious hand, and what a replacement of time and energy. It was only natural that, after the engineer had removed the symbol of feminine industry from the delicate hand of woman, a colleague of his would come up with the idea of replacing the quill pen, the symbol of masculine productivity, with a machine."⁵⁷ In other words: machines remove from the two sexes the symbols that distinguish them. In earlier times, needles created woven material in the hands of women, and quills in the hands of authors created another form of weaving called text. Women who gladly became the paper for these scriptorial quills were called mothers. Women who preferred to speak themselves were called overly sensitive or hysterical. But after the symbol of male productivity was replaced by a machine, and this machine was taken over by women, the production of texts had to forfeit its wonderful heterosexuality.

There are women who, under the influence of a despotic signifier, begin to write and record their desires. The two bites always in the same place, as Lucy Westenra received them from Dracula's teeth or typewriter hammers, are passed on by her to other necks. And so, "new women" prove, even beyond their death, that desires (as the concluding sentences of the *Interpretation of Dreams* proclaim) are indestructable.

There are other women who, because of the dictates of a career, stop leaving writing up to men or authors. Neutral apparatus make an end of the erotic myth of quill and paper, Spirit and the Nature Mother. Mina Harker's typewriter does not copy the bites of a despotic signifier, but copies indifferent paper instead: hand writing and printed matter, declarations of love and land registry entries. Stenotypists no longer have a hand free for needles and cradles, the symbols of woman or mother.

And this is a good thing. Even under the conditions of mechanical discourse processing, a balance of terror is maintained. Let the femmes fatales lust after the radical Other; for every Lucy Westenra there is a Mina Harker. To hunt undead women and their despotic seducers, a man and his diligent hands are not enough. (Harker's stake failed him when he should have killed the Un-Dead in his castle dungeon.) Vampirism is a chain reaction, and can therefore only

be fought with the techniques of mechanical text reproduction. Van Helsing therefore sends for Mina Harker as soon as the secrets of Lucy's transformation and Dracula's infiltration are brought to light. From this moment, the counterattack of a democratic empire is in motion.

No counterattack takes place without both a strategic discussion of the situation and the gathering of information. The situation: an enemy has infiltrated England who has already won over one accomplice and, through her blood-thirsty alliances, will make more accomplices. (The desire of vampirism is spread, like every epidemic, by means of contagious infection.) The information: the enemy has smuggled in 50 coffins filled with Transylvanian dirt, and has placed them in secret locations. This assures him, on the one hand, of a logistic base within a foreign country, but, on the other hand, makes him vulnerable. (Vampires, like all territorial rulers, can only sleep in the soil of their homeland.)

In a situation of this nature, every counterattack presupposes the necessity of: firstly, concentrating all information; secondly, democratizing it; and thirdly, storing it absolutely safely. Fourthly and lastly, it would be desirable to have assistants and agents in the camp of the enemy, because this is obviously no confrontation on the open battlefield, but rather (as Vámbéry viewed it) a war between two secret services.

Mina Harker becomes the girl for all four points. Only from the moment in which Van Helsing contacts her does the counterattack of the empire promise success. The head doctor and his men have only fragmentary information about an hysterical blood sucker and her shadowy seducer; Mina Harker can assemble facts from her own diary concerning Lucy's original vampire experience, and from the travel diary which her husband no longer dares to read, facts concerning the history and plans of the Count himself. Only the collation of all of this information makes an assessment of the situation possible. "In this matter," Mina Harker correctly remarks, "dates are everything" (224). The steno-typist therefore goes to work in a fully professional manner. All diaries, in longhand and shorthand, all useful newspaper articles, all private correspondences and land registry entries that are related to the Count and his bride, go onto her Remington. When they leave it, they are in perfect chronologi-

cal order as a group of signs made up of 26 uniform letters. A collation of data that guarantees general legibility as well as minimal access time.

And since economy of access time is the thing that brings a counterattack against a supernatural Blitzkrieg even within the realm of possibility, Dr. Seward's phonographic records must also be transcribed. These cylinders contain, on the one hand, irreplaceable information about the late Lucy, when she still deserved Seward's love, as well as about Renfield, who meanwhile has come to see the Count as his long awaited lord and master. But on the other hand, phonographic cylinders pay for their technical advantage of being much quicker to record on than paper, with the disadvantage of having an extremely slow access time. Dr. Seward assures Mina "honest Indian" that "although I have kept the diary for months past, it never once struck me how I was going to find any particular part of it in case I wanted to look it up" (221).

This is when Mina Harker comes to the rescue. She, who has never before seen a phonograph, learns in record time, like countless secretaries after her, to work with her ear on the phonograph and her hands on the keyboard. However shy Seward may be about having the sighs of his rejected love publicized acoustically and mechanically, it simply must be done. According to the conditions of 1890, all that matters is the technological ordering of all previous discourse. "True," as only machines can be, and "in its very tones," Mina hears, as she transcribes the cylinders, Seward's "heart beat" (222-23). In this way the typewriter, as only it can, drives all of the remaining hysteria out of the scientific discourse. When it comes to liquidating the very conditions that make discourses of the master possible, men and women can have no more secrets from each other. Stoker's *Dracula* is no vampire novel, but rather the written account of our bureaucratization. Anyone is free to call this a horror novel as well.

Jonathan Harker's diary was written by his own hand, because it had to defend his faithfulness to his fiancée, even against women whose beauty makes English assistant school mistresses look like nothing more than English assistant school mistresses. Dr. Seward's diary was spoken with his own voice, because it was meant to save his final heartbeats from a scientific standstill as an insane-asylum director.

Reservations of this sort are exterminated by the media chain of phonograph, amplifier, and typewriter. This chain liquidates, as in Villiers' *L'Eve future*, love itself.

The role of love is usurped by the office. All characters in the novel, except for the vampires, receive copies of the first 250 pages of the novel. The broken English of Van Helsing, the American English of the millionaire, and the hyper-correct English of Dracula, are all fixated with phonographic reliability. And since the typewriter was invented to bridge the gap between documents and the printed book,⁵⁸ the gap between the heroes and the readers of the novel also disappears. Accordingly, Mina does not simply produce a typescript, but always, using a "manifold," "three copies" (224).

And this is a good idea. However late-medieval the attitude of Transylvanian counts may be, even they can sense the colonialism of mechanical discourse processing. While still in his castle the Count burned all of Harker's letters, whose secret writing was "an outrage upon friendship and hospitality!" (43). After the murderous intention of his hunters has become clear even to his "child-brain" (320), he acts more systematically. The Count no longer merely burns secret documents, but also the apparatus that go with them. So he succeeds, in a night raid on Dr. Seward's insane-asylum, in discovering a copy of Mina's report and in casting it, together with the phonograph, into the flames of eternal judgement. It is thus not without significance that Edison's recording cylinders, before Emil Berliner invented the modern record disc, were made of wax. When the Count throws the collected psychiatry case-histories into the fire, "the wax helped the flames" (285).

But since the invention of the typewriter, fire and sword are obsolete. What the distressed counterattack does not reckon with is Mina Harker's clever forethought. "Thank God," Dr. Seward can cry out, confusing God with the secretary, "Thank God there is the other copy in the safe" (285). Secretaries do not merely collate and distribute information, each evening they bring the neutralizing and annihilating signifiers together into safety. The destruction of the Count begins with paper money and typewriter paper, as they survive indestructibly. Bribed transport workers and bribed lawyers reveal to his hunters all remaining unknown addresses that guarantee the home-sick vampire six feet of

Transylvanian earth in a foreign country. So they succeed (according to the technical term used in the novel) in "sterilizing" Dracula's 50 coffins, one after the other.

7. The cholera epidemic of 1832 made it to Ireland, the birth place of Abraham Stoker. Cholera, which, less than 20 years before the horrible Count, moved from India via Persia and Turkey in the direction of Europe—came to a halt at the Balkans. A certain medical doctor named Adrien Proust, known today only as the financial supporter of his novelist son, traveled under commission of the French government to the capital cities of Stambul and Teheran in order to organize a "*cordon sanitaire*" on the borders of the Occident. Adrien Proust's wonderful neologism is reflected in the words and deeds of Stoker's vampire hunters. Once again the advancing infectious hordes are first sterilized, and then, after the Count has been robbed of his logistic base and forced to retreat, the Transylvanian nest of the disease is sterilized as well.

Hygenic measures of geo-political importance make it understandable that Van Helsing and his brave disciples—Lord Godalming, Dr. Seward, Johathan Harker, and a Texan millionaire with a Winchester rifle—decide to spare Mina Harker the details. They meet, plan, and act, while the only woman who is still alive is meant to return to her role as housewife. Since Lucy Westenra's terrible metamorphosis, the end awaiting women who do not live as wives and future mothers is no longer a secret. But however well-intentioned the professional, or in other words masculine, vampire hunters may be, according to the conditions of 1890, their sexual hygiene is a fatal mistake.

When a Hanoverian administrative director from the *Goethezeit*, in harmony with all other thinkers and poets of the time, called "the barring of women from all council meetings of corporations" "extremely prudent,"⁵⁹ he was speaking an historical truth. Of course not the whole truth, as Truth is herself a woman and therefore not meant to speak. But in the discourse of the university, as the personnel union of thinkers and employees of the state discussed authorship and motherhood, the barring of real women was the social tie, the Alma Mater itself. Only after the power of professors has gone to engineers, and the power of teachers to medical doctors, does the

greatest wisdom become foolishness. A Mina Harker without typewriter and psychoanalyst is threatened by the same fate that destroyed her dead girlfriend.

While the corporation of all the novel's men is sterilizing tons and tons of Transylvanian earth, the Count ambushes the woman of all their hearts in an elegant counter-maneuver. It once again becomes clear that women of 1890 have only the choice of perforating paper with their typing, or being themselves perforated on the neck by gruesomely long eye-teeth.

All the work of the vampire hunters would thus have been in vain, if unexpected help had not come to them in their hour of greatest darkness. Mina's banishment from all tactical discussions distorts even her husband's discernment of the clear symptoms of illness. Only Renfield, the lunatic, realizes who is visiting Mina each night. And although he, much like more famous collaborators after him, had recognized in the Count his lord and master, the chastity of British women still means much more to him than lust and life. Renfield converts, from this moment on, to a hero of the resistance, simply because "even for lunatics English reason is strong enough to oppose eastern-European thirst for blood."⁶⁰

Of course Renfield pays for this with a painful death, as the Count bashes his brains in; but in the circles of secret agents, even dead men are respected sources. The vampire hunters have finally fulfilled point four of their data flow program, and have a traitor at their disposal.

Because hemorrhaging in Renfield's brain is affecting "the whole motor area" (276), and therefore unfortunately affecting Broca's motor speech centers at the "back side of the lower, left curve of the forehead",⁶¹ doctor Van Helsing dares to perform an emergency operation and trephine Renfield's skull. In this way the theoretician of a progressive cerebralization still gets to demonstrate his skill. Of course not to save the lunatic, but rather to maintain his powers of speech in his dying moments. Thanks to his brain, which has been broken open, suddenly the truth speaks from Renfield, the lunatic, quite possibly the whole truth. Even "those experiments, which nature carries out in the illnesses of the nervous system—for us," the neurophysiologists,⁶² have their value, even when the role of nature is played by Dracula. One should not expect brains that have been

broken open to formulate according to the rules of transcendental apperception, in other words, to have the power of speech. Their discourse, on the contrary, operates like a phonograph in a repeat mode where it is also not possible to correct poorly recorded passages or to return the needle to the precisely desired position. Yet, these access problems at least guarantee that the speech machine Renfield tells the whole truth—namely, that Mina Harker is in the process of becoming a female vampire.

After this horrible discovery there is, for the doctors, no more hesitation, and no more Hypocratic oath. Renfield is allowed to bleed to death on the operating table, as the men rush up one floor to the bed of the women of all of their hearts, just in time to catch a glimpse of a black shadow teaching her to suck blood from his own breast . . .

A scene that has set the typewriters of specialists on cross-sexual sadism, especially those forms focused on the mother's breast, into motion. But it too is nothing more than a flow of information. After the count has connected a living woman to his blood stream, there exists one more source of information for the hunters. The stenotypist has become an hysterical woman who, much to Dracula's future misfortune, has just as much hypnotic rapport with him, as he has with her. The hunters simply need to tap into her neurotic source, just as they have already tapped into Renfield's psychotic source. But what in terminally ill and bleeding patients can only be accomplished neurophysiologically by trepanation of the brain, can be accomplished through hypnosis, in female patients who can still be healed. Once again Van Helsing swings from the scientific to the analytic discourse, from Broca to his great model Charcot.

The Count, with the last of his 50 coffins—which he needs so badly during the daylight hours—has barely been able to flee over the ocean. A ship with the telling name "Czarina Catherine" carries him back to the homeland from which he once came forth in another great mother, hoping to bring the Empire the plague. Now he runs, beaten back but not destroyed, on seas that unfortunately are not yet controlled by observation airplanes, radar stations, and radio eavesdropping services. The "Czarina Catherine" cannot even put telescopes to use, since the Count, besides wolves, rats, and bats, can also control the fog.

Occidental sanitarians have no choice but to take the Orient Express again. Following nothing but suspicions, Van Helsing and his men move into the Land Beyond the Forest. But Mina, who was before barred from full participation, is with them. In order to gain technical information about the routes and landing harbors of a camouflaged enemy, the barring of women must become a new inclusion of women in the realm of knowledge. It is decided that "Mina should be in full confidence" (290). If it is possible for the Count to seduce women with hypnotism, then it is also possible for another hypnotist to use this method against him. Every day Mina is placed in a trance by Van Helsing, while the Count is sailing upon the unknown seas and rivers of the East, and a young Viennese doctor is performing his first experiments with hypnosis.

"'Where are you?'" The answer came in a neutral way:—"I do not know. Sleep has no place it can call its own."

"'Where are you now?'" The answer came dreamily, but with intention; it were as though she were interpreting something. I have heard her use the same tone when reading her shorthand notes.

"'I do not know. It is all strange to me!'"

"'What do you see?'"

"'I can see nothing; it is all dark.'"

"'What do you hear?'" I could detect the strain in the Professor's patient voice.

"'The lapping of water. It is gurgling by, and little waves leap. I can hear them on the outside.'⁶³

"'Then you are on a ship?'"

"'Oh, yes!'"

"'What else do you hear?'"

"'The sound of men stamping overhead as they run about. There is the creaking of a chain, and the loud tinkle as the check of the capstan falls into the ratchet.'"

"'What are you doing?'"

"'I am still—oh, so still. It is like death!'" (312–13).

Hypnosis is a transposition to another place, the place of "the Other." As a subject of an experiment in trances and death, Mina Harker makes the euphemism with which the vampire hunters refer to the enemy literally true. Only within the hysteric discourse is there an unconscious.⁶⁴ For this reason, Mina Harker speaks, not from

where she is, but from where the Count is; as if she too were in the darkness of a coffin, the coffin in the darkness of a ship's hold, the ship's hold beneath the surface of a Black Sea. There is no articulation within the Heart of Darkness, however. Neither names, like that of a despotic Czarina, nor the longitude degrees related to the imperial center of Greenwich, pass the lips of a medium—nothing but optical and acoustical data, yet with the hypersensitivity that is the current criterion of hypnotism.⁶⁵

Oceanic feelings, yet no longer within Lucy Westenra's lonely dreams, but within the frame of experimentation. The unconscious as a discourse on "the Other" has technological status. Dracula's feminine mouthpiece speaks in the same tone as she does when repeating shorthand notes. Only machines are capable of storing the real of and beyond all speech—white noise, which surrounds the Count in his Yellow Submarine. Regardless of whether Vlad the Impaler once ruled with gruesomely precise commands, his shadow Dracula—as he alone survives under technological conditions—has become nothing more than the stochastic noise of the information channels. It is not without reason that vampires arise before Harker's eyes from motes of dust in the moonlight, in other words, as Brownian molecular movements. It is not without reason that Van Helsing calls "every bit of dust playing in the wind a horrid monster in embryo."

Discourses of the master have played in the key of the symbolic; the scientific discourse knows only the key of the real. "Every record, as we know, works through incidental noise."⁶⁶

It follows that Mina Harker, this double agent between two hypnotists, when she receives and transmits noises from the hold of a faraway ship, is merely a sensor or radio transmitter. Wireless data transmission functions even before Marconi's discovery electrified all of the world's battle ships. Hypnosis, as the analytic discourse can call it forth, achieves physiologically what engineers will later implement technically. And of course it has the same practical function. Mina Harker, the telepathic radio transmitter in the coffin of an un-British despot, is as good an asset to the Secret Service as the BBC would be 30 years later. Britain's state radio (not to mention the UFA and the transmitter Nauen) will be founded by discharged Air Force and Naval Intelligence officers who, at the end of the

First World War, foresaw the second one more clearly than some prime ministers.⁶⁷

“More a voice than a person, a voice that could only come out of the radio, a voice that does not exist, as it says nothing”⁶⁸—even it has an effect. For days, there is nothing but noise, of the ocean or of the news channels, until finally anchor chains rattle, people holler in foreign languages, the water flows more rapidly as if over stones, and at night the wolves howl—Van Helsing only needs to write down Mina’s radio signals one after the other, and have her mechanically transcribe them herself, in order to create a small mystic writing-pad. What was formerly transcribed in the unconscious, is now permanently accessible in typescript. Mina Harker herself reads and writes what she received in the place of the Other. Double inscription—in hysteria and typewriter—is the historical trick that can only be accomplished with the inclusion of women in the sphere of knowledge. With the files of her own trance speeches and a map of Transylvania in front of her, the steno-typist begins to gather clues, the move that is decisive for the outcome of the campaign. Even the sounds of hypnotic and hypnotizing waters can be located on the map: from the harbor at Galatz, via the Sereth and the Bistritza, to the Borgo Pass . . .

After this brilliant deduction by the feminine secret agent, the actual Search and Destroy (as it was called in Vietnam) is only child’s play. Three Englishmen, one Dutchman, and one American—who of course acts as the arms supplier—can hold a whole troop of gypsies in check with their Winchester rifles, while the unhappiest and sickest of them breaks open Dracula’s coffin. It is Jonathan Harker, and he is also allowed to perform the final action with his Kukri knife. Seconds before sunset, before the Count regains his nocturnal omnipotence, Harker cuts open his throat.

One last time he sees the Evil Eye, as “the eyes saw the sinking sun, and the look of hate in them turned to triumph” (376).

8. I dedicate this prose to Lucinda Donnelly and Barbara Kotacka, two American students who, I am told, pointed out to a truly weak-minded Dracula interpreter, that the killing of the Count is not effective according to the novel’s own standards. As this interpreter explained, the two students pointed out to her that “at the final moment a look of triumph comes into Dracula’s face, and that his

heart is stabbed with a hunting knife, but not with the prescribed stake." If therefore, "the men do not repeat the complicated rituals when killing Dracula, which were apparently so necessary when killing women," it necessarily follows "that Dracula is still lurking somewhere."

Even if seminar leaders do "not believe"⁶⁹ in logic, there are other women whose desire remains the desire of the Other. Precisely because the discourse of the novel has killed him, "the Other, which we can only identify with feminine desire," experiences a "resurrection"⁷⁰ in other discourses. Even Salome did not believe that the object of her desire could be dead. She sang of a desire that Mina Harker, although, and because, she had received fatal kisses, suffocated with the clatter of her typewriter.

Ah! I have kissed thy mouth, Jokanaan.
I have kissed thy mouth.
There was a bitter taste on thy lips.
Was it the taste of blood . . . ?
But perchance it is the taste of love . . .
They say that love hath a bitter taste . . .
But what of that? What of that?
I have kissed thy mouth, Jokanaan.

But Salomes and Lucys are rare. What they attempted to do, all those brave people in the epoch of Van Helsing and Stoker, Charcot and Freud, was as quickly as possible, and that means as scientifically as possible, to trace the origins of that other desire back to dirty stories.⁷¹ It is no wonder then, that Abraham Stoker kills the Count twice: once with the Kukri knife of his fictional counterpart, and again with the very fictionalization of an historical despot. The "tenacious immortality" of power⁷² disappears in the "Note" at the end of the novel; what remains is "hardly one authentic document; nothing but a mass of type-writing" (378). In other words, Stoker's novel itself, which is identical with Mina Harker's archive.

It is also no wonder that Freud took back his hypothesis of seduction in the same year in which the novel was published. If this other desire—which hypnotized and later analyzed women kept whispering into his nearly phonographic ears—leads, according to theory, to nothing more than dirty stories, it was clear that "in every case the father must be accused of being perverse." Yet since "it was

hardly credible that perverted acts against children were so general," Freud decides: "I no longer believe in my *neurotica*."⁷³ He too then fictionalizes an "Other," whose existence is clearly affirmed by court doctors and sexual hygienists, also in eastern Austro-Hungary, and precisely at the time Freud was recanting. Their statistical material concerning alcoholics and perverts who seduce their own daughters was so great that the Danube monarchy was forced to re-examine the nature of parental rights, while a young doctor from the same eastern country was just inventing his new concept of the family romance . . .

Stoker and his novel, Freud and the novel he ascribed to his patients—the liquidation of the discourse of the master is achieved by means of other discourses. Literarily murdered, sexual-hygienically disempowered, psychoanalytically phantomized—the Other no longer has a place of refuge. With help from the criminal psychologists Lombroso and Nordau, the sharp-witted Mina reduces the discourse of the master concerning Berserkers, Shaman and Boyars (to which Harker is at first subjected) to simple psychopathology. She turns a despot into an underdeveloped mortal. Van Helsing can only applaud this and, very much in the spirit of his Austrian colleague, establish systematic enmity between Dracula's "child-brain" and an Occident which has the "power of combination," "sources of science," and the democratic freedom "to act and think" (238).

A colonial madness, whose path is strewn with corpses. "Despite all projections, it is the 'Good Guys' of the novel who are responsible for all actually described killing."⁷⁴ "Kill that woman!", the passionate order with which Herod ends the opera *Salome*, could have been spoken by Van Helsing about Lucy Westenra. With the result that desire has no place of refuge among colonialists.

"With our *jouissance* going off the track, only the Other is able to mark its position, but only insofar as we are separated from this Other. Whence certain fantasies—unheard of before this melting pot.

Leaving this Other to his own mode of *jouissance*, that would only be possible by not imposing our own on him, by not thinking of him as underdeveloped."⁷⁵

Dracula's underdeveloped child's brain only fills about 16% of the novel's pages.⁷⁶ The rest are an apotheosis of freedom, combination and science. But since the Other alone constitutes our desire, Dracula interpretations are forgetfulness itself. Psychiatry and

psychoanalysis, phonograph and typewriter, are neglected by an immense collection of secondary material that strives again for the colonizing of Transylvania. The suppression of the subject in the scientific discourse is thus quantifiable: 84%.

In order to make this forgetfulness complete, one only needs to hook up the machines that have supported this discourse since 1880 to the one machine (although it too had already been invented) that Stoker's novel—in contrast to phonograph and typewriter, telegraph and telephone—does *not* mention. The phantomizing of Dracula has been accomplished through motion pictures. Stoker the novelist long ago lost his ephemeral fame, in order to make ever new and imaginary resurrections of his title character possible. Perhaps, following the insight of the two students, Dracula has become immortal on the screen because the scientific discourse, out of pure technical efficiency, overlooks symbolic necessity. But perhaps it is also, following the insight of the first film theorist, due to the fact that motion pictures technologically implement every discovery of experimental psychology (concerned with attention and memory, consciousness and imagination).⁷⁷

At any rate, the Dracula films, from Murnau via Polanski to Werner Herzog, are experimental-psychological channelers of attention which use all of their power—fangs and phallic castle ruins, wolves and half naked skin—to draw attention away from the hum of the projector. What never comes onto the screen, are Mina Harker's typewriter and Dr. Seward's phonograph. This is how closely connected they are with the film projector.

Under the conditions of technology, literature disappears (like metaphysics for Heidegger) into the un-death of its endless ending.

Only on one occasion did Stoker's novel find its way back to its own textuality: in the Second World War the US Army, on its crusade, distributed free copies to the GIs.⁷⁸

"And perhaps that is what incites the anger of certain linguists against Lacan, no less than the enthusiasm of his followers: the vigor and the seriousness with which Lacan traces the signifier back to its source, to its veritable origin, the despotic age, and erects an infernal machine that welds desire to the Law."⁷⁹ At least the late despot left behind a legacy "which you cannot now comprehend in its full significance."

Friedrich Kittler

That you are from now on subject to gadgets and instruments of mechanical discourse processing.

I turn off the hum of the office machine, lift my eyes and see in the fog over the bay, the Golden Gate Bridge, our hyper-realistic future.

Berkeley, March 22, 1982

Translated by William Stephen Davis

49. See Stéphane Mallarmé, *La littérature. Doctrine* (1893), *Oeuvres complètes*, Henri Mondor and G. Jean-Aubry, eds., Paris, 1945, 850.
50. Lacan, *Le séminaire, livre II*.
51. Jacques Lacan, "The mirror stage as formative of the function of the I," in *Écrits: A Selection*, 1–7.
52. Jacques Lacan, *Le séminaire, livre XX: Encore*, Paris, 1975, 53, 73.
53. See Jacques Lacan, "The Seminar on 'The Purloined Letter,'" *Yale French Studies*, no. 48 (1973).
54. Friedrich Nietzsche, *Unzeitgemässe Betrachtungen* (1873–76), *Werke*, Kritische Gesamtausgabe, Giorgio Colli and Mazzino Montinari, eds., Berlin, 1967 ff., vol. 3, part I, 278.
55. See Alan Turing, "Computing Machinery and Intelligence," *Mind: A Quarterly Review of Psychology and Philosophy*, no. 59 (1950); see also Andrew Hodges, *Alan Turing: The Enigma*, New York, 1983, 415–417.
56. Hodges, 279.
57. *Ibid.*, 30.
58. *Ibid.*, 14.
59. Quoted in Hodges, 387.
60. See Konrad Zuse, *Der Computer, Mein Lebenswerk*, Berlin 1984, 41: "Decisive thought, June 19, 1937. There are elementary operations to which all computing and thinking operations can be reduced. A primitive type of mechanical brain consists of a storage system, a dialing system, and a simple apparatus which can treat conditional chains of two or three links. With this form of brain it has to be theoretically possible to solve all puzzles that can be mechanically dealt with, regardless of the time required. More complex brains are merely a matter of the faster accomplishment of those processes."

Dracula's Legacy

1. The *koan* or *kung-an*, employed by certain Buddhist sects, is a paradoxical question meant to bring students to the realization that all conceptual thinking is futile. It is thus comparable to the tying of knots that cannot be untied (translator's note).
2. Until 1964, Lacan gave his lectures at the psychiatric hospital *Saint Anne* in Paris. See Juliet Mitchell and Jacqueline Rose, eds., *Feminine Sexuality: Jacques Lacan and the école freudienne* (London: Macmillan, 1982) 160 (translator's note).
3. See: J. Lacan, "Radiophonie," *Scilicet*, 2/3 (1970), 94–95.
4. English in original (translator's note).
5. Qtd. in Oliver Reed and Walter L. Welsh, *From Tin Foil to Stereo: Evolution of the Phonograph* (Indianapolis, 1959), 12.
6. Concerning "re-lecture," see: Jacques Lacan, *Le séminaire, livre XX: Encore?* (Paris: Éditions du Seuil, 1975), 30.
7. Lacan, *Encore*, 34.
Kittler, for the most part, quotes Lacan in German translation. Many of these passages are not yet available in English, and, unless otherwise noted, I have translated them myself (translator's note).
8. See: Freud, *Vorlesungen zur Einführung in die Psychoanalyse*, vol. 11 of *Gesammelte Schriften* (London, 1944–68), 157–58.
9. See: Lacan, *Encore*, 15.

10. Lacan, *Encore*, 116.
11. Anna Freud, *Das Ich und die Abwehrmechanismen* (Munich, n.d.), 8.
12. Lacan, *Encore*, 125. Ever since my nose has made its way into Stoker's novel, Jann Matlock and Friedhelm Rong know what it has to thank them for.
13. Lacan, *Encore*, 29–30. See also: 83.
14. Lacan, *Encore*, 77.
15. See: Lacan, *Encore*, 53.
16. Lacan, *Télévision* (Paris: Éditions du Seuil, 1973), 10.
I refer to the English translation "Television" by Denis Hollier, Rosalind Krauss, and Annette Michelson in: *October 40* (1987), 8 (translator's note).
17. Lacan, *Encore*, 76.
18. See: Lacan, *Encore*, 34, as well as 51: "En fin de compte, il n'y a que ça, le lien social. Je le désigne du terme de discours parce qu'il n'y a d'autre moyen de le désigner dès qu'on s'est aperçu que le lien social ne s'institue que de s'ancrer dans la façon dont le langage se situe et s'imprime, se situe sur ce qui grouille, à savoir l'être parlant."
19. Lacan, *Encore*, 11.
20. See: Lacan, *Encore*, 83.
21. Lacan, *Encore*, 77.
This passage has been quoted here according to Rose's translation in Mitchell and Rose, 154. For the term *jouissance*, Kittler uses the German *Last* (pleasure). For an explanation of the significance of this term in Lacan's thought, see Mitchell and Rose, 137–38 (translator's note).
22. Lacan, *Encore*, 33–34.
23. Lacan, *Encore*, 35.
24. All quotations from the novel come from: Bram Stoker, *Dracula: a Mystery Story*, (New York: W.R. Caldwell, 1897). I have provided page numbers following quotations based on this edition (translator's note).
25. See: Lacan, "Radiophonie," 97.
26. See: Lacan, "L'Étourdit," *Scilicet* 4 (1973), 9.
27. See Freud's "Notiz über den 'Wunderblock' " (1925), ("A Note upon the 'Mystic Writing Pad'." A journal published in West Berlin, *Der Wunderblock: Zeitschrift für Psychoanalyse*, derives its name from this article. As the journal has been greatly concerned with Lacan, *Wunderblock* is the "name" for the German analytic discourse on Lacan (translator's note).
28. See: Nina Auerbach, "Magi and Maidens: The Romance of the Victorian Freud," *Critical Inquiry*, 8 (1981): 290.
29. See: Arminius Vámbéry, *The Story of my Struggles: The Memoirs of Arminius Vámbéry* (London, 1904) 2, 480–83.
30. Historical data from: Raymond T. McNally and Radu Florescu. *In Search of Dracula: A True History of Dracula and Vampire Legends* (New York: New York Graphic Society, 1972).
31. See: C. F. Bentley. "The Monster in the Bedroom: Sexual Symbolism in Bram Stoker's *Dracula*," *Literature and Psychology* 22 (1972), 28.
32. This data on Vámbéry is taken from his second autobiography, *Geschichte meiner Kämpfe (History of my Struggles)*.
33. See: McNally and Florescu, *In Search of Dracula* 178.
34. Qtd. in Daniel Farson, *The Man Who Wrote Dracula: A Biography of Bram Stoker* (London: M. Joseph, 1975), 124.

35. The German translation (Bram Stoker, *Dracula: Ein Vampirroman*. Munich 1967), which I quote from generally, has the attraction of here translating “kill” with “überbieten” (outdo) and “power” with “Reiz” (attraction). This is the autonimical way in which one produces entertainment literature.
36. Concerning this pack, and the fact that an ill-informed Freud generally reduced it to one (father) wolf, see Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, *Mille plateaux: Capitalisme et schizophrénie II* (Paris, 1980), 42.
37. See: Bentley, 28.
38. Lacan, *Encore*, 33.
39. For reasons of structure, an incorrect dating by Stoker has been corrected here: In the novel the lawyer Hawkins does not die until September 18, the day after Harker’s return.
40. This is the opinion of Richard Wasson, “The Politics of Dracula,” *English Literature in Transition* 9 (1966), 25. At least the clever title of this article allows one Stoker interpreter to escape the endless talk of sex and crime in the novel. Whether vampires are more likely to be anally or orally sadistic, whether Stoker’s wife was frigid, and whether or not his morals are Victorian—this and nothing else concerns interpreters.
41. See Lacan, *Encore*, 67–69.
42. For details see: Bruce Bliven, *The Wonderful Writing Machine* (New York, 1954), 3–16, 71–79.
43. See: A. Conan Doyle, *The Complete Sherlock Holmes* (New York, 1930), 322 “The Adventure of the Copper Beeches,” and 517 “The Adventure of the Dancing Man.”
44. Auerbach, 289.
45. Freud, *Aus den Anfängen der Psychoanalyse: Briefe an Wilhelm Fliess. Abhandlungen und Notizen aus den Jahren 1887–1902* (London, 1950), 187. For translation see: Eric Mosbacher and James Strachey, trans. *The Origins of Psycho-Analysis: Letters to Wilhelm Fliess. Drafts and Notes 1887–1902* by Sigmund Freud (New York: Basic Books, 1954), 215 (translator’s note).
46. See: Lacan, *Encore* 69. Concerning intra-uterine phantasms based on the vampire myths of films, see also: Roger Dadoun, “Der Fetischismus im Horrorfilm,” *Objekte des Fetischismus*, ed. Jean-Bertrand Pontalis (Frankfurt am Main, 1972), 354–60. Kitzler here again uses the word *Lust* for what I give as “pleasure.” Lacan, in the reference given, uses *jouissance* (translator’s note).
47. McNally and Florescu, *In Search of Dracula*, 162, are the only critics who point this out.
48. Lacan, “L’Etourdit,” 30–31.
49. See, for example: Daniel Ferrier, *Die Functionen des Gehirnes, Autoisirte, deutsche Ausgabe* (Braunschweig, 1897), 285–325. Most likely this Ferrier (in the original English) was Stoker’s source of “brain-knowledge,” and not the metaphysician James Frederick Ferrier, as claimed by Leonard Wolf, ed., *The Annotated Dracula*, by Bram Stoker (New York: Clarkson N. Potter, 1975), 74.
50. Georg Hirth, *Aufgaben der Kunstphysiologie*, 2nd ed. (Munich, 1897), 38.
51. Lacan, “Radiophonie,” 89.
52. Freud, *Bruchstück einer Hysterie-Analyse*, vol. 5 of *Gesammelte Schriften*, 167.
53. One can compare this therapy with Azam’s proud conclusion: “Aujourd’hui, ces idées, qui autrefois étaient le proie du charlatanisme et de la crédulité,

- sont devenues une science: la Physiologie des fonctions intellectuelles, ou la Psycho-Physiologie." From: Eugène Azam, *Hypnotisme et double conscience: Origine de leur étude et divers travaux sur des sujets analogues* (Paris, 1893) VII.
54. For details see: Azam, *Hypnotisme et double conscience*, 37–118. It is of interest to note that on the same page on which he mentions lycanthropy and vampirism (78), Azam also develops his theory of a total (and this means lucid) somnambulism, which could also apply to Lucy's existence as an Un-Dead.
 55. Freud, *Vorlesungen zur Einführung in die Psychoanalyse* 11, 157.
 56. Lacan, "Radiophonie", 61.
 57. Anonymous, "Schreiben mit der Maschine," *Vom Fels zum Meer: Spemann's Illustrierte Zeitschrift für das Deutsche Haus* (1889), col. 863.
 58. See: Marshall McLuhan, *Die magischen Kanäle* (Düsseldorf, 1968), 283.
 59. Erich Brandes, *Betrachtungen über das weibliche Geschlecht und dessen Ausbildung in dem geselligen Leben* (Hannover, 1802) 1, 53.
 60. Wasson, *The Politics of Dracula*, 26.
 61. Ferrier, *Die Functionen des Gehirnes*, 306.
 62. Ferrier, *Die Functionen des Gehirnes*, xiv.
 63. "Nachts auf Reisen Wellen schlagen hören und sich sagen, daß sie immertun," is how Benn's poem "Was schlimm ist" ("What is terrible") puts it. ("To hear waves beating at night on a journey, and to say to yourself that they always do this.")
 64. See: Lacan, *Télévision*, 26.
For an English translation see: Denis Hollier, 18 (translator's note).
 65. See: Azam, *Hypnotisme et double conscience*, 79.
 66. Rudolph Lothar, "Die Sprechmaschine: Ein technisch aesthetischer Versuch," *Das blaue Heft* 5 (1924), 49. "Sprechmaschine" was the generic name for phonographs and gramophones (as these were once protected trademarks).
 67. See: William Stevenson, *A Man Called Intrepid. The Secret War* (New York, 1977), 16–17.
 68. Lacan, *Télévision*, 47. (The text says "TV" instead of "radio").
 69. Phyllis A. Roth, "Sexualität der Frau in Bram Stokers *Dracula*," *Psychoanalyse und das Unheimliche: Essays aus der amerikanischen Literaturkritik*, ed. Claire Kahane (Bonn: Verlag H. Grundmann, 1981), 264.
 70. Lacan, *Télévision*, 40.
Oscar Wilde, *The Annotated Oscar Wilde: Poems, Fiction, Plays, Lectures, Essays, and Letters*, ed. H. Montgomery Hyde (New York: Clarkson N Potter, 1982), 325.
 71. See: Lacan, *Encore*, 71
For an English translation, see: Mitchell and Rose, 147 (translator's note).
 72. Rainer Maria Rilke, *Die Aufzeichnungen des Malte Laurids Brigge, Sämtliche Werke*, ed. Ernst Zinn (Wiesbaden, 1955–66) 6, 776.
 73. Freud, *Aus den Anfängen der Psychoanalyse*, 186–87.
The translation is from Mosbacher and Strachey, 215–16 (translator's note).
 74. Roth, "Sexualität der Frau," 254.
 75. Lacan, *Télévision*, 53–54.
The translation comes from Hollier, 36 (translator's note).
 76. See: Wolf, *The Annotated Dracula*, 350.
 77. See: Hugo Münsterberg, *The Photoplay: A Psychological Study* (New York, 1916).